



Maayan

the wind
is addictive

so I stay

do not
leave

what is
close seems on
the outside

a
background

I belong only
by the skin that
is softened

that
is tender

that sinks
with each
blow

being here
is addictive

even
though you
don't belong

don't feel
connected

on
the outside

a background

that
is tender

so
beautiful

but
unaffected

sheltered

proofed

all
on blankets

it is
addictive

seeing

knowing
I have to go

He said
she made him
dance

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