

## Undertones

I want to know how to fit into a box like  
the one I wanted imprinted simple and small and sexy on  
my inner arm

And I want to know how to curl myself up like a paper in a bottle  
only to be discovered by some passerby on the beach in 2045  
who would sprinkle sand on my squinted eyes  
to wake me up in the morning, and they  
will have never known me –  
but only seen a glimpse of my life,  
as dictated by the small scroll that would accompany my body.  
And they would see my tiny box tattoo  
How empty it is  
And they would comment how human I seemed  
Like I hadn't aged a day, and my stomach was still full of  
yesterday's soup

One day I will tell you across the kitchen counter

Let's melt so we can swim in the puddles  
We can swim to the bottom without breathing  
once

I'll wonder out loud how would it feel to be without a breath  
without a pattern

You could be stuck in a bottle and feel totally at ease

And I'd ask the passerby:  
What would you put in a tiny box? that is begging to be filled?

no in  
no out