

I

I am a sticky sticky teardrop born out of a lost-love situation,

Sticky sticky teardrop,

alone in your bed alone,
alone with bedding and hormonal prolactin,

sticky sticky teardrops on your pillow.

I am a teardrop alone in your bed and all hormonal.

Little big emotions surround us sticky teardrops when you drive home alone,
and I am held inside the tear canal I am held until you are safely in your car and I,

free falling, released in an empty parking lot.

I am emotional but not alone,
I got a kiss, and not alone
I got a brief holding hugging stroking,
standing up and not alone.

Sticky Sticky teardrop.

II

I was called the Angel blood, Golden blood.
And if I could talk, I would tell you about

Sugar.

I was called the Angel blood, Golden blood.
And if I could talk, I would tell you about how

Type A will recognize group A sugar.

Type A will attack group B sugar.

Type B will attack group A sugar.

Type AB will take all sugar,

Type O likes no sugar.

No-one will attack group O because group O has no sugar.

Group O will attack everyone because O is a no sugar blood cell and O likes no sugar.

Group O is the universal donor, but O is nothing like Golden blood or Angel blood,
divine blood running in your veins.

Your blood group inherited through your DNA,
my past runs through your veins.

I'm flowing within your veins, angel blood, up and down,

Angel blood,

Fallen and,
down

down.

Heartbeat,

moving oxygen within arteries and veins,

moving hearts and heartbreaks and all.

Moving flowing, flowing moving.
I am angel blood, within blood mist, bloodlust.
I am Angel blood, within monthly bleed and blood for ritual,
Blood for food,

I am.

Drink it and take magic,
Drink it and switch souls,
Drink it and take the rusty, rotten taste of life.

To change blood is to change souls, they say and

I am a soul-changer,

I am.

Orifices and

Bodily fluids, curiosity and blood transfusion supporting oxygen entry,
Bloodstock, bloodline, blood sisters, blood tie
And red iron pigment in animal haem,

I am.

I am,
Structures that contain blood, arteries and veins
I am
Blood that moves oxygen and
I am.
Blood in arteries and veins,
Different colour.

Arteries that have thick elastic walls.
Arteries that pulse, veins who are thin and cannot.

I am
Blood circulation in the heart
I am
Blood flows in a closed circuit.

I am.

I am arteries that take blood away from your heart,
I am veins that return blood back into your heart.

I transport oxygen, I do, and I flow, and I flow, and I circulate for
an eternity and I flow some more, and I am sugar and I am.

I am O minus, a giver I am, and you are
AB, a taker, you are.

III

I have said many goodbyes after
sex sweat and other sweats and
A jog in a park sweat,

I have been washed away,
gone down a shower drain,
away from a sunshine skin.

I have said many goodbyes,
fever sweat, sea sweat,
Left here to see sweat.

I am just a small droplet of water, salt and urea,
A small droplet of glycerol, ammonia and lactic acid.

I am just a small droplet on your light blue bedding.

I am there leaning on you,
holding your hair,
hospital beds and leaning on you,
hospice beds and
Holding you.
frail spine,
sweaty palms,
holding hair.

I have said many goodbyes, I have.

I have run sweat under too heavy winter coats,
Fear sweats without armpit hair I have
sex sweat on your soft armpit fur,
I have.

I have always been here,
Water and salt,
Urea, glycerol, ammonia and lactic acid.

I have always been here with
you in the far away land, sweat on a sun soft skin land,
on a lover's skin, moist and soft dampness.

IIII

I can't believe I could not see
The healing of our distance,
And seas,

The healing of distant seas and bright suns,
blood moons.

I'm here and you are far and our bloods and salts and tears
the distance of faraway seas.

When I land, and remember how this was home a long time ago when
you were on me and me on you and sweat.

Lean on me, last long inside me,
and instead of some weak kisses,
why don't you hold me so that
My blood stops and
I can't breathe from
Your soul-weight, body-weight,
A droplet of sweat between skins.

Sometimes you have done this to me:

Bruises on neck and hip,
Broken blood vessels and
Rare vessels of golden blood
Spilled out for nothing.
Hit me fingers inside me,

Let me close close,
You won't stay close close but
I'm always here still,
Pretty petty pretty close
to you,

I drive you to A+E for
I was always here for
You and your sicknesses,
I was always here for you and your fears,
I was always here for you and your tears.

I'm always here here,
Just a droplet of salt and some dreams.

V

Tell me, did we dream the same dream, sleeping next to each other,
sleeping far away from one another?

You whisper,

How howl midnight London babies and
how whisper late night rivers and wolf children
and old cold houses and blood spilled in Hackney streets,
best friends off Old Kent Road and you whisper, lean on me, learn from me,
it's all better with you.

Still sometimes,

Blood comes from an early morning car crash,
Blood comes gushing as I cut the nails of my dog,
Blood comes when leading heart or NHS C-section surgery,
Blood comes every month and when I cry,

Blood comes from when you hit my head on your knees, blood comes from first days of breast-feeding, blood comes from a new human blood comes from a broken animal, blood comes from a nose when you lean on me. Blood comes from a drunken no-helmet bike crash on Lower Clapton Road. Blood comes from when I'm always here for you and with you, my blood comes. Blood comes when its twilight and all else, blood comes when I think of you, blood comes, or maybe tears sometimes.

Is it clarity or recklessness when at the very last minute I take an exit to the highway, speed up on black ice and snow slush, last minute last minute I break little too hard, go a little too fast, flirting with slippery ice snow surface.

I just dream how it would be, just flirt with how it could be, to be with you.

I smell my old sweat fresh tears, fear tears when I just flirt with the ice road.

I'm going until driving no longer feels like freedom,
I stop when I'm just driving, a car I'm driving a car.

If I crashed, I would bleed.
And if I bled,
I would be close to you,
if I bled enough, I would be with you.

Once you told me that human blood has the same amount of salt as the ocean.

I don't think it's true, but I can no longer discuss it with you.

I want to tell you about fresh produce and blood oranges
and running in a park with water pouring down and how joyful it is still,

I want to tell you about mucus and bloodletting,
bloodlust and bloodless days,

I want to tell you about my days and some London nights,

when with friends on the backseat of an Uber we smell of Byredo Gypsy Water,
And scent of drunkenness and Saturday night excitement,
smell of rolled cigarettes to be smoked later.

Music as the pulse of my heart,
Music as a wood witch,
Tincture of Blue Lotus and Sassafras.

We have the same amount of salt in our blood as the ocean,

You say and some blood poems, you say
And ocean lies,

You say,
And with you,

I got turned on so easily and
London becomes you again,
You become my London again.
I run through a park,
The park slowly becomes my park
The streets slowly become my streets,
the friends cease to be strangers and
the strangers become vaguely familiar faces.

And in here, sweat goes like this:

And hear me, blood goes like this:

Here, here tears go like this: