

**Disco**

**by Erika Hodges**

our mouths came  
so close each turn  
before that  
our arms,  
seaweed folding i  
had  
this dream once within  
the other fully  
diaphanousour hollow  
bones folding in on  
ourselves, covered  
with wings; i woke  
up  
feeling of an  
archipelago porous  
wood limestone &  
sequins - or any other  
combination of the past  
& poems adrift to make  
possible to conspire  
to breathe an essay  
stained on your side  
new symmetry of  
amatory androgyny of

you felt yes

i had this dream  
once of memory &  
brinethere was  
closeness parted lips;  
sleep

*do you want to  
dance?yes.  
who's the  
girl?we  
switch.*