My life-pulse is your footfalls in the hallway

My life-pulse is your footfalls in the hallway.

I cannot hear my heartbeat,

I cannot hear your coming home.

Touch yourself, above the collarbone.

Just there, your palpable approach.

You are as intricate and alchemical as the secret process of the gut; there is none other like you.

I do not allow there to be another like you it would ungrace the balanced universe.