

Stick figures

Her body is covered with stick figures
They dance and embrace as she moves
I think we are made for each other
I offer my figures as proof

It seems like when we move together
Her figures move onto mine
My figures entwine with hers
The feeling is divine

There are movements no body can make
So we leave them to our tattoos
It's like magic because suddenly
We can dance like they do

I can't remember when I thought
To choreograph my skin
I ask her when she got hers
Says I don't know where to begin

Marked as we are as though for each other
Never met before
Was it day or night-time
Doesn't matter anymore

As the moon shines on our bodies
As if we are made of moonlight
Stick figures reach out and join hands
Giving us both delight.