

2015

## new animal

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### Recommended Citation

Thatcher, Phoebe (2015) "new animal," *Exile*: Vol. 61 : No. 1 , Article 31.  
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol61/iss1/31>

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## **new animal**

By Phoebe Thatcher

last night i felt  
like the wet walls  
of your room were  
flexing around me  
like a stomach's lining  
and i was being  
digested, from something complex,  
to a sugar, simple and  
sweet;

my ear was locked  
against your ribs and  
when i spoke to  
prove i was still  
all me the sound  
was warm, humming, close,  
sprawling thick into  
your blood like honey  
in tea;

and i thought for  
a moment that i  
had seeped into you,  
that our organs had  
wholly fused and we  
now convulsed as one,  
all red fibers, all  
dark cavities, wet,  
open;

i didn't move because  
i didn't want to  
wake you;  
and because i was  
afraid i would kill  
what we had become.