

**Nick Basiliadis**

## **LEANING**

another day of thinking and distractions  
laughter wrapped in its wings passed by  
and coal-black silence  
paused

on the edge of my pulse  
while it grabs us  
from behind in profile  
creases us with the stamp of rough caustic heels  
you just lean into my work  
with your passion with your patience

parting with syllables of fear and tenderness  
interminably done away with done to death  
enough has been said for the time being  
there will be plenty of laughter later on  
and if you forget the colour of my hands  
you will remember the ink  
which now resembles a poor etching of you