Je Ne Sais Quoi Means I Don't Know What

Kat Jackson
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bird-bone fingers tracing treasure maps into the soft river sand. The streetlights flirt with the trees; trust them to translate the stars.

giving such gifts as feather-light kisses makes magic more attainable. Those sheet-ghost eyes pierce straight through border lines.

little lapses in time cause euphoria; a bit of brilliance licked up as soon as it is wept; swept away by parallel tides hidden up high.

pleasure derived from shoulder blades, forgiveness, and freckles forming constellations, spelling out love stories translated by trees.

the streetlights swoon at the thought of river wet skin scattered with simple stars, glimmering with electric joy/eclectic savvy.

bird-bone fingers trace treasure maps into sand then into skin. shared brilliance, basically blessed. parallel tides wash over parallel shores. cast the lines out. share the softened signs of really human.