L'D LIKE TO GET NAKED WITH YOU

I'D LIKE TO CURL UP WITH THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW, AND THE CURTAINS DRAWN, and the blankets close. Because you are hind and strong in the ways that I want and need, and it would be nice to be naked with someone, and I think I could be naked with you.

I'D LIKE TO SLOUCH OFF THIS COSTUME: THE BOOTS, THE SKIRTS, THE UNDERthings. This charade of responsible, sane adulthood is exhausting, and you know me better anyway. Let's be somewhere safe, and warm, and soft, and ditch everything scratchy and false. And you can touch my untanned shin, the doughy bits and the publicly obscene, and look on this body as it is, without flattering cuts of corsetry. I'm so rarely naked at all, you see, and it would be nice to be naked with you.

I'D LIKE TO PIERCE THE BASE OF MY SKULL, AND PULL AWAY THIS FLESH. Extract myself from this skin suit, and give my limbs a stretch. My poor wings tucked away so long I don't know if they work, and starlight hasn't touched my scales since I landed to Earth. I want to shake my mandibles out, and bend my second knees. I'd like to show you everything my compound eyes can see.

OH IT'S SUCH A SADNESS, FRIEND, TO BEND TO MERE TABOO.