

80. GIVE-AWAY: TO GELLIUS



hat can I say, *Gellius* [p. 212], as to why those red lips
become whiter than winter snow,
when you leave your house in the morning or when
the eighth hour wakes you placid and weak in the long day?
It's something, for sure: perhaps rumour's whisper is true
that you swallow the tall jet from a man's groin?
this is for sure: *Victor's* [p. 238] strained thighs proclaim it,
and your lips marked with dried semen.