

@123RF nothing compares to your hands, nothing like the green - gold of your  
eyy. My body is filled with you for days and days. You are the mirror of the night.  
The violent flash of Lightning. The daupuen of the earth. The hollow of your  
armpity is my Shelter. My fingers touch your blood. All my joy is to feel life  
spring from your flower- - fountaia that miué keeps to fill all the pathy of ney  
nerves which are yours. 023RF