**delicate schmelicate!**

fussy discretion time is over, baby

I’m tired of these furtive words

dancing around actions

farting about with concepts

rosebuds in May, my ass

I want to spin you ‘round

push my nose between your breasts

get a good whiff of cleavage

before I rip your shirts asunder

grab you, manipulate you, push you down

enough with the stroking

the fine hairs of the painter’s brush

I want to paw you

bite you

leave marks on your skin

a trail of saliva to mark the passage of my tongue

crawl up inside you with my hands

my lips

my very self

I know you know me

you know what I can do

no more mr nice guy