

## D

## SONNETS—REALITIES

## I

O It's Nice To Get Up In, the slipshod mucous kiss  
 of her riant belly's fooling bore  
 —When The Sun Begins To (with a phrasing crease  
 of hot subliminal lips, as if a score  
 of youngest angels suddenly should stretch neat necks  
 just to see how always squirms  
 the skilful mystery of Hell) me suddenly

grips in chuckles of supreme sex.

In The Good Old Summer Time.  
 My gorgeous bullet in tickling intuitive flight  
 aches, just, simply, into, her. Thirsty  
 stirring. (Must be summer. Hush. Worms.)  
 But It's Nicer To Lie In Bed  
 —eh? I'm

not. Again. Hush. God. Please hold. Tight