

## III

the dirty colours of her kiss have just  
throttled

my seeing blood,her heart's chatter

riveted a weeping skyscraper

in me

i bite on the eyes' brittle crust  
(only feeling the belly's merry thrust  
Boost my huge passion like a business

and the Y her legs panting as they press

proffers its omelet of fluffy lust)  
at six exactly  
the alarm tore

two slits in her cheeks. A brain peered at the dawn.  
she got up

with a gashing yellow yawn  
and tottered to a glass bumping things.  
she picked wearily something from the floor

Her hair was mussed,and she coughed while tying strings