

III

my deathly body's deadly lady

smoothly-foolish exquisitely,tooled
(becoming exactly passionate Gladly

grips with chuckles of supreme sex

my mute-articulate protrusion)
Inviting my gorgeous bullet to vex

the fooling groove intuitive...

And the sharp ripples-of-her-brain bite
fondly into mine,
as the slow give-

of-hot-flesh Takes,me;in crazier waves of light
sweetsmelling

fragrant:

unspeakable chips

Hacked,

from the immense sun(whose day is drooled
on night—)and the abrupt ship-of-her lips

disintegrates,with a coy!explosion