

## Sweet burns (An evening in the delta of Lycopolis)

"Goodness... You got to make it out of badness... Because there isn't anything else to make it out of."

Sweet burns in reality  
Melt us through cosmic veins.  
Mazes of depravity  
Crack in fractals astral planes.

A fandango elemental,  
Warm pulsations in the void,  
Your lips venomous yet gentle  
Whisper open wounds of old.

Anguishing ecstatic sear  
Brings forth herds in constellations:  
Lustful chimeras appear

Neatly cleaving thought-vibrations  
Into orgasms most austere  
In most ascetic orations.

In warmest dark

In warmest dark  
I'm falling black  
A horse so white  
A horse alive

Keeps me tethered

In dream entrapped  
With poise so rapt  
With gestures severed  
In drapes so weathered

Beneath hooves' bites

My blossoms just  
Mem'ries and rust  
Of springs and rites  
Of fruits too ripe

In warmest dark

## Stopping by woods on a snowy evening (Inverted)

*Robert Frost*

Whose woods these are I do not know,  
His face, the sky, all eyes aglow;  
He always sees me stopping here  
To watch the woods fill up with snow.

My little horse is without fear,  
To catch his breath with no one near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

His neigh is joyful, wide awake  
All is to see, all is to take.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
I have no promises to keep,  
I think I will lay down to sleep,  
I think I will lay down to sleep.