

/spank/
/smack/flush/course/bank/
/fire/push/propel/prod/palm/
/hug/



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Still we spank ourselves high, smack our
flesh and cry. Flush cheeks light our course,
river banks on fire, pushing us forward,
propelling motion, prodding the spirit, ever so
gently, by the same palms, now red hot as well,
that hug and swell.