

Geisha in Subway

he	asked	the	butterfly	whats	her	cocoon
wanted	what	operas	sing	no	colony	only
her	soft	larvae	like	patience	but	blushing
rosy	light	in	the	wreckage	with	sugar
blood	wounds	puccinis	curdled	fingers	fucking	sinew
split	her	bedroom	curtained	shy	flickering	ready