

Not till God make men of some other mettle than earth

“Your velvet lips drip drooly for my spit,
sad angel, play the harp on muscle tongue,
tss, wider, baby, wow, now full fists fit,
ah jeez, those open jaws a muse for Munch.
Ooh, starved, addicted teeth-lick slave of mine
who eats each word and almond fed to her,
don't move, you can't, so gorged, so eye-supine,
aligned to joy-sticked sights of midnight myrrh.”
“Saliva saviour? Hah! Not who you are
to me with your intoxicating games—
your almonds taste too arsenic, bizarre.
Enough seduction, fuck your faux mock flames!
Whatever fire, no man's hand cuffs my speech
I'll crunch your knuckles and eat them like peach.”