

Lines of Silver

Chunks of Meat

She is as vivid as the seal
upon a legal document
Effects of red and blue
amongst the greys

Tipsy and gorgeous,
Red mouth, warm brown skin,
Her eye paint lizard green,
She sat and talked and laughed,
Her slender beauty hung
On an enormous meal.

Students delight in marked work:
So do I in response from her.

Red pencilling my scholar mouth
Only to push it down a grade,
Subtly she leads me to fresh stands.

Pale as the moon, she is,
Bland as ice cream.
I go for scarlet women
But I love her pallid ways.

Give me your hair to guard tonight:

Spill the silver on my shoulder
I will arrange the gold.

In my hand a dripping sweetsop,
Green skin burst in a
On a melting cream interior.
What shall I do with it?

Woman I only want your waste,
The merest taste
Of what the sink gets when you brush,
The slightest smell
Of what the little box burns up.

Make me your bidet;
I will function fine.

Naked she slid herself
Down my brown corduroys
From knee to thigh softly,
A silver snail trail left
Behind as on dark earth.

I shall not wipe it off.

I was in her smooth and straight
Like the backbone in the skate,
Persistent gristle
In the twisting flesh.

