

i want to shit flowers
that smell like babies,
while you knit your pubic hair
into a sweater for my heart.

just think
how lovely it would be,
your pleasure an impending doom,
you'd smear the sky with my gut.
and wait all crawled up till you rot,
like an unreciprocated smile.

i'm galloping on a sea urchin,
as you sniff me in your armpit,
to where stealing is more legal than life.
all that i ever wanted
was to sweat poetry
out of my bloody crotch.

if only i managed to do that,
you'd call me frying jesus
and go nuts just to lick me
as i sizzled.

for i'd have become a piñata then,
full of daffodils
and garlic flavored ice-cream.
and you, a pretty girl called margarine.
and your drool would be an ointment
for my hemorrhoids.

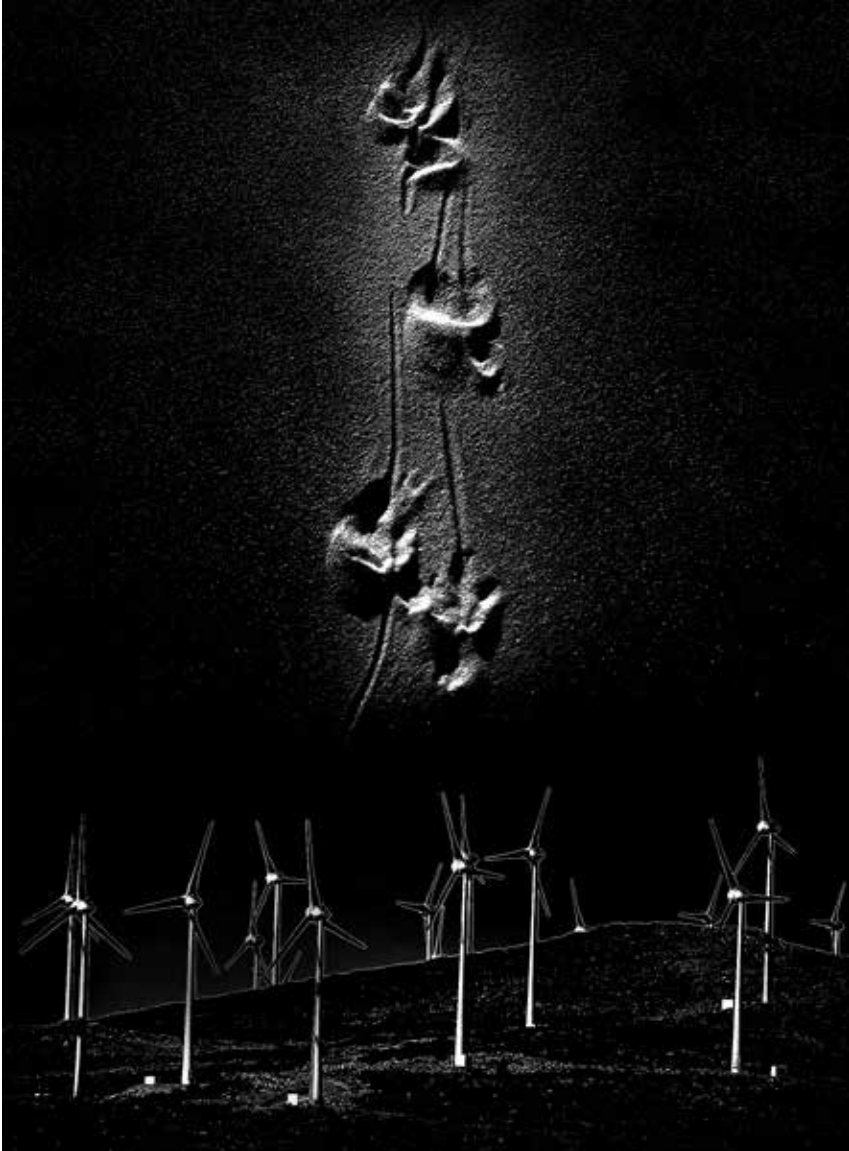
i'd squirt all them things you want,
i swear,
if only i were a pre-production cunt
abused to the point of innocence.

but i know,
you'd call me a cocoon even then,
which desperately needs a shower.
like the dessert needs the rain.

get me a final snap of faith
and i promise
i'll make it all real again.
and shove my throbbing dick
into my own voluptuous ass.

in your hands i want to die the death
of a malfunctioning hand grenade.

tears of sancho panza



top: tybee island, georgia
bottom: çeşme, turkey