



They say

That if I listen

For too long

The song,

Her singing, there

Amidst those

Scattered limbs

-- Limits of hunger

And passion

That she

Will ensnare

Embrace

Engorge

And I

Vaporous now

Subdued in sweat

Pearling

On her tongue

Will not

Be able

To tell

The tale

Of how

I

Took her

How she

Took me

— And triumphed