

Tremor Flowers

Antonio Valetoria

Presented by

My poetic Side 



About the author

Born on the island of sicily

Came to America at age 10

Resides in California

Father of beloved daughter

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LANGUISHING

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STAY

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THE CURSE OF THE FREAK

THE CURSE OF THE FREAK pt. 2

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THE CURSE OF THE FREAK pt3 village=family

SWEET LIBERTIES OF HURT

INVISIBLE

ONE NIGHT

?INCENDIARY?

APATHETIC

FERAL (the tale of Dâthromé The Red) pt.1

OUR LOVE IS BEAUTY BORN FOR BURNING

I SEEK YOU WHERE YOU'RE LIQUID

HER EYES ARE VOICES LIKE VELVET

I FEEL MY HEART, LIKE TRAIN OF HATE

HER THIGHS ARE SOFT FIELDS OF DAHLIAS a limerick

ADRIFT IN DROOLING ORCHIDS (day dreams of Audrey)

The hypnotic spring spell of my lips fall like shadows to eclipse, calling to open at last your voracious and feather-skinned flowers, where before my kneeling and awe-stuck eyes...the birth of this once shy mystic and majestic rose, you are sweet-shock of scents deep herbs and bitter earth, beautiful and brine-songed surf, heavy warm and wind drawn spice like cherry blossom and opium smoke inside my lungs...sweet slippery whispered-acidic rosey-ravines, behind fern-lush turf.

And liquid beads like snow-melt trails of angels tears on trance-tongue and kiss traced petals in silent torments...

I drown in your desire-salt and foam-lust tides, slow sobbing saline from knuckle-deep oozing cream-glossed fruit, pooling like translucent honey on my tongue.

your Calves graze like sway trees along my neck,

The deep rolled and writhing waves of your hips the beauty of your gem crowned lips gum drop stiff beneath serpent tip and rapid flick, my head cradled in the desperate, loving and possessive fans of your grip shook hands,

The scissor-silk songs of your thighs serenading my face as i hold you down while your body cries and your soul bleeds to death inside my mouth

There is nothing nothing more beautiful or priceless in this life then doing this with you.

AUDREY'S SONNET

I DREAM TO BE A FLOWER
UNDER THE SENSUAL WINE
OF YOUR EYES
OF FLOATING WARM AND ELECTRIC
UNDER YOUR CARESS
AND LISTENING TO THE SOFT
IVORY WHISPERS OF YOUR THIGHS
I DREAM TO DRIFT FOREVER
BENEATH THE ROSE VEILED GRACE
OF YOUR LIPS
OF OUR LIMBS ENTWINED LIKE IVY
UNDER THE PORCELAIN VOICE OF THE MOON
HOT, DROWSY HYPNOTIC INSIDE
THE WARM CHERRY MUSIC OF YOUR KISS
I LONG TO BASK FOREVER WITH THE WARM HONEY VALLEYS OF YOUR FLESH
OF YOUR SERUMS SWIMMING IN THE RIVERS OF MY BLOOD
MY LIPS WITHIN YOUR HOLIEST WATERS BLESSED
I LONG TO DRIFT AWAY, IN THE SLOW, SULTRY SEAS OF YOUR EMBRACE
CAN YOU FEEL THE RIPPLES WHEN YOU TOUCH ME?
DON'T YOU KNOW....THAT YOU DROWN ME IN OVEANS OF BEAUTY AND GRACE.

Aphrodite for desert

she..."here" under soft moss, beautiful beneath scented and sea-song ivy...pulse-flower and nectar-venom blushed, skinned of cream-soaked silk and sin-imprisoned lace...so that I may breathe all of my dark secrets inside of her...cashmere wings, reveal carnivorous fruit, within this warm and rapture-lit chamber of azaleas, sweet-slush knife-tongue cut shiver-skin rush I kneel at the honey slick altar of her flesh and worship the goddess of deep and drooling orchids, and feel her blossom like folds of fire inside my mouth...lost in a magic garden of dark and jelly-spread sobbing flowers...carnations creviced and bubblegum rose and sea foam...craded within python and pulse thighs, sugar-tides and hip bones rise I "here" lip stuck crystal river kissed doomed deliciously sinking deep into her whirlpool soul of quicksand hellflowers, honey-numb burning syrup and suction...a slave to the will of pink-veiled and torchsong pearls tongie-triggered gemstone grenade...pin pulled...fuse lit...seizure-hipped...fluid meets flame...storm dies...feathers fall...long sighs...waves crash...wild horses run like thunder breathe the skin...limbs locked she is in me forever now

Bloodsand hourglass

we move, like a lethal machine...drifting like walking death beneath oppressive sun and scalding air we breathe blood mist and bone crush we leave in heaps of flesh their bloated and sunburnt limbs these vile and heathen sons of soulless and black cloaked women...leave their murderous souls to evaporate to the music of mortars and sweet rain of bullet torn and eviscerated carcasses.the buzzing of flies...sweet lullabies they were not my enemies before...but the dismal count of fallen friends and children under tall concrete collapsed...how many brothers have i born like a cross on my back that i would die before dropping...non of my kind are ever left behind...now they are my enemies i hunt for them with all the hatred in my heart, i paint my face in their blood and massacre their flesh...and smile down at their final breath, they will never stop...neither will we...let them molder under the sun where Muhammad first dreamt intolerant doctrines of women enslaved...and innocents slain....our mercies are cruel our aim is death, we are single minded we are hell's heart unleashed...we do not know fear or pain we never tire...in each other's hands our lives in sacred and doubtless trust placed bound by a code no civilian will ever understand God, country and country...we are NOT soldiers....we are warriors...we are...MARINES.

Counting the ways

I LOVE YOU LIKE THE OCEAN
I LOVE YOU LIKE THE SKY
I LOVE THAT I CAN TRUST YOU
I LOVE THAT I DONT KNOW WHY
I LOVE YOU IN MY SLEEP
WHERE YOU SWIM IN THE RIVERS OF MY DREAMS
TURNING RIPPLES INTO CRASHING WAVES
AND DISRUPTING THE ENTIRE SCENE
I LOVE YOU WITH MY TEAR-STAINED HEART
AND WITH THE WHIRLPOOL VOICE OF MY HIPS
I LOVE TO HOLD YOU WHEN YOU CRY
AND ERASE YOUR TEARS WITH MY KISS
I LOVE YOU LIKE A MOVIE
BUT NOT AS MUCH AS I LOVED THE BOOK
I LOVED YOU AT FIRST SIGHT
AND EVEN MORE WITH A SECOND LOOK
I THREW MY UMBRELLA AWAY BECAUSE I LOVE YOU LIKE THE RAIN
I LOVE YOU LIKE A MIDNIGHT TANGO
EVENTHOUGH WE'RE NOT IN SPAIN
I LOVE YOU LIKE MIDNIGHT SKYS SO I PAINTED OUR ROOM DARK BLUE
BUT I LOVE YOU LIKE THE SUMMER SUN
SO I ADDED SOME YELLOW TOO
I LOVE YOU LIKE A TAXI THAT TAKES ME TO THE ZOO
MY FAVORITE FLAVOR WAS CHOCOLATE
UNTIL I TASTED YOU
I LOVE YOU LIKE THE SHADOWS THAT CONCEAL ME FROM THE DAWN
I LOVE YOU LIKE A PIANO
THAT PLAYS MY BODY'S FAVORITE SONG
I LOVE YOU LIKE A HINT OF DANGER
I LOVE YOU LIKE A WHIPLASH KISS
IF YOU WERE A SUICIDE ID LOVE YOU LIKE A RAZOR
AND LET YOU SLEEP INSIDE MY WRIST
IF YOU GAVE ME HELL ID LIVE IN SIN SO I COULD BURN IN THE FIRES OF YOUR KISS

I LOVE YOU LIKE A HULA HOOP THAT ROLLS AROUND MY HIPS
I LOVE YOU LIKE A COLOR TOO BEAUTIFUL TO HAVE A NAME
I LOVE YOU LIKE A WILD ANIMAL THAT ILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAME
I LOVE YOU LIKE A VIOLENT CRIME
THAT LETS ME TAKE ALL THE BLAME
I LOVE IT WHEN YOU DROP A DIME
INSTEAD OF LETTING ME KEEP THE CHANGE
YOUR SPIRIT IS FREE WITH OR WITHOUT ME SO ILL NEVER LOVE YOU LIKE A CHAIN.

DOOM-CHAINED QUEEN OF THE MIST The Tragedy of

Medusa pt. 1

Her tears fall like cold and dying dreams of snow no living man may drink, forming pain drawn and pooling mirrors that prowl and sting like scorpion tribes inside of her heart showing her the enamel charmed grace and stollen pearl-shelled glammers of her former face.

When once, from sweetest honied pigments and platinum shades pulled from the purest and youngest sugars of the earth and siphoned sunlight formed the colors of her hair.

and her skin, like spun-velvet starlight painted with the silver-laced blood of cherub-slashed veins that gleamed like moon-cloud silk over her Aphrodite-drawn curves and gypsie-limbed contours. Her eyes, deep dreaming pools of sea-stollen stollen sapphires.

Her features saint-carved and pearl-lumorous ivory.

Her angel-feather and lamb-sandaled feet surf in sweet step across dawn-marbled and breeze-cooled steps, her robes flow like soft and moon-loomed smoke as she moves like waves of liquid limb grace in a waltz of warm wind and blossoms within the maple-columned parlors of the sun.

She dons her golden grape leaved wreath slipping it to rest within the vanilla doused plates of her hair her bangles chime like songs of birds chirping at her wrists as she ignights the sweet herbs within the lavender urns and shepherds her maids through the porcelain-columned lilac-torched temple, marching them like lovely spell-whipped ghosts through the rose burned smoke from chain swung lanterns leading them in their love-born hymns and virgin-sung prayers as they bow in reverence before her..."Medusa of Thessaly, ruler of Phthia, high priestess to the highest temple of Athena"

She turns and takes flowers as sweet sacrifice spreading their torn petals into the clear pools of the altar fountain watches them float like fleets of paper-skinned ships then she raises the young lamb removes her dagger like a gold fang, from its sheath jewel chand at her hip, her blue eyes darken like a day sky stained with approaching night, and slits its throat and drains it at the feet of her Goddess, then one by one her chaste maids bow and are pricked on the wrist "it is through the death we honor her, and through blood we love her, and she dips the their thimble blood within the pool "and in our blood she will read the truth of our hearts and see our devotion to her" she turns and bows her head kneeling at the slave-carved war-like feet of her mistress, bathing them in her devout and most loyal tears. She spreads her arms like swan wings as she bows lower to the floor chanting in her ecstasy-breathed and frenzied prayers before the towering graven image she serves. her maids chant their voices like echos of distant storm...

"Drink of my blood my most high and glorious mistress, know the truth of my heart and see how i live to serve thee oh Athena mightiest lovliest wisest and most beloved daughter of Zeus, we give praise to thy supreme consort Medusa through whom you speak so we may know thy bidding"

the sun surrenders its life in colorful hemorrhage as it sinks like a dying torch flaming its blood against the clouds and skow drowns behind the all-extinguishing sea ...Medusa lays panting, sprawled like a white and arrow-slain angel Athenas polished stoned toes...her loins in her fever of worship; of their own volition spent...But her beauty is gravity to the lust of a wave-skinned and mercilous god, the sweet musk of her apocalypsed desire like blood to flesh-famished sharks...

Eyes Like Fading Valentine's

Locked forever in a silent scream...my heart is a shallow grave where the memories of my lost love sleep...floating like a cold pale angel in the cold dark river of my tears...moving like the faint gray footsteps of passing ghosts...

Grief-scared and malignant, a sunless solitary and songless thing...a slow-blooming black orchid that infects everything the cold shadowy perfumes of regret

She is always with me, like a breath within dead-lace curtains...following like pale color-blind phantom behind me...

Frozen and beautiful like a gypsy in the rain with dead sparrows sleeping in a silver wreath inside the cold dark waves of her hair...her dead words are sweet, clustered like bitter chocolate vibrating like an echo behind a tattered veil...

I turn to face her held captive by the cold black swans swimming in the deep sas whirlpools of her eyes welling up with dark violet tears that sing a slow falling song on her cold powder blue face...

She knows that grief and sorrow prowl like parasites through the empty corridors of my heart...embalmed with the thick frozen fluids of sadness, "take me with you" i plead, "dont let me wake up alone"her cold dead hand slides like melting ice down the side of my face her forehead against mine glitters with frost

Her blue lips like frozen velvet against mine..."if only i could" she said. "take you with me, and hold you forever and drift with you through the dreadful sapphires of my world, where we could be like two cold lavender roses in the rain...wandering together like shadows as pale and white as young moonlight, in the silver-laced melodies of my world, but you are as lost to me as i am to you, there is no light inside this flesh, my love...only dark songs and sleep" then she turns and drifts away like slow dark crow wings into places i cant follow...where she walks barefoot upon the frozen lake waiting for me.and then i am resuscitated into this hot vindictive world where i will suffocate until i sleep

I WALK THE SHORES OF THORNS

THE AIM OF CUPIDS ARROWS
NO LONGER FLY MY WAY
INSTEAD THEY SLAY THE SPARROWS
AND MURDER THE SONGS OF MY DAY
MY SOUL IS CAUGHT IN THE UNDERTOWS
IN A BLACK SEA THAT DRAGS IT AWAY
DARK BIRDS OF DEPRESSION DRAIN MY MARROW
TURNING MY DREAMS TO ASHES THAT SCATTER AND FLY AWAY
I WALK A ROAD THAT CONTINUES TO NARROW
THERE IS NO PLACE FOR ME TO STAY
MY HEART IS A DYING PHARAOH
WITH NO TOMB IN WHICH TO LAY
THE COLOR HAS DRAINED FROM MY RAINBOWS
MY VISION BESIEGED AND STAINED IN GRAY
MY FORTUNE CARDS ARE FADED TAROTS
WITH NOTHING BUT DOOMS TO SAY
MY HEART IS A CHURCHLESS HALO
WHERE NO ONE COMES TO PRAY
IM CONSUMED BY DEMONS OF SORROW
THAT NO ONE COMES TO SLAY

IN MY DREAMS WE ARE BUT WAVES OF FLESH The tragedy of Aundine a mermaids tale pt. 1

In my dreams we are but waves of flesh
Our limbs warm in damp and sun kissed sands
While the whispered songs of seafoam hiss
Within the salt soaked coves of our hair
Rolling within liquid mirrors of the waves and the crushed-shell tears of the tides
And share in our kiss the jade-song mists of the seas unyielding insistent breath
As i cast my body as desperate nets to ensnare thy hands
that i may keep them trapped like starfish in the coral of my skin
I would leave no part of thy moonlit skin unkissed i paint thee mine own with lavender wine of my
lips
I pull thee deep in to the petal-swarmed hurricanes of my touch
I fall upon thee like feather-burned embers of flesh
Like battering rams of bloodfoamed waves
In the acidic push wave pushed hips beat against me like resistant cliffs... break me like frail
sparrows of rain
Melting like flame-drown wax into oneness of flesh as we mimic writhing pulse of the sea
In my dreams we are but waves of flesh, crashing and swaying sin possessed and majestic like
towering dark arms of kelp in the deep urgent storms of the sea.
I am but a simple sea girl but my heart runs as deep and eternal as the voice of the storm and
forgotten sailors in their saphire graves, i would throw my self like the cries of the gulls at thy feet if
only you turned your eyes to me
In my dreams we are but waves of flesh...

IN THE DEEP TOMBS OF MY HEART

I desire her not for having seen her flesh,
but having seen her naked heart fully undressed.
Creating deep pangs to hold taste touch and know all of the rest.
It is her perfect words inside my heart that create such deep unrest.
They flutter like lava-skinned butterflies burning inside my chest
For what her appearance IS or is NOT i would only desire her more not less
I care nothing for rhe shape or size of her breast
Or how her hair is tressed, be it dark as night or bright as day or strange and amethyst
I desire her for the dark in her that knows my darkness best
For how the way the things i say to her shes already previously guessed
Weather she is thin as a rail in between or full in flesh
It is her perfect and lascivious soul to which my desires' behest
The beautifully wicked ways by which her minds possessed
In all its sick and pretty mystery of her sacred thoughts processed
For a like mind and hand held soul is long ago an abandoned quest
I wonder if she hungers at night with thoughts of me opressed?
does she twist within her sheets and long for my lips to deep inside her rest?
would we pass the distance of our trecherous and starcrossed test?
does she know that in knowing her i am so far beyond and deeper than all counted stars blessed?
does she dream at night that the words i write can be brought to life in her flesh?
most men are fools for the bland shallow painted dolls that they choose dont they know its a
womans secret passionate mind that serves a mans love and deep desires best?
but my own desires are by far outweighed by my deepest and purest respect
So i hold them secret within the deep tombs of my heart and leave them unconfessed.

In the warm amber gardens of afterwards

slow to sensuously awaken

twisting free from the sweet feverish velvet robes of my dreams

To find everything warm-beautiful and tangorine amber kissed

In flame-lit chambers dowsed in athousand shades of apricot sunlight

Her breath on my chest as she sleeps. lush-skinned misty-kissed, jewelry-limbed and lovely.

As i lay scissored within the sweet delicious chains of her flesh.

Thinking of how not long ago, we were, she and i, razor-eyed, hurricane-skinned and passion-possessed.

Now, tangled web-stuck embracing in warm sugar-flowers and sun uellow whispers,

exhausted broken-beautifully, blossoming with soft hot colors honey-sprayed and sighing under sin-soaked sheets.

Where once we she and i writhed warm and smoulder-glorious like skin-chain and acid rain where lips lingered sin delicious and deliberate within the tremor-possessed and wjld perfumes of shy and tongue-urgent assylum flowers, voracious flame-rain petals, honey-glossed and glossed peach oozing, melting on my mouth like a death-song plum hot ripe and sugary in the sun, creamy, dreamy under the whispered whirlpool melodies of my tongue, she flows like a hot stinging river of brandy down mu throat and opens exploding like a butterfly inside my chest.

Now simmering love-lazy in dreamy pastel shaddows. Slumbering and peach song drowsy in a slow sleepy oasis of soft sounds and wonderous love.

Basking in butterfly wing debris

I whisper her name through lips she's bruised violet with kisses,

and listen to the bird-soft voice of her sleeping heart, how beautiful she looks desire-destroyed on soft hills lava sprayed my hot-sugar goddess, wading in rosey waters and fragrant tangorine spells she stirs and tightens her embrace pressing. me possessively into the soft satin waves of jer breasts...(as if it were even remotely possible that i would leave her)

Infernos of touch part 1 of 3

part one: the coming of the storm

Lost under the gold euphoria of the sun...

Sprawled like a sultry mosaic carmel-skinned contours and vivid ivory highlights...

Heavy and sensuous in an emerald sea of grass, she dissolves i to the pollen-drunk colors and wild perfumes of lukewarm roses

Her hair spread like a honey-silent storm strewn with flowers and jade laced ferns

The sunbeam wine swims in the rivers of her blood and her body begins to melt beneath the sun's drowsy throbbing touch her torso. in hot-song rotates beneath its dizzy, molton kiss...

Fingers fall like spring leaves succumbing the gravities of desire

Torturous and slow. a voice vibrates like slow falling honey across her skin

She surrenders...her limbs catch fire as she writhes within the kerosene of her own desire into a glittery cashmere world twisting in jewellery-stained luxuries and acute sunburned urges gasping lost and Jasmine-breathed as jer fingers strum the savage slippery maze sun-dried sweat on stiff raspberries like slow-dried wax as she sighs and drinks her dreams from the tongue of the sky evaporating beneath moist carnation petal rain whimpering lascivious sweet nothings through a drowsy, dreaming veil...the cool enigmas of the wind hiss like phantoms through vapor and mist-stained willow leaves and she awakens under rhe sun-killing darkening winds and rheircold indifferent kiss jer eyes open like stillborn orchids as her dreams fade with the marmalade colors of the dying sun and drift away like amnesia-melodies that disappear within the peach-kissed dying embers of smouldering clouds.

KISSING YOU

Like suffocating in slow rubies, every time...kissing you, is, all-the-time-beautiful and watercolor-lovely. Set drift, famished and in fevered melodies humming slow and strawberry songs against my lips drawing me down into whirlpools, hot drowsy and beautiful...you are the hot cherry voice whispering into the wine-stained velvet of my heart...and I in a stirring hurricane of kiss-bruised lips swirl into the enslaving flavors of your flesh, twisting in eternities of blood-colored silk and warm adrenaline colors possessed by the hungry searching music of your lips...I am...all of me...burning alive and beautiful, swimming in the electricity of your kiss...in deep burgundy tides and sweet, impulsive currents you are beneath me ripening...every part of me delicious and in storms of exploding roses spinning...in senseless searing waves and napalm flesh...igniting the honey of my soul...boiling, overflowing...I am liquid sugar...melting and terminal for you. temperatures rise like a swarm of dark red butterflies inside of me until all of me is lost behind all the beauty and mystery that is you...until "I"...without "you" am beyond the sadest and emptiest gray...but I become everything and ALL colors when I'm kissing you

Midnight Pearl

Marequia was a flower in a concrete zoo
Beautiful, dark and exotic.
She had frolic brown eyes. a rose tattoo
and a kiss like a liquid narcotic.
We ate ice cream by the lake in the afternoon
and threw the cone crumbs to the ducks
at sundown we drank wine on her roof
and watch the cities fade into the rust.
Her smallest kisses rang all of my chimes
and backed my heart up against the ropes
She had a wicked smile that tasted like wine
and made me laugh at her dumbest jokes
She never complained about being ruined by love
Never asked life for compensations
I was too young at the time to take notice of
Her chemical vacations
Her heart was re-stitched and invulnerable
Everything in her life too little too late
She lived in dysfunctional 2 room carnival
and needed a way to escape
She didnt fit under a microscope
and didnt play 20 questions
I didnt wear her size so ill never know
Why she hid behind injections
If you asked he how she paid the rent
She'd say : "how bad do you wanna know"
I never asked her where she went
When the moon looked through her window
Her freedom was the cost of an overdose
and i cried for both of us
I like to think shes finally free to float
Upon the water like the flower that she was

Rose petals fall from her face

I follow...led by my heart in its slow hemorage through cold and rain-wet grass ushered by the cold and comforters voices of crushed and tear-stained flowers past the cold black gates...into the gray, stone-littered and rain-sullen gardens. My soul in dismal soundtrack with the drab whispers of ash-colored statues d ead faced cherubs, rain sullen madonnas and earth chained angels with colorless storm.darkened eyes.

I rip the petals that drink my tears and watch them fall like paper rubies that leave a trail of wilted colors to word the cold stone tower, where, my the cold and fruitless shell that housed my heart now sleeps cocooned in black lace, chained forever in the cold dark arms of the earth this place has no answers or reasons its just what is left littered with the thin dry corpses of decaying orchids and grief-slaughtered roses...somehow they only they seem to understand as they mimic my heart which withers beside them in the grass...that the hemorage of my heart is a river...and I'm drowning in it without her.

Sugarbruised

Nothing's as cool as my hot little chick
She's pretty like a peach and smart as a whip
She's a fast pink corvette that comes fully equipped
She's a bombshell-pinup with pear-shaped tits
Her blood drinks adrenaline, she needs a fix
She's hot, needy and the roads are slick
She's quick to unzip
She pushes me down where she wants to be kissed
She's humid heavy and sinfully rich
I could open her gifts and down them all in one sip
I break her speed limit and feel her gears shift
Splitting my lip with her whiplash hips
I run through her speedbump and make her shiver and twitch
I hitchhike between her legs and she gives me a lift
To the place where she flows like a river where my mouth skinnydips
I dive down deep and scratch her itch
I better move quick she's overheating and desire-sick
Cotton candy melting all over my lips
Pistolwhipped-pussywhipped primer coating her curves with long and luxurious licks
and twin turbo tongue tricks... slit gripped honey dipped
my face disappears I'm in total eclipse
I open her like a pink clock to see what makes her tick
Her engines hot tempered she throws a fit
I check her oil with my tongue she's full but I'm quick
and I catch every drop her sweet engine drips
I check under her hood she swells like a jellybean she screams and kicks
She roars like a beast the sheets get ripped
My tooth gets chipped
She's blush hot medusa turning serpents to bricks
Of all the cars on the lot she'd still be my first pick
Nothing's as cool as my hot little chick

THE GIRL WITH ASLUM-FLOWER EYES

SHE TALKS SHIT IN HER SLEEP AND WAKES UP IN A BLOOD BATH
SHE SLAUGHTERS COUNTED SHEEP AND SHAVES HER LEGS IN THE AFTERMATH
DROWNING IN A SEA OF CHEAP VODKA WITH RAZORS FOR LIFE RAFTS
HER CUPS ALWAYS HALF EMPTY (half filled with corosives)
SHE HAS AN INNER CHILD THAT PLAYS WITH EXPLOSIVES
HER LIFES A BOX OF CHOCOLATES THATS LACED WITH STRICNYNE
HER LIFES A ROAD THATS LITTERED WITH LAND MINES WITH BULLET HOLES IN ALL THE
ROAD SIGNS
SHE THOUGHT LIFE THREW CURVEBALLS BUT SHE ALWAYS CATCHES HAND GRENADES
SHE'S THE RUST ON A RAZOR BLADE THAT POISONS THE LEMONADE
SHE LIVES IN A ROACH MOTEL SUBLETS A HOLDING CELL AND EATS GREASY SPOON
TAKE OUT
A RED NEON SIGN THROUGH VENETIAN BLINDS SO SHE CAN ALWAYS SEE A WAY OUT
SHE'S AN ARMAGEDDON-EYED DREAM GIRL WITH A SMILE LIKE CYANIDE
SHE WEARS SHOPLIFTED PROM DRESSES
AND DOLLAR STORE HAIR DYE
SHE THROWS IRISH CAR BOMB TEA PARTIES AND 3-WAY SLEEPOVERS
WAKES UP AT 3AM AND EATS ALL THE LEFTOVERS
SHE WEARS WIFE BEATERS WITH NO BRA
AND GRAFITTI-STAINED LEOTARDS
SHE HAS A TIARA SHE MADE FROM A BARBED WIRE FENCE SHE HOPPED AT JUNKYARD
SHE STOLE THEIR DOG (IT HAS RABIES)
BUT SHE SAYS IT GIVE HIM CHARACTER
DOWN ON BOTH KNEES DO I EAT HER OUT OR ASK IF I COULD MARRY HER
SHE KEEPS BRASS KNUCKLES IN HER PURSE AND HER MONEY IN HER TANK TOP
SHE'S ALWAYS LATE WITH THE RENT BECAUSE SHE LIVES ABOVE A TATTOO SHOP
SHE DOES DRIVE BY'S WITH WISE GUYS AND THROWS MOLOTOV-MAI-TAIS
AT PERVERTED OLD COWBOYS WHO TRY TO RIDE THE RANGE BEFORE THE GRASS
DRIES
SHE CUTS HER STEAK WITH A SWITCH BLADE AND TAKES AMBIAN TO STAY UP
IF RHE WALLS IN HER HOUSE COULD TALK THEY'D NEVER SHUT THE FUCK UP

The lies that live in concrete skin

Deep within the jagged intestines of the city,

where it burns and breathes and cries and bleeds...

Where everything is cracked, shatter-stained, dead-dream dirty and stripped to the bone.

Full of broken and lonely towers, dead and damaged structures limbless cars that litter trash veiled streets like fire-bombed roadkill on cinder block crutches.

Where the shabby motheaten assylum tribes and nameless unremembered vart driven gypsies wander like living death and argue with the ghosts of those who once lived here, who had lives and loves and loss within these beaten and burned brick corpses and steel-boned carcasses the wrecking balls left behind.

Where chain link fences-torn in places for quick get aways-like broken metal spiderwebs surrounding countless drab lots filled with heaps of trash that are like mass graves, rancid monuments of the forgotten lives that once mattered to someone.

And when the sun dies each night in a burial shroud of exhaust, the poison-veined scavengers emerge, hooded predators scruffy vampires from rivers of raw sewage and barbed wire coffins, and spunout run aways hiding in rickety lofts inside decaying hotels and creaking fire escapes leather-skinned addicts their pipes glowing like fire flies in dark dumpster lines alleys..and black tar vagabonds lamenting over their souls under Lucifers lease bent spoon and blood syringe pulling joy from dry cotton into tube-tied and veinless pin cushioned arms comatose on stained mattresses in shooting galleries. Karosene-breathed winos slurring their cut-throat campfire songs around trash can bonfires, passing out in piss and bile-stained cardboard sleeping bags gunshot lullabies and siren alarm clocks, this is the truth...the truth you can see in the hollow dreamless eyes of thin bloodless girls in torn stretchpants who stumble in the dark (heroin and high heels dont mix) pimp-bruised and hopeless imprisoned on corners staring up at passing graffiti-stained trains as they scream by like steel worms that vomit sparks and bore beneath the black asphalt skin of the city, where you can hear the dark whispers of rats and roaches who crawl over the dented smiles of lidless cans through black water and refuse puddles of stale spilt wine and rust, this is the truth...the towering gray goddess whos torch burns for them all knows the truth behind the lies of the scrolls she holds there is no beauty or light in this place, just brown: dead dream brown, dried blood brown, mummy skin brown, mascara-running down-brown, mud brown, the shimmering skyline is a lie, the starlit towers whose pretty bright camouflage masks the truth it doesnt want you to know; that the truth of a city is like the truth in all of us, its never on the surface, its in what lies beneath.

The oath i swore inside your eyes

my dearest, deepest most sacred of my blood,
How small and vacant a thing my heart was
Before you inside it lived.

My soul like a harpstring quivering beautify mortally wounded within the deep jade songs of your eyes

How my heart ignited and grew to the expanse of the sky and the depths of the sea

And still my love for you enormous and all consuming barely fit

The moment I cradled you dove soft perfect and tiny inside my hands

And within your angel and saint carved face I found the meaning of forever

And never will my hand in such sweet and tenderest trusting grace be held

Nor my arms in such pure and loving comfort filled

So completely and eternally this heart belongs and overflows with songs

Within all that you are and in all you do the truest and purest beauty lives

Nothing that has ever been done is so magic or great

No titled ever possessed, is more noble, no day I've lived surpassed as the day my heart knelt in awe at your petal-skinned feet and you crowned me as....your Dad

"the song of the vine"

she is kerosene and silk-oiled lips

Within which saddest lonliest torches dipped

Sugar cubes in mouths of molten honey dissolves,

she is snakecharmed eyes and sirens song

In love spelled lips and tenderest touch she has me helpless hostage within confined kisses held

I am a tower of hurt and grapes of ache

Glorious panic her kiss creates coarsing withinn columns where lavas are ivory of magmas pearls in the deepest roots simmering in the stones from venom expelled

Through rapids rage in rivers deep where jet-pulse cries and candle wax on staff stands drip

With snake-tongued hunger and predatory eyes

Where soft-tip swells and vacuum-cheeked for final flood and furies and deepest arrows released upon lonely sea-struck turrets

Jaw-hydraulic and frantic fist

She impregnates with seeds of storm

And cream-songs summoned from white and rain danced eyes to lip- blissed coffins where hottest commets rise and die

once saddest dry vines now in most volcanic arteries and platinum blood

In pools expand she makes loves sweetest creams from dryest sand.

The tender harmonies of her priceless feet (eulogy for Ballerinas)

Older than the rest, not as fancy, well worn and shabby-laced,

i sat alone befriended by the darkness and the dust.

For so long...before you came.

Your soul overflowed with beautiful and determined songs, and disciplined fire inside your heart.

Until you took me in tenderest hands and from the first touch i knew...that i was only yours.

You were special, your veins had music and you could fly...you took me with you, gave me a song and set me free and made me...special to.

You filled even my deepest vacancies with the dreaming pastel melodies of your priceless touch, drowning me within the tender driven tides of your lovely watercolor soul.

Leaving me blooming, on fire and breathless with your precious talent, seizing my heart in the elusive grip of all of your beautiful passionate skills, showered in the tremulous addictive rain of your fast ambitious world.

Music, loved you, would have given you anything, through you it could be seen...

Moving more silent than glass, drifting impossibly soft and seemingly effortless into a dream of thunder touched harmonies, shooting up like lightning flowers, fearless driven and electric into dizzying terrifying heights slicing the air itself into cringing obedience with razor immaculate and tender-limbed loveliness,

Moving more delicate than the speach of flowers only to circle down in sacred and supple descending and serious grace.

I memorized every song in your fast little heart and bathed them in a slow rain of tears while i waited for you to one day return, but i was never to hear your songs again...

To my little ballerina dancing on the porcelain floors of heaven...these sad shoes... dream of you.

TORCH-SONG

And it is upon these soft slopes and blood flushed waves I fall down and worship...

In this language and savage tongue I speak to her; in repeated stabs and soothing velvet circles against taut and tripwire raspberries...eclipsed within the slow ruby vice of my lips.

It is here, she force feeds me beauty from famished flame and empire flesh.

She and ALL that is SHE has become like a writhing song of slowly coiling serpents, ignighting like napalm butterflies within the blush pink plum of her womb.

The voice of her woman-soul whispers like Lilliy-skinned thighs echoing against the lust startled birds of my face, speaking; ---" now I am yours, I am the death song of the vine...I have suffered for thee, tired and twisted limbs in cold dark earth, enslaved roots...longing for you thorns and flesh, the mother of doomed grapes and stillborn fruit, how I have hungered to lay like tight skinned and desire sick grapes before you, to open my arteries and make you drunk on the hot simmering wine of my life, bursting like blood music inside your mouth, let me bleed to death, let the coils unwind inside of me and let me fall like slain sunlight into the dark dreaming melodies of your tongue, let your mouth be for me a suicide, a slow motion and southbound train knowing it will crash and break apart and shatter like glass against the coral of my thighs, where I will hold you down and drown you deep within the smoldering currents of the raging sea you have created inside me"---

TREMOR FLOWERS

smoldering, marinating and simmering beneath the silk where she is pheromone Rose Flame
fleshed flowered in ferocious Fahrenheit...coarsing with flammable nectar and electric
juice...underneath what anyone about her knows or sees...where lightening lives in ripe raw fruit
beneath the fabric sin soaked tremor flower aching and cream song glistening...hungering waiting
longing...sweet skin symphony of the fabric sliding down...where pearl stiff and grape swollen she
pulses to tongue tip detonate...swivel hipped heaving and rapture ruthless...I will dive here...die
here...in her body's dripping and humid tides...but ill be taking her with me.

Under the death-veiled grace of her lips (a vampires story pt.4) final scene

i lay limp in her arms, i felt nothing weightless, faces id known voices id heard places id been all raced by as of there were landscapes through the window of a racing train, streaking by then disappearing in a pinhole swallowed by a slow falling curtain of black...only in the base of my throat could i still feel...painful nauseating sting an aching pull then....a deep push an explosion of light in my eyes like staring into the sun with pin backed eyelids...a surge of deep music defening like primitive and savage drums searing heat injecting filling me like thick venomous and fierce acid

My lungs filled to a bursting point a felt my self seizing convulsing my limbs my veins all refilled with electric and scalding fire...i began to fall...her face towering over me her eyes like sparkling drooling rubies her lips dripping with the drained crimson river of my former life as i fell in shutter flash as if in slow segments to the stone floor...she knelt beside me my every cell ignighting then the vibrating echo of her voice...

"there is no light inside this flesh my love...only deep hunger..dark songs..and sleep. How long through times murky tides have i searched for thee? And after having found you so profoundly ached? Awake my love...arise, see me now with your hungry new born womb-fired eyes...rise a dark beautiful and horrifying god among men, your dull former eyes have never seen beauty, your former frail shed skin has never known ecstasy, the dead shriveled fruit of your former heart has never known love...come to me now," her arms opening like a dark and poisonous orchid and i felt myself rise like a fire from ignited fluid and she enclosed me as if in folding cold wings "take me now...i give thee terrifying beautiful and deathless love, in a breathless crash of death-tempered skin, break through my gates, be inside me hate born and within my fire flesh baptised, be for me a meteor-leathal machine-souled beast, metal shard and severed arteries bore inside me like an abomination drill of disastrous lust and death hemorrhage, give to me your new self...merciless and beautiful battering ram vindictive razor-wheel-ruthless, push deep into my jagged and barbed wire skin, tunnel through my every disastrous passage like a dark hearted worm, become for me a heartless storm... unleash the Hell of your heart inside me, let your thick venom inject and flood the dark catacombs of my flesh, leave me impaled and beautifully bleeding to death... drop the match at my feet...let me burn. explore now the dark and venomous gardens of my flesh, boil within these acidic petals, and flame-seared folds, let me rain down upon thee like a dark storm of fire...for this seething cauldron for thee has longed burned and with deep fire breathes

Bow before this napalm glazed fruit and drink, let is drown in the gasoline plasma of our sin languish beside me within these morbid joys and violent delights twist with me in these delicious thorns let me know the volcanic worship of your mouth as i decend upon thee like holocaust-flowers and carnivorous jaws and corrosive drips that sizzle on the root-ripped hungry serpent of your tongue as it burrows like loving parasite in the willing yielding long deserted wastelands of my flesh...let is find them now...let them in futility flee as we bear down upon them like a dark and carnivorous plague, let us bathe in the sweet symphonies of their screams as we strip the raw fruit from their brittle and jaw-crushed bones... lick their marrow from our lips as we kiss and watch them convulse and shrivel like dying fish in dead drained lakes...leave them like blood smeared sheep moldering in a skin ripped heap as death sheppards their shabby souls into black and loveless crypts...come now my love...into our dreamless sleep i shall cover thee in deep maroon velvet robes of night, here with me, coiled lile wolf siblings in the dark you are safe from heat and sheilded from light slumbering within love-chained limbs until the dying suns fire is swallowed by the black behind the sea and the moon

songs call us again...

End

Under the death-veiled grace of her lips (a vampires story pt.

3)

she crawled up toward me, kissing her way up my chest, "such sights i have to show you...do you think the fleeting joys of this mortal coil are the depth and height you can feel?...they are but bland and drab shades in a fleeting and doomed sky...i can give you joys of flesh beyond anything youve ever known or imagined, pleasures more vast and deep than expanse of the sky more turbulent than the storms of the sea ...if i were to take you now...

in this frail and slow decaying skin sack you currently wear...you would not survive it," she smiled manevolently. "I would crush your bones into dust, tear your skin like parchment and burst organs like grapes" she laughed wickedly. "but if you choose it, if you take my hand, ill show you things and take you places youve never dreamed...my kiss is deeper than anything youll ever know, ill spoon feed you the sweetest of darkened dreams and forbidden sugars, ill turn your dull and vacant eyes into pools of eternity, i will fill you dark hot venom of my heart and you will know every mystery in creation, i will give you the wisdom of the blackest roots of the earth, and power over every beast and bird...ill embrace you in the limbs of midnight and give to you all the love in my ancient heart and command of my flesh, ill drink the mortality from your blood, you will know no fear, no pain, ...our love will be as pure and deep as young moonlight...come with me...my love...live with me under the dark temple of the stars forever...sleep with me beneath the frozen lake of time...roll with me on a bed of cold purple roses...coil your limbs in mine linger with me in the hidden chambers of the night...take me as your queen by throat and let us feed eachother to the wolves that live deep within us both...take my hand...and run with me under the cold pale sorrow of the moon..." She stood up rising like beautiful and horrifying goddess and outstretched her arm and opened her hand like a poisonous rose..."come to me...my sweet...leave behind the petty disagreements and fleeting achievements of these weak and fleeting parasitic creatures...and be reborn with me.." I took her hand and she pulled me into the powerful currents of her embrace...her lips like cold burgandy velvet sliding along my throat...then...the deep sting of ice white razors...i felt as if id been set on fire from the inside...my legs gave way...she held me tight..every thing inside me seemed to liquify...my vision blurred and faded to black everything inside me seemed to...stop...as if id evaporated...i....was...dead...

To be continued

Under the death-veiled grace of her lips (a vampires story pt.2)

paralyzed with fear...i looked about me we were in a dark candle lit room scarlet and gold curtains over darkened windows, imperious crown mouldings framing dark olive painted walls, she had me pinned on the floor large violet and burgandy silk velvet pillows surrounding me, she loomed over me studying me then she brought her face closer her hair fell like a storm of dark silk against my face...she emitted a series of long slow hisses as she explored me like some kind of ravenous predatory beast, her hair smelled of cloves orange peels and black tea leaves...her cheek nuzzled against mine her skin smooth and solid like sun heated marble

I could feel her breath humid, warm like late evening summer wind flowing against my skin, "i can smell every cell beneath your flesh...she hissed. I can hear the blood rushing beneath your skin...like a stormy ocean calling to me...how i shall drown inside the sweet ruby tides of your life...my eyes burn for you...the ache beneath my skin tighter than a vice...how i hunger for thee... for your heart...i hear it...pounding like a torturous drum inside the veins in my head...like restless thunder...i could rip it like a dark peach from your chest and crush it in my mouth feel it explode like a song of dark wet fruit...but dont fear my love...i have other plans for your heart...more permanent plans...

You...my lovely...the look in your eyes...i wonder if i had that same look? When i was a grieving widow in Rome, not the Rome you know, she said smiling...when so long ago the one who changed me hovered over me...when it was my sorrow that flowed like a sweet river into her lifeless heart...drawing her in addicted and dangerous...how beautiful she was...do you find me beautiful? "...i nodded...she WAS beautiful...agonizingly lovely..." I find YOU... beautiful"...she whispered...i have longed for you hungered and ached...this life...is a curse, a prison if your alone...do you know how many cities ive seen die? How many empires have fallen as i watched from the shadows? I've existed in an endless rolling nightmare of countless hollow days, i began to hate your kind, truth be told i envied lovers the most...i would seek them out...rip them to shreds pull the meat from their ribs...suck the marrow from their bones...how dare these short lived little sheep have something i could not...i wasnt always alone...i had companions...lovers...when i was newly born...when my eyes were lakes of fire and i swam like smoke in the black winds of the night...seduced by the cold pale songs of the moon...the world and all in it were our prey...a stunned quivering oasis helpless frightened things we stalked bore away and fed upon like wolves..oiling eachothers limbs in the sweet thick rapids of their blood, .kissing sharing our kills through death-stained lips...strings of pearls swinging loosely over our bare breasts, razorwire tiarras adorning the cold waves of our hair...for centuries i lived this way....now i am all that is left, wandering alone like a predatory vagabond gypsy followed by this chain gray robe of moaning souls...until now...until...you.

Her eyes narrowed pupils dialating like a burning nightmare colidescop "its time" she hissed as she tore my shirt open sending buttens like shrapnel popping against the marble floor..her tongue like scalding honey velvet on my bare chest the dull tingling ache of fear flashed beneath my skin..."oh God" i whimpered. "no"...she whispered," you will soon be far outside his grace...and forever in mine"...

to be continued

Under the death-veiled grace of her lips (a vampires story pt.1)

Torn from her crypt, pulled from dark and dreamless tombs behind the sun...

She awakens from a hot, forgotten sleep.

Ripping herself free from feverish sheets of blinding white death and nightmare sunlight,

She wipes the burning stains of daylight tears from the cold black jewels of her eyes,

and rises like a songless shadow.

She paints her lips with horrid lyrics and slips like poison injected into the unsuspecting veins of the newly born evening.

Leaving a grim vapor trail of final screams and frightened eyes behind her...on her way....to find me.

She falls upon me like a surge of music, descending into me like a sudden paralyzing winter of cold and colorless shadows...unable to move her arms like boas of stone my breath like-blood sponge compacting in marble...

The light in my world circles away like fluid in morticians drain and all grows dark and quiet...

Effortlessly and with horrifying grace she pushes me to the floor on top of me in an instant framed like a black moon haloed in a blood fire sun, her eyes smouldering like embers of dead burning leaves, her espresso hair falls like a fleet of slow falling dark snow flakes...i realize she is not a woman at all...not anymore..as her dark red lips part releasing a long exhaling hiss like black waves.falling and dead-foam sizzling on cold sand..."do not fear me, my love" she says her voice like jewels falling into a satin bag..."if your mortal river was all i desired, youd already be a drained fish moldering on the floor" her voice is hypnotic...like deep vibrating rapids in a river velvet syllables echoing in the starless dark..."for if i desired it, i could end you with less effort then a wick-flame between my fingers.

"i have for so long followed you, and from the shadows in endless hours watched...and with each passing day made for you inside my heart, a dark whirlpool of longing...i saw you in that songless garden of bones and rancid meat, and recognized my hearts language within the sweetness of your grief, and knew your sorrow was deeper than the eternal pulse of the sea, your heart empty, tear-hemorrhaging and beautiful to me and once again inside me long dead desire began to live...i watched and waited...until no longer i could, yes my love, my darling thing, tonight you will die...but not however in the way you think...

To be continued

IN MY HEART WE ARE TYPHOONS OF TOUCH (the tragedy of Aundine a mermaids tale pt.2)

In my heart we are typhoons of touch,
When at long last we meet upon secret and salacious shores
Flesh-stung-electric in sadalwood braised and fennel-breathed Aegean breezes
Beneath vast batallions of stars glittering like torch-lit stab wounds in the blue-violet floors of heaven
You are my deepest, breathless ache-sung wish
the darkest of shiver-skinned longings within my most secret salavating realms
Embrace me in sweltering shards of foam-lathered sand
Unveil thy delights for the feast of my eyes
In a slow falling sonata of sea-stolen robes
Your marble-muscled and moon-laquered flesh...God carved stone ... ripple-chiseled and delicious silk
How my deprived skin has cried like the blood streaked backs of whip-skinned slaves...
How my fingers drempt to dance within the soft and sable-song waves of your hair
How i have longed to be lost in the gaze of your hypnotic and charm-dark eyes
How my dream-numb lips have wished to be satin-dropped in the plum-violet shadows of your kiss
Merging against the magenta-glossed mauve-etched bow of your lips...
That now skim across the tidepools at the seam of my waist to savor at secluded inlets
Soft kisses marooned at my hips cheeks run-aground in the brine-simmered grottos of my thighs
Falling prey in frenzied froth and foam-glazed water flowers.
In my heart we are typhoons of touch,
You create inside me the deepest doomsday of beautiful and breathstruck daisies
My lips are the tides that rise to worship at the towering alters of lust-stunned monoliths
Coaxing the serpent-charmed birth of sweet serums and smearing my lips in the savory saline tears of your skin
Cast adrift thy hands upon my breasts like soft dunes if sand
Sifting sugars of sea and crushed pearl debris
I sway like seagrass in tidespells of touch
Trembling in symphonies of finger-strummed reefs sliding through slick threads of desire-spun webs and anemone-trapped tongues
I vibrate for thee in harpstring-throb towering above me from strong-columned and sand-anchored arms
Your back like a smooth and grinding slab thy sweet face framed in moon-song and blue haloed grace

Our flesh now fluent in speech of waves current crush and gale force thrust...

Rolling rising in sea-rythymed hips

I chain you deep within me and cry your name in thunder-voiced arias of slow murdered birds as i crescendo like hurricanes impaled on the spires of your flesh

Flood me like the sea-breached hulls of siren-bowed ships

Pearl-veiled schools of ivoried eels at last acquiesce

Let them seek their silk crypts within my warm and waiting vermilion coves

As i hold thee in sweet shipwreck against the soft saturated and lust-struck shores of my breasts....i drag thee deep in undulating and awe-stuck undertows and anchor you forever in the ocean of my heart...in my heart we are typhoons of touch

Sus ojos son canciones secretos

sus ojos son los remolinos oscuros de la perla que ensnare
Me en sus canciones silenciosas y sensuales
Sus labios son flores de piel de cerezo que anhelo regar con mo beso
Su sonrisa derrite mis ojos y me ciega todo menos tu
Tu piel es seda velada de perlas que obsesiona los sueños de mis labios
Tu cabello es como una túnica de ropa de
Seda de medianoche la canción de àngel de rostro
Antes de que yo supiera algo de esto yo
Conocia la voz de tu alma
Me dijo que sus anhelos secretos me hicieron prometer no decir
El secreto de mi corezon es que se pregunta si su piel imagina las canciones de nube de mi toque

LOVE SLAIN SORROWS OF HER EYES

you...

And

I...

Alone...come to me....MY LOVE...my....SWEET...

look at me with your priceless and DARK pearl eyes...for within their deep and jet-fire voice...the womb of my heart and deep-love tears ignights.

Dont be afraid my most darling and tropic-song orchid, i will spear to death and impale and leave slain every sorrow that dared ever swim in you eyes,

Bludgeon my face in the soft songs of your breasts...leave my lips stiff and dark berry stabbed to their death

i will show you the hungers that hide in my hovering lips, let the velvet and deep chocolate storm of your hair fall over my face like a flood-born swarm of black-foamed waves

You know, my mouth is nomadic and i am babarian-tongued and you know of the fevers beneath the fabrics i seek...

Because i know...that sheathed within silk and frame-trimed lace...you simmer like an ambrosia-lotus of membrane flame and ferment-song fruit

I float like a spell through The pearl-skinned and sun-warmed clouds of your thighs behind jelly-rain gates and deep-steam-lush perfumes that howl too the moon and suffer the wolf in my heart to your door to feed upon the petal-flesh of your sobbing and trickle-song rose

In sumptuous plunge and deep finger-thrust submerge...i coax the honey of your soul and womb-venom longings that for so long have deep within you slept...

I bring you to seizures of crash wave push and flick thorn rush because i love you and because the song of sorrows that swim in your eyes begged me to free them in burst and crescendos of gush..

Look at me now...my love...with your dark pearl eyes...now that the sorrows within them are gone...

Here kitty kitty...

Here kitty kitty
My sweet little prissy
So soft and pretty
My cute little missy
So playful and frisky
Rolling on your back saying here come and get-me
Let me stroke your fur where youre itchy
Let me ring your little bell clitty
My heart in your eyes trapped
Stretch and purr in my lap
And take your sensuous nap
In my loving arms wrapped
My sweet pretty kitty
My cute itty bitty
You light up my heart like new york city

DISCIPLINE GARDEN

Being only an obedient servant to the dark will of your heart,
You command me to be the master of your flesh
Come to me now...my defiant-tongued little angel
And bend over the knee that suffers your consequences
how i adore the sweet ways in which you misbehave
Staring up at me with your disobedient and bad girl eyes
Pleading with me to love you enough to make you my slave
Daring me inflict the seet sting that draws the rain down your thighs
--silk blouse rips...sweet-petite hollow point tips crying in stiff voices that beg for my lips...
Pinned to the wall by the wrist-hair in a twist..pulled tight in my fist...
Squirm all you want it'll get worse if you resist...forcing my hand is unwise young miss...ill punish you
in places you like to be kissed..
The wolves in your heart howl at The feet of these seet savage joys
And beg for my strength and dominant gifts
Skirt raised cheeks displayed...time to pay
My beautiful rebelious and defiant-souled girl...understand under this firm loving hand
That loves every sweet inch of your life is committed to thrash you within an inch of them all....
Sweet trails of fire that increase to your desire i travel the thigh highs to the place where the welts
rise
Hand prints like blush-slap tattoos that remind you...YOU'RE MINE
Rise now my love..let your self melt into the sanctuary of my lap ill cradle you in the commanding
cage of my arms
Ill stir my fingers in the crease and summon your release. while you detonate in dew drops...
Bathing my hand in the drench-song webs of your shiver-voiced magnolias
As you lay beautifully broken like a doll in my arms... submissive and shudder-song lovely as i
whisper kiss-shaddow lullibies that sing you to sleep...in the safe and unbreachable fortress of my
embrace where you know you are loved...where you know...you are safe

Cubana

i was water

You are fire

Now im gasoline

You are fire

Touch me

Let me burn

TONGUE FROSTED VELVET

In dead of night...you and i are alive...while all else is aslumber...you and i are asmoulder...burn with me here my love:

I seek you where are the most secluded..

Your deepest darkest flavors deeply rooted

My mouth becomes moonstruck on the backs of your thighs

Tongue trapped within fishnets where black stockings rise

My tongue has become taffy in a wicked straight line

My lips become gypsies on the path of your spine

Up supple firm slopes tongue-flossed between cantolpupes

Within taboo-lush and sugar-sin valleys

Slick trailed saliva in a dance in dark alleys

Spinning like skin skates into sumtuous red velvet cupcakes slithering deep in your decadance

We are now tongue and cheek...face down in the cool linnen tombs of the sheets...

Into prohibited caves my lips find the shallow strawberry star of their grave..

Sink my teeth...dive down deep...sigh in your sleep

Roll those dark pearls in your head quiver stunned on the bed

Honey dew drenched thumbs hook down in the slick ceilings underground tap the lilly pad writing
whilpool stories in your womb

I summon your gysers into bloom...im only this dirty...because i love you

MORNING SONG VOLCANIC

how beautifully I linger staff struck held helpless in the morning music of her kiss basking within warm and sunbathed sheets in slow writhe and sensuous twist I awaken to the wet and smolder song of her lips that are morphine instant upon the deepest Grapes of my ache pulsing like a pipe bomb on the side of her face... sugar cube slow dissolve within the soft hot Vault of her lips I become her tongue lit torch... lost in the sweet unselfish Vice of her Plum song mouth I am conjured cream from love spell lips trains of fire race and burn beneath my skin drawing out the volcanic Pearl music of my heart consuming the pulse voiced serums of my soul to drink them like streams of liquid moonlight .. she nurtures within me a deep breathing Beast as I deliciously die ebb-throb pull and flow wave push she cradles me through electric gem-rain siezures as i float down and circle down in my liquid white and hemorrhaging death singing her name in symphonies of super novas

No sweeter song than ache

No sweeter song than ache
No deeper way to love you than longing
In sleepless nights in sad linnen tombs
That sit like listless ghosts and wish
For your hot electric skin storm winds the slowngroping shadows of our bodies cocooned
No deeper pain than the cry of skin
For the flesh that only her flesh can understand
No greater anguish than to hold for thee this emptiness and touchless languish
No flames as hot as the infernos that burn in my blood for the comfort of YOU
There are no songs as sad as the ballads my body sings like dying sirens for you..
The is...no deeper way to love than ache

LET IT RAIN

stand before me
Look in my eyes
Slide your hands to your hips
Hook your thumbs on either side
Pull the fabric tight
Let it sink in deep
Let it soak in your hunger
Your hunger... for me...
Look in my eyes
Slide them down
Bring them to my face
Let your fragrance serenade
Every single sense i have
Look in my eyes
As i take them from you
And ring them in a twist
Let your soul drip on my tongue
Look in my eyes..
Ask me if i love you

FIREWATER

My mouth waters

Her flower waters

Getting hotter

Her water

My water

Our water

Firewater

FLOWER SLAUGHTER

Gun powder

Screaming louder

Cells combine

DNA

Mixed together

Bound forever

My water

Her water

OUR WATER...

FIREWATER

Warm sable storms of her hair

Her hair falls...like dark and slow-spread smoke

Sweeping like slow-stroke silk dressed leaves...in tender and drift-tense travels across the trembling awe-struck valley of my waist.

Her gypsy-wicked and mauve-traced lips cascade in their sweet tease and frail speech...like blossoms in scatter-fall through her warm and lust-breathed wind flowing over the started dunes of my hips

Looking up at me with her black and trance-songed eyes... that pull me deep within their warm and mystic tides...whispering to me in the heaving currents of the dark and night-jeweled voice..

Of how they will fall...like the storm-slain petals of drop splash flowers

At the feet of my lonely ache struck tower

How they will circle up like worship-driven serpents

In slow and slither-delicious crawl over the violet throb of ivy veins to steal the secrets that sleep within the velvet skin of my soft vermilion crown..

How she will break with her hunger...the most venomous levies of my blood

Melting into moon beam wine so her pearl-drunk lips may feed on the deep and cream-burst screams of my molten vanilla soul

Leaving me to writhe and stretch in the mysterious twist of debris-struggle waves of pulse and break apart like liquid and wind-thrust leaves as a fade the way my eyes always do....lost in the the deep storms of her hair.

SUGARCOOKIE

oooh sookie sookie
Lookie lookie
My sweet Sugarcookie
Ill do all the work (you can play hookie)
better strap in baby (i aint no rookie)
Open the doors of your hot little oven
And let the pheromones cook-me
Make me forget who i was before your pretty self took-me
Even in the dark i would know you
Blindfold me baby come here let me show you
Its that hot spell...the way you smell
Even through the fabric...you want me
(i can tell)
I can feel the hard pearl in your shell
Inside the silk i feel you swell
Nectar-soaked cloth begining to gel
I want to fall inside you and drown in your well
Lilly soft crush of your thighs
Wolf-song cries
Arrow-slung tongues direct hit on the bullseye
Plush pink divide spread open wide
Make you say ahhh when my lips start to gnaw
And my tongue starts to dive warm cherry pie deep inside
Hot waves immerse me
Lord have mercy
Ride my face like a cowgirl (you aint gonna hurt me)
My teeth rip the lace unfold on my face
Slow tongue-trace now a high speed chase
Sink into my pores juice-dry on my face
Let me bathe in your hot liquid grace
I kiss you where it counts
Haste makes waste
(so i drink every ounce)

Deep in pretty coral tombs
Finger fish in your womb
Tap plunge little sponge
Lick the salt from the wound
Make your hot blossom bloom
Gonna happen soon
Pull the pearl trigger and BOOM!
Cries shake the room
Shiver in your doom
Zoom zoom vroom vroom!
Fire in the engineroom
Sufficating in thick perfume
Surrounded in hot fumes
Catch you in my tongue like a spoon
Cant look down...(im hard as a broom)
Endless honeymoon...be a good bride and feed your cake to your groom

APOTHIC

I LOVE YOU LIKE A SHADOW
THAT HIDES ME FROM THE DAWN
I LOVE YOU LIKE A PIANO
THA PLAYS MY BODY's FAVORITE SONG
YOU SWIM IN MY BLOOD LIKE CYANIDE
YOU ENSLAVE ME LIKE A WHIPLASH KISS
YOU'RE A RAZOR I LOVE LIKE SUICIDE
SO YOU CAN SLEEP INSIDE MY WRIST

DOOM-CHAINED QUEEN OF THE MIST The Tragedy of Medusa pt. 2

PROLOGUE

Titan cells swim in the darkest fathoms of the deep and ancient well of her blood

Now the unwilling womb of the white winged horse and the tomb of krakens

And many sunless dooms Shackled to the cold grey walls of her companionless curse she moves like a black whisper within the Shadows of the Ruins that she now... in her Exile rules her bow fashioned from the spines of many failed slayers with poisoned arrows dipped in the blood of the Dead in her catacombs Patrols for such is the sentence served for sinless crimes these malicious Mercy's of mountain chained and Pagan deities souless and Barron as the Graven image of their eyes in towering idles reflects... forced into unconsented orgies of sea skinned rapists her slain maidenhood left to spread like God mauled flowers in a cold pool of liquid rubies... upon the marble floors beneath the feet of the warlike goddess she once worshipped before the serpent eggs were suffered to sleep in her hair....

the sea here is silent and cold as the dirt of graves black as the pitch of bile and Ash... floating upon it like a dark and Slack skinned corpse bloating beneath drab and sunless Skies the island slowly emerges from the murdered colors of the Fog all is sound less save the mocking and tune dead cries if songless crows that circle above on dark and doom drawn wings like mammoth flies over the soot stained bones of broken columns like Fallen Stone trees a mummified Forest ...slime foamed waves ooze like old thick blood against the dark Barbed and blade thorned Shores where a black ancient and septic souled thing waits and long before the ferryman's barge scrapes the shores ...she already knows you're coming time scarred and lifeless, these barren and venomous Gardens of stone skinned wraiths broken gladiators frostbitten Warriors buried alive within the chipped slate crypts of their own limbs where they lay Fallen sculpted by the vengeful knives of her volcanic eyes burning like glowing moons of blood forged pearls Frozen where they stood upon the cracked and Ivy chain steps of her ruined Temple the mournful howl of the Wind as it plays it's creaking ballads through the gray and bare limbed trees rolling in a tide of dry Dead Leaves that dance like locusts swarming among the stones as you move riddled with fear within this dimly lit and dank tomb you stare blindly into the Shadows and see something even darker moving within them moving closer it can see you and that knows you're there and is coming for you... your blood runs cold as you hear the slow rattling hiss like the voice of the river or tomb breached wind she's dark and Powerful like an Unstoppable and enrolling tied and you are trapped against the cliffs and there is nowhere to run and slowly Illuminating in the darkness before you see them... hundreds of fire red eyes like hot Embers in a dance of wind zigzagging like ignited flies... serpents moving like horrid ornaments hissing manevolently Whispering strands upon the Vermillion Shadows on torch-lit Stone like skinless branches of storm raped trees.. for a split-second you see her, hypnotic and terrible before hot blinding light melts your eyes and they flood like Red Sea Foam from your sockets your blood thickens like wet sand within the drying branches of your veins a horrid whisper as she is the last thing you hear: " I shall of the carve with my eyes Stone from flesh and suffer the to dwell in the dark bosom of my curse for all time" your soul desperately swims to the surface of your face only two freaze in your throat as all goes black and she passes dragging her claws across your Frozen face as she slips again into Shadows and once again waits

SKIN CARNIVÁL

Lips move over flesh...in hot summers of speach
Of juice-seeped seek from soft skined peach
Of Jasmine blossoms spreading within scalding tides
Of hips against lips to fall and rise....
In tender travels over suple and soft-groped slopes...
To electricity-tipped gemstones within fade-blush circles
Of lips in slow skin slide from ripple rib glide
Butterfly kisses within belly-jeweled tidepools
Of tongue-traced waist lines and torsos in slow-grind
As she shivers in landslide...
Thick, sweet mist...hot, flower-vapors tear-skin trails in effortless ooze
From dark mysterious moss..and jelly-wound-spread-fruit...
Aroma thick canyons...tread-torrid tongues
Surrounded and slow drown in humid and smolder-lush perfumes
Jewel-crown gum drop...gate-swell pearls
Ruffle-blush and petal-crease in deep French kiss...
In slow drip circles of tongue stretch and tunnel push
In deep and drool-groove of pulp trap and slick-song pockets
To the deep hurt of cherry seed swell that sobbs its slow-gush songs
Above glistening fuscia and fold-seam gates
Call to convulsions...and beautys release
Damn burst of salt-tart, brine-ripe...brandy-burn..bitter and musk-fruit sweet...numbing my
mouth...slow coating my throat...lost in the skin velvet carnival of her body's wrath
Where i want to be...so desperately and...always

Enslaved by her pretty

my heart belongs to a girl from a hot Southwest City... she is the kind of pretty that goes far beyond infinity... and makes me bow in front of her like the Holy Trinity... she bites my lip every time she kisses me ...but she's so sexy every time she submits to me... she's hot pink and sticky... like cotton candy that you buy at a carnival from a gypsy... her hair is hot Chestnut waves...that are my hands soft slaves... that whisper "I dare you to twist me" she said: "baby I hypnotize with these hourglass thighs and these night-song black eyes I know you can't resist me..." I paint her pretty titties with leopard skin hickeys ...she said "just don't lie to me baby" and that she'd always stay with me... she backed up her red dress Pressed into my chest, saying: "baby please unzip me... I'd rather be naked and this doesn't fit me ...come and kiss my kitty you can taste my Forbidden City"... her juices made me dizzy like I drank too much whiskey ...she brought up the handcuffs and said "lock me down and frisk me... you can lick me you can flick me... I'm too tight you can't fist me... but you can whip out that Kane bend me over and whip me... go ahead put it in me..do it with ferocity...do it fast with velocity...taste the fabric that flosses me...let me feel you get lost in me...drill me me with that throb-veined monstrosity..so deep in me that you're stabbing my kidney.. that firm around place that your tongue loves the taste ...and your hand loves to hit me ...makes my kitty swim in hot electricity... I LOVE HOW YOU JUST GET ME...baby you illicit ...all the secrets inside me that are deep and explicit... im yours to solicit ...you always lick it before you stick it...our love is proliphic ...i love how deep you french kiss it ...any dirty thing i want...you're always down with it...missionary-cowgirl-doggy-froggy-you know all the ways to hit it... No matter how i act or how many statements i retract youre my MAN and I LOVE YOU...and dont you ever FORGET IT"

SUGARPLUM

melt against my mouth like a plum hot wet ripe and drip sugar in the Sun creamy dreamy under the whirlpool song of my tongue eclipse my lips in woman-soul drips

Pooling like puddles of love in the spoon of my tongue

As i lip wrestle with lust-swell petals i can feel the throb of your heart as it pounds like a drum...the trap is sprung..you stretch twist and try to resist but i hold you down and drink you like rum

I polish you your trigger in the hot colors of my mouth till you explode like a gun

Paint my lips in your hot angry sugar-showers ill drink all of your cum

Ill suck you like a mango till your hips go numb

You cant get away and you cant feel your legs...and there's nowhere to run

Begging for mercy? (you should've called a nun)

ive got a deep throbbing sweet tooth and you're pink bubble gum

Ill swirl your girl-pearl in the strum of my thumb

Let me breathe you in deep so your hot scent can swim and live forever inside my lungs

This dance isnt done...you can stop at just one..

Im at a loss for words except for one...YUMM..

Stay with me baby..ill make your blood crazy...the nights still young...and you and i have only just begun...

PEARLS THAT SET IN A DREAM OF FLESH

she hides her light my grieving sun deep and beating like a heart behind her Vermilion clouds she cries her hot and aching tears behind her hot pink shroud like a pearl of deep pulsing and Relentless hurt.. she crowns the rain swollen Gates of her deep pink Church... and in her stiff inpatience waits...for prying lips and tongues to taste... and surf so she can ride the rage of her most tidal waves.. feeding the tongue her scent makes its slave... and explode like the skies and fall back to Earth crashing like pulse-gush waves upon famished Shores and break like foam on lips of sand to feed the greed of the Mouth She's So adores and spread like froth from Fatal flood so he can drink her soul and live forever in the deepest currents of his blood...where her flavors sing her slow throb lullabies and looks his mouth deep in its eyes as he kiss kills the demons that sleep between her thighs so she can Slumber at last and her sun warm quilt her agonies retreat this is is where in empires of flesh where the truest love is built

For my ETERNAL BEE-LUV-VED

i offer you the deepest most sincere loyalties of my deep loved heart

And the most solemn-vowed fidelities of my devoted flesh

You should know...that for YOU...i am carnivorous...

And in my most desperate and painful ways RAVENOUS and possessed

I shiver in a corner like an addict for all the things that are YOU

Fiending for the savory sea salt flavors of your sweat-seasoned flesh...slow drip succulent...and hot musk-breathed...

I will lick you like blood from a bone...lap your juices like dripping vanilla from a summer crushed cone...how i long to languish in your warm and brine-acidic rivers...sigh my name and dislove on the hungry sponge of my tongue my sweet and SACRED love...coat the inside of my throat

Beautifully invade...and promise you'll stay

Like a sensuous melody that swims in my veins..become immortal inside of me dont you know? My sweet and perfect and beautiful girl...that these hungers are ignited and fueled by every last flavor of every single fluid outside and deep INSIDE of your sweet and sensuous skin?...do you know...that your lust-thick hypnotic and flower-evaporated scents

Composes deep orchestras of insanities inside my blood?

I won't leave a drop of you left...I'll lick you from the plate...i am your willing and devoted slave...who will crawl to you and beg...to taste the ruby rivers of dead eggs...i will assassinate every taboo and howl at your moon...how deeply i crave to worship between your legs..to serve at the will of your ferocious pheromones rage...ill bend the bars of your cage...let the beast inside you loose so you can drink from the pearls of my veins...sink your teeth in deep in the ink of my blood carve your initials deep and engraved...and ill stab to death all your ghosts and pulse-spray my name on the slick walls of your cave...my arms are a place where you are ALWAYS SAFE...where NO ONE can get to you...ill ALWAYS PROTECT YOU...you live now in my blood...sleep safe my sweet love ill hold you while you sleep and guard you as you breathe...im your man im your sentinal...ill stay awake and keep you safe as you sleep...

CRAZYHORSE

she holds on for dear life

Bare back vice-thighed and gripped tight

Impaled upon a velvet-muscled and wild souled horse

A symbian-driven cowgirl with an axe to grind

He is living thunder and defiant thrust

As she rolls he hips like a belly dancer spurring his thighs je batters her breasts she claws at his chest

Her legs ache holding him in mane-ripped skake

Back arched head thrown back she fights to stay on

Its not her first rodeo but this stallions will is strong

But if she can break him..

He will belong to her...

And she will ride him forever...

SUCCUMBING

Her body blossoms with soft hot colors and beautiful, breathless longings...
And she surrenders at last to the heated, velvet voice of her flesh...

BURNING

Under tender hamonies of petal-silk lips,

And feather-traced hypnotic touch...

Her inhibitions drift, and she begins to writhe, hot...and glorious

Into a slow drowsy oasis of echo-soft sounds...circling down into deep whirlpools of wonderous love...

ESCALATING

In senseless, searing waves and napalm-flesh...
She lays, hip-raised and limb-crushed
In tremored-torso and butterfly-thighed swarm...
Waist-shivering in deep and delicious ache...
She is ruby-foam on coral-wave crash
Simmering in the rum-soaked cherries of her blood...she stiffens,
Deep pull and abdomen-coiled vice...
And then EVERYTHING...begins to BURN...

ANNIHILATION

sweat-glossed and shiver-limbed in damp-clung sheets lips scream-stretched as the fluttering tribes of strawberry moths hum like hives in in frantic-thighs deep wombs in mushroom clouds...ripples now waves...sighs now cries...thighs tighten knuckles whiten..in frenzied grip...sheets ripped..she bursts and becomes skin-confetti spreading into the wind...

ANTICIPATION

she is hot-rush and skin hunger

She unfolds like burning flowers and simmering honey in a swelling spell of spring
her blossom-hypnotic scent...inviting...all of her...waiting

She is a pulse-song pearl imprisoned in flame-rain tear drops

Singing in voices of throb and songs of ache...waiting...

For him to lift her rose-skinned veil...

Waiting for the first kiss

LANGUISHING

pleading beneath heated and lace framed silk...

Sufferring in moist-voices of swell-bloom flowers

That that cry their hot and starving tears and beg through the bars of their fabric-damp prison

In aromas of ache and deep tremors of emptiness...that echo like pangs of hurt hunger deep in her hollows...

In folds of twitch and layers of pulse

In songs of sigh...through stabs of hurt...until at last lips of soothe...find cries of skin

SALVATION

Fabric falls...like shadows of feathers

Passings from humid and ember-veined valleys

Breath caught in sweet-shock...of web-stuck silk pulled from deep wedge from frenzied flowers

Cool air shivers like music in warm and salivating layers

Warm breath upon petals of tremor

And dew-drawn tears...

Silk threads torn...from flush and tongue-torn seams

Luxurious licks on succulent and love-larhered pulp...

And sweet relief exhales...deep from within her cavernous and feminine soul....

ANIMALÉ

Lo sono uno uomo..io sono un animalé

e voglio che tu la strada un animalé...

Vorrebbe tira i capelli cogliendo il tuo sena mi tiri si stretto ti abbraccio schiaffo...

Il boccone di culo...al colo di alimentazione

Sulla tua boca e voglio che tu a combattere

Sei un animale voglio strappare il tesutto da fianchi...e assalto si con mia tana labbra nella tua folta pelliccia rigogliosa prendere nel caldo muschio del lasciare il tuo profumo enfiammare indurisca de mia carne voglio affondare i mie denti si artiglio

alle cosce si mangiare come carne cruda calda gocciolante fino a quando i succhi do frutta gocciolare dai mia bocca e striscio faccia piace il sangue da un uccidere il tua sopore profondo sale e animale me rendi rabbioso con la fame portera te e libbra voi

Vindicativo duro e profondo e vessare mio amore arrabbiatto caldo profondo dentro di te e perche tu sei il mio compagno e ho un segno come il mio ti amo come un animale

I tu vuoi che tiamo come...un animale

Ti strappa e ti mangi viva...

THIRST

She gasps for her breath...as she hold him to her breast...he's broken her storm and fed upon her flood...she tates her ecstasy on his lips...as she feeds him her grateful hungry kiss....but she is alive again...and now will show him the depth of her love and all of her hunger for him that has burned in her blood..."its ok baby"...she whispers against his trembling waist...as she encloses her hand around the pillar of his pain...and he sighs..and he moans and her heart smiles because it knows...that soon those soft sighs will become wild panic driven cries...as she proves her deep love for him in a language thats deeper...than words....lost now in the hypnosis of her own hunger...she holds his electric frenzy in the slick groove of her tongue...soothing the throb in his veins ...polishing the columns of his ache...she has longed ...for so long...to worship at the rhorbbing altar of his church...to ease his hurt...to feel him blossom inside her mouth shes dying of thirst...for her man for all that he is and all that he does...long lavished licks slow savored loving sucks...she feels he is close...what she longs for ...the MOST...his deep cries and the molton creams rise...involuntary thrust of frantic thighs...pearl-mercury in thermometers of flesh...he gasps for breath...too much for him too take...as the deep levies break..stiff-staff plead...he is a deep ocean of need she holds him in the soft vice of her lips...the sweet mercy of her mouth...he quenches her thirst as he blooms to burst in warm liquid squirts...howling at the moon of his release...champagne-pop burst...she catches thw foam...vanilla drips from the cone...liquid music of deep moans spill from frantic microphones...velvet flesh become bone...all of him she owns...she hums to the sweet music of his groans..shiver twist hip quake she wont stop now...too much at steak...the dam breaks...sweet siezure convulse hips quake

She cradles him in volcanic pulse and feels his love drain...she rides the waves moaning with him...as he becomes beautiful...liquid...in her mouth....and as he comes up for air...he knows....she LOVES him...as she nestles in his chest...sung to sweet sleep by the drums in his chest...

RIDE

hands hold the headboard

She rocks and sways

She leans back...she screams

And rains flowers on my face

My tongue catches rain drops

And im crushed by her skin-train

As she rides the rails of my lips

She holds the headboard...i hold her hips...shes a runanway train...sparks fly...wheels grind...no turning back...we crash...beautifully

SERVITUDE

like a dark angel at pray
Hands bound at your back ropes at your wrist head held low
Like a good little slave
Ready to beg for these dark joys you crave
Youll find there are dire and delicious consequences
If you dare to misbehave
I will feed every black hunger in your heart that screams to be saved
I could braid my whip with the threads of you sins
Paint half moons and violet bruises of your pretty pale skin
Until you plead for the privilage of your lips on my cain
Youll not leave here unscathed...so pretty and depraved
I could weave the black silk of this blindfold with every insolent thing that you say
But i will teach you...take you past the borders of what you think you can take
To that shadowy sweet place between pleasure and pain
Take my hand little dove..ill help you find yourself...when you lose your way...

LIQUID

silk binds your hands and feet to the bed...

Blindfolded...helpless...waiting

Spread like a beautiful trapped butterfly...vulnerable...waiting

Its so quiet...your pulse pounds like a drum in your ear straining on the mattress...waiting

You dont know it..not yet the candle is hovering flickering above your breast...waiting

Gasping as the searing wax falls like hot raindrops upon your skin hardening in crimson trails of liquid candy down your abdomen...and...maybe...lower?...waiting

Then...the ice..falling drop by drop little splashes that cause you to twist in your bonds...

How delicious you look shivering beneath its cold wet kiss...waiting

How quickly it melts on the hot landscape of your flesh...running like cold tears into sensuous and strategic hidden places...that have been waiting...how beautiful you look...like a work of art...waiting

FACE DOWN

Girl you better stand down
With that defiant frown
I dont fuck around..
Ill slay that mound
You should have asked around
Too late now...(woman down)
ripped gown...pushed down tied down
I own your pretty ass now
Face down arms bound derriere in the air
(you look perfect now)
Look what i found...meow meow
Deep in the underground of that pretty soft mound
A slap on the ass (so perfect and round) with each mercilous pound...pink hand prints to remind you
who it belongs to now
Hard plowed...slick little dugout...deep ground turn you inside out and uoside down howl and shout
till you blackout and fadeout...make you twist and thrash about (give you something new to write
about) pull your hair out...scream out loud..hair in my fingers tightly wound...fave pinned into the
pillow...so you STAY down...your flesh is my play ground...my battleground...my huntingground...my
BURIALground...
Time to pullout
About to blowout
Give me that smartmouth
Lips on the spout
Stick your tongue out
Drink it all down...swallow quick (dont drown)
You wanna be my queen? (time to earn ykur crown)
Your turn? Maybe i head south...(ibe got cottonmouth) and get devout when go down i STAY
down...till youre spellbound and the bomb drops..(enjoy the fallout) just enough ow to go with that
wow...(pleasure and pain find common ground)
I reach down and whisper..."this is MINE now"...come with me baby...lets "figure it out"

STAY

i saw someone who reminded me of you today
She dressed like you and moved with the same easy graceful french girl sway
She had your peasant girl olive skin and uncombed mahogany waves
And the same expressive dark eyes to which mine were instant slaves
She looked at me and smiled...it was your smile i quickly looked away
It reminded me what of all i once had that life had taken away
And how before your funeral, id dressed you in your favorite flowered dress
Held your cold hand in the funeral home all night before i handed you over to death
Of my mothers cruel voice whispering through my blood:
"theres too much of ME inside you for anyone to ever love"
Her smile reminded me, that my heart is just a shallow grave
My soul is just a dark rainy sky that covers it in lonely shades of gray
and my mind is a dismal coffin where your memories lie in sleep
In that shallow grave beneath a colorless sky that forever weeps
My mother was wrong....
There isnt enough of HER in me to keep my loves away
Just too much of ME...in...me to make them ever...stay.

BATHING IN RAIN FLOWERS

I unwrap you...like a gift... sliding them slowly down and off of you unveiling the part of you that I hunger for the most sliding them along my face...breathing you in....DEEP

I love how your thick and mystic scent clings to the silk...lingering like a hot spell in the fabric...that makes my soul...salivate

I swirl my tongue inside you...slide my lips all over you...

Smearing my lips in your sugars...bathing in your hot, hypnotic gardens...so i may drink your pleading tears and savor the secret flavors of your soul.

Pushing deep to french kiss the fuscia fruit of your womb and suck the breath from your body...and feed in frenzy and fury upon your most secret and sacred self breathing back into the depths of YOU...the depths of my LOVE forcing you to feel my humger my passion...for you

My tongue is fire turned to fleah that flickers at your engorged warhead...thrashing relentless...and committed...to make you detonate

I hold you...warm and slippery inside my mouth...cradling you through the deep tremors...sucking hard as you shiver...drinking deep through every slow and soulful sigh...clawing into your cheeks with both hands burrowing into you as deep as i can and surfing the rolling tide of your hips while you gasp and shiver....until the moment you freeze and tremble like ripples and scream in waves...and still i hold you in my mouth never letting go nurturing you through your ecstasy...nursing on your release holding you as you fall...planting frail kisses as my face falls into you as you evaporate and reach down to stroke my cheak...hoping that in this moment...you can FEEL...how deeply i love you

SAVORING

My hunger sometimes for you is slow

And soft like rose-skin shadows...

Exhaling along the surface of your skin like the voice of the sea

Falling like ember snow flakes more delicate than ash...my mouth in slow deliberate
trance...commanded by the depth of your sighs..

To where the lilly-soft voices of your thighs whisper like sea-foam arias at my cheek

Hypnotic...Murmurs of the secret longings of a smouldering...slow unfolding tear-streaked rose

Opening before my awestruck eyes like a mysterious and blood-souled flower whos petals blossom
in silent and tenderest spread...like water splashed flamingos wings so i may stare into your hidden
and secluded magenta inlets and flame-storm caverns...your hips in their impatient currents rise like
a velvet wave to reach the shores of my mouth...(knowing my tongue is fluent...in the speach of
flowers)

THE CURSE OF THE FREAK

PART ONE...

Long ago, in an ancient land, in a small village that stood on the edge of a dark, vast haunted forest...their lived a fair maid named SANTITA.

She lived in a small farm house on the edge of the village left to her by her grandparents.

She was an intelligent and kind hearted girl who was loved by all in her village...for she had saved them all, from the evil witch who lived in the forest...long ago the witch had come to the village and threatened them all with death if one sis not step forward to do her bidding...that one should brave the terrors of the forest once a week to gather herbs and plants she needed to practice her black magic...all were too frightened...except SANTITA...who sacrificed her freedom to save her people.

But the witch was not satisfied the witch put a binding spell on her...that she would be tormented by a demon freak at night to keep her mindful of her purpose the freek would haunt SANTITA and tell her which ingredients and herbs she was to gather for the witch

So it was that once a week SANTITA donned her hooded blood red cloak and entered the forest with her basket to do the freeks biidding.

The forest was filled with trees so thick the sun barely shone through...the mists moved like ghosts through the twisted branches...foreboding sounds of sttange dark creatures filled the air...but SANTITA was brave and carried out her duties unperturbed.

She felt she was being watched and turned quickly, it was Sir Antonio, a knight and veteran of ancient wars.

He lived in the forest and protected the towns people when they traveled through it.

"you shouldnt sneak up on people"SANTITA said.."its rude"

"i wasnt miss SANTITA, he said politely, its my duty to keep you safe" he said solemnly.

Antonio kept to himself and rarely came into the village..there were rumours that he had been attacked by a savage beast while on a campaign in Transylvania...and that hed been traumatized by the experiance and driven a little mad.

"thats very noble sir knight, but i font need protecting"

All the same my lady, my duty is my duty.

Suit yourself SANTITA said.

Once shed gathered her fill she set off down the path to the witches cottage..antonio followed behind then seemednto disappear once shed entered the witches property..."strange SANTITA thought to herself.

After SANTITA had dropped off her package she started back to the village once shed crossed the borders if the witches domain Sir Antonio once again appeared.

"some escort you are" she teased...you disappear at the most dangerous part"

forgive me my lady, he said truly penetant, none may enter her domain save by her invitation, she has a spell of protection surrounding her and none may breach it"

SANTITA reached the village and bid Sir Antonio farewell later that night she was trying to sleep but

thoughts of the demon freck tormented her...then she heard it...a howling in the distance she looked out her window and saw on the cliffs of the peaks in the forest...a great wolf howling at the moon...the sound was lonely and beautiful...it calmed and soothed her somehow...and she was able to finally sleep...

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CURSE OF THE FREAK pt. 2

The following week, SANTITA ventured once more into the dark forest, greeted as usual by Sir Antonio. Who was his usual stoic serious self. "you're quite the conversationalist sir knight" she said sarcastically.

"perhaps I don't have anything to say that would improve the silence" he shot back.

Well if you're going to follow me about, the least you could do is keep me company"...are you hungry? I brought bread and cheese from my farm"...I suppose I could eat. He said

They sat by a dark brook.."your hood, the color is quite vibrant I've never seen its equal" he said.

"it was my grandfather's war cloak, my grandmother altered it to fit me...when I wear it...I feel brave...unafraid...safe...it's my most prized possession"

well it's quite beautiful, my lady,

Then moon solstice festival is tomorrow, will you be in attendance? She asked

I doubt it, he said darkly I don't do well at such functions I'm afraid.

"it isn't fair, my lady..that you should bear this dreadful curse"

you're most kind, but I don't believe in fair and unfair...it just is what it is...I made a choice and blame no one for it.

Well I respect your courage my lady all the same.

It was then SANTITA noticed his eyes...deep bright jade green...quite beautiful she thought to herself.

He quickly averted his eyes not wanting to be rude.

So she said, you'll be attending the festival then?"

I'll consider it he said darkly.

SANTITA and Antonio gathered their belongings and set off to the evil witches lair and as usual Antonio disappeared when they came to her domain...

The next day the festival was in full swing villagers laughing drinking ale and feasting...minstrels played music..children played and laughed. They all danced laughed and ate to the talented music of HOOD the great and talented whose music and lyrics were well renowned throughout the land.

Sir Antonio awkwardly approached the crowd, greeted with open arms..he was well liked and respected..if not a tad feared..SANTITA saw him and beckoned him to join her and some others at her table. Sir Antonio watched the happy towns people, saw SANTITA dancing in a circle of held hands with all the children...she loved her people...and they all loved her...sir Antonio felt a pang of sorrow...SANTITA would never be able to bear children of her own with the witches curse in her blood..she obviously loved children...and these people...and these innocent children would never know true freedom and peace while the evil witch still lived...it was then he knew what he must do...how could he a knight who'd sworn an oath of chivalry...allow this kind and courageous girl to sacrifice her chance to have a happy life? Or these kind people to languish in fear?...the witch must die...and he had a plan.

He saw the village wise man OUTBACK..who was wise in all things..he sought his counsel.

OUTBACK told sir Antonio a myth about SANTITA's red cloak..."her grandfather was a great knight a brave warrior and a hero, he fought against oppression wherever he found it, he once saved the

daughter of the great wizard FRED of Preyervale...who rewarded him with a magic red cloak that would render the wearer protection from harm"...antonio contemplated this...and sought the village medicine woman Mistress JaneEVE...he asked her for the most powerful sleep herbs she possessed but she warned him that too much would cause the user to die...having devised his plan..he rejoined SANTITA and her friends Lady Kat the kind, and Sir Dusk the wise who was the village scribe and records keeper. And sir HOOD who seemed to like his ale...a lot.

Antonio ate and drank ale with them and noticed it was growing dark..."i thank you for inviting me Lady SANTITA, but i fear i must go, "so soon? She asked...why? Do you turn into a pumpkin or something? She teased...Sir Antonios face darkened almost taken aback by her statement.."no..he said darkly...not a pumpkin...i must guard the forest je said sternly. "oh yes, it would be a shame if anyone stole a tree in your absence..." She laughed and sir antonio couldnt help but smile. "by the Gods! She exclaimed...was that actually a SMILE...je quickly frowned and bid everyone farewell and departed...intent on his purpose...je would save SANTITA and the villagers...even if it meant..his own life...they had lives and families that mattered...he had no one...and was haunted by the darkness of his own curse...he was at night..a beast...a savage bloodthirsty monster that no one would love if they knew his secret...his life was solitary at best...he knew what he must do..he knew that the freedoms and happiness others enjoyed...was always at the sacrifice of someone else...and he was almost relieved to make it...who could ever love...a monster?

TO BE CONTINUED

DIABOLIQUE (dee-ah-boh-leek)

Come to me, dark beautiful and diabolic girl

I will kneel at your feet howl up at your beauty like a moon-drunk wolf... My perfect black-souled goddess... i grovel before you and wait for you to

Place the dagger in my hand i will stab through my chest

I will saw through my ribs and rip out my heart

And place it like hot throbbing fruit in your hand..a slow oozing sacrifice...its all i have left...

Feel it pulse for you even now like a dumb devoted dog

Loving you even as it dies and drips like melting rubies down your wrist

Bite into it like a slack-skinned and rotting red apple ...suck it dry and let my blood adorn your pretty face like morbid lipstick chew on the crimson pulp of my unwanted love and devour its only wish

Crush whats left like a grape in your fist...

Keep it...i have no more use for it...it already belongs to you anyway

TANGORINE

sweet tangorine
Let me reach in your tree
Part your banches open your leaves
Ill set you free
Ill peel everything off
And spread your fruit
Suck on your seed and drink your juice
Rub my lips in rhe slick flesh of your pulp
Till you burst in my mouth down you all in one gulp
Forbidden fruits are a sin
Thats why you taste so good
Sticky and dripping down my chin
and all over my wood
Your like starburst on my tongue
Soft wet and ripe from the sun
Lots of fruit on the tree...but youre my only one

THE CURSE OF THE FREAK pt3 village=family

the village was more than a village and those who lived there were much more than villagers...they were a family..and were fiercely protective of and other and extremely close knit. No doors were ever locked, there were never any disputes they had all found harmony love and community in each other.

There was no judgement they lived under no ones reign. They named their village EMPIESS

Santita and her grandparents founded the village so that all who were outcast or unfairly persecuted or who just felt they had no place to belong would have a place where they could.

The alchemist sisters JANE EVE and MARTINA LYNCH were persecuted and accused of witchcraft in their former land so they fled in the night they did practice the black arts, and would participate in lascivious orgies...but they were not evil...their knowledge of medicine and herbs kept all in the village in good health and as the village midwives they had delivered many healthy babies.

HOOD...quite the rebel, was from the northern isles, a musician lyricist and connoisseur of fine ales and also an archer of deadly and lethal skill. Was ousted from his former home due to a reputation for being a scrapper in the pubs and taverns known to engage in victorious fights with multiple opponents at once. It should be noted that HOOD never started altercations, but he had no tolerance for those who spoke in ignorance...and that is all we will say on the matter.

Fay slim was everyone's mom and baked cookies and cakes in her home for all to enjoy

His skills as an archer kept the village well fed. And the town butcher EDDY STYXX...very busy.

EDDY STYXX was also from the emerald isles and was wrongly? Accused of butchering more than cattle and swine.

(HOOD also kept POETIC DAN the town ale smith very busy as well)

the sisters Malubohtelu and KAT were philosophers from the southern realms who being discouraged at humanity decided to seek a home where people were kind and loving and where they could teach the children about love community and peace.

LORD FRED of PRYERVALE was a sorcerer from the tropical realms who fled under the protection of SANTITAS grandfather when magic was banned in his former home. He lived with his beloved wife and performed magic to entertain the village and a spell of invisibility so that no strangers. Could find the village.

OUTBACK was the village wiseman who had been a professor at a school in the northern realms, but in his wisdom he uncovered corruption and those in power fearing their secrets and fortunes were at risk if being exposed...ousted and banished him. He was a teacher in the village school...and made sure the children took NOTHING at face value and researched the truth on their own.

MICHEAL OF EDWARDHAM...the wise and learned scholar of language and history also taught in the school and was the village records keeper and scribe.

Lady ANGELICA was a princess of Rome, who had lost her husband in a vile betrayal, she fled fearing a rebellion was at hand and took her children and fled she was the village yoga instructor...(a strange yet healthy practice the villagers came to enjoy)

lady CHRISTINA and her husband simply wanted a place where they could love each other in peace.

DUSK...a great literary mind and language specialist was skilled in the arts of correct speaking and taught language and etiquette.

MUGGS DADDY the great was a warrior from the desert realms who was ousted from his former land for graffiti art on walls and now taught art to all the villagers.

Lady SANTITA whose family founded the village was a brave and stubborn girl, a young woman of courage and great kindness who loved to read write and enjoy collaboration with the other scribes in the village...and was HOODS drinking buddy.

she loved her village and her communal family..and had made the ultimate sacrifice to protect them.

Lastly...Sir Antonio, not much was known of him save that he was a knight...a warrior who had been a humble novelist of romance, until his true love was slain in a village raid...after that he traveled to many foreign lands learning every fighting skill and discipline. He lived for revenge and joined the legion he killed all those who had killed his true love and many more until one day he went AWOL from the royal military and found solace and peace on the village as their protector. He lived a solitary life in a cottage on the borders of the forest it was rumored that he had been traumatised by a savage animal attack he barely survived. He was serious dark and kept to himself until with Lady SANTITAS annoying (yet well intentioned persistence) got him to come out of his shell and associate with the others...and now he loved them (though he would never admit this) and was set on a course of destiny..to protect his new friends and his best friend SANTITA who had looked beneath his wall...and saw a good person...he would never let anyone hurt his new friends..his family

This village seems like a utopia...and it was until the arrival of the evil witch...

TO BE CONTINUED...

SWEET LIBERTIES OF HURT

**I bite sweet pathways of pain on the soft sands of your thighs
Kissing the lavender-violet footprints that mark you as mine
I compose arias of shrieks
On your back in burning pink streaks
Your breasts bound in ropes
Blood fills the soft pinned slopes
Suffocating your fears that now fall slow-drowned in your tears
The freedom you seek..my hands engraved in your cheeks
Your skin sings in sweet delicious stings
As i summon your demons to die
And fade like vapor trails in your cries
I am your dark priest...that grants your realese
Breathe now my love...in my strength you may hide
Take your place and kneel forever by my side
When your blouse makes the welts ache
Youll remember me...and the liberties i provide...**

INVISIBLE

I scream in a voice that nobody hears
My heart can not swim and its drowning in tears
My soul is dying from a nameless disease
Im bleeding from a wound that nobody sees

ONE NIGHT

one night
To spend together
One night of passion and pleasure
One night
Instead of forever
One night
Their memories could treasure
One night
Thier hearts would always remember
One night to spend together
One night instead of forever
And a lifetime of friendship
Nothing could sever...
can you promise me one night?
and i wont ask you for forever...

?INCENDIARY?

**My lips and my tongue are fire,
She is soft, kerosene-soaked suede.
Dancing like napalm trails of desire,
she screams, her skin bathes in flames.
Her veins become gas-lit paths of fire
she turns to ash and blows softly away...**

APATHETIC

My heart is a broken graveyard
Where my death sentenced dreams go to die.
A forgotten grief-slain churchyard
Where my broken hopes go to kneel and cry
My lightless soul languishes in discard
Left in the refuse and wondering why
A deserted, dead-songed schoolyard
Where tribes of dead cherubs litter the the storm-raped sky
A dreary abandoned shipyard
Where broken ships of depression drift in the tide
Where i run my fingers over the dead welts my hearts many scars
As all the joy in my life waves goodbye
Where i avoid cupids poisoned bow-thrown darts
Because i know love is cardio suicide
And only a fool takes those 3 words to heart
Id rather give my heart an I.V. filled with cyanide.
My memories are just torn postcards
Crime scene photos of my hearts homicide
My heart is a broken graveyard
Where ive entombed my emotions to lie.

FERAL (the tale of Dâthrhomé The Red) pt.1

Long ago, in a dark and forgotten land,
Lived a young woman called Dâthrhomé (Dath-roh-may) the Red.

She lived in a secluded cottage at the base of the Carpathian Mountains on the borders of a dark and vast forest.

She was hauntingly beautiful, her blonde hair with streaks of brown gold and light platinum looked as if it were spun by the threads of the sun, her eyes like deep cobalt sapphires that looked as deep and endless as the night sky.

But Dâthrhomé was no simpering wittless beauty, she was dark and deeply intelligent, she was a butcher by trade, she would butcher the livestock and hunting kills for those that lived in the nearby village...which was the extent of her association with them Dâthrhomé kept to herself. Those in the village were Leary of her, a large wolf like dog, ferocious and wild never left her side during the daylight hours, and patrolled her land by night...she carried a long razor sharp butchers blade on her hip and could wield it with lethal skill. And she was not fond of strangers..They called her Dâthrhomé "the Red" after her deep scarlet hooded cloak which she wore to camouflage the blood of her trade. Shed been seen going into the dark uncharted forest at night, carrying a lantern and slaughtered lambs in a bloody basket... not returning until dawn. Being superstitious, they thought her to be a witch or apostle of darkness, but Dâthrhomé was neither...she was something far worse and far more real...the forest contained her deepest secret...and her body's most ravenous hunger...and thus we begin the ancient tale of Dâthrhomé the red or as most know it in its diluted sedate form...Red Riding Hood...

to be continued

OUR LOVE IS BEAUTY BORN FOR BURNING

Our love is beauty born for burning
2 souls cruelly torn and yearning
Take my hand. Lay beside me little dove
Let your cells sleep sweet in my blood
Come to me...Lay your head on my chest
And sleep to deep pagan drums that pound in my flesh
Ive only broken you to help make you whole
Sleep sweet my love as i enclose you in these dark wings and soothe the wounds of your soul...
Our love is beauty born for burning...let us hold hands and fall back and turn in to ash
Our love is beauty born for burning

I SEEK YOU WHERE YOU'RE LIQUID

I seek you where you're liquid...
Where you are lava-flowered and adictive.
Where you are raspberry pearl
In slow tongue-swirl
Until your toes curl
And torture-orchid afflicted.
I seek you where you're a secret
Beneathe soaked torn lace
I drown in your fall from grace
When youre shivering and overheated
I seek you where your aching
Where the honey of your sins
Drips from frantic petal skins
As the tremors begin
And i hold you, mouth-captive and shaking.
You feed me apocalyptic
You blossom and swell
The flood expels
and juice-rapes my cells
I seek you...where you're liquid.

HER EYES ARE VOICES LIKE VELVET

Deep-sewn betrayals, and trauma-stained tales, she conceals beneath her black and crow-lashed veils. behind the obsidian moons where she shades her wounds, her emotions sleep in secluded tombs, where they suffer alone in silent dooms. opaque like pitch and dreamless coal, they cloak the slow opals of her tortured soul, amnesia-numb slaves beneath ink-shade waves, her secrets sleep in deep silk graves. her hurt eclipsed forever adrift in their jet-spell tides, Gray-hued tears like mascara-drawn trails of colorless soot, she... in her secret sorrow.. cries. stains of ash on her face that never dry. Her eyes are like voices of velvet that never cry...and they've forever enslaved....the jade songs...of mine.

I FEEL MY HEART, LIKE TRAIN OF HATE

I feel my heart like a train of hate dreaming of your brass knuckle bludgeoned and Bone crushed face grinding boring Thunder distant and dangerous like a meteor-lethal machine-souled Beast spitting Sparks metal shards from severed arteries catapulting Revenge bent battering ram vindictive and razor saw wheel ruthless raping the steel rails until they scream and beg for mercy beneath me bearing down like an Abomination drill of disasterous bloodlust and drenched in death hemorrhage tunneling like a dark hearted and dangerous worm beneath the pulsing and Jagged skin of my cities vomiting like catastrophic shrapnel from the Shadows howling like a grieving unforgiving and heartless storm prowling like a parasite through my veins fueling itself from the thickest poisons of my heart's most vengeful valves malicious guitar strings card rhythmic and insistent rolling to the insistent humming songs that stagnate in it's vibrating and hissing heart I feel my heart like a plow of hate ripping like a bone saw through your spine until everything in you brakes

HER THIGHS ARE SOFT FIELDS OF DAHLIAS a limerick

Her thighs are soft fields of dahlias were i rest my thirst bludgeoned face
I've fed too much now she's too frail to touch but my tongue still dreams of her taste...