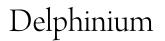
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In the doorway you—I wonder How much voltage filled Your bones, compacted nuclear Fallout pressed so careful to a needy tongue and

Borrowed gila monster eyes, unwilling Pitted olives on a plate and mine—

Pale quarters float impossibly In cream,

Impaired, your pairs of exhales inhales Wander round a sluggish ribcage dancehall where by now Sad lymphocyte janitors putter pink-grey Floors; console The salmon walls.

Already the night has gone down.

What

I must look Like to you, boy King boy Sultan this Stop on the silk road, this ruby gold dust plum Child tundra goddess all in white her Acid sapphire petals bloom and spill until Plunged merry fingers into paint cans Pot pans pigment like percussion on the walls like bells that topple in Your carnival brain your Friday skin I see,

I see.

It must be marvelous

Behind the pockmarked Grayscale Of that face.

So go now Into solid pillows cotton Flatness dump the tie dye choose Expanses plain enough to hold Your saturated existence, Dark radiation fortress,

And save the patterned Sheets for nighttimes when you'll trip alone.

E