

But even before I feel a great compunction
To make a great mess all over, and out of you
Half paternal, but you don't look like
A child - half rapist, but
You are all yielding;
At this moment I wish the
Two of us to go through a
Great romantic adventure, where
We conquer the world as well as
Ourselves,
I dream we are frozen in an
Experiment in air tight drums,
To be let loose in ten days and
Checked for results, in that time
The world is destroyed and we are
The only survivors.

The thought of frustration at work
On a hot summer's day, so steamy
Your head swims and all you can
Think is Goddamn, Motherfucker,
Cocksucker, Son of a Bitch; like a
Mantra over and over again as
The sweat drips from the brow and
Burns the eyeballs and the area
Above the lids beneath the brow
Burns salt and fire; hours