

wo/man salted brown

like an ottoman sultana junked up on a cashmere divan, her angle is nonchalant,
smirking under narghile eyes and discounted, sugar almond breath, “the man is prudent
whose phallus is large.”

dragonfly siren, out of rose water and porcelain confession, secures the garment which
holds comfy his magnetism, a red-orange fire opal of coercion, emphatic in its divulgence,
scalding even the caveè hot piquancy of Paolo and Francesca.

timely, despoiling, not caring for the oysters,
they ripple against wooden panels thread in saffron, raisin,
emulating each other, fingering the translucent verve of ambergris thirst
naked between them, a honey-silk remainder of fleshly ecstasy

only reflections come to know.