

in a hurry,
pickin' up lotsa guns—
a magnum, beretta, sniper rifle,
shotgun, musket, magnum—stuffin' 'em
in pants pockets, around my waist, slung
over my shoulder.

coy, you stand naked in front of me
giggling, twisting your knappy red hair
and toying with me,
me down on my knees:
my god, you have the cutest fiery toes—
full alabaster thighs slide up to a simple
trimmed canopy, warming...
quick stomach gigs gift lively bosoms,
somehow, your nape hides;
and your gogh-blue eyes,
while you nibble that bottom lip,
rattle the bones in my face.

you kneel down in front of me, knees neatly
together, your long womanly fingers
greet my cheeks: that steely cold leaves
I shiver from the shock that is your warmth