

from *Explicating [or Rethinking] the Pink Cathedral* – D.H.

preview clips from
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Boy, you turn me inside out.
Diana Ross, "Upside Down"

The Pink Cathedral (1)

Gorgeous-odored bear-fur chaos.
Best entrance, best exit.

Jungle monster, briny singularity.
Succulent insect, World Cup, mucus utopia.

Rainy hairforest, her/she highway.
Cloven prehistoric-dream slime.

King Lear: "That way madness lies..."
"Thunder-bearer."

Dewy meatfruit, candymud.
Guileless mirror, wishing well.

Savage snarl, blood-filled lemon.
Sun-stealing citrus dark.

True gloryhole, velvet fog.
Fuckspider, smug abyss.

Deepest Throat, blabbermouth.
Slugabed, ankh-axe, creamy lox.

Om's home, anti-anti, plenitude.
Fiery avalanche, Pink Cathedral.

Merciless intelligence, creative obliteration.
Time's tomb, Little Red Riding Hood.

Voluminosity, Infernal Feminine.
Awe-something, No meaning Yes.

Expialidocious!

Lacuna, Not Lack

Picasso consternates with his butchery and passionate disintegration of female forms, whose ultimate result amounts to dispassion – even contempt, but Picasso also endears with his awareness of and playfulness with the lacunae that fill our myopic or unfocused visual/mental perceptions, and our habitual existential denials.

For instance, he taught mistress Francoise Gilot that Cézanne didn't paint apples as much as he painted "the weight of space" around them, space which brought out the apples' ostensible appearance via surrounding application of pressure – because primacy of the formal object negates the enveloping space (and, vice versa: focus on space effects negation of object), like Orpheus losing sight of and ultimately *losing* Eurydice if he looks back at her during their excruciatingly conditional one-time attempt to escape from Hades.

(Was the Sword in the Stone all inertia until Arthur Pendragon extracted it, effectively an entity only in relation to the Stone's mighty sheath, the withdrawal itself a kinetic substantiation?)

Likewise, the phallus/vagina dichotomy is a tricky perceptual situation involving mistaken presence and absence, the traditional equations being presence/penis and absence/vagina: penis-key and vagina-keyhole creating an apparent dynamic of vaginal purpose unlocked by only penile proactivity and not the other way around.

However, the other way around rings truer: the insubstantiality of the penis both exposed and solved by the lacuna of the vagina, its stealthy substance and centrality – the penis solidified and made evident only via the vagina's applied pressure around it, the vaginal "weight of space," like vigilant Orpheus precariously leading Eurydice from a damnation of superfluity to a world of undeniable *cunnicentrism*.

(Though "Rosebud" is the first and last word of Orson Welles' Citizen Kane, the film is more about the snow than the sled: time's burdensome accumulation, the weight of space around our humble origins and psychosexual hang-ups alike.)

Four Buttocks in Visual Unison

Picasso at once alienated and drew in viewers with compelling multiple simultaneous trajectories that strike the eyes like pinball flippers, thus mitigating the potentially oppressive two-dimensionality of his images despite their, similarly to the forms of, say, Cezanne, fourth-dimensional implication (though Cezanne differed in his desire to show the spacelessness of space, the molecular/atomic/undelineated packed-fullness that really negates betweenness).

Also, Picasso sought to simulate true sight-sense: considering the dart-like nature of our eyes and how we don't see wholes but an array of non-wholes, vivid blips of particulars, like trying to perceive the numerousness and disarray of blown confetti or blizzard flakes: a chin, a tit, an eye, a thigh, a knee, a lip – the same tit or chin from two angles at once, or four buttocks in visual unison, simultaneously focused-on details that become wholes within wholes.

Quintessential

Her personhood throbs in her ankles,
in her nostrils, along her spine,
in her foresty bush or mown mound.

The entire woman is in the jugular notch,
on each fingertip and buttock freckle.
The parts emanate from the person,
the person emanates from the parts.

*"Don't judge a book by its cover!"
Yes, but judge it by its pages.
"Live life moment by moment!"
Then why not love the body part by part?*

A film's best scenes outperform the overall film,
Mona Lisa's smile is the boring painting's only salvation.
Her flavorful pubic wool, her constellational this and that,
her fragrant armpits and enflamed toes, her humid tongue
slathered and candied in uniquely configured microbionics.

Reject the saccharine social conditioning that loving the body
is shallower than loving "the person," for the body is essential
to the person, not to mention required for existence itself.
Bodyparts deserve as much adoration as faces, and bodies
are people, individual people, precious *selves*, treasures.

*"You dig her non-Platonic imperfections and oddities?"
You mean those unique genetic improvisations?
"Yes, those falls from graces, those glaring flaws!"
They put the "her" in "heredity;" I burn to lick her asymmetry.*

Nuzzle from umbilicus to clavicle, from nipple to knee,
philtrum to vulva, clit to armpits, earlobes to salty toes.
(Her perspiration itself is Chanel No. 5!)

Lick biography off the clenched teeth of this singular species
whose lifetime spans her very perineum, that sticky isthmus
between the hole and the hole.

The Body is Too Strong for the Body

When spread thighs exhale jungle millennia,
primitivism brays, kicks.

Boom, boom.
We are electric meat.

Twerving rumbled over from the Ivory Coast;
the Charleston is an urbanized Ashanti funerary dance.
Atavism drums in us.

"Hysterical Paroxysm"

*"I'm Sylvia, and my clitoris is in crisis."
Sylvia Stickle in John Waters' A Dirty Shame*

*Orgasm for men is a need;
orgasm for women is a right.
Out, damn'd G-spot!*

In 1918, a weirdo named Harold Spencer (a Lord Alfred Douglas associate) railed against "the Cult of the Clitoris," calling the clit "a superficial organ that, when excited or over-developed, possessed the most dreadful influence on any woman," driving her toward lesbianism: a repulsion repelling me into extreme defense of the super organ built for only pleasure and orgasm, a climactic *tour de force*, far superior to the penis in nerve-ending number, concentrated blood-engorgement, pleasure-duration and freedom from utility.

What's missing is the female orgasm, once called "hysterical paroxysm": hidden, the proverbial purloined letter unseen under our noses, not the oafish, obscene "ta-da!" of male ejaculation. Female orgasm is driven underground, obscured by fearful erotophobes, written off as irrelevant, or as a "perverse" figment or "subversive" lesbian myth meant to upset the hetero-hegemony and gender-binary equilibrium, or to scramble natural puzzle pieces: penis, vagina/hand, glove.

As armed slaves filled slavemasters' nightmares, orgasmic women cause simps' spines to shiver and topple pretensions as chief pleasure reapers, since, in fact, pleasure *belongs to* women and seems created for vulvae crowned by *gestalt* clitorises, not needing hackneyed penile stimulation. Testosteronal delusion denies men's inferiority against female orgasm, the non-contingent ecstatic by-product of better biology and lucky genital superfluity creating indifference to cat calls, dinners, whistles, Valentines, covered puddles, pickup lines and held-open doors.

So I say to the clitoris: Hooded serpent, sneer at phallocentric myth, scorn sun gods and cocky obelisks, dilate your deserved smugness. Masturbate, ladies: enthralled sans phalluses, cyclical M.C. Escher hands drawing yourselves again and again, strumming those sublimest (*ankh*) lyres from which all music erupts, from which all poetry bursts, from which all wars are conceived.

*The clit deserves better: a teasing feather,
a circling finger, an expert tongue,
a he-please-her or a Sapphic scissor.*

Lemony Lyre

There is too much life
in the glans clit.

Pleasure super-
concentrated.

Lemony lyre requiring
precise strumming.

A fine line between
titillation and overkill.

Intense orgasm evinces
the precipice of death,
as if one should gasp:

*"Too much life!
Too much life!"*

Beeryogurtnutbrine

Of course it's not peaches and cream!
Why *should* it be *eau de parfum* or nosegay?
Dare we expect the mother of all odors
to obey our olfactory fads and phases?

Allow its liqueur to flourish,
its chemistry to generate unique
odiferous effluents and pH, microbiota
and lactobacilli to brew beeryogurtnutbrine
forever flowing from ur-mermaid Atargatis,
Greta Garbo, Eartha Kitt, Taylor Swift, Junglepussey
and Bea fucking Arthur alike.

Add peaches and cream for a sweet-and-savory treat,
but let its flora flux and its fluid – prehistory's flavor –
cycle alone to taste prehistory.

Fur Forest

In the beginning was the Fur Forest: the Source's flavor saver,
a blinding darkness, a gluttonous matrix, preserver of feral fragrance.

Far more perfect than the logarithmic spiral (the galaxian or nautilus spin)
is the shape of external female genitalia: upside-down lyre or wishbone,
warmed and darkened by unapologetic atavistic hair.

Ladies, let your bushes effervesce!
Mute us in your mammalness!
Fur, burst like a Pollock drip!
Forest, refuse the Delilah clip!

For purity, tradition, hygiene or fad, shaving the Fur is a true affront,
and even the slightest grooming – a single shorn hair – is atrocious,
for pubic deforestation belittles female biology, dehumanizes, infantilizes,
subtracts euphoric mammalian mugginess.

(It's no wonder that Helen Gurley Brown imagined gifting a Lucite-preserved
female pubic hair for Valentine's Day: that sole curl is a fertile crescent.)

Mankind trembles at the foot of the Forest, its humid darkness causing
unease and perplexion, for, as Ben Franklin wrote, "liberty best thrives
in the woods," so what's better to avoid daunting liberty and defang
sovereign, "fuck you, pay me" chaos than its erasure via wax or razor?

Bald, exposed, left at clinical illumination's mercy, this pubarche reversal
intends to tame the mucous spider, seeks to silence the Great Silence,
attempts to prevent primordial temptation and bottomless desire.

Phallic admirals are *see-faring* navigators unnerved by obscure depths,
uncharted currents and ambiguous ("soft") horizons, so they'd rather collide
with logical icebergs than dare swim the shamanic shadow and confront
the jungle Mama Mammal: Mata Hairy of the tufty spying eye.

But, just as grass of prim lawns rises up in reclamation and wildlife overruns
property and centers of culture sooner or later, the Fur will always return
to burgeon with incomprehensible coherence, incoherent biochemical nebulae.

Ladies, let your bushes effervesce!
Mute us in your mammalness!
Fur, burst like a Pollock drip!
Forest, refuse the Delilah clip!

Inspired by Egon Schiele's *Black-Haired Girl with Raised Skirt*

Schiele was right on to essentially
turn vaginas inside out to emphasize
(or monstrositize?) their maelstromic
efflorescence and flaunt human internality's
common hue: primal mammalian pink.

*Full moon/ovulational,
waning moon/luteal-estrous,
new moon/menstrual,
waxing moon/follicular.
Recur on and on until ovarian
hormonal retirement: wise moon.*

Ancient lips invite slobbery veneration,
a return to *home*, for both men and women.

In Defense of Medusavenus?

In cartoonist Robert Crumb's "A Bitchin' Body" Mr. Natural gifts a robust headless woman to loser Flakey Foont to use as he pleases, but the scowling image of Devil Girl's face haunts Foont during his domination of the passive body until he returns it to Mr. Natural after anxious guilt becomes unbearable. The body's proper head is restored when a cap is removed from its neck, revealing the body's owner to be none other than the outraged Devil Girl after all.

Is it possible to be in love with only another's body, to disregard all else – personality, biography, morality – when lust declares, "I favor this coherence of flesh, regardless of what she/he thinks, does or says?" This mustn't be equated with one-night stands' greedy impulsivity, because strangers in the night don't desire graduation past chance-bump acquaintance and their conflation of interchangeability with novelty, ignorant of how novel a familiar lover can be.

Fascinated by a body's particulars and having romantic fidelity to *it* rather than *her* or *him*, one risks demonization as objectifier or fetishist – despite body-only love's rapture, and it follows from that that even the face can be secondary to below-neck parts, in spite of the mass scorn such aesthetic beheading inspires: The body can be said to grow *from* the head, inverting the common impression that heads sprout from bodies and faces outshine "lower" torsos, pelvises, rumps.

Could loving bodies regardless of heads liberate the Medusavenus (Medusa face/Venus body), whose poor visage repels but whose everything else, whose shapely meat, unreels gawkers' jaws? It follows from *that* that the head can be dispensed with altogether, disinterest taken to the extreme point of *absence*: thrilling at the possession of a literally mindless body existing only for ravishment – or boiled down to the nitty-gritty by the vulgar, brutal, humanless Fleshlight®.

A hyperbodied Medusavenus would apotheosize, say, Egon Schiele's torso-only females, headless Buddhist Chinnamunda or headless Hindu Chinnamasta (Google them), R. Crumb's robust automaton Devil Girl, or the obscured owner of the archetypal breast, belly, thighs, asscrack and tufty, time-numbing, mind-obliterating minge of Gustave Courbet's *Origin of the World*.

Redhead Joanna Hiffernan, *Origin of the World*'s model, also posed as both of James Whistler's White Girls, which raises the question: Could one love Joanna *sans* darling noggin, even reduced to only her genitals – or are her riverine hair and cherubic face requisite for pleasurable fulfilment, such as with the prioritized, indispensable heads of the fine, pristine Gibson Girls, or the visage-centric exaltation of Vermeer's pearl-earring darling?

Chinnamunda, Chhinnamasta, Courbet's Joanna, Whistler's Joanna: Dare we radically anonymize and dehumanize White/Gibson Girls, but risk Devil Girl's *re*heading, the return of the repressed?

Petals of Self-Flowers

Bodyparts *aren't* interchangeable, aren't anonymous,
shouldn't be fetishized apart from the rest, the proper-noun person,
the miraculously unrepeatable anthropic phenomenon.

This is why the promiscuous are as deconstructive as they're foolish:
When one-on-one at a time is mistaken as lame limitation, the rush
of celebrating a singular human treasure in true affection's tunnel vision
is missed, 360-degree housefly sight causing ultimately numbing overload.

Bodyparts are integral and unique to the *individual* to whom they're attached,
or from whom they grow – or it can be said that they're petals of self-flowers.

Take them one at a time,
variations on a One out of Time.

Footnote

The feet are the hands of the legs,
and ankles are feet's breasts.

Oh, toeprints.
So prominent and proud
when highlighted by dirt or dust.

The course of walking/standing lifetimes
patina heels like doorknobs.

Ask the Blind Rain

Non-human Nature?
It is poor, deprived.
The streams, the fish,
the magnificent beasts,
the mighty volcanoes:
They'll never know ecstatic
lovelust, they'll never gasp,
glaze-eyed, collapsing
as another's heartbeat
thumps straight into the ear.

Ask the blind rain why
it weeps, and it'll reply:
"I've never seen the rain."

Nobody, Everything

Ever look closely into the eyes of a person in ecstasy?
There's nobody there, but they brim with *everything*.

Both the ecstatic and the deceased have nobody-eyes,
but the former is empty of emptiness, and the latter are nil itself.

Your lover's eyes aren't full of pleasure, they *are* pleasure's *eyes*,
briefly perceptive in a borrowed body until the person returns.

We Are Electric Meat

*Must the fact of mortality futilize
all strategy, struggle, buzz, business –
even the most important human act: sex?*

Love, vulvae.
Anal, eyes.
Bitter thong.

*There is a frigid conspiracy against genuine ecstasy,
any sovereign, exclusive coupling in the here and now.
"Do what thou won't" is the hole of the law.*

Teeth, clit.
Tacky taint.
Come again.

*Neo-Puritans slaver, dirty busybodies enforce immaculacy.
Death waits patiently.*

Electric meat,
die-curious.
Bulge, desire.
Gape, corpse.

*(Yes, Life.
No death!)*

Nudity Paradox

Nudity is both the highest and lowest human state.
It thrills and tantalizes – but has a shelf life.
Like a top its spin diminishes and wobbles to stillness.
“Take it off, take it off!” turns to “Put it on, put it on!”

When teasing or given in small doses nudity is a novelty,
a reward for patience and effort, a transcendence.
Prolonged nudity dulls because its luster relies on brevity
and episodic attention; its enemy is familiarity.
(“Everybody’s naked, sugar,” said Spillane’s Hammer.)

A peek at a blown-up dress cures the seven-year itch;
ubiquity and flaccidity dominate the nude beach.
Even a supermodel becomes mundane and absurd
after nudity lingers and has worn out its welcome.
Long periods of dress punctuate nude episodes.
Nudity is an erotic treat, but clothing makes it so.

And then there’s nudity used to debase and depress
masses, and steer them like dumb cattle, because
genocide is a big peep show: a blur of pubic triangles,
pitiful penises, frozen and bloody toes, shriveled asses –
the utter antithesis of cute tits sizzling at France’s Cap d’Agde.

Crushing On Eva Braun

What happens to a fashionista deferred?

Does she shrivel under the Fatherland's shadow?
Or snap photos and roll reels of the Nazi inner circle
while wishing that some proto-Paparazzo, armed
to the teeth with cameras, would storm the Berghof
like Robin Hood and tatter her cloister's privacy?

Does she feel like a joyless clown in her dirndl dress
when, instead, she could be sporting Hugo Boss
or relishing the bourgeois cosmetics of Aphroditism
during the Fuhrer's and Bormann's precious absences?

Eva, they tend to remember you as Hitler's mistress
and eleventh-hour wife, as failed photographer dressed
and mugging in Jolsonian blackface, as dutiful thrall
dispatched by a cyanide breath mint.

Your elfin charm and childish grace are evident in home movies:
you and Blondi, you skiing, you iceskating, you sylph in a bathing suit
(wave-foamy feet), your hair's bounce – your confectionary cheeks.

Quaint Goody Two-Shoes wed to the Austrian/puritan Satan,
a perky Pollyanna next to glacier-eyed nihilist Magda Goebbels,
it's understatement to say that your miniscule life perspires with irony.

What-could-have-been Braun, fallen from blue Obersalzberg heights
to the Plutonian bowels of the Berlin bunker, your ashes are burned
again and again by history's juries, but I'll whisper a truth in my heart:
I love you a little, Eva Anna, and I both understand and resent that
you chose not to sag under the heavy load of age and guilt, that you
died in essentially undeserved and unfortunate ignominy.

May your ashes be absolved, foolish devil's-mate.
Unborn diva – *explode!*

Magda Goebbels, Beatific Brute

She is beatific.
– Josef Goebbels on Magda

Foxy Magda, what maddened you to wed Joe Goebbels,
that greasy-looking pockmarked troll?

I know your redeeming secrets: suppressed love of a Jew,
quietly appalled by the Final Solution, but, transfixed by Hitler,
you opted for the next worst thing, Goebbels, who was Nazism
manifest, a disgruntled hack artist, a rabid egalitarian ghoul.
Yet, you – propaganda mistress, Nordic female exemplar –
entrap men's breath and erotic hearts in spite of their horror.

Can sugared exteriors absolve ill choices, can sincere interiors
save evil faces, can I (the jury) acquit the case against you,
could a red kiss and a platinum sniff of your Berliner mane numb
even the most ethical one to your passive Holocaustic assent?

How powerful is the physical over the political, how adept
of a defense lawyer is a ferocious, amoral aesthetic sense?
Magda, I crawl the warm world of your umbilicus in search
of some sort of salvation, an Eros-rationale absolution, for you.

After all, if history evaluates evil in degrees, are you as bad
as, say, Belsen's "Bitch"/Auschwitz's "Hyena" Irma Grese
(a sadistic brute blessed with ironic erotic bewitchery),
or callous, calculating Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, whose sins
seem compounded by her testosteronal, ascetic appearance?

Then again, what is worse than filicide, for if you can allow murder
of your own offspring, who *can't* you murder or approve for murder?
Truly, Deutschland cannibalized her own children and inspired citizens'
complicity in demo/genocide in exchange for eventual rubble and ruins.
Your poison child sacrifice and suicide microcosmized the Third Reich's
mass Thanatotic orgasm, beguiling Magdalena, prefiguring Jonestown.

Do beatific beings tend to contrarily fall for sewer-people, thirst for slime
over nectar, immolate their souls for blustering devils' undeserving sakes?
Maybe exceptional beauty contains a DNA-initiated masochism and rouses
at contrastive ravishment by rank trolls who would otherwise die virgins?

Still, Ralph Waldo Emerson said that "if eyes were made for seeing,
then beauty is its own excuse for being," so perhaps, ice-eyed Joanna,
Real Housewife of the Third Reich, skull-cult mother, if I suppress my
nature's finer angels, your sin-free pulchritude might bury your grand fault.

Who Hearts Madame Nhu?

Tran Le Xuan, "Beautiful Spring," you undo men when you raise
that revolver, your aiming eye and cuntly smile strong as lava-ice –
striking South Vietnam with sudden infinite winter.

Tiger Lady, those kohl-rims and that haughty hairdo dissolve
moral disapproval, and those pearline teeth pulverize all civil rights,
free press, due process, peasant's sustenance, Buddhist tenets.

Many say that your sharp ivory hand fan oxygenates the grisly
Saigon monk "barbecue," as you heartlessly put it, serrated Tiger,
but you can't help but start and feed fires of all kinds, scourge,
for great genetics and cosmetics create perfect ignition.

Jackie Kennedy, that sugar-coated pickle, that regal masochist,
that refined rodent, calls you queer for power and "everything"
her husband finds unattractive – and *she* finds unattractive –
in women, pegging you and Clare Boothe Luce as soured lesbians.

I think Jackie's envy-green and I'm certain that, far from repulsive
to JFK, you could devour Camelot's randiest rake for breakfast
and still gulp down the blood of countless slaving husbands –
then pick your fangs with wispy Jackie, Ari O's future sugar baby.

The lesson that red-white-and-blue-blooded Bill of Rights-vigilant
society learns from Earth's dark thirst for you, Madame Nhu, is this:
Thralldom has to do with personality or deeds, and "inner beauty"
is the lousiest, silliest hoax to muddle aesthetic/sexual instinct –
just above "Maybe it's Maybelline" and "It's all Photoshop."

(Fury has no scorn like a hell womaned.)
Squint and aim, Beautiful Spring, Noxious Thunder.

Cell or Be Souled

Age and death are programmed at a cellular level,
destining us to what awaits all flesh: entropic end.

This is thanks to sexual reproduction, graduation
from fission, conjugation over replication.

Cell-death accumulates and eventually results in self-death.
It's as simple and indifferent and difficult-to-accept as that.

So, should this fact of DNA-mandated self-destruct buttons
kick out the knees of our self-esteem – the self itself?

Could the secret impetus of transcendent ontology, poetry,
morality and teleological belief swirl in DNA's dark matter,
the yet undeciphered information beyond the known code?

There is eventual liberation from the wheel of fertility.
Yes, the cell-death spiral is already in motion, but retirement
from the very reproductive nature from which it comes is a sort
of immunity against the shame of being procreatively driven,
the genes' compelled puppet – instead aging as a free agent
whose now-superior sexuality transcends instinctual generation.

Stop oiling the mortal coil, youth-addict.
Let time wrinkle and crows print your eyesides, wise moon.
Like Cyrano's falling leaves, go to and fro to the ground.
Creak, crackle and pop, and don't cringe at the thought of the Stop.

We are all corpses waiting to be. Or not to be.
(That is the perplexion.)

The Grande Odalisque's Toes

What of my religious upbringing and its wince at open celebration of wild bodily pleasures (though the sex act generates generations)? If death is common topic, then sex, its nicer sister, should be fair game. What does death-cheating Christ show but the solid body's worth and post-ontological continuance of the flesh and the blood?

William Blake thought "the genitals Beauty," and Theophile Gautier saw our basic response to Beauty as erotic, not indicative of Platonic Forms, but tied directly to sexy carnal externals: Ingres' *Grande Odalisque's* toes.

When we join bodies, we agree to interlope in sovereign wildernesses, we download the eternal – briefly, stamp genitalia with genetic graffiti, stir up the wet puzzle that God calls "one flesh." In fucking we perceive You in Me, Me in You. (I'll show you yours if you show me mine.)

The best sex is at the point of no return, as well as the point of *no point*, blurred by fucking's vital aggression: flesh fleshing, tongues tonguing, fucking away the Cogito, howling with impunity and shameless animation at the jealous, impotent, Poster Churl of Incels, the Grim Reaper.

Microchimerism, anti-corpse orgasm. Lust is basis, habit stasis. (The Reaper wears a wedding ring. Just sayin'.) Our bodies *know* the remedy for existential stagnation, but icebergs unfuck us. Save yourselves! *Unbutton! Unzip!*

Sex is not all about making more people, people, for procreation is mere by-product. Superfluity outruns matrimony, outlasts pyramids, but – *what outloves love?*

There are no atheists in fuckholes.
Sexual intercourse is tachyonic, a loophole in linear time.
Cleopatra believed sex contained eternity.

The cosmos is a cunt.

The Pink Cathedral (2)

Millennia-young muff,
absolute coherence.

Furry cephalopod.
Origin, Miss Big Bang.

Flora primordial,
beyond effluvia.

Juliet: "Dove-feathered raven."
"Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?"

Wrinkled coif and veil,
and damp tunic.

In your primeval presence
my heart has diaper rash.

Stinging smelljelly,
a blot to shock Rorschach.

Matrix sextant,
thing of sea and stars.

Hairy halo, glow over
fevered perineum.

Vidi, veni. *

**I saw, I came*