

Getting Through

To you:

Ha-ha. Wine. Whiskey.
I have kissed the deep
phallic-tongue, curving,
sigh-hard, your highness,
& on knees, pray,
diamond-rough, a nun
harlot.

The gutter is religious,
but sensual. Some God's bliss
tricks miracles into thinking
they must *simper forgive me*,
sycophantic. I'm not

leviathan-numb nor any
regal queenly pose but
human, peasant, proud
& strong while, gathering,
the rabble measures ankles,
wrists, for this fruit's stocks.

(Poetry-art hybrid available)