

A Taste Of The Lady

Truly you have hot lips and a terrible tongue,
Bold to hold, to enfold, worth ten tons of gold.
Eyes too pornographic for pictures or print.
They match the speed of the tiger with their sudden, sexual ferocity.
They shatter more completely my tired old, false old, oaken reserve,
sister,
Than the lightning completely shatters an oak.
More graceful than the tiger springs, oh sister!
And ears to breathe into, easily wooed and won
With such electricity and to bite and chew and nibble,
Easily won by such machinery. A nose that delights to inhale
pleasure,
Have it distilled in with and return pleasure taken
As pleasure given. A neck for worship
Which also delights in the sacrifice of tooth and tongue.

Greeting

Death has no last name.
Nor face to find and mangle,
Or throat to poison and strangle.
Head to kick
And break with brick.
Or chest to shoot and knife,
No friend to betray him or wife.
So goodbye to books
And pipe
And custard
Hello O Death you bastard.

-- Matthew Hochberg