

beetle sex

nice to meet you stranger
you smell just the right shape
simply normal with appropriate after effects

down deep crevices that envelope a soil bizarre
the brass band plays *sweet home amsterdam*
and everyone tastes like iron or salt
bodies hum like drunken cells

and from above the festival is breathing a journey of bruises
and balloons about every long lost corner
in the end the god of hunger calls truce

everyone drips like a candle becoming a pen
the pressure tip is the very moment of rupture or giddy
like needles in the trash needles in the trash

the dominant one smacks against the wooden gallery
not wooing but lovelike anyhow
his hail song begins and then abruptly stops
it's a three step process : : :
then burrow
in the end the mother of mothers can almost swallow fire

here is the master of ceremonies in a cracked orange suit
bowing to the legwork applause someone sings the fiddle
others swarm the drum
where one row ends another recedes corrugated by segmented bodies
pleasure or otherwise
forgive the starburst symphony it wants only evolution

rub together two ridged surfaces *a bridge and a spine*
i'll show you my mouth forever