

love and monsters

go get you some rhythm, let your cool glasses slide
dance like your limbs are burning
to some hot solid fidgety burn-wallow grasshopper place,
coolly underneath.

slide that furry hollow, fire-breathing native space
hurting furtively of teeth
to a greater grim heaven in cool flickering wicked hide,
burning underneath coolly.

learn to live in the slithering whirligig woolly
monster which the hooligans play,
party faster than the jealous belly sliding wraiths
underneath burning.

party down in that swathmaking myth-swallow way
where the underground
sears grotesque rotunda wraith-ways to follow,
underneath, coolly burning.

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