

oh love
it's the
word
of a
deadman
the
colour
is black
and bleak
the
winter
has come
the
queen
of the
north
in tides
your hair
dangling
from
the rain
in the
forest
were
the
trees
are
sipping
water
in the
dusk
the birds
are
silent
their
beaks

empty in
your eyes
I see
the sea
wild and
fearsome
in your
ears
branches
I am
the fool of
love
distasteful

oh love
in the
summer
I laugh
when
the evil
sun shines
and my
teeth
fall out
of my mouth
from
slandering
and
weighing
the air
into the
light
I ride
on a
very
small
horse
a pony
maybe
shaking
its
ass
in stipstepping
on the
wall
of stones
its tail
floating
in the
wind with

its manes
I see you
not
but smell
thee
in the
weird
mixture
of grass
and flowers
a rose
with its
prickles
in my
heart
I've got
a heart
it dangles

oh love
I will be
thine
and you
will be mine
when the
mouths
readily
agree
on a
joyful kiss
or not
the cheeks
glowing
and the
hands
groping
and tasting
from
the pure
flesh
a thin
line of
blood
on your
lips and
mine
the tongues
chaste
within
the eager
mouths
the eyes
lightening
up in
the hasty

breeze
we don't
talk
we just
wisper
alone
in the
chaste
whisper
of the
embrace
folly

oh love
if I see you
its dis
appearing
it's going
away
its running
it's breathing
like
a tiger
in the
forest
its whispering
in the
night
sigh upon
sigh
ear
upon
ear
breast
upon
breast
the
legs
crossed
together
chaste
and modest
in the
foils
of our
bodies
in the
loins
that

longing
which
makes
us all
apes
and
animals
but my
love
we're
not the
prey
we're
the hunter
alike
with
his foul
knife
we're
dying
hastily

oh love
if you
say one
word
I will
spit it
in your
face
again
and it
will
return
to your
mouth
until you
vomit it
all over
me and
I will
swallow
it with
pleasure
and the
foolish
thought
that its
mine
I will croak
and bend
forward
and die
in this
wisdom
not yours
not mine
our wisdom

so without
knowledge
so without
guilt
I wonder
shall we
be saved
from
this murder
of wits
this
brainstorm
of good
manners
this
civilisation
of tumor
and death

oooh love
I see
flowers
in your
eyes
and bees
in your
knees
I wonder
do you
see that
too
all is
quiet and
serene
your arms
crushing
against
your heaving
breast
my sex
in your
sex
or yours
in mine
safely
bounded
and
knots
alike
I wish
you were
here
together
in this
bridge

and
fountain
of lust
and blood
much blood
I shouldn't
have stuck
the knife
in you
it hurts
and cries
whispers
until
you die
or don't
and I
will
be alone
full of
sorrow