

FRIENDLY KNIFE

James RandallFly

(tease my blade into commission)

Today, I will go get a nice knife...
A beautiful, friendly knife that will give me love
Knoweth I not of an issuing breath that claimeth such purity of purpose
This instrument, quietly obedient, glides as a dove

My friend is a sweet, sharp blade, hungry for access
She desires my face to caress in warm, trickling excess
Silently, economically, she is decisive
Succinctly, concisely, she is incisive

Quick and laconic; highly economic — She is Crisp! Caress me!
Caress across this horrible face; fuck me, my knife; fuck me to death!
Cough, choke, n' garble, i, the fly, die
Raw, my love blade makes good and lyrical
Ambiance that will forever trickle...
Imagine, can you?
Can you manage putting my ideas into your mouth?