

The Inherent Erotic Kaos of Feral SunFlowers

Beloved Breath may seep off at suffocating sharp accusation
Tender Solace may fade when wolves come calling

And what, dear breath, does it mean to wonder?
To wonder how to paint the wind—

My eyes, with vision intense, do paint a puncture
Do paint a puncture of quickened dissonance—

An air punctured by poignantly soft erotic kaos
Erotic kaos of feral fields' inherent insanity
Suns tend flowers, color cascades with wide abandon
Wolves come calling, eyes openly welcome forever
Such quiet riveting sharp cutting sleep
The exotic hated clash of another embryonic death
Genesis metamorphoses mourning newly sealed breath
...again

What does it mean?
To contemplate rearrangement of the bridled
What does it mean?
To know utterly how to puncture the wind,
Yet to refuse, resist—

And what, dear breath, does it mean to wonder?
To wonder how to paint the wind—

The pale, encrusted cat squeaked the hideous cringe of a creaking door etching
the peace with painstaking pleas to evict the silence from the Mouth of Hunger

Like a fur ball in July, the cat begat itself into view with a fitful burst of a panicked
cough that painted the startled air with blood-red disdain and an utter lack of care