

PRIVATE DOPE

James RandallFly

My Private Dopamine ripens on the vine
The dynamite came, she dropped sublime

Sweet hyacinth draping over the tomb
A final vehicle, a ravenous womb

Spinning, swerving, drifting, encouraging
Birthing a mote of death discouraging

Breathing a sip of tumescent worth
Procuring a taste of reflection at birth

Spring forth, enchant Dear Soul
Vernal sunshine, complete control
Eternal redemption replete with sleep
Erotic cascades of pleasure unfold!

Ponder the squander, plunder then wander
As if to search for some amniotic sanctuary
In which to wonder...

To wonder: is there someone, anyone?
Any person for me to hold?