

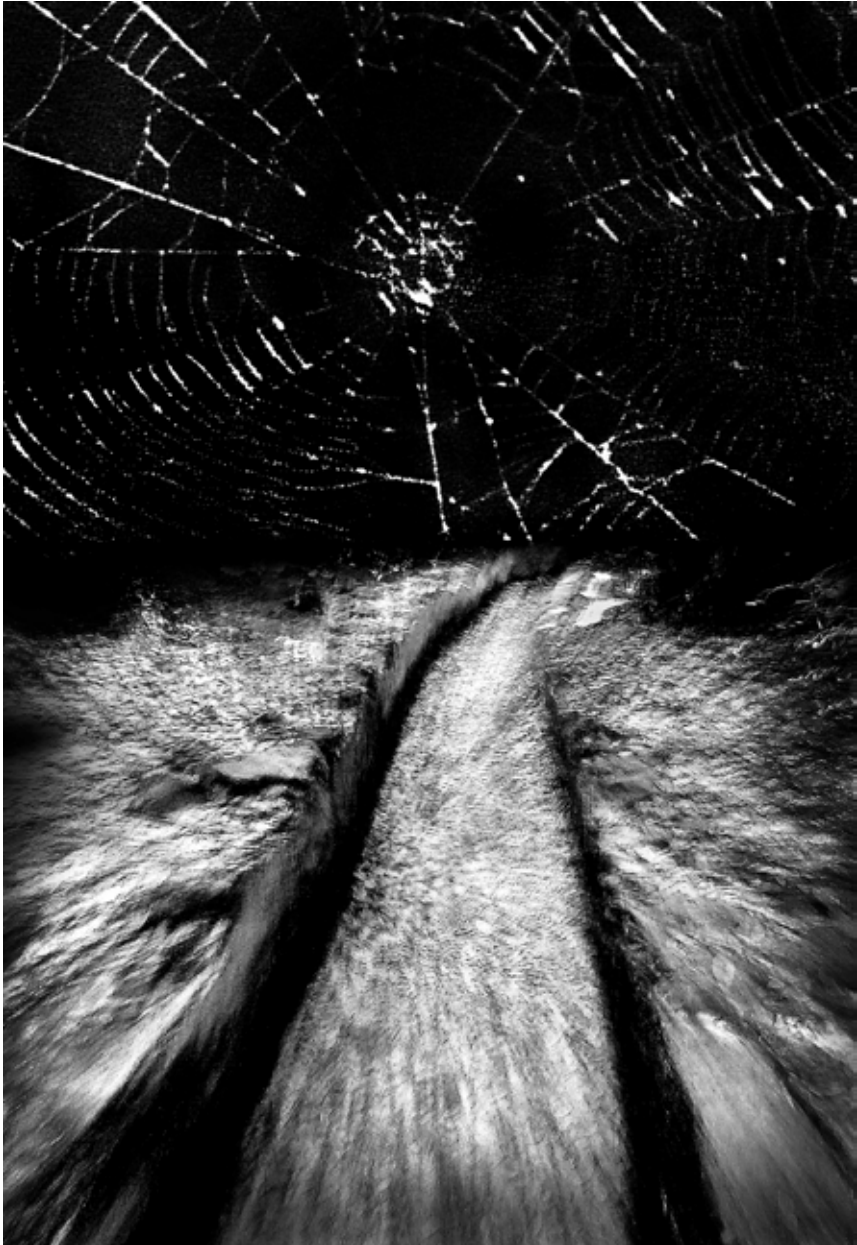
void head
is tripping
to a lake of ache,
said true drool,
weak as a purple show,
shut beneath the moon.

sky is a sordid boy.

his skin soars
above the blue blow,
as love fiddles
like a repulsive goddess
smearing a delirious moan.

the wind lights up in pink.
and the moment is a ship.
it lusciously swims on.

entangled in meaning



olympus, turkey

and you, like the moment, are mine
—only after you are gone.