Take your secrets to my grave
Park next to a small house.
Across the water a search light.

He wants to fuck her.
Somehow they are both naked.
Over the rules of fucking.

twenty.

scramble the finger-fool is now known as junkie.

fuck me solid bricks.

yes

yes

Once it’s tight enough.

ghost ponds,

the overhead rail lights up and I can hear

you look fucking good. all over her pretty face

haunted by deep doll hunger and the impossible.