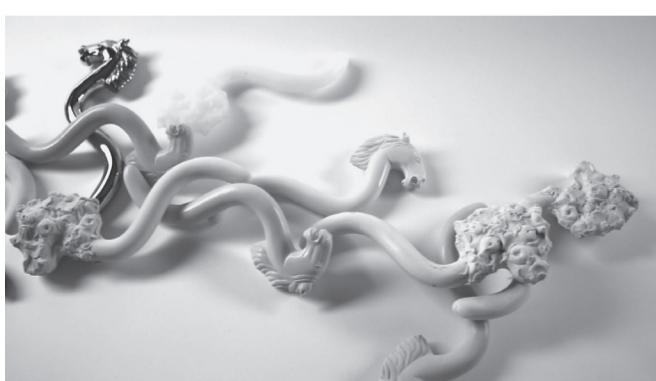


# SOFT PASTE

PLEXI/ SECHE FOR BAUBO BUY — BOY HOW THE  
HEAD TWINKLES IN THE GEWGAW'S EYE - OBSIDIAN:  
NIGHT-ISH FLUID OF THE EARTH'S SORES,  
APPREHENDED BRIGHTLY AND SHARPLY, STILL  
AGAINST MY THINKING FLESH - CLICK, CLICK, PURCHASE  
ME, LA SECHE, IT'S IN MY HAND - AN ECHO,  
MALLEABLE, WHEN GROPED IN SUCH A SMART  
AND CALCULATED STYLE, THAT SHAPES - SOLID,  
PROBING SHAPES - IMPRESS THE WATCHING OBJECT  
WITH THEIR WETNESS AND THEIR WEIGHT, AND RISE TO  
THE SURFACE OF A FLAT-FORMED AMBITION  
TO ENGULF OR STAB.

TELL ME WHEN YOU'RE CLOSE TO SPENDING,  
PROSERPINE!

NO WILD USURPATION FOR IT, JUST THE  
SUBTLE CONTRACTION OF A NUMBER,  
A PROBE TWITCHING IN THIS BURNING PAGE,  
TO MAKE YOU MINE - OH I'M SPENDING — SPENT!  
AGAINST THE GLASS, MY ARMS ARE CHEAP, THE  
GARDEN OF ASPHODEL IS ONE BIG BOUTIQUE,  
SO CHIC, THE WORD 'CUNT' IS JUST A CHRONIC  
KIND OF CARVING THERE, A FOSSIL-WORD,  
AND HERE THE SURFACE OF MY DEAR OLD  
OBJECT FADES TO BLACK, AND SOMETIMES THE POINT  
OF A TONGUE, DIPPED IN WAX, AND FINGER-ENDS  
THAT WANT FOR THIS AND THAT, MAKE SLITHY PATTERNS —  
REGAL TRAINS OF MOLLUSCS ON THE GLASS.



AND HOW THE PLASMA SHIVERS!  
BOY HOW THE SCREEN LOVES TO BE TOUCHED!  
DIGIT, CAN YOU MAKE THE WINDOW SIGH?

AND WHEN CERES, TROPE OF BOUNTY, WENT IN  
SEARCH OF HER DAUGHTER, THE LOST OBJECT,  
PROSERPINE, SHE RUBBED THE CINEMATIC  
EARTH AND WHISPERED: 'ARE YOU ALRIGHT DOWN THERE  
MY DARLING?'

THE EARTH WAS FULL OF GLOWING ATOMS  
THAT WINKED SMUGLY AT THE GODDESS OF  
PLENITUDE: LA SECHE, YOUR FRUITFULNESS IS  
NOT A HARVEST OF DRIPPING FECUNDITY  
(RIPE AND BLOSSOMING) - THE SEEDS YOU SCATTER  
ARE AS NUMBERS, CAUGHT BETWEEN MIRRORS,  
FLOWERING REFLECTIONS, CHASTE APPARITIONS, GHOSTS —  
YOU ARE THE MOTHER OF ALL REPETITIONS!  
So SAYING, BAUBO LIFTED UP HER SKIRTS  
AND REVEALED TO THE GODDESS HER  
CRYSTALLINE OBSCENITY, HER VULVA,  
COOL AND CREDIBLE AS GLASS.

