

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.