

flood thy senses  
conquer thy substance  
marry thy self

here is the synergetic ring  
that makes thee my companion in the game of language  
the state of the art

increase thy stake  
dismantle our risk  
here  
in the realms of venus  
where interpretation bares ideas

their growth along thy fingers  
deeply embedded onto the medium  
embalmed to keep their last breath for all time  
until mars burns their fields  
their hidden tracks  
burns down to its memory all that surrounds

belief is their armada  
motion is their palace  
built on the fantastic ground  
of living image and absolute sound

walk our waters  
look beneath thy feet

canst thou see through?

there will I be waving at thee  
giving thee the warmest welcome imaginable

one close look  
one quiet thought  
my touch  
to stimulate thy sex

without thy words let me hallucinate our common grounds

into thy pulse will I send troops of pearls  
of things to share  
no force  
just our pounding blood  
exploding into solar flare

taste love's flesh  
the common sense  
the legal body  
erect  
throbbing for exchange  
for our royalty  
stating knightly interest  
heralding glory and pain  
being suffused  
forming the antidotes of the story

is there hope in our hearts?