

Hitchcock Robyn, Agony Of Pleasure

in agony of pleasure
i crumble to my knees
i lick your frozen treasure
you cup my furry bees
but one bee bubbles over
your fleshy brimming cup
it falls into the clover
and lands all downside up
it crawls across your stomach
not far above the food
that you are still digesting
inside your large intestine
and into your hydrangea
it draws its furry legs
you're crouching like a stranger
that aches to lay her eggs
in ecstasy of pressure
you quiver in the jam
while naked angels measure
a piece of rotting ham
in symphonies of jelly
you play with my disease
while back across your belly
there crawl dusty bees