

Voltaire, Snakes

Raven's land upon her hair
Clouds adrift on her skin
A smile that tugs upon my soul
and whispers gently in my ear.
Eyes of honey look me down
Lips like roses line her mouth
Steely arrows in the air
are wilted flowers at her toes
And if you ask me how I know
what she looks like, I will tell you,
"She left yesterday."
Eyes are east and lips are west
pulls my head against her breast.
Logic, north and lust is south,
pulls my fingers to her mouth
Legs are firm as canyon walls
from leaping high above the moon.
When she drifts down on the air,
the ground can't wait to kiss her toes