

Examining a photograph

intimately

of cherry red

meaty, wet

swelling, muscular

tongues

Soft bouncy cushions

headless swans

Wrestling in Jane and John's open mouths

The taste buds like

round pegs in round holes

saliva waterfalls

Pipes singing with blood

Blood is 'sang' in French

Sang is 'melody' in Norwegian

A melody of fluids

I want to dive into the photo

and live

in

an eternal bloody cosmos of lust.

"COSMOS OF LUST" TEXT BY CAROLINE KRÄGER

Acalorado.