

Don't You Think I Feel You Growing Virgin

Don't you think I feel you growing virgin
each time you come to bed? Disgusting.
Writhe green then refuse me, act asleep.
Don't you think I see your eyes turn pious,
your lips begin to twitch and moisten?
Go ahead. Have your sun brown you more
to my taste. But tell them up there this time
their pennycake songs that celebrate my love
for beauty aren't quite true; and say, this
time, that your tastes are mine, that you
begged the savage fruit, panted to stay
just as you pant for their filthy scythes
and wheels. Not that you don't rage still.
Go, bitch. I'll entertain this drunk boy
who done with dreaming, knows at last that women
up there, mouths full of guts and slime, are good
only for death: stupidity stalking myths.
We'll wait until you want to come again.
Take your time. Be sure you're dead.