

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.