IF THE DANCE FLOOR

If you had Ethiopian strawberries in your snow cap instead of a head,
I would probably love you. We would dance to the oh-oh song and a daffodil duff
would be baking in my belly in a brown-shouldered stove. Feed me fudge, foggy boy,
and I will love you, says the song, but what I say is below any Flamenco dancefloor
oh no if that was redshoe blue dress flamenco we'd be dead Japanese soldiers.
This is hipping and hopping and my Dutch-bread ass stuck to your zipper.
Many times there have been threads and hairs blocking the same steel zipper
'tcause in all the Native-American-flute-labeled mischief they need your gourd head.
And I always thought that insects, crustaceans, arachnids would make better soldiers
but only wouldn't be able to give me them brown lips and eat white duff.
I need a dinosaur egg, Virgin Mary's sweet leg and baboons on the dancefloor,
then I'd jump upon shell and I'd hop upon skin and I'd offer you milky maize, boy.
I don't even know what they hide in peeled bras and what the chest and the tit to
the boy
and how many gourds and hosho I would need to collect in a jaw how many a zipper
how many a seedy heel and a pinching anal bloom I would hopping-hip plant on
the dancefloor
and how many a hammer a mallet a scissor a wrench I would need to be cutting John
the nail head
and whether it makes wet at all to invite a South Korean lipstick and party all with
duff
or gun me down because I am a flower nourished by pink powder detergent for
pussens and soldiers.
I have seen porn in a jungle, with nurses, detectives, with poets even, but did I
with soldiers
and how many glistening testicles and how many burgeoning organs from the stalk of
a boy
and what do you prefer winding it wind wind forward and crumble on the keyboard
snailies and duff
and why do clothes have openings in front and on sides and on shoulders and on the
back zipper
and not in the armpits on the ankles there where you slide between roes rue rows and
a head
touch me where the lace is eating away eating something like a raw mushroom on a
plate dancefloor
If you would tell me to go upside down and eat chicken right from your shoes on
the dancefloor
I would know you have clean oiled toes and a BlackBerry phone in the pocket and
no soldiers
with pulp-loaded guns can make me not bite the bones of the brownie and the leeks
on your head.
I will feed you lentils and chili and guava I'll feed you with kidney beans and some
yam-fish boy
until you probably love me no one fucks with marimbas and Zimbabwean drums.
What is a zipper
when a hand is sunk already lady grease grumble sixcheese for me in America
oily duff.
'Cause who would want to be doing it in a trunk romper-romp pump grump stomp on
the hard duff,
saw that angular stuff what's a deciduous elephant punch clutch what's in the nest of
a dancefloor
and it's not birds not even ay have seen a penis in May when you crunch beetle wings
with a zipper
and would you have let me plug it where the tapeworm writhes where it streaks and
pukes soldiers.
Hosho always looks pornographic let alone the bird on the Zimbabwean passport first
page piss boy
so iknowwhat the beer what the Cowper's what the rump-shakers what the probability
per capita/head?
Can't have a sex parade and ruin the discourse of cultural theoreticians the machine
the henless head.
It's not internet's raking business to bake you a cake there're other love-making
meanings of duff
it has to do with yolk in the cocktails, with rumps on the palms with Foucault on
the dancefloor

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POETRY