

Korliss Sewer

ENKE

Incense and blood stimulate my senses
as I enter the den.
My primordial instincts keen
as I lie down on the slab.
Pigment flows freely
from a thousand moving teeth.

My flesh vibrates from the burning, cutting sensation;
one which urges me to rise...
away from the pain.
But no.
The warm touch of his hand soothes my will;
I remain motionless.

Creating something beautiful: the two of us.

SAND CASTLES
(Life from the Eyes
Of the Forever Child)

Joe waits for Matt by the ocean.
Filling endless buckets and cans,
they giggle in delight
as their chubby hands
darken with dirt.
Tower after tower;
their fortress is built.
Adorned with seashells,
stones, and bubble gum wrappers,
they stand with pride
before their creation.

The mid-day sun catches glimpses of light
in both their youthful eyes.
But it shines differently on Joe.
The rays are refracted,
and ideas bend
as they pass through his prism.
Yet their friendship is pledged...
as only children can.

With each passing year,
Matt's visits to the ocean
lessen and cease.
His need to play is replaced
by duty and responsibility.
Joe sits alone,
buckets and cans empty,
and waits patiently
for a playmate
who will never return.

LICENTIOUS

Strutting, posing, flirtatious.
The harlots flaunt their wares
on cold, sordid streets.
Perfume and make up are a vile attempt
to cover the filth which lies beneath
layers of concealer.
The stench of abuse inflicted by others,
and onto themselves.

Flesh glows wholesome under red light
as they stroll without pride.
Making eye contact
with passersby on a break
from their routine lives.
So that just for a moment,
the two of them can share in depravity;
uncleanliness.
His unchasteness stripped by the passing of cash...
hers by accepting it.

Her stroll never ending;
cash rich and morally bankrupt.