





Winding up,



clicking
through.





**Sweat in the eyes, pooling
in folds of broken skin.**

*A sting that pang
of summers gone.*





Winged beasts,
squirming against
pristine iridescence.





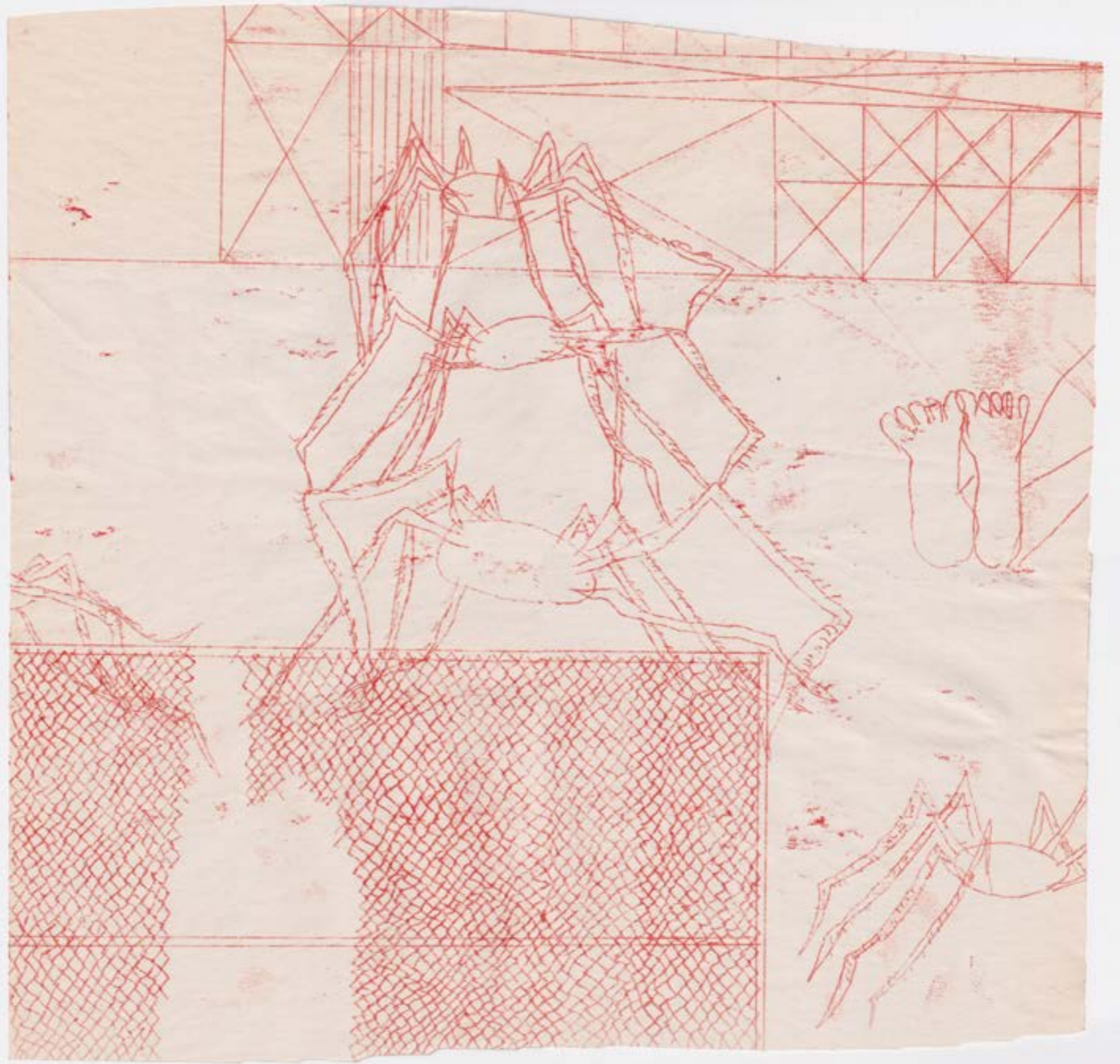


Straps tight,

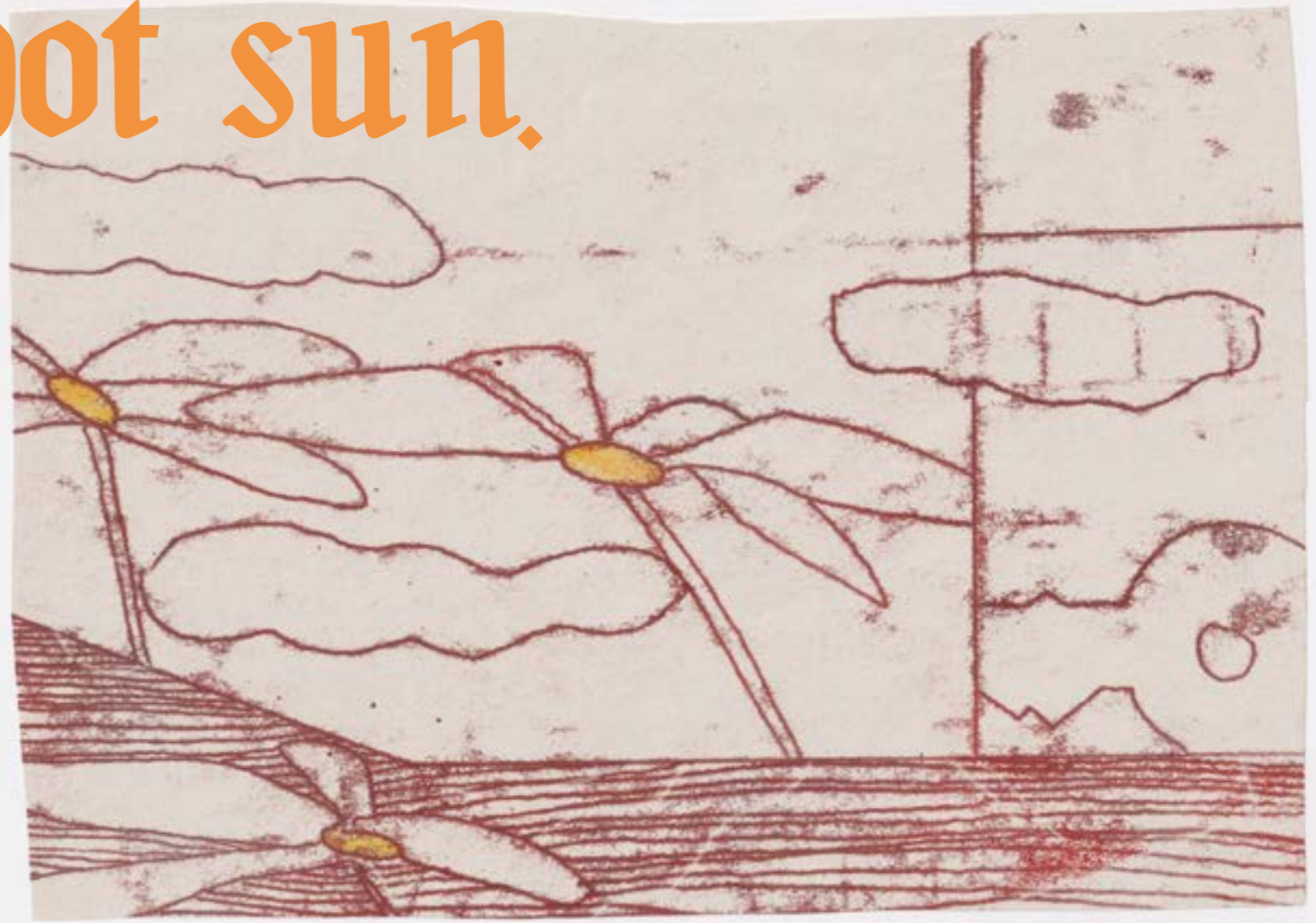
puckering whatever
finds itself beneath.







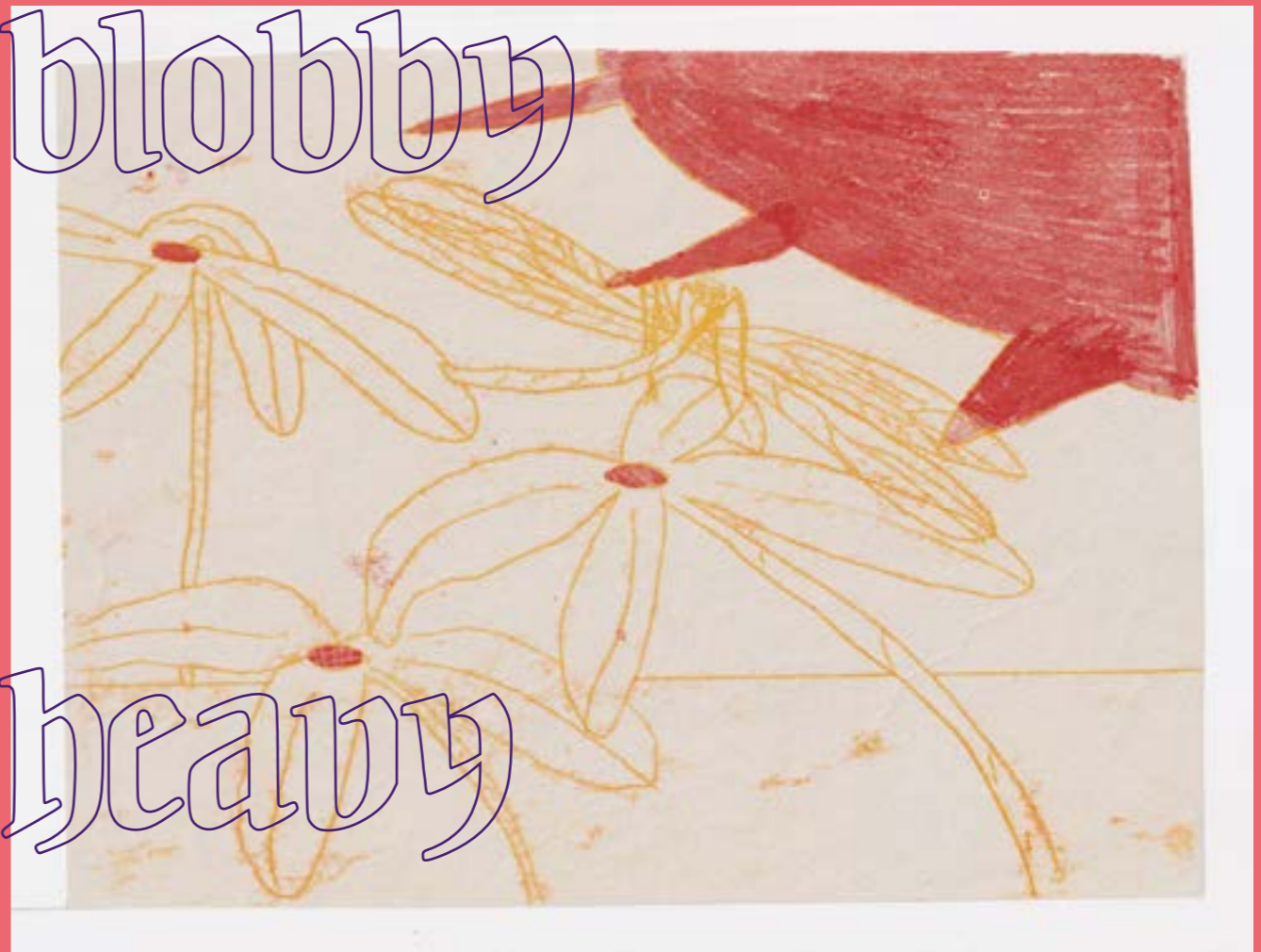
from Luz Saint
Sauveur under a
wickedly hot sun.

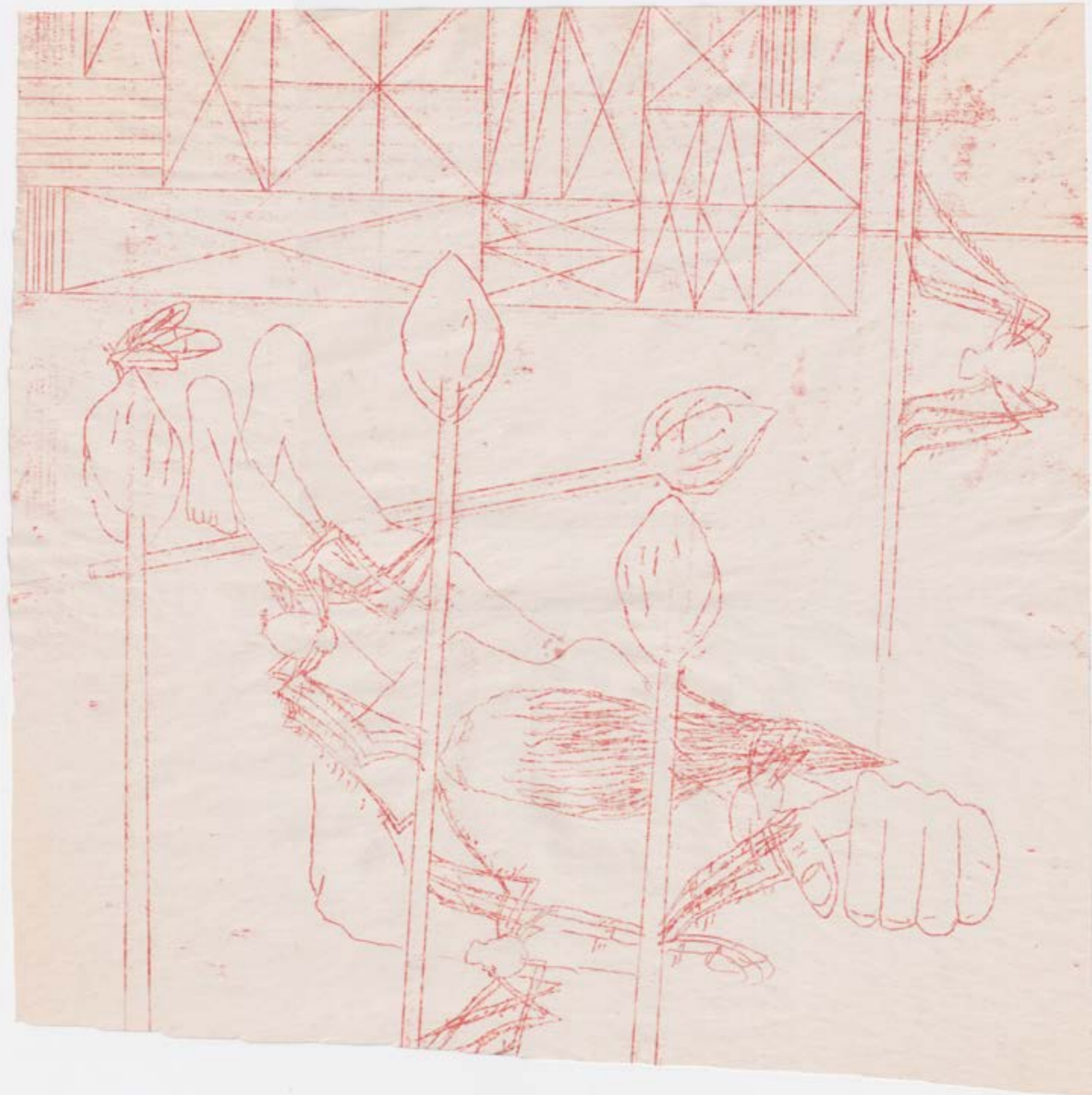


A scudding blobby
tumescence,

hanging heavy

on the horizon.







Swiping a
caustic bidon,

Sickly sweet,
acid kisses

against drooping lips.



Warm dregs,
snuffed out
in the ink
black.



**A puce mug in
an ice cold gaff.**



**fetid ankles dangling,
brushing against
hairless shins.**







Horned vipers underfoot,

a reek more wretched than
ever known.





Pure nostril torture.



