

If in its advance the plague begins to fiercen

Virgil

Tomorrow you will be stung by a bee.
Tonight a cute boy lays his cock on your
Hi. You invite him to your no. You invite his cock
To no it down. And if you are not doing This. And if you are not
Doing That. What do you invite him to turn to. In?
You invite what slumber mutely passes for.
Sheet fistled into balls. The cross hatchings of your pattern
Stunned into forever shuns. Oh. So this is how
I towel throw. So tricky. Throat what little. Left of
The blithe night is the right thing you did not turn
Soon enough to hook. This mistook won't be forgiven.
Misdeeds booked by whom? Tomorrow you will be stung
By a bee. It will kill you. You will die into
The hard pit of a date.