

Lippy Mirrorball

(a bad lip reading of Apollinaire)

as a lippy mirrorball

the colour “insane”

ain’t no one more ill

-fated or -equipped

men swerve around

my juvenile touch

they pray but i’m lit & a pain

in the neck / sun lover

i leisure

i sunder hedge mummies

the mains go down

restore the mains to my face

cthonically southern baby

Blue Mountain panther

i brush

past you w/ eternal regards
to the celestial

lassos around my neck / sun lover
i louche
i sever huge money

lovers envy commerce
its currency
loves envy

who loves a life
cum love lent out?

how come these expenses are
always a violence

to the neck / sun lover?
as i lunch
on the sun's mammary

passive days pass impassively
their remains

night-time's passé

annihilation is imminent

re: me

i'm a lippy mirrorball

the colour "insane"