

Fox and Me

My breasts are
Ripe upon the vine
Waiting for Fox's tongue
To lick them.

I watch you,
Nose quivering,
Pacing,
Paws padding upon concrete,
Staring hard at the tracks.

And then the train pulls away—
Bullet speed,
Snow falling,
Windows beaded with water.
You watch me leave.

Chunks of sugar meat
On the concourse,
Fox, licking his chops—
Come taste me.

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