

BLACK TULIP

It's spring and it's gorgeous
and you say you are diving down,
deep down to that black heart,
black tulip inside you,
which you say is death;
I say you love it too much.

Oh, pungent lilac!
Purple irises, grass so turgid
it stains your clothes when you lie
on it to pine, to pine over your delicious
death, and the sweat is staining your clothes
like the dark green grass at dusk
turning purple, like the lust you feel
as you dip deep into everything you meet.