

Bois de Boulogne

by R. B. S.

A portrait of streetless love

Parboiled coitus
in dark mint; fallen hair
and gloved laughter;
gutter leather of bodies walking:
The wicked & the hush'd.
A surge of bark
and florid water; cascades, torn.
A brittle riot
of soft wired storms - Sold.
Mona Lisa, or her smile?
Legs hushed. Figures run-low on
mouths, recalibrate ions;
strung to our primal moons
skin commences inwords.

