

# 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.

