

Snow Dragon

Knobs of venom hocked up from her depths
Each time she spits her lips hiss.
The gauntlet of engagement forming on the floor.
I swoop and scoop,
cradling the jagged moistness in coiled hand.

Don't look at me you smell of cancer, creep.
The beauty of her emerald eyes,
dissolving
Hypnotic black orbs of jade fire burst through.
Flesh torn, jackals thirst, stale blooded vultures foaming.

Crystal flashes, a hint of fairy-sex magic
Stay, stay present,
weave the air,
her silky menace.
Create an image engulfed in darkness.

Her scent strong, raw, sweet
My warrior heat
Here today in our spray of innocence
You and I do meet.

Golden nuggets crumble beneath my feet
Swollen breasts, crushed
I stalk a richer bonanza
the ghoul who squats your pagan soul.

Peter Ryan