

Golden Lotus

The poet fell in love with me, he wrote,
Catching my reflection in the Dragon Pool
At the Three Religions Temple on Pig Day.
My first Ceremony of the Crescent Moons,

They touched my arches with a writing brush
For pointedness on the Sevenfold Standard -
More than four inches, the lotus is only silver.
Our golden poet thinks my cunt is tight

Because of how the golden lotus makes us walk.
I haven't walked a step in fifteen years.
Sometimes he eats almonds from between my toes.
Sometimes he fucks the cleft in my left foot.

Ian Duhig