

Afternoon With The Axolotls

Hum

She hits the blade with both hands high.
Downward is heavenward, and we are not alone.
Condensers on and the drop is found,
A fingertip trace says to me I can see you and you are wet.

A bed of dead leaves grace the ground,
A quick glance to the other side and we will not be found.
Symbionts in haste demand come close,
Screams to me I can see you above the rest.
And through it all she seems secure.
Downward is heavenward, and we are not alone.
Head thrown back, a sickened sigh, her eyes shut,
Beelzebub can we do this without a net?