

Much as you close your ears and your pores  
my breath waves will pierce you  
which humid will be soaked by your skin  
even though you try to close it

And you will hear the whistle of the arrows  
that are aimed at you from my mouth  
and you will absorb the blood my tongue  
will inject inside your veins

And you will feel my words  
turning around your neck  
asphyxiating you with this  
beautiful torture of sweet flavoured  
strangulation

Much as you close your ears and your pores  
you will smoke, from my lips  
this smoke transfigured in silhouettes  
from my lungs to your lungs