

I haven't fucked much with the past,  
But I've fucked plenty with the future.  
Over the skin of silk are scars  
From the splinters of stations  
And walls I've caressed.

A stage is like each bolt of wood,  
Like a log of Helen, is my pleasure.  
I would measure the success of a night  
By the way by the way by the amount of piss and seed  
I could exude over the columns that nestled the P.A.

Some nights I'd surprise everybody by skipping off  
With a skirt of green net sewed over  
With flat metallic circles which dazzled and flashed.  
The lights were violet and white.  
I had an ornamental veil, but I couldn't bear to use it.

When my hair was cropped, I craved covering,  
But now my hair itself is a veil,  
And the scalp inside is a scalp of  
A crazy and sleepy Comanche  
Lies beneath this netting of the skin.

I wake up. I am lying peacefully  
I am lying peacefully and my knees are open to the sun.  
I desire him, and he is absolutely ready to seize me.  
In heart I am a Moslem;  
In heart I am an American;  
In heart I am Moslem,  
In heart I'm an American artist,  
And I have no guilt.

I seek pleasure.  
I seek the nerves under your skin.  
The narrow archway; the layers;  
The scroll of ancient lettuce.

We worship the flaw, the belly, the belly,  
The mole on the belly of an exquisite whore.  
He spared the child and spoiled the rod.  
I have not sold myself to God.