

Hefeystos "Thursday Evening"

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I've crawled out at dusk
Entered the street
Rolling my steps
And raping
Slowly
Silently
And impassively
They're looking at me
Falling a prey of
Their
Breasts
Thighs
Lips
And nates
And only sometimes
Hunching the smile of theirs
Frightened
Cried out
Among the street of lambs
The song of a dumb whore

In the background
The mugs did loom
Dirty
Distorted
Faded
Stinking
Maybe tommorrow I'll get a knife

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