

Marty Willson-Piper **"Venus Of Prose"**

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Years of bliss
Fill your head
Trapped in a jar
Your eyes are dead
Rich in words
You're the Venus of prose
As beauty erodes
She says No
He says
Accolade slips
Lost your sway
Suffocate
In an aura of jade
Who can win
In the reign of a week
I die in your sleep
She says No
He says
Open you up
Peer on through
Taste of dust
Where nothing's true
Listen with your eyes
Face your deceit
You're dead on your feet
She says No
He says

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