

2000

Walk through Water

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little sister, i've given of my life to the abyss of dicks

so that you all could be vestal virgin brides

walking the lands of Ay Bitch along the shores of Busted Whores

healing all with the slick thickness of my thighs

laid hands upon heads guiding them to the fullness of my breasts

hoisted babies in the crooks of my hips with ovarian obtrusions telling me
no vacancies are left

i divided my bread and saw it wasn't much

then peddled my fish to feed the multitude

so perhaps you would not forfeit life's choices as i opted to do

they tempted me with piety

invited me to gaze upon cities of chaste maidens laden with secure suitors

offered me a feast of meals to go unpaid without the hoist of my hem

attempted to get me to bend knee upon consecrated ground in worship before
phallic

deities beside them

and in absolution from hypocrisy

i raised my resolve

as they lowered my drawers

tethered me to their hardened justification of disdain

as they laid stake to my claim

and inserted rustic speculums into my womb

as a plate of thorns across my chest was lain

i allowed seasoned and beginner sinners to deny your father

and spit double jointed prose into my face

and after their deed i lay in a shroud of sweat soaked sheets

as they clamored to take my place

and as i was arisen the least of what I was became the most of my measure

i was clitorisless

and was bequeathed a lifetime of non-purgatorial pleasure

i, born of immaculate sin

bred in this world

resurrected the font of your treasure

k l moore