

## From Every Seam

He leans  
so close you can  
. . . feel his heartbeat . . .

-  
-  
-

His temptation teases you  
away from familiar streets,  
but doesn't it feel good  
to spin away so free

-  
-

into the reaches  
of a twenty-year  
daydream:

*He wants*  
*. . . to touch you . . .*

-  
-  
-

*~ he wants to ~*

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.

*He wants*  
*. . . to move you . . .*

-  
-  
-

*~ he wants to ~*

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.

-- continued next page --

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.  
a  
n  
d  
-  
-  
-

just when you believe  
you're beginning  
to leave the fantasy

-  
-

he whispers again  
and the kettle heats:

*He breathes*  
*... upon your gasoline ...*

-  
-  
-

*~ the popcorn kernels dance ~*

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.

*Ecstasy screams*  
*... from every seam ...*

-  
-  
-

*~ the popcorn kernels dance ~*

-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.

-- continued next page --

Was  
it you  
who  
-  
f  
e  
l  
l  
-  
... *madly* ...  
-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.  
... *deeply* ...  
-  
-  
-  
.  
.  
.  
as you sat  
sweetly  
-  
a  
n  
d  
-  
serenely  
at the  
company  
team meeting,  
-  
-  
tossing and tumbling  
so effortless and free,  
from  
the conservative tree  
of corporate leaves.