

There is blood on the hooves of the fawns on the  
Greensward Grey for they tread through the gristle on  
the lawn today! Don't they see the roseate faces of my  
wives as they lay, disemboweled, on the Greensward  
Grey?

This park is rank and slippery! Skip and watch the kite  
tails, don't trip on the entrails! White, and  
ligamental blossoms jutting from the earth... when have  
toadstools ever grown toenails?

These brains are old and tired but they have not  
forgotten my harem from decades past, sundry screams  
for the beast in the backseat!

Springtime is mythical, blood can be pastoral brushed-  
on and painted after they've fainted! Pan-goats are  
criminal! Hairy backs and abysmal breath like a brown  
bog, swamp-soaked and wet dog!

There is one woman walking on the Greensward Grey, but  
I feel she'll be followed by a friend or three! Don't  
they see the pink-spittle coating on my teeth that will  
seal every kiss from my lips today!

I could classify dead, hooved animals! I could catalog  
female corpses! But cattarh ruins my breath when  
grasses reach and start my ending! I could classify! I  
could catalog!

I am sitting like a cyst on the Greensward Grey and my  
god! there are satyrs who are damp and fey! Iron-shod  
and so hysterical! They lose themselves like dripping  
red fauna.