

Axilla I

Phish

I dropped the buzzard in the sand and strode off slowly toward
the town

I needed dinner and a place where I could throw my weight around

I detected faint axilla scent that put me off my appetite
But mouflon warring where I went renewed in me a need to fight

Then reveling in mirror mask I soon was lost in foggy ditch
Without a feather gray or white to tickle that piano witch
Fearing that I must expose my worm to holographic haze
My Clinometer error rose and spawned in her new mawkish ways

I woke the witch with reverence reserved for serpents, snails,
and slugs
I pulled the witch from out the ditch and turned to face the furry thugs
The sheep they smiled with teeth a gleam
The weapons in their hooves revolved I detected a prostatic realm
I gulped and felt my loins dissolve!

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