

She's a fox

A fox and a bird are pared in two,
Proud beaked soul, wears black and blue.
Shows breast, lifts wing, gives flash of white,
Spies what shines, hides what's bright.
Is a curse to joy, to thee and thine,
For black white mate is doomed to pine.
Makes mock laughs at true love pairs,
Cats that got the cream, she finds and stares.
Click click cry sounds like a gloat,
Is catch on point of pain in her throat.
Sends *le-kyla* prayer to *chère soeur* fox,
Longs to be rank with her sex, walk in her socks.
Come *Vulpes velox*, let us vex them all,
Help me bark like a babe, by dark moons pall.
Take fire form, pelt through woods in a whirl,
Change me, make me a beast of a girl.
Steal, tip snout, romp wild on the make,
Work bush and brush, leave all in my wake.
Be shab, fur cloaked street haunt by choice,
Slip out at dusk and come home moist.
Hen prowl 'til dawn, trip in with a reek,
Smudged red blood mouth, beard rust raw cheek.
Rip at fried bones, tip through bins,
I want in to your home, your nest, to make sin.
Cat claw fights, leads the witch help a stray,
Flea mauls each bitch that hands on hips in the way.
Lone soul bird goes grey and can't fly,
Full fridge of stale eggs, well past use by.
Hot fox likes first teeth pierce of shell,
Slurp, shot drains each ripe yoke, each cell.
Smug, shares, feasts with broods of kits,
Slipped from her with ease, like quick shits.
Come with your horn on, blow you, hunt,
Set loose—I'll make yelp—your pack of runts.
I am the fox in you, sick with meat lust,
Push soft at your flap, while eyes gain sleep crust.
Work stealth way up the tread of your stair,
Paws bring damp dew, make stains, shed hair.
Pause, hear, sense you make stir sign, turns,
Scents milk flesh, soft fug clefts, and yearns.
Hunched on all fours at the side of the crib,
Baby wakes, Baby Ps, drools at the bib.
Fox jaws drop, grow slack with greed,
Two pairs of eyes gaze, both long to feed.
One does what she does, right down to the bone,
Just does what some birds do to their own.