

pyre pyre fire pyre
burn the witch
burn the witch
kindling kindling
men of sticks...
heretics... heretics

pyre pyre faggot fire
a stake for a witch
a stake for a witch
burning burning
heretics
a bundle of sticks
a bundle of sticks

pyre pyre flaming fire
sticks for a witch
sticks for a witch
branches and faggots
men for sticks
kindle the sticks
kindle the sticks

fire fire faggot pyre
heretics and witch
heretics and witch
flaming flaming
a faggot... a fag...
a cigarette
a cigarette

Alan Mills

His flesh forms a womb:
Entangled with thick thighs
And dense calves,
His torso is a table
Of hand-carved oak, indented
By evening use and
Prying hands reaching out
To that meal which lies
Where his navel hides.
Nourishment, so vital,
Comes from his breast
With kisses, harsh and painful.
Held down, held safe,
His hard wood arms cradle me.
Growing,
We are together, connected
By this fleshy cord.

