

BROWN SILK & SPOILT MILK

(Fruits of the Underbelly)



RICHARD DINGWIRE





Waving,
Your arms reach out.

Stretching, the cuffs of the his shirt
Rise allowing a brief glance
Of coarse hair
Climbing along the pale flesh.
Surpassing the threshold
Of cloth and cotton.
Sun Setting, east.

They precipitate
The aroma of sunburn,
And the appearing freckles maurading on the skin
Like a speckling found on bruised peach.

Sweet
Sweet
Sweet
Buzzing.

Steaming

HE LOVES ME,
HE LOVES ME NOT,
HE LOVES ME
D R A P E D I N D A I S I E S,
CHAINS OF KISSES:
ON EARS, CHEEKS
AND THE NAPE OF THE NECK
SETTLING UNDER THE CHIN,
A SWEET SPOT;
BUTTERCUP.

AMONGST GRASSY VERGES,
KNEES KNOCKING.
ROCKING
NERVOUSLY
COOL WATER, BEADS DOWN
STREAMING.

HEAD AND
SUMMER HAZES
RAINBOWS (summer dazes)
CAUSED BY SPRINKLER SETS
AND
MOUTHS/FLOWER BEDS
RESTING AND CONFLICTED.

HEADY
SICKLY SWEET
JASMINE INFRINGING
'PON THE NOSE,
HEDGING OUR BETS
FETTERED AND ENTHRALLED
WITH SPORES. BLOWN FROM AFAR,
FLOATING IN MY STOMACH
OF FEELINGS UNSURE.

Pursed heart-shaped lips,
Dry like a desert,
Dry like a dessert

wine

Coating my gums
An electric spark
A gun shot
A sensation:

divine.

Brown silk soiled, with spoilt milk
You venture clearly;
Curious.

With mumbled speech,
Articulating a
Words spoken,
Indicative of what you want
This sultry body of

whine.
mine.

Your hands water me,
Sweetly.

Well nourished, fertilised, basking in your warmth
Gardeners hands
Constrain my grounding,
With fingers callous chapped and raw.

The sun descends
As do your eyes.
Lashes, beating on weather
Beaten cheeks.
Softly,
Ushering, time to go.



**Blemished, orange peel skin
Torn and unraveling.
Propelling a plethora of white pith.
Disappointing, stringy, stingy.
Coating it's ripe segments of flesh.
With bad breath, circumventing the taste.**

Bitter sweet, not quite ready.

Ready to eat.

**With segments mushy which are further
exposed, with utterances of slush.**

BE MINE, BE MY BABY,

Sweetheart.

A pip,

A squeek

A seed

The next new thing

B e s t b e f o r e :

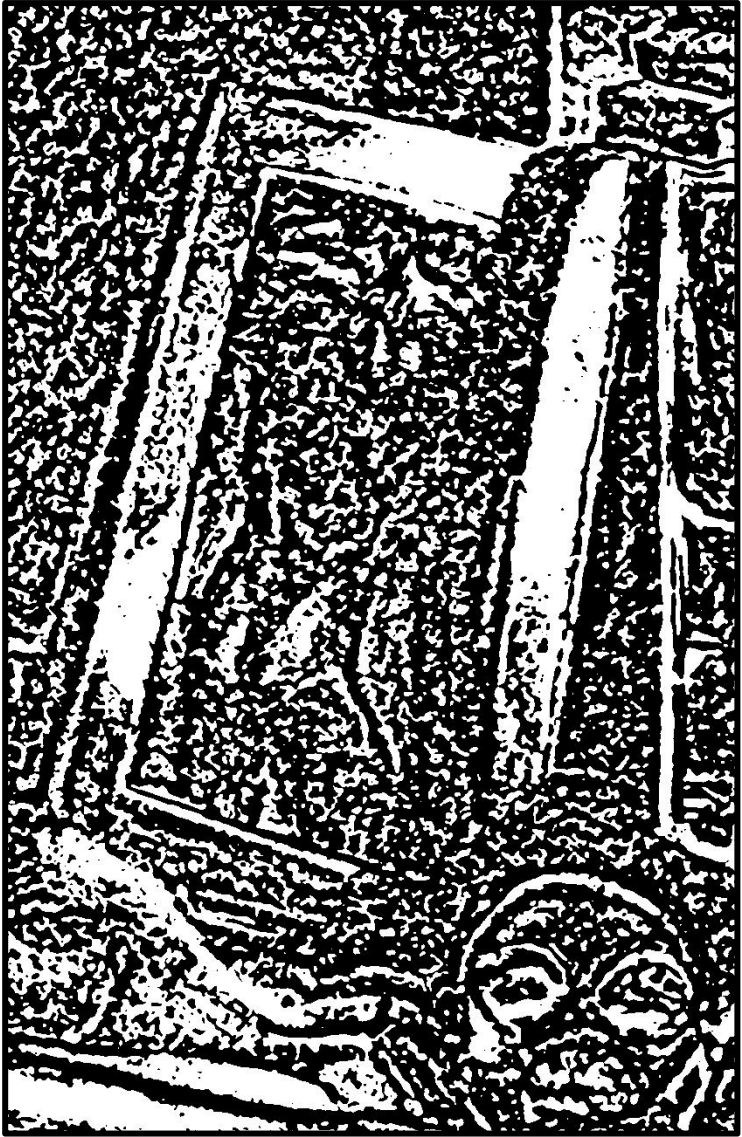
It goes all nice and soft.

A h a r d c o r e ,

s o p h o m o r e r o m a n t i c

Eating my emotions, like a

l e e c h



Y
O
U

P
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M
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TENDER SWEET, REVEALING MY FLESH

T
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E
Y
E

Toes curling

Furrowing

Erecting

One by One

Static shifts

Of feeling

Uttered

By an

Inane

Automatic





Exposing Delight.

Gesture

This way

Love

Will

Lead

The

Way

Lining street paths

To gardens

Of earthly

Delight

Buds

Blossoming, Ripening

Opening

Fruits of the night

Thighs gaping



**I just
Want
To be
Loved by you** **By you I
Just
Want
To Be Loved.**

WOVEN, LACE-LIKE
THREADED WITH HAIRS
O F
SILVER AND BLACK
WITH PATCHES WORN
B A R E
E X P O S I N G T W O
T W O P E N C E P I E C E S
AND A BARE PERIPHERY

F L O S S
I N G
G R A T I N G
SLIGHTLY IRRITATING

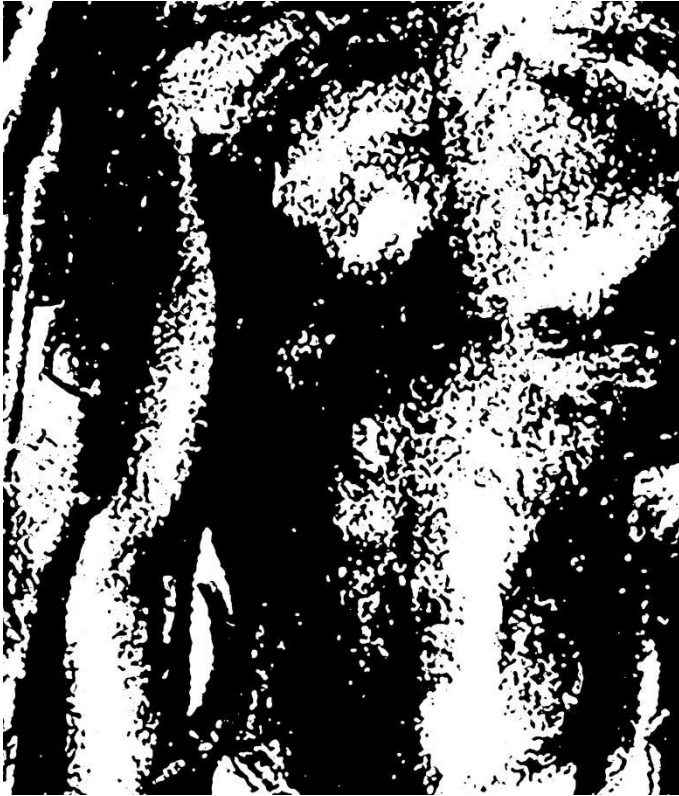
CHEST BEATING
SENDING HOT, ACRID
P L U M E S
SHOOTING FROM THE
B E A T E N R U G
WITH SCENT, REACHING
S T R E T C H I N G ,
CASCADING ABOVE,
THE BARRICADE OF
T E E T H
WITH A FINGER, THEN
TONGUE PUSHING
THE SOFT PALETTE
OF MY MOUTH.
TINNED SLIPPY
P E A C H E S
SPOONING IN A
SWEET BRINE .

G R A T I N G
SLIGHTLY IRRITATING
G R A T I N G
SLIGHTLY IRRITATING

Y O U
Y O U R H A I R
C A U G H T
L I K E
T H E S K I N
O F A P E A C H
CAUGHT BETWEEN
THE FILAMENT
O F
T E E T H

G R A T I N G
SLIGHTLY IRRITATING
G R A T I N G
SLIGHTLY IRRITATING
G R A T I N G
SLIGHTLY IRRITATING

AGAINST MY SKIN



Icy stares register a whistling
discontent forming chilblains where
t h e y r e s t .
Tundra valleys, and eruptions of
broken skin, as the colour fades from
t h e i r f a c e .
Like a lemon, squeezed of all it's life,
a n d g o o d n e s s .

Used and cold, tear ducts form a
resevoirE, not yet streaming- an oasis
i n a h o s t i l e e n v i r o n m e n t .

They hold back, like a dam; they are a
well: of hope, wishing that something
g o o d m i g h t c o m e o f t h i s .

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RICHARD ANGLIRE

