

BUTTERFLIES. Ted Cherry, 23.07.2007.

Butterflies, oh please, just flutter by
That magic bloom beneath the penis eye,
As it watches you, Picasso style,
For you to brush its sticky tip of bile!

Tonight the moon is full, and witches stew
Up grubs and toads to make a deadly brew!
You must take care; avoid that sticky bloom
Or end up cooked, for yet another's doom!

A shadow's cast. --- a witch on broom flies high,
Highlighted black, against the moonlit sky!
A dingo pauses in his hunt, and howls,
To make one fear, for it can waken ghouls!

Butterflies, oh please, fly away.
Your time to fly should be a sun lit day,
Where you may sip the nectar, of each rose
That makes perfume, for each, and every nose!