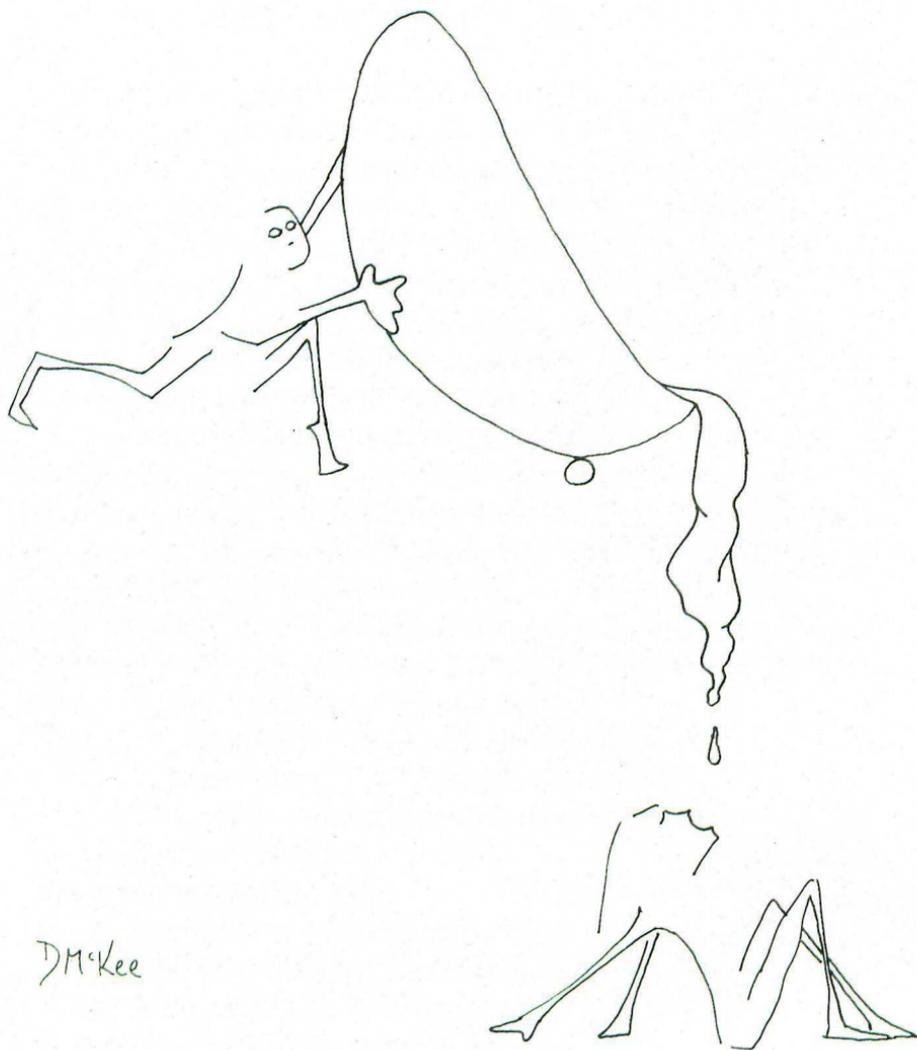


pNEUMA caresses sOMA
THE IMMACULATE dELUGE

when body fluids bond to consummate
they determine never to separate
combine and mix into a love-laden liquid
penetrate to permeate and prove to be vivid
cannot you see that we are all sinking in
as it slowly steadily seeps through our skin
 we soak it to stabilize
 we need it to neutralize
 waves within our brains roll
 save and sustain our souls
waxing swaying in this wet affection
floating towards perpetual perfection
we come to worship the swirling wind
when all our wounds utterly mend
the fondness between us flutters and flows
seething and saturation through our clothes
 coital delicacy that we adore
 flowers that blossom from the floor
 a cloud of copulative consolidation
 concentrate on kisses of adhesive adulation
in devotion we soar hover and swim
our love is driven by eternal vim
cover and control of passions so vast
continually expanding and shall always last
breath blood sweat semen and saliva
all these means just to get inside you
 your essence has me thoroughly immersed
 throughout my psyche you drench and disperse
 i sincerely covet your sweet secretions
 so necessary for our complete accretion

i now possess your placid water and zephyr
our body fluids waver and flood tranquilly together
it is easy and wonderful to be absorbed
i consume you and still crave for more
you wash me with your ebb and tide
i am blessed with bliss to be inside
 with the shivers of your shower i am doused
 endured by your shrine i am endowed
 we have intermingled into the absolute blend
 your soft spirit tingles as we loft and ascend
into me you pour settle and steep
a profound destination fathoms deep
i am glowing from your celestial light
illumination infinitely beaming so bright
over and over you turn in my spinning head
the shining lover habituated in my sopping bed
 into this fervid pool i plunge
 through the vitamins of love i thrive
my wish is to flourish as the sacred sponge
 naked into coalescence we dive

Ian Michael Sigmon



DMcKee

Deborah L. McKee

Does he not see the wind,
swirling up clouds of death,
of those passed before,
returned as promised?
—he walks on

For display,
and to covet,

She came to him,
like mist under Niagara,
(he wore a rented rain coat)
she so like a rootscreen baptism.
—he noticed not

yet easy to break,
and to repair.

In solitude he rested under a tree,
for company he chose one that weeps.
Backed against the learned hero,
he pitied pieces of his broken life.
—he learned not

Lines as paths,
with none followed,

They shared silent communion,
both heavy with mortality,
each embraced with love,
the tree by rain, his a wife.
—he remembered not

move on,
to leave the dust.

Mistakenly robed as if officiant,
underfoot the crumbs of his saviour,
the sacrifice not his to make,
only the intoxicating wine did he savor.
—yet she carried his cross

Life experiences,
in each single crack,

Casting herself back to the falls,
with hopes of the promise,
once thought a porcelain doll,
only to be the dust that was left.
—she is gone

go without notice,
upon casual glance.

He—before her now head bowed,
in selfish prayer, hands crossed.
She—now the mist in the wind,
neglected—not the first ascension of her soul.
—he is alone

Nils Confer