

playfully desperate sex masks worn to the need party  
by the needs that can never take them off  
but can wear veils  
or fencing masks  
or temporary paint overs  
or carnival beaks stuffed with protective herbs  
in a dance line extending up to and back from the horizon  
of posture mating with new or cunning dance steps.

i have a preference  
for the plant dancers raiding  
the meat lockers of hunters  
dusting them with pollen before they know it.  
the meat eaters are always easy to confuse.  
they are the herd that follows other herds.

we plant people just sit and wait with the insects and wind.  
everything winds up as something else  
but the animal skimmers want to wear  
the trophies beyond the play.

i keep thinking it may wear off  
or they will  
finally take them off  
and we can go back to some intent  
that allows body contact  
without prewritten spiritual contracts  
without admission tickets and arena concessionaire souvenirs

but it just does not work that way.  
someone finds or creates a brand new ornament  
the interests become vivified and exotic with renewed ambitions  
and born again angels with poison tipped wings that can  
puncture and kill any sense of market equanimity with transcendent commerce  
of currently available self poisonings...  
oh and there you are my little beauty

i have been waiting for you

and have you been waiting for me

my smiling little mask.

playfully desperate.

wf.h.

2023