

where is it going  
when does it end...  
sexual centuries ago does not need a chronicler.  
nothing has changed about imagination  
except the way we imagine it.

one century puts sex scarecrows by the bed  
another century invites friends and drift by strangers  
another century fondles the deprivatized areas of graven idols  
another century represses urges with neurosis guards guarding sin filled dungeons.

if you want the number of possibilities identified  
you must use your variables with exponential equations.

i am never sure about the answer.

the cells of our flesh carry hot wild chunks  
of the do not ask me now i am busy  
instinctual memory  
with incitement urges of  
rioting fluids moving in the strange  
floats of the big parade.

where is it going.  
wf.h.  
2024