

"Humanoid"

Fused with robot's ultraviolet motherboard  
and aching from a scorned red but fragile human heart,  
my power source now replaces it--  
circular, bright, and oscillating slowly.  
I only resemble what I used to be.

My sullied seductions  
make you believe it--this--isn't real or natural.  
I pacify you  
and you *beg* for more.  
Leaving distorted bodies  
in my wake,  
I walk to the beat of  
my soft resurrection  
with the purest impure intentions.

Look into my milky eyes  
and you're looking into oblivion.  
Time will read this face  
as the destruction of man.  
My vengeful robotic instincts haunt  
this place you used to call home.

"I'd rather be a cyborg than a goddess."

"Neptune's Daughter"

I believe I'm Neptune's only daughter.  
Got hair that curls to my bones  
and I got a comb in my pocket  
if the wind blows. Whoops, there goes my seashell!  
I carry a cerulean trident that glows,  
and I have sea drones that groan  
at Davy Jones.  
Fish scales keep my legs warm  
and gills are a part of my life-form.  
Don't want brown eyes or chartreuse  
but blue eyes that echo ghosts in lost ships.  
Hey!  
Been tryin' to meet you,  
friend or foe,  
grab the boat!  
Oh? What changed?  
Is it the sound  
my father makes  
when the clouds grey  
and the waves break?  
I should go--  
the sea-foam is calling me  
and the crustaceans are riding the golden buoy.  
You can stay if you want to,  
and kiss the mermaids.  
Stay all day  
or gouge away simple treasures,  
if you want to. But before I go, I wanna let you know:  
You make the sun fry,  
so please be my guy,  
and then you too  
can rule the seas  
with me.

“Cosmic and Natural Potential”

All of this  
and still nothing,  
so it begins.  
On and on and  
I can't decide and  
I can't decide and  
I can't decide on him.  
And I'm holding it in.  
If only I could see into a crystal ball:

Faster, faster,  
the leaves will fall.  
Faster, faster,  
and my skin will dull.  
I've made up my mind;  
I will wait for you,  
because we are two wolves in a white silhouette  
forever longing for the moon.  
I swoon, I swoon, I swoon for you.

## Honor's Ignominy

Our moments of jouissance  
transformed me.  
And the moon was a sexual red,  
engorged, waxing, and supple as sin.  
It was moving, and the clouds  
ran beside the moon hastily  
in a bright red sky.  
I'm trying to keep up, but the clouds are  
telling me to run the other way.  
It--the moon, turned from crimson red,  
to red-orange, orange, blue-green,  
finally, cobalt blue.  
You changed me that night;  
murdered my inner needs.  
Alas, you left--a few moments turned  
into a lifetime of dreams, haunting me.  
And I changed back,  
but not completely.