

Self Ordained / *Pat McKeage*

When I am crammed inside
overly raked skin
and walking no doubt
with steel knob cane, I
vow that to the last
I shall have orgasms
enshrinking interior
cathedral walls.
They shall pound, roll,
shudder slow motion
holy miles,
turn me inside out,
canonize my singular bed,
levitate me over my house,
over cities, oceans
mere dots in my eyes, the
marble moon sliding
down my throat,
each and every
time shrunk day.