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Little Miss Heretic

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Rejoicing and singing,
amens and hallelujahs,
white building on a grassy hill.
Reared in ascetic principles,
judgement pervasive with praises,
white building on a grassy hill.
Flared nostrils and rolling eyes,
upturned lips and folded arms,
white doilies on holy heads.

"Don’t you be no Jezebel!"

"Who is Jezebel?"

"Fire and brimstone will
swallow you up!"

"But I love him and he loves me.
We’re ready for this!"

Psyche and physiques ripened for
consumption. Eager lovers on
a frosty Saturday.
Crispy-quiet countryside,
satiated puffs fade
into frosted spruces and pines.
Two toasted-honeycomb
bodies harmonize
in heightened intensity
and release ...
Fear of damnation ensues, hovering hot and deafening under a smog of iniquity darker than tombs of death. Contrite and weeping, utter anguish her every breath.

They’ll stare me down
They’ll smell my betrayal
They’ll hear of my carnal act
I can’t face them tomorrow
Can I just die?
It’s my only escape
I’m tired of condemnation.

I just
need
an away.