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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!”

“Fire and brimstone will swallow you up!”

“Who is Jezebel?”

“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.