



Hush, the old-young woman
touches you, she is gold, she wears
a peaked cap, vines
grow out of it. Her tongue flicks
at the corners of her mouth. She says

“The white gold
almost invisible is made
from the red-yellow metal, it is
the Link.” Bodies
pass out of hers, doubles
in silver, copper, iron. Glistening. They lick
their lips. They float on out. Her eyes
show waters parting a jungle, her arms
are vines around you, her tongue
is growing in your mouth. She
thrusts a finger deep into your cunt.