

1974

Folksinger

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FOLKSINGER

Hey, pretty girl
half hidden by that brown felt hat.
Your carnal eyes
entice me,
Your carnal tongue
invites me.
You're raping me
with laser beams
from cobalt eyes.
Your words are peace and freedom
but your lips shape them so sensually
it all sounds lilke pornography.

After the show is over
I will smash your guitar
and lay you down
under the red lights
of smoky coffee houses.
You will give in to me.
I will make you give me
everything,
you promised with your eyes.

Alison Orleans

Sweat Rebellion

My clothes drip off,
sweat replacing them;
there is no nakedness in this heat.
Dampness moves over my body,
slipping under the skin
to touch the base of my skull
and send a thrilling message of rebellion
down my spine.

S. Hunt

