

## **Nymphonics**

If you want a spring of honeys  
look no farther than the Super  
8 Motel you heard me right we

sunbathe in that red yella light  
we bubble toil and trouble breasts  
barely covered by Walmart swim-

suits stretching thinner oh sugar  
if they were candy they'd melt  
right off oh I know this skin is

candy the way gods dive in mouth  
first lord we love hands that are  
asked for not a pair of hungry saucers

staring wounds into the skin that kind  
ain't even worth a sip of bathwater  
when the real thirsty come they

always know that we require locks  
as offerings they know that there is  
a way to look that doesn't touch