

MY LITTLE SCHMETTERLING

by Nicholas Vines

Apollo of Copper and Speckled Wood, you slow-burn the eyes of broth proportions, and ignite the viscera through bronzework. But why insist on public hypergolia? How mellow the Metalmark of your firing rig which despite a sloped softness, can still know the technicolour shock of your proximity bursts, and leave you untouched to ignore your own handiwork. Crimson Rose from crimson stock, throw off you peripodial plates, and shirk pollination not for seasons but solely out of whim. Such quiet androconia, which within a sprig of time, leave the senses to gynandromorphic bliss (though always with a Green-veined sting, that tends to irk in any lengthy diapause from standard grace), should not seep meekly from clandestine micropyles but blow the chorion of blandness and dung to latrines far-flung, so it beguiles the jäger no longer with a glare, a tear and a smirk. Painted Lady of Mormon true, you glow from a stockpile of Tonka big enough to fuel a thousand skippers (for reasons as darkly closed as the Mud-puddling of your mind), and form therethrough a ligament with any sad pineal gland. So what of apolysis? Browborne sensillae neatly divert, but how instars, that novalike leave stigmata on all bleeding hands but yours, do show a deft berkishness beyond the polyphenic styles of long inertia, revealing in lieu the murky region of your tailfin, its emophagous lesions feeding joylessly on the knobbed and berserk.

My .. Schmet.. !

Common Jezebel, you swell with Wagner bars too seemly for the crusty rot tugging at your fruit heart, its whorish curdling but veiled by creamy, aposematic sighs. Such micromicry muffles - with a Mullerian hug and bloody piss- the Batesian nature of that leeching jugernaut which ever cries out for more. Red Pierrot, too arduous is the dull lugging to and fro of flowery warheads your self-imago, stuck in a poke-a-dot rut of parasitic fervour masquerading as symbiotic fun, deems ugly enough now to ignore.

So no steel? Courtship must be such a bore. And what of polymorphism? Wrought supple by multivoltinist, prothoracicotropic soup, your ladlee drowns adoring, as you stand by and shrug. White and Yellow Monarch, how your brutal nuptial gifts, so gluggy with the purpose of sailing self, have left you smug!

My Little Schmetter. !

Plum
Judy,
fast skimming the rind
of daintiness, you
surface-to-air
blind.
Sappy? More
like rushing to find
cruciforms in a grind.
Summertime Fairy
of Brush Blue,
beware
propellants combined
with tarsi Punchnello, too
dirty
and osmeterial, reuses bare.
No nectar? Then
dare
now to,
share!

My Little Schmetterling!