

Untitled

In your green parka You twitch like some old snake Impatient to get that skin Off. Slide out in a fresh one. Glide through meadows of young breasts, Down bony, girlish haunches.

You leave dead skins Drying in the sun, decomposing. Strong and damp you push in me. Old skin, old snake, new life In my grass.

Judith Rutledge

