

They burst into your sight and  
stride  
in feather boas,  
kitten heels and silk  
across your eye,  
teasing,  
with labial pink  
and nipple rouge  
the senses.  
They soothe  
your fever with their night-blue velvet  
whispers  
they plead  
for love  
displaying their purple  
bruises  
to excite  
your lusts.  
They are such whores  
and such resplendent goddesses  
who  
will not be denied.  
They are her flowers -  
she  
could not paint a shrinking  
violet  
if she tried.

Poem For Andrea Byrnes' flowers © Ian Brack (2000)

