## Fate's Choice

Resting on a restless bed, a ho-bag. Gealous like the son of a motherless goat, a supremacist of no region; The flea perches deep on a layered nesh surface— White, brown, yellow, dark. Fueled with red and water, half-smitten in tasteful ecstasy; it glees in a sucking spree.

On the puffed soft roof succulent freshness leaks through unburdening accelerated passion. Unwarned, Fate caught it curled up, blinded with a crimson fall.

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