

Lolita

Theresa Ib

Vejle, Denmark

stands
the unholyest of goddesses
unidentified by gravity
hips blooming from her sides
like devious magnolias
her skin a new-fallen peach
each eye an untouched absinth
unveiling its painted ivory

soft boughs of anticipation
dangle from her body
fondling the accuracy
of her temptation
hers is a glazed appeal
sticky and sweet as honey
she wakes the dead
in men of fragile innocence
staining their defeat
with the scarlet sin of her lips

from her pores
the fumes of virginity
rise