

# COTTON CANDY 101

HENRY GOLDKAMP

First back up, cool, slow-shoed carny after my rationale  
squarely mouthed, or I'll spritz that too-sweet perfume  
as above, so bellowed, loud against up your game

I will always open fire.

Dance widdershins south atop boon plank

my dunking booth today, those bullet holes, all spouts.

But screamers ain't ecstasy I snort off coke plates

never mind the endless American debit card whose silk robe

done grown up spun purple pretty a halo out. Wholly,

without pinkish wings, I reload, holy.

His leaky body gushes: so glutted. Censer lit before inside vices;  
rolling.

And rarely bathing I, maybe I flush ragamuffins buoying,

saving him or let sleeping mooncalves down-

and-out dreamy maws, because they are deserved milk.

I swig: I know not what, but nobody does polled.

Deadly I cakewalk, among the double-tongued, all sweetly.

I ooze verb sap lonesome.