

## Lolita

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international / poetry / post

i met alice in her wonderland  
lying on wet grass like a shot bird in the rain  
dressed in white singlet and light track pants,  
in training except for her wound

do not lie on the wet grass, I said paternally,  
it's not too wet, she replied

ur a little platypus, and continued my walk  
with amused friend,  
tho I glanced back one time

flat on her back, arms and legs spread-eagle  
on the wet ground like da vinci's golden mean  
head to the side looking directly at us,  
smiling,  
this little gold-haired platypus captured  
by her transforming, adolescent hormones  
yet there was something rare  
in her bearing

I glimpsed her future,  
which flashed across my mind  
and saw countless entranced men  
following her adult form  
to the ends of the earth  
and she, still smiling that cheeky  
little smile

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-677.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-961.html>