

Lolita

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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>

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