

DETROIT EROTICS

DESCRIPTION

I'm a man walking down the street whose means of verification are simple. To look at in passing they're like little more than scratches or diggings into wilderness from the rear, the after-image of intercourse. You remember some various persons in the street, though not common the possibility exists of multiple relationships between any two of them. To sleight the intercourse into units one takes off her moral panties in the text called "his room." Her pink heart has passed in blue shorts, the average look-alike known to all by strolling. Ideas in which bitter memories expose their seamlessness to each, that beyond definition fall down to sleep in phlegm.

George Tysh