

Nat Geo Love

Her crocodile kisses
Drew blood

As we would lay cuddling
A tourniquit on my lips

She would fondly recall the days
We'd pluck each others pubebrows
And cover ourselves in plastic petals

We'd eat each other
The circle of Life!
Then drink each other
The cycle of Death.

Our bodily fluids
Tributaries in Love's runoff

Those crocodile kisses
Ruined my smile