

## ANGELS ON TRAINS

The diameter between her thighs.  
Just beneath the circumference  
of that posterior.  
Contained a black hole.

A universe that could never be constricted  
by strands of cosmic consciousness.  
Woven together by denim fabrics of time,  
graceful galaxies of lustful thoughts.  
Hip to the game, masked limber  
juggernaut's unsuccessfully.  
I located desire  
under a vintage belt buckle.  
Zipper screaming love of my life.  
Her camel toe...  
Leaves footprints in nebulous sahara,  
Atomic friction, crotch rockets exploding  
ripe melancholy in the grips of puberty.  
You mouth watering eye-gasm.  
I adore that walk.  
That stride, glides across continents  
crushing pavements,  
Dragging heaven in your wake.  
Lioness, queen of pride.  
Hair, crimson sienna  
Hint, of jasmine and sages lingers  
Ya'll she smells good.  
Sex in platform shoes. Only five foot two.  
Hands tugging at mason-dixon,  
proclaiming you shan't tame this wild  
pussy.  
Hips like swinging guillotines,  
Swaying back and forth.  
Tantalizing my thoughts.  
Slicing through all clever notions  
of wack pick up lines, like  
Baby you must be tiirrrred,  
cause you've been running through my...  
Never mind.

See I wanna hold Raindances  
in the sweat glands of your pubic hairs,  
cause the vision of you makes me wet...  
Simultaneously I become froth with  
jealousy towards gravity.  
Cause he alone gets to hold you down.

She was living poetry going to work  
And by accident, by chance,  
our hands touched, hollowed glance  
stirring deep within me.  
She a sorceress long forgotten,  
I a pharaoh seduced by her charms.  
Those cocoa irises told me,  
I would win wars  
The train doors open I held my note pad  
My heart in my pen  
I'm prepared for this battle  
But off to war she goes...  
That's when my everybody let me know.  
"Rico, Grown ass women ain't got no time  
talk to Negros on trains!!!"  
That's lame, a lil' insane and we all just  
found out, you ain't got no game. Damn!!!  
The epitaph of this fallen soldier reads,  
I'm the idiot, a complete jackass.  
I should have said some cool shit like,  
Yo' BABY' you wanna go half on a baby.  
Or maybe, I should have said  
some real shit like,  
Hello My name is Rico.  
And although we never spoke...  
I'mma talk bout' you.  
Cause I'm not a player,  
I'm not a pimp,  
I'm a Poet.  
And this is what I do.

