

## A LYRIC

Pads on the blacktop  
Pads on the dirt  
Same run across my neck at night  
Lover's careless hurt

Fingers on the rope  
Two wrestle four  
Negotiate  
What this patrol is for  
Smell of fellow dogs  
Sight of villain cats  
A mark for mark  
Canceled tit for tat

Pads in the morning fog  
Pads in midnight dark  
Same ran across my neck last night  
Left a big red mark

Lips on the maw  
Teeth mind the lips  
A savored taste  
Of red rocket's tip  
A nudge for nudge  
The flesh it yearns  
It does not care  
Of what kith it burns

Coarse speech of dog  
Coarse howl of man  
The dancing partner  
Understands  
A want to be touched  
A want to give touch well  
A fine arrangement  
This for Hell