Nebula

Octavia Sperati

Do you enjoy your sight inside?
Disconnect and let me drift
Until my upside down is right side in
Society must let the artist go
To wander off into the nebula
Wander off into your nebula
See your nectarine of multiplicity
Cum like orgasmatron on overdrive
Wander in off to your nebula
Your tangerine of electricity is ripe
And on a vine, so pick your prize
So in little black book, do I confide
Upon return, I conjure what was seen
I let it pulse and boil within my limbs
I lay my pencil to the porous page
And let my lunatic indulge itself

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And on a vine, so pick your prize
Prize, prize, prize
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