

# Nebula

## She

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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Prize, prize, prize  
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