

## DEFLOWERING

Oho, she's turned the virgin  
once again; fiber and spirit  
are grown in spot thought  
cleared of obstacle. Effort's  
resumed. I wield machete  
with a heavy heart: the jungle  
lacks restraint. I sigh  
in repetition's weariness.

For sharpness is not all,  
nor bludgeoning. The honeyed  
noun precedes the temporary  
verb. A regular attending  
keeps the garden in its place  
at best: rank chastity,  
profuse, hedges my walk;  
prune, and it grows the more.

— *John Ditsky*