

Like daisies were taking root within my inner regions,  
As if it were spring within my intestines.  
Spontaneously generated butterflies burst from my stomach,  
And tickle my cardiac sphincter as they fly up.  
A whole field of sugar cane seems to have grown on my tongue,  
And billions of stars lay trapped twinkling behind this left eye.  
Factories of laughter seem to have been built in my belly,  
And I think I know who's to blame.

Flirtation is like fertilizer,  
That can put one's whole digestive tract in bloom.