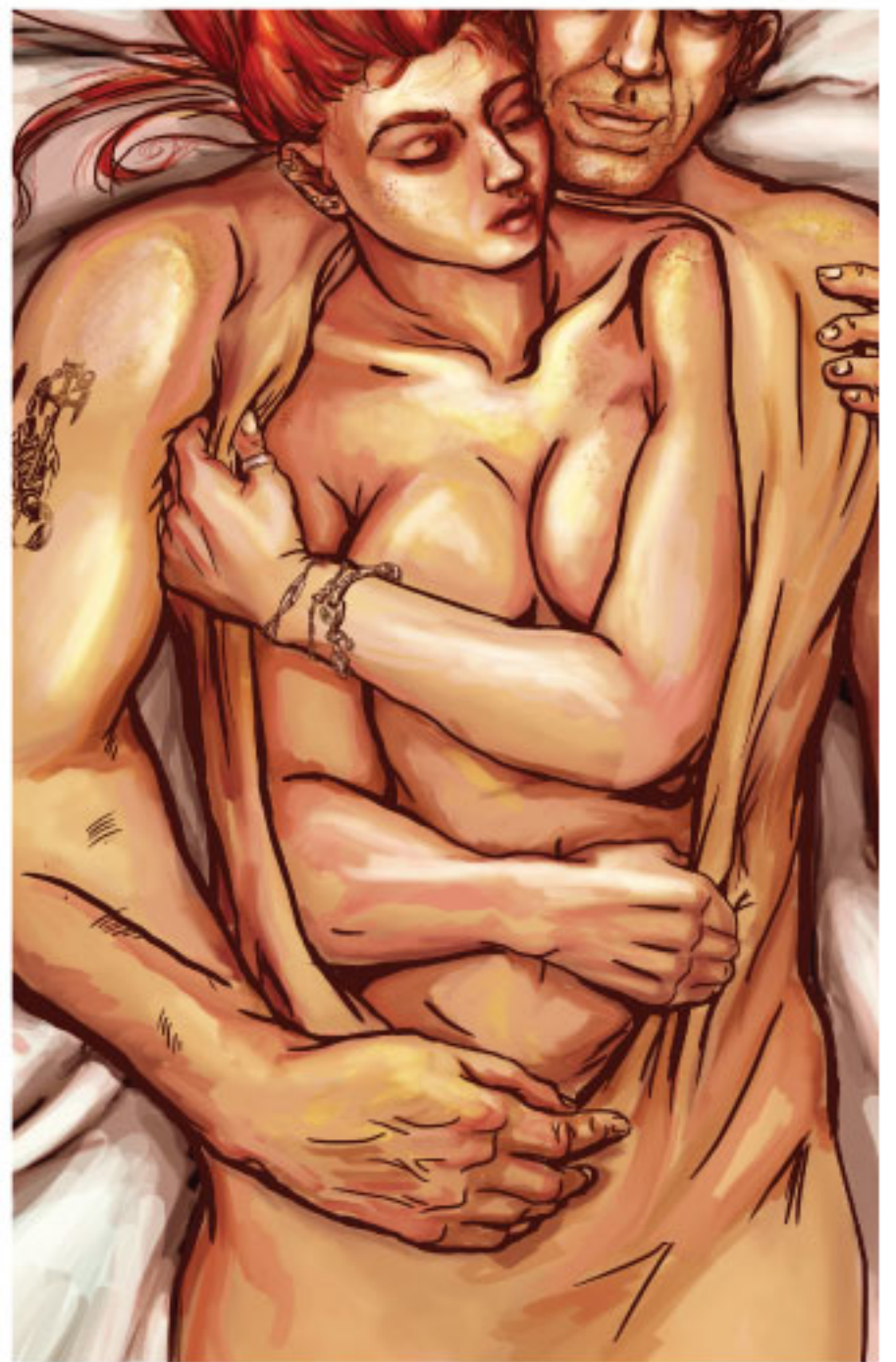




# Parasite

A psychosomatic  
adventure in lust.

A. f. bedwell



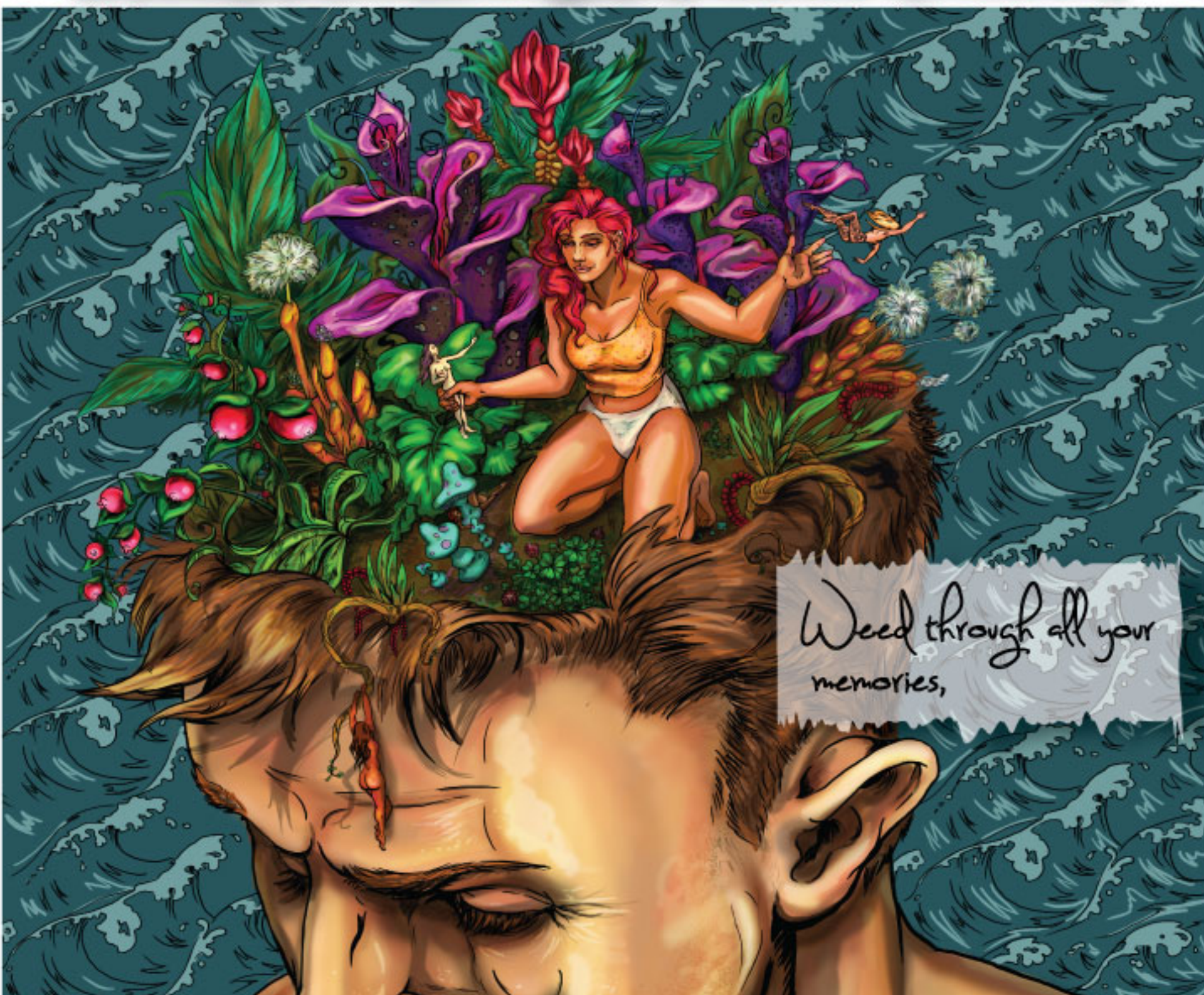
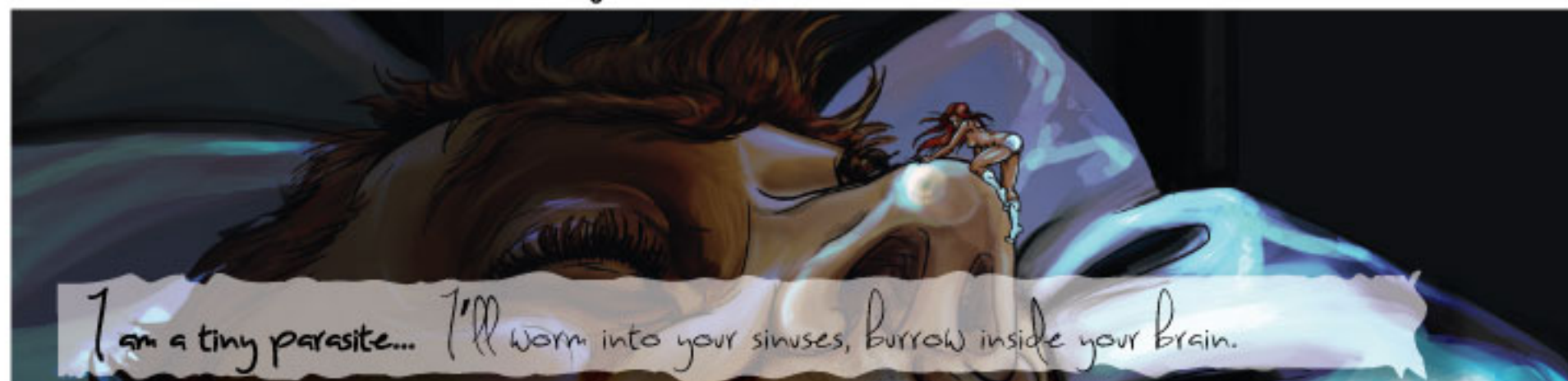


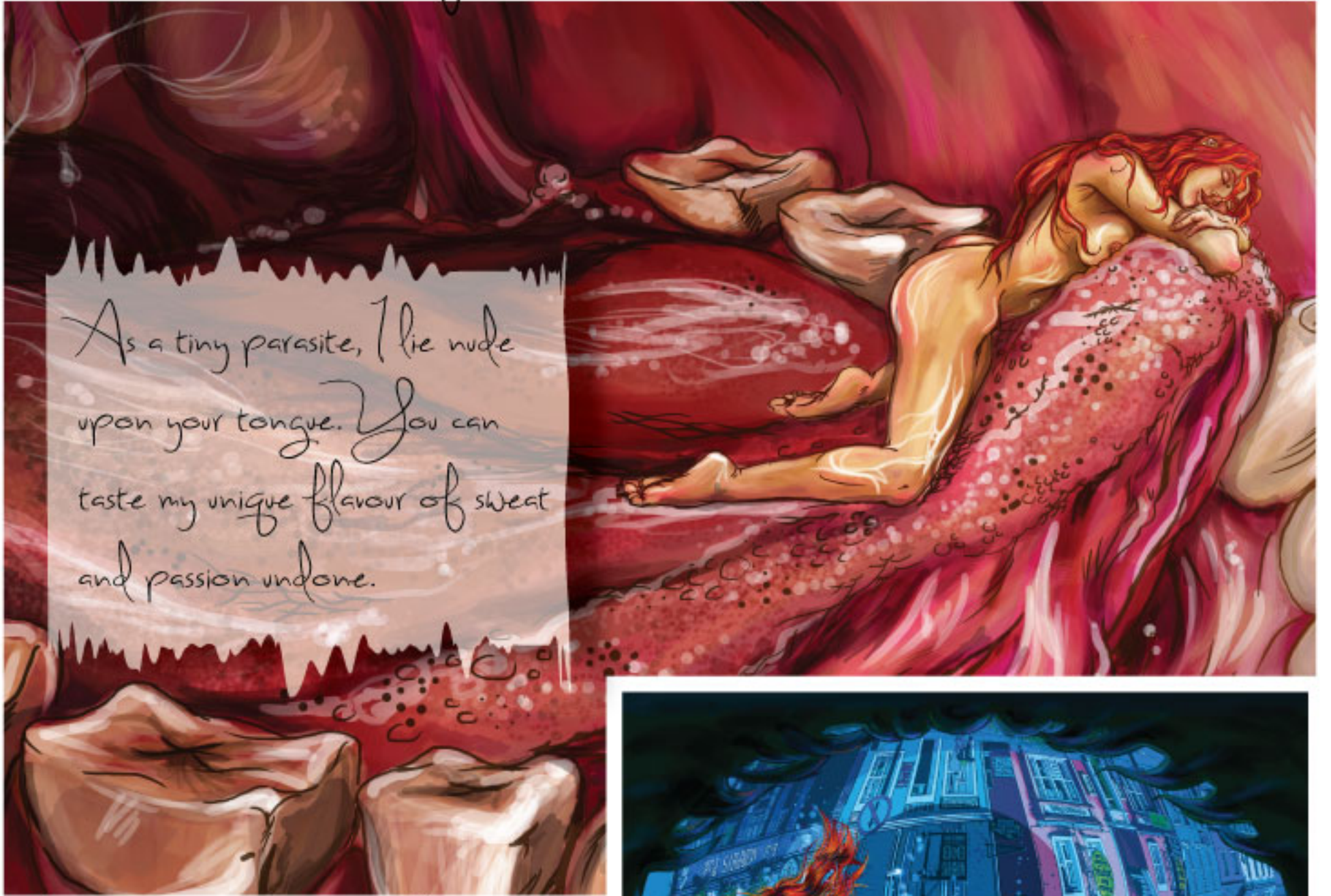
I'll crawl upon your  
shoulder ...

and sit inside your ear.

Whisper all the funny, dirty  
thoughts I've longed for you to  
hear.







As a tiny parasite, I lie nude upon your tongue. You can taste my unique flavour of sweat and passion undone.



I'll swim inside your eyeball, float naked before your sight,



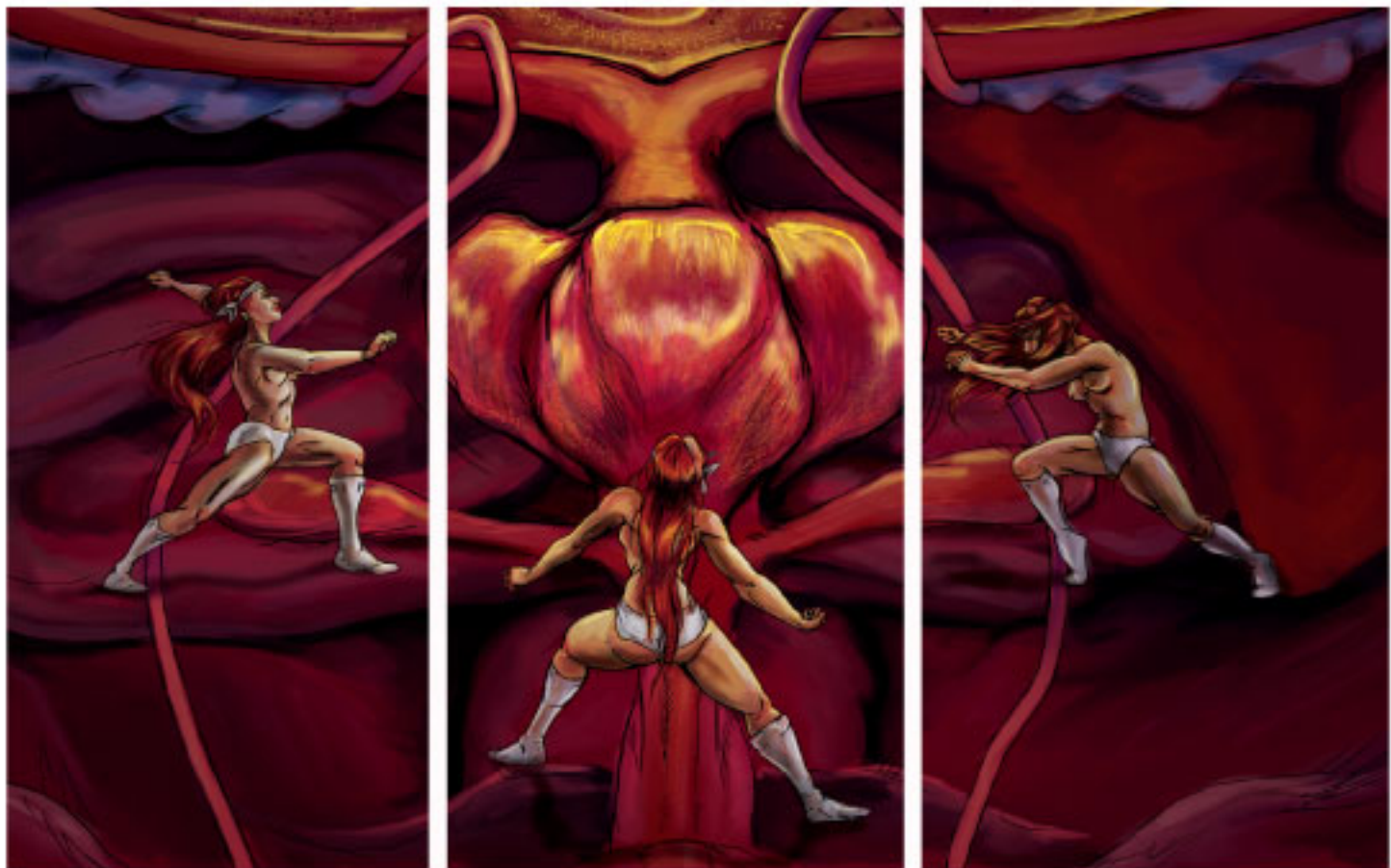
so you dream of my curves and crevices all throughout the night.



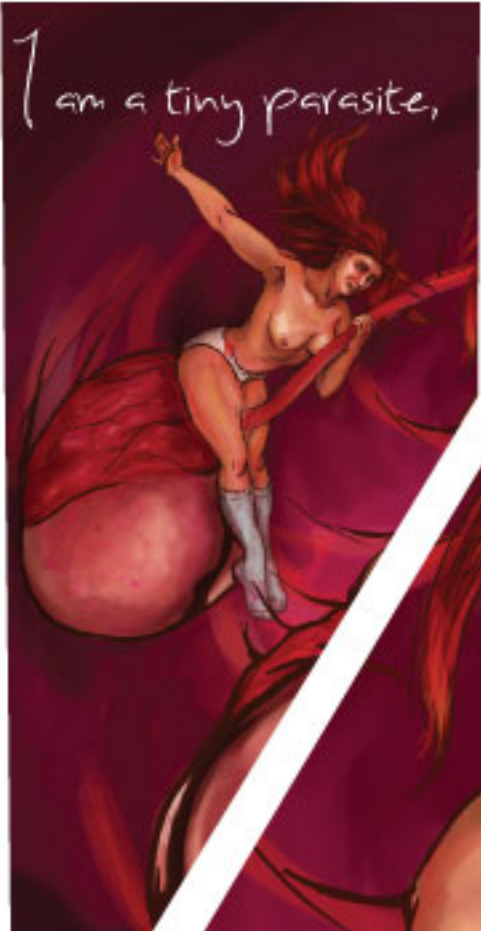
I'll run the length of your backbone,



and dive deep  
into your ...



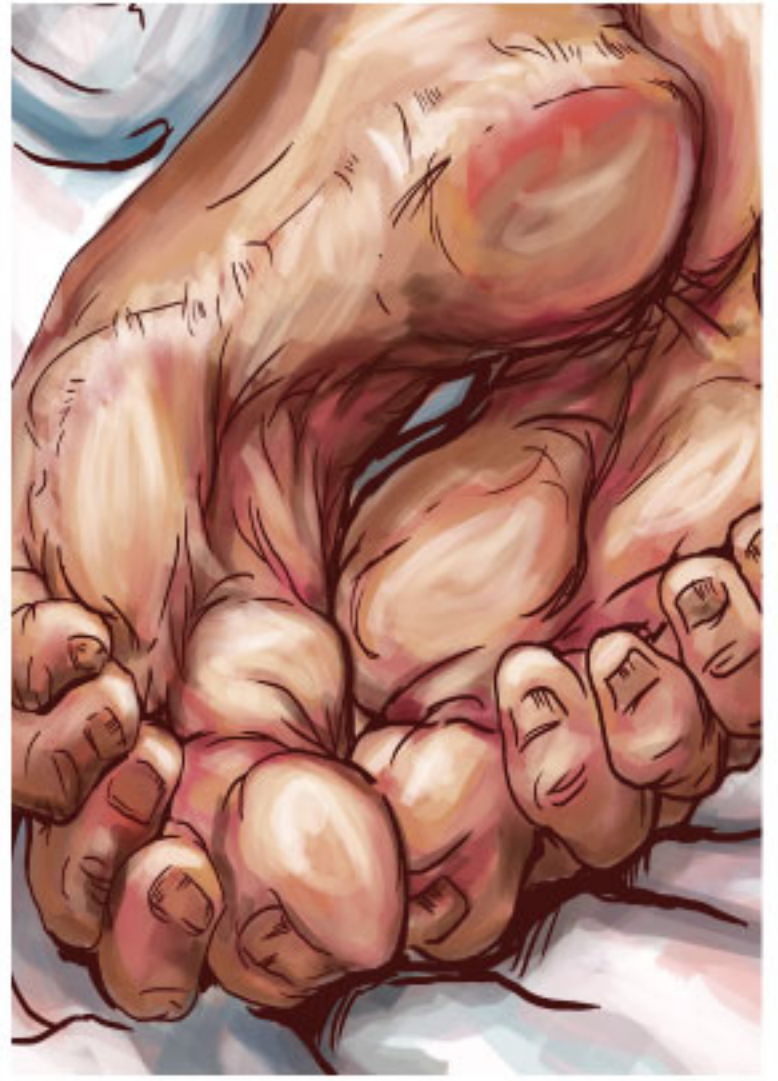
Drum, upon your prostate, until you curse and gasp.



I am a tiny parasite,



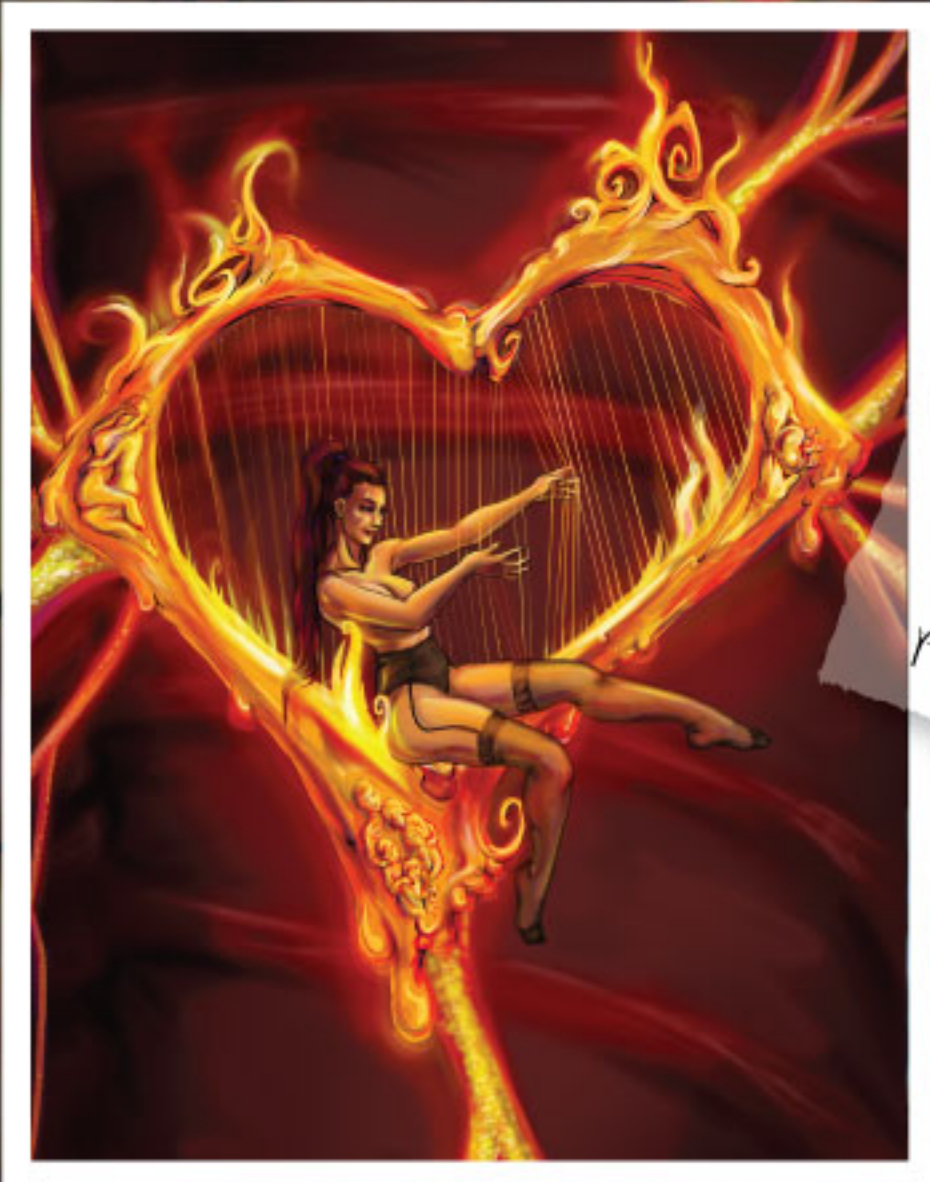
I'll slide down your member, swing on  
your tender balls.



Your dreams now wet  
and sticky from toe  
curling thralls.



I'll slip into your blood stream, and flow into your heart

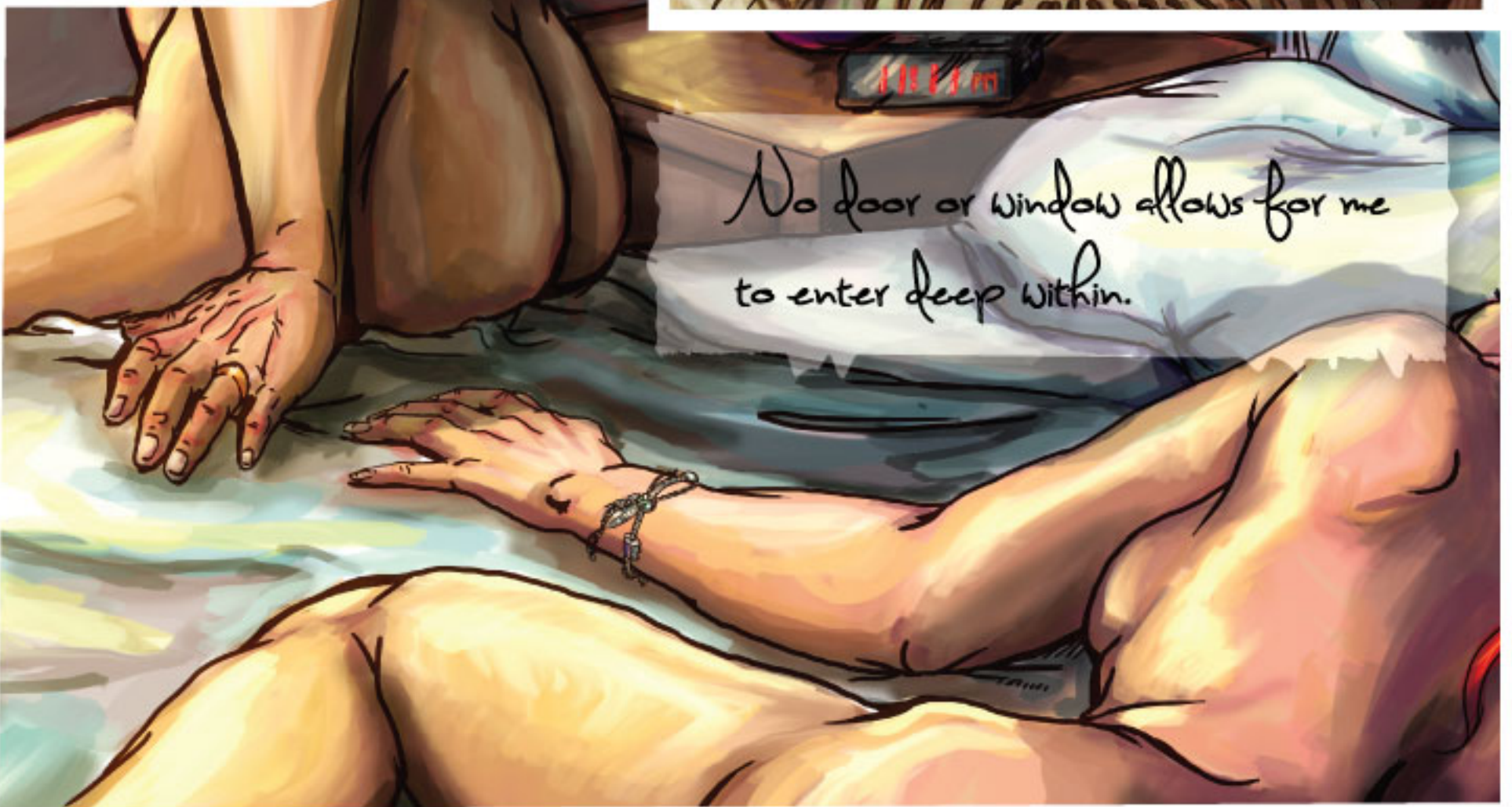


June its tempest fire,  
play on its golden harp.





Alas I'm not a parasite, we're just touching skin to skin.



No door or window allows for me to enter deep within.



It's you who are the parasite, made  
home inside my brain. Since the day  
of your invasion I've never been the  
same.

