

Chemistry (Valentine's Day Massacre)

by Angela Brett

I'm really glad to meet ya,
you seem just right to me.
You've oestrogenic features,
and facial symmetry

and even just the scent of you's
a whiff of possibility,
it shows without a centrifuge
our histocompatibility.

Whenever we're carressin',
I find you quite engrossin',
I'm filled with vasopressin
endorphins and oxytocin.

Our closeness is the saviour
of my head and of my heart, in-
hibiting the causes
of myocardial infarction.

Your mouth is like no other,
I kept your kiss-stained cup.
Oh, be my children's mother!
Your DNA stacks up.

Hold tight while we make lurve
and during the sweet act I'll
be glad I had the nerve,

especially C-tactile.

What's that, my anti-phosphodiesterase?

You say *you* are conscious, too?

In that case, I'll rephrase:

I meant that I love you.

