

Lucky You

1

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Throw me against the table,

And I'll roll my eyes.

Scream and curse my name,

But your breath on my skin is fortune, divine.

I'll slither in your desires, lay eggs in your mind,

and make you feel like a winner.

You'll pick me right up,

with a kiss for good luck,

And with a new-born serpent in your ear,

You will slam me against the surface,

just once more,

While my eyes stare delicious daggers,

right back at yours.