Angry breast

Can't you feel her breasts,
Like mounds of hot cassava,
Spitting heat and smoke?
Heat and smoke,
Ready to erupt,
In volcanic fire
Before noontide!
Where in this homestead and beyond,
Lies the preying cockerel,
Whose crowing causes chaos,
Chaos and confusion
In these irate breasts.
I shall stir the waters,
And roam the rivers.
I shall go to God's house,
To bring cock and calm
To my only child.