

MY LOVE'S AWAKENING

How soft she sleeps, caught sweetly unaware,
With perfumed sheets so cunningly astrew,
Her sweetest charm, that tempting derrière,
Uncovered lies, provocative to view.

Bold thrusts, whose invitation must inspire,
Deep hunger for their softly yielding feel.
Whose touch calls forth a doubling of desire,
For hidden charms a gentle thief might steal.

Deep, shadowed cleft, 'twixt richly rounded hills,
Hides temple warm, where on my knees I pray,
While every prayer its own request fulfills,
My Love now knows that love has found a way.

No protest—only soft, contented sounds,
For pleasure shared between those cushioned mounds.