

SOFT SWELLING THIGHS

Soft swelling thighs atouch from cleft to knees,
My Love doth lie, pretending to be prim.
Flesh pressed to flesh, in pillowed tumbled ease,
Warm thighs close-locked 'till I shall guess her whim.

Close-locked in vain, the key I know full well,
A touch, a kiss, and then the tip of tongue,
Run slowly up the vale, then at the swell,
Plunged deep and turned—and Lo! The lock is sprung.

This perfumed gate, 'neath Aphrodite's Mound,
Comes unlatched with a kiss and opens wide.
Full pleasure—doubly-locked—must still be found.
A longer, stronger key is thrust inside.

Then eager, straining, raised and widespread thighs,
Unlocked, become the Gates to Paradise.