

My Rose

**I touch your silky skin
Your hue's beneath my fingers
Softness smells like perfume as
your erotic essence lingers.**

**Ripples are running rampant,
In you I overdose.**

**I savor this satin stupor
on your beautiful ivory coast.**

**Wind and rain will age you
The sun will suck you dry
You'll fight to the bitter end
to keep your moisture high.**

**I lick my lips and touch your face
and long for another taste.**

