**A Lovers Plea for Rebecca**

*March 25, 2013*

Ah that the treasure of thy thighs.

Thy offer up in Love to Me.

Pray I may know the music of thy sweet coes and sighs.

That I may with my ardor play thy velvet lute.

Call up thy musk and mystery.

Draw bow of my own across your soft skin.

Pluck with care and grace silken fleece strings of your sister portals violin.

Feed thy needs and set thy Notes and

Throes of Passion free With kiss and dance of lips taste caress.

Thy own fair dual sister lips what grace thy two portals to thy body spirit soul.

One what with thy luscious rouge adorns precious visage of thy face.

Calls one as I to taste.

Such honey and as well the nectar of thy sister garden place.

Dear sister soft mound flower lips and bud in thy private lovers nest.

Where feminine perfume and delight of thy essence as Woman.

You are and hold doth lye.

You grant me leave to know honey and fruit of cherries of your breasts.

Ah hear from One as Me this earnest plea.

Say Yes. Lye with me on a couch of Love and then.

Gaze into my eyes as you open to my All.

That to your precious chamber I may enter.

Pray that with such words want and welcome.

You bid me come within.

I offer all my love and trust.

Pray will you yield at last Rebecca.

As Fate has deigned we so join merge and blend.

We must. We meet in Time and Space.

The Fates have deigned it Thus.

Pray heed my call.