**An Accusation**

*May 8, 2013*

An accusation.

The passion of the moment fuels the need.

The Lady's fire for love burns hot for thy own urgent quest.

Rare passage to her private room from thy firm fruit of loins

Broadcast thy milk of self and life's own seed.

To swim amongst the mystic dew and seek the elusive egg

Of her soft fur and fragrant nest .

Firm cherry buds of her luscious breasts.

Her open thighs what speak the language of desire.

So moans and sighs say enter plz do and soon.

Say yes oh yes. Caress of Tongue to Tongue.

What kiss strokes for each or say beneath in Garden of her Narrow Chamber or thy Firm Friend stokes Flame and Fire.

And so it goes with Joyous melding of the Night.

Two bodies joined as one in Brew of Love and Lust and Sweet Peak of Release.

But lough beware sober break of day and cruel cold dawning of the light.

As she when left with no Plythe no Pledge of eternal Love Respect and Grace of Thee must face her Mirror of self or perchance return to One she must now please.

Qui Si Yes of such Coupling so given so freely sent.

Adrift in Loves sweet bouquet and scent.

May now be cast as Thy own refusal to heed her silent no.

Say yea perhaps Thy with soft force of insistence.

Employ such means as now she aghast at her willful wanton yield to call of the flesh regards as spark of fear.

Or sly mutual quaff of fruit of grape purloined

Your entry to her vault of love with no consent.

No more her passion be for Loves bliss and ecstasy.

But woe to Thee. Her cry now sounds that Thee so ravaged pure one as she.

Must now preserve her own honor and self worth by

Thy Public Toll of Gauntlet Blows and Shame.

How else may such Lady of the night at such Memory of Morne preserve within her Moral Peace and without her Virtue and her Name.