**Cowboy Meal**

*April 5, 2014*

I Eat My Eggs Soft.

Or Hard Boiled. Poached. Fried Sunny Side.

Long Over. Or Just Easy.

But I Drink My Whiskey Neat.

I Go bareback When I Buck And Ride.

All The Ladies Say.

My Riding Can’t Be Beat. Ride Both Rough And Gentle.

Both Slow And Fast.

Ride To Make It Last.

Ride Old Fashion Simple. Ride To Please.

Can Ride For Days With Ease.

Use Hot Iron To Brand My Cattle.

Some Times Young Heifers Get Scared.

Timid. Bit Frightened.

Or Just Plain Prancy.

I Whoop. Holler. Yell.

Run E’m Back To The Corral.

Let Ladies Ride Real Fancy.

Ride English.

Ride With Their Legs Bunched Up And Crossed.

Ride Side Saddle.

For A While.

Then I Tell Them.

Wit My Best Soft Country Cowboy Voice.

With My Best Country Cowboy Smile.

Quietly Whisper To Her.

Madam. I Would Most Prefer.

If You Would Uncross And Stretch Out Your Legs.

Fork My Horse.

Legs Wrapped Around. When We Are Mounted Up.

Connected. Cowboy Ready.

We Should Both Ride Westren Cowboy Style.

It Will Make You Happy.

It Would Make My Old Horse Perk Up And Smile.

Rattle His Old Rattle.

With A Love Lasso I Am Handy.

I Never Crunch. Bite.

Always Slow Lick.

Suck. My Sugar Candy.

Savor My Love Candy Treats.

My Tongue Technique Is Complete.

My All Round Riding Gait Is Dandy.

I Can Rope And Break A Filly Mare.

Tie Her To The Rail.

Pet Her. Climb On Board.

I Don’t Care.

If She Wants To Kick. Jump. Twist. Or Sail.

I Just Grab A Hunk Of Mane.

Hold On For The Ride.

No Spurs. No Girt. No Pain.

Just Persistent Love Break In.

Then.

Wait.

For Ornery Bucking To Subside.

All Resistance To Have Died.

Try To Satisfy.

Work Up A Walk.

To Cantor. Trot.

Break Into A Run.

Jump The Fence.

Don’t Take A Lot.

To Have Some.

Real Love Breaking Fun.

I Like My Biscuits. Buns. Hot Buttered.

With Syrup And Honey.

I Always Gently Sip My Tea.

I Usually Double Dip My Toast.

To Enjoy The Meal The Most.

Especially Enjoy Sizzling Ham Hocks.

Hot Rare Rump Roast.

I Am Always On The Money

Honey. If You Want Some Ectasy.

That Is How You Want To Feel.

Give Me A Jingle.

Come. Over For A Tumble.

A Regular Hay Stack Rumble.

Come. On By.

To Eat Some Cowboy Fare For Dinner.

I Will Jump In The Water Tub.

Wash All Over. Scrub.

Whip Up Some Tasty Grub.

Feed It To You Like A Winner.

Come. On Time.

You Will Like The Texture. Taste.

You Will Take It Just Fine.

I Will Even Uncork My Cork.

Through In Cowboy Wine.

Don’t Miss The Meal.

A Most Delicious Deal.

Well Seasoned With Desire.

Slow Cooked Over.

A Well Banked Cowboy Fire.

I Will Slice Your Bread. Make Up The Bed.

Massage You Slow From Toe To Head.

Don’t Come Too Soon Or Quick.

Until I Can Mix.

Up Dessert.

Warm Cream Brulee.

Just Don’t Come Too Late. Or I Might Have Already Finished.

My Meal. Peaked.

Over. Done. Complete.

Just Try To Come When The Sauce Is Hot.

Pull Up A Chair. Dare.

To Lay Your Eggs On My Chais.

Your Biscuits.

Honey Buns.

In My Basket.

Stretch Out Your Legs Under My Table.

As Long And Wide As You Wish.

As You Will And You Are Able.

You Can Dine Wild. Natural. Free.

My Love Cupboard Is Stuffed Plumb Full.

With All My Special Love Recipies.

I Will Boil Your Love Tea Kettle.

Lots Of Steam

They Are All The Love Vittles.

That You May Want Or Need

Like A Love Feast Dream.

I Have Thick Fresh Cream. To Spread On Your Bread Loves While We Feed.

Satisfy Your Hunger.

With Good Love Eating.

Some Down Home Loving Cooking. Eros Company.

No Hurry.

We Can Take All Night.

I Know How To Sate The Appetite.

Of A First Class. Ravenous.

Top Shelf.

High Horse.

Lady.

Just Open Up.

Just Try A Taste Of Me.

Twine With Me In Harmony.

You Can Be My Honey Suckle.

I Will Be Your Bee.

You Can Be My Flower.

I Will Pollinate Your Blossom.

Buzz Round Your Nectar For Hours.

It Looks Like Fate.

That We Combine. Mate.

Joined. Merged. Coupled. By Loves Mystic Power.