**Love Song of the Porcupine and the Octopus**

*March 10, 2014*

One perfect day on the nineteenth of may just twelve days from the gay wedding dates of june while strolling across the gimbling and gamboling waves of the vast ocean blue a most handsome Porcupine in the nest of the night and soft summer light neath the caress of exceptionally brights rays of a powerful yet kind lovers moon encountered a most beautiful Octopus Lass and thought to himself oh me oh my my heart beats swells and cries so enchanting devine the pleasure is mine alas the love fates legends will tell you have rung my porcupine bell it has pealed tolled and knelled I am captive to your octopus spell which has ensnared my poor porcupine mind as I find I have rapidly developed a most urgent serious interest in you so what else can a so love struck Porcupine as i who pines for such Octopus think say want or do to as i must know thee sweet Octopus and thus the Porcupine crooned and sang to the Octopus in his most smooth and presentable voice his most effective seductive love tune ah you look good I am going your way and of course you for love are my number one choice the most gorgeous fish dish in the sea my true cup of tea here be to thee octopus heed my need my porcupine plea say why not lye twine and make porcupine octopus hay with me hey honey how about a porcupine rumble tumble and octopus ingress and hug you've got eight great arms just lend me four or at least two I am a sharp hugger I know how to jab what to do I beg enjoin and say please i could really use an eight armed octopus squeeze and a touch of your beak with a taste of you rare delicious octopus ink of amour from a soft firm sweetie like you we will meld mingle and fit with my porcupine hand in your octopus glove so pray lets not procrastinate or tarry before rise of the sun we can have some great grand passionate porcupine octopus fun don't have to marry procreate or fall in love not really sin we'll just be committed privileged porcupine octopus friends your octopus eyes and the hint sweet scent of your mystic delights nestled amongst your eight octopus thighs make my porcupine heart thump pound bump all my quills stir and rise no way I can conceal or disguise my need ah I plead say yes take me close to your eight octopus breasts let my quills plunder and pierce thy deepest eros octopus recess ah let me hear your octopus murmurs whispers and sighs then give in let me in let thy octopus ink of thy eight octopus thighs with a texture of fine satin silk merge with the dew and porcupine milk that will flow from my quills until our porcupine octopus passion subsides a genuine porcupine gift and love surprise we don't have to fall in love replied the Octopus with just a hint of octopus ire perhaps you could undo my octopus door latch strike my octopus match light my octopus fire but it's a prickly situation my hugs are not free nor my eight manner and forms of octopus treats delights nectars so tasty honeyed and warm let out for hire should perchance I open my private octopus gate allow a Needled Porcupine Hog like you to gain leave of my octopus pants sample my sensual tasty wares and rare feminine wiles charms and ways of which there's more than a few I am afraid I would be most alarmed when you stuck me multiple times with your numerous porcupine pricks barbs and spines and bid me adieu for though I have Arms of Eight and the most delectable ink I really must ponder and think if you stuck me and lightened your psychic load then hit the road waddled on ah what a spurned octopus fate say what would the neighbors squid plankton fishes and starfish think they would say that my beak arms ink and octopus flesh are wanton and loose if I was to yield to thee then why not a wild wayward wolf or a young rutting moose or even a mad loon rabbit or goose all I know old Prickly Porkie and I know you must surely see though you sing and speak well and your entry of love pulsing points may seem to present such a treat so entreating you are fickle promiscuous alas clearly fleeting and I can't just give my love away to any sharp slick stranger Harry Tom Dick or Pig on the make on the street I am saving it for the day when a true eight armed octopus lover I meet to his ernest erotic desires and requests I will give in say yes qui ah indeed grant his amorous needs we will wrap our 16 arms round each other our suckers entwine such an exquisite octopus treat our beaks will kiss ah yes Porkie know this true Octa P Love will be mine for he i will wait his octopus call so give my octopus all and as the dear love years go by to the heights we climb we spawn mate at most productive times I bear numerous broods of Octipi so while I must confess and admit the potential thrusts of your numerous strong manly quills may be an enchanting deep prospect of bliss and your entry a hit say achieve penetration so fine I won't fall for or cross your porcupine line I am not that cheap kind of octopus strumpet wench concubine to throw myself at the feet of any old Don Juan Porcupine who comes along talks and sings sweet your conquest of lust is bust plea to me to sate your porcupine desire doomed in my octopus love chambers there is no porcupine room so begone and move on Prickly Toad hit the road today's not the day i will give more of my time myself my flesh octopus fruits or these eight arms breasts of mine or my ink beak or octopus heart away to just any old slick pointy prickly plump fast footed quilled short stumpy horney sharp witted quick jabbing pushy sweet talking transient loving over ardent transparently shallow Porcupine !!!!!