**Song of Must**

*July 24, 2014*

Behold The Simple Violet.

A Form With No Compare.

Save Perchance Rose Buds Rare Presence.

Precious Scent. What Wafts Upon The Air.

Or Say Perchance Robins Song. Red Breast.

Rouge. Notes. Trills.

To Make One Weep.

Unmatched By Any Mortal Measure. Test. Least.

I Ponder Thy Sweet Voice.

Rojo Kiss. Sensual Gifts. Amour Wonders Of Thee.

Perhaps I Be So Blessed. Thee.

Thy. Pledge Of Passion.

Ardor. Love Fruits. Keep.

Thy Eyes Soft Limpid Deep.

Thy Aromatic Nectar Of Musk. Mystic Portal Of Thy Thighs.

What Call To I.

With Song Of Must.

Precious Whisper Of Thy Murmurs. Moans. Sighs.

My Poor Heart Cries. Pray Grant Me Entry.

Say Qui. Si. Yes.

Thy Lips Of Love.

Silken Hair. Bosom. Arms. Face.

Legs. Firm Soft Derriere.

Not Least Thy Fertile Mind.

Hold Promise Of Ecstasy Beyond Compare.

But Thee Cede To Me Thy Grace.

Thy Treasures Of Loves Embrace.

We Meld. Mingle. Merge. Fuse. Combine.