**Ode of Amour to a Young Milk Maid**

*May 11, 2015*

Come here.

Little Fair Sweet Milk Maid.

Let me milk your Cow.

I'll turn your crank.

Churn your churn.

Spin your paddles.

Show you how.

Love Cream Butter Cheese are made.

Let me show you how.

I know a right fine place to lay.

There is fresh hay.

In the Old Haymow.

My Stud is Eager. Curried. Combed.

Your Mom and Dad have gone to town.

We are all alone.

No one else is home.

My Tractor is all tuned up to plow.

Come jump on my Prancing Horse.

I'll take you for a ride.

Just fork my Steed.

Let me saddle you up.

Stick with me. You will see.

The face of ecstasy You will think you've up and died.

All you have to do. Is relax. Lay back.

Whisper Si Qui Yes.

I'll do all the rest. For you.

Pray. Grant me rare access.

To treasures neath your blouse slip shift pantaloons and dress.

Grant leave to know your warm moist recess.

I promise I will be slow gentle sweet.

Real special kind. Take lots of time. For you to peak.

Give you all you need.

Make sure your bush is trimmed.

Your earthy musky furrow is disked harrowed soaked tilled.

With pleasure dew filled.

Before I plant my seed.

So come to me Sweet Milk Maid.

Pray let me slide inside.

Taste your amorous wares.

You delicious Peachy Fuzz.

Cherry Buds. Touch of your Soft Tongue.

Rojo Lips above.

Pink Rose Lips below.

With Honey Nectar that lies.

In Thy Love Parlor.

Veiled by thy curtain of Fine Private Silky Hair.

Together Sweet Young Milk Maid.

We will waltz waltz.

Dance dance. Of Venus.

Aphrodite. Eros love.

Passion. Rare Amour.

Thee having tasted received taken.

All. What I have and give.

You will keep. Wanting. Needing.

Asking. Pleading.

Coming Back. For More.