

Little Confession

I wish your bijoux breasts I were
So kept and so prochain
So feeding and so feminine
Now free, then cloaked again

So slowly risen from the void
Not knowing of their chances
But getting ever more aware
In easy going dances

Were I your bijoux breasts as well
So soft, so cute, standfasting
I would be sweet and unconcerned
Immersed for everlasting



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My hands would them be holding
And fingers would caress
The lips would feel so tenderly
And play them with finesse

My kisses would be whirling
And pressing all the time
Around, on top and underneath
The inbetween sublime

Oh, how would we be unified
So everything, so cozy –
But wait, my dear, now clear I see:
We all along were holy