

THE LILACS

Thighs; to not meet her would be a loss
Hips; my how her jeans hung
Eyes; her wink I couldn't miss

Lips; fascinated as she applied her gloss
Infatuation; the moisture of her tongue
Luscious; the taste of her kiss
Ascension; her mane of hair she did toss
Copious; her pressing body nimble and young
Succulent; the lilac's nectar such bliss

- written by: Brian R Dillon (spring 2010)