



Ode To Your Pleasure

With a package of blue
anticipation grows
a glass of milk by your side
small chocolate discs
glued with the sweetest cream
then separating the two
only to enjoy the sugary creamy goo
then together they fit
but the milk you bypass
to your lips a smile begins
crumbs find their way
to the table below
your eyes close lightly
your smile widens
the visions in your mind bloom
I breathe a sigh
as I watch in silence
you offer me your last
glancing down
from your face to your pleasure
a grin slips to my mouth
reaching slowly you realize
you have but one Oreo left
horror I hear in your gasp
then I take your milk instead.

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