

White Butterflies

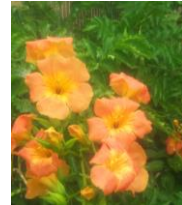
If someone asks me what I am thinking about

While looking up at the gorgeous orange flowers of trumpet creepers,

I have to answer that it is your lips.

The lips so supple, rich, and passionate

That melt my body and soul.



If someone asks me what I desire

Standing under the giant southern magnolia tree with proud white blossoms,

I would say that it is your arms.

The arms so tightly held around me and lithely caressing my neck and back

That I cannot escape.

I want to dally with you like these two white butterflies

Entangling and fluttering above me.

If someone teases me as a worthless boy thinking only about such things,

I can only admit it with a bashful smile.

Hot is the sky.