

PERFECTION

by Katrina Relf

*It's not those eyes of tenderest blue
That make my pulses race,
Nor that mane – that golden mane
That blows across your face.*

*It's not your voice, breathless and warm,
That melts away my fears,
As your lips, so soft and moist,
Brush against my ears.*

*It's not your arms, so gentle, so strong,
That always comfort me,
Nor those hands with deadly claws
That hold mine tenderly.*

*It's not the loving warmth that shines
From those deep blue eyes.
There's just one thing that turns me on –
Oh, Vincent, it's those thighs!!!*