

Amusing the Moon

**My love sang a song to me
of my honey blonde hair,
sweet rosy, dimpled cheeks.
Soft, doe-like eyes
that weep so easily.**

**My love brought a wicker basket,
with crystal glasses and vintage wine.
French bread warm, freshly baked,
grapes to sensuously feed each other,
strawberries to stain and sweeten our mouths.**

**My lover brought a down comforter,
pillow softness for the ground.
We helped one another remove outer gift- wrapping.
Finding hidden naked sweet surprises
giggling like children on Christmas Day.**

**My lover's gift was a symphony of love.
I tingled from head to toe with classical vibrations.
Then we watched the stars and clouds play tag.
We loved, laughed, and sang our songs,
while the moon watched with amused delight.**

By Kathie Stehr April 2002