

Girl in Miniskirt

*Kudos to that nubile girl that
I always see in a killer miniskirt
and sexy leather boots.*

*She wears her miniskirt American-style,
but then she walks Arabian-style,
and there lies her mellow,
enthraling charm!*

*I've been informed that she comes
from the Countryopolitan East where
the blind could smell dust before
the wind rises;*

*Where the sun's fierce, warrior rays
are tamed to caress the supple cheeks
and pilose midriffs of her exotic kind
that flourish there.*

*As she walks the street and
turns round the corner, I see
legs so firm and legs so straight,
thighs so bare and thighs so spotless,*

*hair so woven and hair so gleaming,
eyes so brown and eyes so lashed,
lips so curved and lips so smiling,
hips so flexy and hips so winding. . .*

And gosh, this miniskirt so mini. . .

*And this miniskirt always just so short enough
to catch attention, and always just so
long enough to cover the subject matter. . .*

*These all can only always conspire to
stir warm embers of desire in my groins. . .*

Leaving me so breathless. . .

Catching me so prostate. . .

Making me so hard in-between the thighs. . .

Making me so limp below the knees. . .

As I rush indoors to change my wet pants. . .

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