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Me Lady

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ME LADY

Carl L. Sandquist

She's changin her dress again,
wants me attention
she does.

Oh nimir mind
that she's had it
all year from me.

The early spring buds
that graced her lovely limbs
in perfumed blossoms
of pink and white
raised me blood
and she knows it.

That's when she put on the green dress
and bid me
lie beneath
her dappled shade
and doze
through sleepy summer afternoons
reading verse
and watching birds
raise their families
in her hair.

In the fall
she gave
her round red apples
to me,
like the Greek lady
in the wall picture
droppin grapes
into the mouth
of that horned fellow
named Bacchus.

Me lips
kissed her firm white apple meat
and heavenly juices
caressed my
questing tongue.

Now she's puttin on the orange and red dress.
Has a touch of green lace.
Like the fall frocks
the young girls are wearing.

It won't be long
and I won't be seein her
for awhile.
Same story
every year.
The cruel north wind
blows her pretty dress away
and I can't look at her no more.

After all
no real gentleman
stares at
a naked lady.