
Those lovely Lobes

Your lobes
 i hope
 would elope with me—

this tongue
 it gets ticklish

licking those ear-ly
 peninsulas
 of supple plush skin
 cushy but firm
 —such tiny pink plums

that aptly fit
 my reaching lips
 and subtle thumbs

each time i nibble

you gasp and lunge
 and come,
 come asunder
 with giggling thunder

i marvel that

such lovely lobes
 quiver
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so merrily
 just for me—
 for my lips
 and my thumbs
 and thin ticklish tongue
 that licks and licks
 and never tires of this
 mysterious bliss.