MOTH SOFT GATE
THE LOVE Her sweet
os ytivitisneS Sensitivity lay so
erawa yllanoitasneS Sensationally unaware
,riah ynit a edisni erac tnaig a ekiL Like tear flair on soft stare,
.raeb gnipeels a saw hcahsrhoR ezalG Graze Rawshock was awakened bare.
.riah krad reh ,ylfrettub llams reh devol I I loved her small fair and long dark hair.
.ereht ton saw ehs dna ereh ton saw ehS She was not here and she was not there.
.ereh be tsuj o t dekrow ehs drah woH But how easy she could put it there.
.raep a saw reh tuoba gnihtyrevE Everything about her was a pear.
.ria eht ni yteixna gninruhC Churning out butter in the air,
.erab ot hard os saw ehS She was so easy to wea r.
erar ot deremmis yltfoS Softly simmered to rare,
erac fo sraet teews reH Her sucky lair of care
riaf suoedih reh edaM Made all plain or fair
.eracs fo lluf screamS Unripe peach a pair,
,raet avilas edaM Made saliva tear,
raed reh edaM Made her dear
.air efirtS Life bare,
dnA And her
eraB Bare
nikS Skin
.raeF Dear.
dnA And
ehS She
daH Had
A A slow
eugnoT Tongue
ekiL Like
A A
revelc Sleepy
redips Moth
nI In
A A
wolS Slow
elgnuJ Light
lluF In The
fO Middle
ykcitS Of
gnirevihs A
.riaH Wet
World’s
Fair.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. A soft star on a lovely back whispers a warm buzz. Thee. The. The. That’s beauty short butter pain is only touchable a million times in a minute of love, folks.