

THE BORING NEW YORK PROFESSIONAL MOMENT GATE

Once upon a Christmas dreary, an overpaid, virgin, silent sessioned Park Avenue shrink hit the floor.  
 But before that was a New York professional moment of fierce ignore, a plush of night, yet, before  
 Lenore Flo or had spread wide, Doctor Norman Raven, a dreary bore, had diagnosed L enore  
 As a gross family destruction sexual addict out to ruin every perfectly normal  
 Marriage for each and every normal man and Lenore had better not  
 Misuse her abnormally perfect sex anymore.

Quoth Doctor Norman Raven –

“Nevermore! Lenore?”

Auspiciously, Lenore did

Not wish to resist Raven

Therapeutically “o” or physically.

She wished to screw him blue,

Panther crouching, “o” leaping, laughing,

Vigor pulling his r “o” igor to the floor,

Lenore Floor metam “o” orphed far more

On weave of virgin “oh” psychiatrist rape

Than slick sprayed wo “ooh” rm in silk might do.

Lenore kissed crushed goo sun with every hung

Slow low wave “ooh” of “ooh” fly tone foam

Turning fingers, “ooh” two “ooh” ankles to tongue

Under Raven’s “ooh Ooh! eek Ooh! ooh” heavy loom,

Lenore woofed “Woo! Woo! WOO! Woo! Woo!” rhapsodic womb

To warp up easy “Woo! Woo! WOO! Woo! Woo!” lush happiness.

Lenore worked “woo woo Woo! Woo! woo woo” slow to burn

The gutter butter “woo woo woo WOO! woo woo woo” power churn.

She searched for “woo woo Woo! Woo! Woo! woo woo” how he did it,

Lenore saw it, “woo woo Woo!” [G] “Woo! woo woo” Lenore lit it.

Raven had her “woo woo ooh Woo! ooh woo woo” before Raven

Knew Raven knea “woo woo woo woo ” ded Lenore, or

What Lenore was on “woo woo mmm” to. When it was

All over, his spent wing “mmm” a swallowed moan,

Her low dispatient flutter “mmm” gone along home;

He validated that he was “mm” a true professional.

Doctor Raven loved hi “mm” s loss of Lenore’s

Roualt pretentious, “m” Modigliani flat,

Picasso trite, skin- “m” deep amour.

Far from payin “m” g a top fee

To him, neith “m” er mother.

Sister or a “m” brother,

But a dull bother –

A cheap fleshed

Xmas ornament,

She was not a

Work of art

Of interest

To his heart,

But idiotic,

A tedious

Bore, a

Coy joy

Goy, a

Mere

R i c h

Man’s

Toy.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. She cries. He died. Thee. The. That’s

he dies if he lifts one little finger for nothing. He’s a professional, folks.