

Hook, Line and Sinker

by D and Friends

I miss the sweet taste of your pink flesh,
the feel of your dense, long body.

I've loved you since that first smoke by the river
And endlessly crave you in the winter.

I remember that summer I lured you in,
your dark eyes finding mine.

You were in a hurry, moving fast.
"Please stay awhile," needed more time.

You were looking for a special place on the river,
feeling the inexorable pull of the past.

Your journey will make our lives richer
but how will I find you again?

Must I travel to the ocean,
for my tongue to caress your salty skin?

I didn't treat you right, nor take care of you.
Seven years have passed.

My sweet, sweet love,
What must I do to bring you back?