

The Blonde With a Sweet Pair

by Adam Sifre

Long, elegant, with a touch of arch,
I imagine they were tired of living in the shadow of the rest of
you.

So they grew just a little longer,
Hoping the boys would tear their eyes away from the your
popular curves;
If only for a moment, and appreciate their polished beauty.

Sometimes they dressed themselves up in elaborate, wild
costume.

Fifty shades of leather strap.
Sometimes they stayed home, bruised beauties recovering from
particular excursions.

Always, they were a sweet pair, with good soles.

Pause and appreciate the blonde with the sweet pair.
For without them, the entire work of art would collapse,
And my world would weep at the loss
of something beautiful —
Something long, elegant, with a touch of arch.

