Every Morning There's the Breast

by Jerry Ratch

Every morning there's her breast and the nipples of ecstasy

It is not the spider's fault that it is mesmerized by the web Blame nature, blame God

Doesn't the alley cat automatically know how to howl?

Don't blame me if I am addicted to nipples It was one of God's most perfect creations

The perfect target extending from the heart

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