



poems / The Lioness

In the concrete jungle, we prowl and play,
My fiery lioness with eyes that slay,
Her wavy blonde mane, a fierce display,
Together we conquer, no games we'll delay.

Intimate talks, like secrets we confide,
Sipping lattes, our passions collide,
In cured meats' embrace, we can't deny,
Indulging cravings, oh, how we vie.

Fine dining's our forte, we're connoisseurs,
Savoring flavors, as love endures,
Basil pesto's allure, a tantalizing treat,
Our taste buds dance, in flavors so sweet.

Through urban escapades, cheeky and bold,
With my lioness friend, life's a story to be told,
In laughter and mischief, we find our zest,
In this playful journey, our friendship's the best.

Newer

Older

Sunday, 30th July 2023

It's Möet not Moey

Monday, 24th July 2023

So close yet so far

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