

The Courtship of Little Red

Today I give you a sonnet:

The Courtship of Little Red

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a sonnet by the Big Bad Wolf

“My love come to the dark yet sweeter path
there by to lay your scarlet hood and cloak.
For love’s embrace to risk eternal wrath
your hands the ripe and tender blossoms pluck.”

“Will I your brutish tooth and paw invite?
No! Only dawdle here until the moon,
to lie in shadowed luster ‘neath the night
and mistake your arms for flowered promised June.”

Oh, sweetly crimson ’tis the flower bloom
that access grants the primal ardor to,
when innocence’s sweet seductive plume
enchants the claw and fang with perfumed hue.

Oft lust’s sharp tooth draws forth his bitter tears
with promise sweet of love in tender ears.

The Fox and the Sea

Today, a poem:

The Fox and the Sea

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by Graowf

The Fox, he ran 'til the shore and the sand
he met on a gray twilight morn.
“‘Tis the edge of the world! Why, isn't it grand?
I have found where Sky is born!”
cried the Fox to the whispering Sea.

The Sea, hissing back, chided and laughed,
“What a fool is the Fox on the sand!”
then soaked with a spray and a cold fuming draught
the Fox who shook on the land.
“Why,” yelped the Fox, “would you do that to me?”

The Sea merely sneered, called him a name,
and dared him to dance on a wave.
“I trust you not, your come and go, nor your game,”
said Fox, “nor scent like a grave,
but what choice have I?” and in splashed he.

Fox paddled and swam and the Sea rushed out
and carried the Fox far away.
It dropped him near death with a thundering shout,
dripping beside a blue bay,
where the Fox sopped himself from the Sea.

The Fox merely sighed and looked far away
and his tail 'round himself he curled.
“I, once again, at the end of the day
am just a fox at the edge of the world,”
yawned the Fox to the whispering Sea.

A Coffee Haiku

Coffee from water
maker to body

water from coffee