

By Seine

A poem by Sonia Ramos Rossi

By Seine we were, insane it was,
To lie on summer grass beneath the spreading tree,
It seemed to us no more than natural because,
I was giving up my ass, and you were rutting me.

Rolling over, near the river's edge,
Teenage lust can't bear to heed nor caution make us slow,
There was no fear of falling from the ledge,
We were not scared, we had no need, to brake the river's flow.

To sense the slippery touch of skin,
No space for any other living thought, just that inside,
But Oh my God! This first time, I want it in!
And when I had what I had sought, I cried.

July fourteenth it was, a Paris party,
Fireworks painting in the sky above, us snuggled up below,
And truth to say, I felt not the slightest tarty,
To think that this was love, and feel the river flow.

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