

Sex and Saturn.

Sometimes when sleep eludes me,
I'm just at sixes or sevens,
It's always the work of a Poet,
To keep track of all our planets,
Travelling through our heavens!

I keep '*losing*' Saturn,
She's a surly - elusive one,
Of all our '*naked*' planets,
The most moody and unreliable -
Tracking around our sun!

My star book said
She's close to -
Has '*the hots*' for Mars,
But one thing it failed to mention,
This pretty '*ringed*' seducer,
Suffers very badly -
From pre menstrual tension!

And when it's very bad,
She dims her rings - and hides,
Just to give her current lover,
The hardest, most difficult -
And bumpiest of rides!

The message in this story?
Well, since that first '*big bang*',
Adam, Eve and '*the apple*'
The first love song ever sang...

Seems it's all around us -
From a pretty woman's
Brown and lovely eyes,
To sexy, sultry Saturn,
Her '*rings*' and menstrual tension -
In our star filled,
Heavenly skies!

Tim Barritt. 17.4.10.
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