

Contented to a "T"

written by
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She holds me around my body,
Holding me gently, softly, contentedly.
She inhales my intense aroma,
Smelling my honeyed scent.
A slow wilting gaze she leads onto me.
I breathe a warm air above,
Like an "ahh" whispered after a meal,
Or the tender embrace of lovers.
Into my opening she gazes,
A look of satisfaction.
Love has lead her here to me,
And made me hers and mine alone.
She lowers her head to inhale my scent,
Once,
Twice,
Thrice...
Then the peace is gone.
Even further, her head goes down,
And she sips from me, a honeyed liquid,
A warm, sweet, tantalising drink.
It quenches her thirst and soul,
I think she is enjoying my contents,
My tea is leaving her contented.
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