

I slide my hands, slowly, softly
Across your soft skin, fluff moves,
And rolls under, causing ripply
Feelings under my hands grooves
I feel the indentation, the slit,
The stiff protuberances pressing
Against my hands, the perfect
Fit of slow, slow sensual undressing
Summer scent rises from your warm
Skin, the firmness of your flesh
Reassures my senses of your ripeness
I do so love a ripe ready peach.