

# Sex

By Robin Lipinski

Religions, (usually lead by old men) struck again,  
Like lightning from the sky,  
Trying to rein in the sighs of youth's passion,  
Is like trying to stop the night.

"Don't diddle, or fiddle, or stroke, caress, poke, or kiss."  
Tis da temptation of de Devil!  
At least, I have heard it said.

Puritans tried, as did others, even the Amish met with some succsex,  
Or did they really?  
For some I suppose, it did.

Now for the good part:  
Bananas and fruit,  
Thinking phallix,  
Heck, even cucumbers come to mind.

An unnamed cleric decreed,  
"It is a crime for a woman to be seen in public holding tubular fruit..."  
Oh my!

It is no secret since time began,  
For a hotblooded man,  
Who is breathing and alive,  
To look at a rock, tree, mud, or dead dog,  
There remains something more important, constantly on their mind:  
Sex, Sex, Sex, Sex...

In every day the Sun shines,  
Young men are leering,  
So you women who are bent over cleaning toilets,  
Slightly old,  
Slightly fat.  
If you turn around with a brush in your hands which are covered in rubber,  
Work clothes and hair a mess,  
After reading this poem,  
I hope you understand what is their true intent.

The End