

Women Drivers # 2

By Robin Lipinski

All dreamy was this lad,
Moist thighs hiding untouched lust,
Inside his body he was already inside.

Hot air on a hot night,
Hoping to hitch a ride,
To see what she had hidden.

Clerics, all old men, shriveled in body and mind,
Dick-tating what must be in a young mans sigh,
Yet times are changing.

Wait, she has stopped, I can see her brake lights.
Running, jumping inside the air conditioned car,
I cannot wait to run my hands through her hair.

This talk of jihad, of virgins when I'm dead,
Why wait when there are so many living virgins on this highway.
So this young lad will drive hard and far, with her,
Until the moonsets.

The End