

Temptation

By Robin B Lipinski

Young man, I knew.
It was at the end as I grew.
That moment of bliss,
Of pleasure,
When?

Six, seven, eight, nine,
Turning thirteen and soon?

At a young age of being a young man,
She would come.
Dressed in sultry clothes and a smile.
A young lady-of-the-night,
Whom I would bed.

I'm fourteen now,
Hoping for soon.

The End