

Little Lamb

By Dean Meredith

I am wolf
In shepherd's clothing
I see ewe
Little lamb
My long tongue
Drips ...
With anticipation
Diamonds for ewe
Just one taste
And lick of fleece
Feel my rough
On your soft
Pink white skin
My plan ...
To de-flock
And chase ewe
Into submission
Through blood red eyes
With ears pricked
I lust and listen
Beneath my panting
Your little heart bleats
And for one mad second
Ewe is mine
I show mercy
But fear
Takes ewe from me
Fleeing fast
Ewe scampers away
Don't look back
In case ewe stumbles
And if ewe do
Will only see
I do not follow
I merely stay
Where I am
Entranced ...
By ewe

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