



There Is No Substitute

Cassandra Hardy

The splashing sound of raindrops
Talking and laughing with me
The gentle, velvety breezes
Whispering in my ear
The mesmerizing full moon
Staring into my eyes
The red, flaring summer dress
Telling me that I'm sexy
The crisp, clean sheets
Stroking my smoothly shaven legs
The hot, pulsating shower
Massaging my entire body
The comfort of the pillows
Nestling me as I sleep
The sun's blinding rays
Closing my eyes and kissing my lips
The intensely vivid dream
Making love to my mental and physical
Although my mind does amazing things, it knows that
There is no substitute for the affection of a Good Man.