

# My Flower

But who needs flowers  
when you can pass the hours  
in your heart's garden where grows  
a woman lovely as a rose?

But who needs a daffodil  
when any moment you can fill  
your eyes with her lovely flesh  
or touch it and feel all fresh?

Who needs flowers in the air  
when the scent of her womanly hair  
pulls you in on its earthy string  
makes your heart flutter and sing?

The aroma of our love, my sweet,  
makes me want to repeat  
Helen, oh Helen you sexy thing  
you are my flower and my spring.

*Love,  
Glenn*

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