

Lady

Lady in Leggings

LARGE lady in leggings, if you looked behind,
I'm sure you would notice that you weren't designed
For the you-hugging unit in which you're confined.
It brings all who follow you pain.

Those *bonhomous* buttocks you blissfully bind –
Those two awesome orbs as they lift, flop and grind –
Could not be unkind, as two of a kind,
To those who just wish they'd refrain.

They work in conjunction, we can't help but find,
With chunky-trunk thighs, and once they've combined,
The hapless bystander won't have it in mind
To walk close behind you again.
