

Lady

Ode to Sharon

VISION of breasts and callow youthfulness,
Gross-bosomed friend of the maturing Trace,
Conspiring with her how to goad and press
With lust the loins that past your sunbeds race.

Those love-bites, really liberally applied,
Pay tribute to the acrobatic skills
Of some young oaf who planted them with pride,
On climbing your colossal lactic hills.

And now your bust is thrust on Weston, too!
Though glamour is in mammaries, please stop
Displaying such a daunting double-top.
Has no one told you that it spoils the view?

Your superstructure's vast! You've failed to spot,
Topless, though you go, is what you're not.

With acknowledgment to John Keats
