

## Fig with a Bellyache

mewithoutYou

The Camel in the desert took a ship across the lake while the Fish in search of water found a Fig with a bellyache, who overheard the waves as they headed for the shore: We're not so sure of separations anymore.

At the Caterpillar picnic, Brother Butterfly stole a rhubarb stem, licked and dipped it in the sugar bowl.  
Caught out for Massachusetts in a double-stack train through the Adirondacks spinning like a weathervane.  
Gathering & cutting & splitting & stacking the wood, our fuel is neatly piled and we all feel good.

We pretend to care and like we understand, our eyes go soft but know it now: What we're thinking about's your mammary glands and how to sail your birth canal.  
We found the pot that fit the lid no less now than when we were smarter did.  
Our thoughts are like a tea bag on the saucer, all the flavor gone.

That Dog below our waist's aroused, as arms embraced the pretty Gals.  
It came much more as a surprise, it happening while I hugged the guys.  
We planted for the final frost, we once were found and now we're lost.  
We got a heck of a lot to learn about remaining Taciturn.