

Mailman

The Jesus Lizard

He want to know if he can run his fingers through my hair.
He also wants to know if he can hop around my hole.
To see my skirt rize buxt my hairless thighs.
He wants to run up close.
Score the Wining goal.

He cant see me
He can not hear me
He cant smell or touch me
He sure as hell cant touch me

Read his Writing.
Slob he scribbles.
Scratched out on some rags.
The Word he uses.
The Though he thinks is getting under my skin.

I send his letters return.

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