

Message to Naomi

I wonder if the lady is aware
That what we're having is a torrid love affair.
Oh, not one of those lie-in-bed-together kinds,
But more, I'd say, a meeting of the minds.
It's not that I've forgotten she's a woman,
Nor, on the other hand, she that I'm a man.
Nor is it that, should we some day come clean,
Her man and my woman wouldn't turn a little green.
Where this affair may lead, I cannot say;
I only hope it never goes away.