

Tennessee Snow

(12/25/2017)

I awake in my bed,
Early Christmas morn,
And next to my head,
Lies a note that is torn,

I pick up the note,
Crushed it during my sleep,
I read what was wrote,
And the draftee's a creep,

He knows what I've done,
Or so he has claimed,
I'm deserving of fun,
As my soul isn't stained,

I rise from my bed,
Walking into the hall,
Thoughts race through my head,

While I scratch itchy balls,

I stop in my tracks,

When what do I see?

A slender dog girl,

Just looking at me,

She sits on my couch,

A grin on her face,

Around her neck hangs a pouch,

Her tail sways with such grace,

A red bow in her hair,

With matching ribbons around,

Her body so fair,

And large paws on the ground,

She stands on her feet,

And takes a step close,

She's eager to greet,

Her generous host,

She knows she's a gift,
And isn't upset,
She's crossed a great rift,
The winner of a bet,

I'm such a good man,
That others would fight,
Merely holding my hand,
Is worth all the plight,

Many girls tried to claim,
A trip to my bed,
But she clawed, and she maimed,
Or so she has said,

I reach out to touch,
The fur of the cur,
My excitement is much,
She suddenly stirs,

She's leaning in close,
Her claws brushing my cheek,
Scratching me like a post,
Makes me suddenly weak,

She kisses my lips,
Runs a hand down my chest,
Caressing with fingertips,
Eager to try out the rest,

My back hits the wall,
An arm alongside my head,
I stumble and fall,
Then she drags me to bed,

I rise to my feet,
Quickly gaining my strength,
Gazing at me like meat,
We stand there at length,

What did I do?

To deserve such a girl?
I'm not special, it's true,
And her lips they do curl,

She tells me I'm wrong,
And an excellent catch,
Kind, loving, and strong,
With a soul that does match,

To be a part of my life,
Is an honor indeed,
And to become my wife,
She'd tend all my needs,

Her life she would spend,
Living by my side,
My heart she will mend,
To my will she'll abide,

She opens the pouch,
Digging in deep,

Slender body does slouch
Then she pulls out a treat,

A square foil pack,
Of a familiar design,
She slips it into her rack,
I decide it is time,

I take her by the hand,
Lead her into my room,
Close the door with a slam,
Sealed in like a tomb,

I'm removing the ribbons,
She's eager to please,
With her I am smitten,
She gets down on her knees,

We lie in the bed,
And ruffles the sheets,
This girl I would wed,

My favorite Christmas treat.