

Subj: **"Love" from Mr. Davies**
 Date: 9/17/2003 8:17:26 PM Central Daylight Time
 From: Manolete XXX
 To: Megan4Mischief

"Love"

Why do we "love" each other?
 is it because our Moochies make soft sparks in the twilight?
 can it be that our rubber ducks knew each other's factory?
 Does our skin have secret emollients unknown to all else?
 do our tastebuds match on a Devil's Hotdog?
 Do we press together in our sleep, rubbing seepages?
 Do our laughs contain the notes a Ferrari makes on the starting line?
 Does our flesh flap at the same oscillaton rate?
 Do our Distains creep around one another like dogs at a Debutante Ball?
 Does our Reproductive Equipment yearn for the other's with a soft ,constant note?
 Do we sense our molecules will bee-swarm when meeting?
 Does our intellectual pate' contain identical Capers?

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS SHITTE?

We cannot actually feel, see, touch, smell,yet, we hear.....
 What do we hear?

Maybe we hear the sound of two pieces of celestial paper brushing together as they
 whizz through the endless void of space and Time, colliding with the infinite quietness of two lost Souls brushing
 together in the Firmament, making a noise like that which a penis makes as it slips into it's Heaven Garage. A
 garage of solace where the ten ton trucks of Life cannot penetrate, alongside a quiet little Roadside Cafe' where
 nervous systems meet minds and order scrambled Desires for breakfast with a side of
 Home-fried Thoughts of Kindness. We hear the tiny sound of two souls brushing together like two pistons on the
 water pumping apparatus of The Dam of Existence,
 and we still stay in contact, nay....want more!

"L" is for the liver-spots we will remove with the Blowtorch of Passion
 "O" is for the ovaries we will toast over Western campfires under stars
 "V" is for the velocity of the square root of the speed of the penis within the vagina
 "E" is for the Thought- Enemas we shal share to rid ourselves of Life's Constipation.

and I don't know what all else.....

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