



'Twas The Intimate Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even your spouse.
You hung your stockings by the chimney with care,
In hopes that the two of you soon would get bare.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her Santa teddy and cap,
Was eager to wake hubby from his brief nap.

With hopes that your kids wouldn't hear the clatter,
You sprang to the bed 'cause you know it matters.
His eyes flew wide open with a flash,
And he smiled at his beautiful wife, so rash.

The moon on your breast, as it shone through the
window
Gave luster to your body, hinted at what was below.
Alas, to his wondering eyes, what appeared,
But the woman he chose and holds ever so dear.

With a smile and a grin, so lively and quick,
He lowered his mouth onto your lips.
More rapid than eagles your heartbeats came,
As you kissed him back, your love aflame.

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So out from your bodies the clothing flew,
With longing, desire, and passion a'brew.

And then, in a twinkling, we'll skip ahead
Past the prancing and pawing that hap'd in your bed.
As you made love and your bodies wound,
It reminded you both of how deeply you're bound.

Then his eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how
merry!
His cheeks were like roses, (his chin a bit hairy).
His delicious mouth was drawn up like a bow,
After you and he got to "biblically know."

He held you tight, his arm underneath,
The afterglow encircled you both like a wreath.
That wink of his eye and the kiss on your head,
Reminded you of the night you'd wed.

You laughed with joy, he responded with a whistle,
"Now that was a Christmas Eve with some sizzle!"
And then he spoke with whispered delight:
"Thank you, God, for the intimacy we've had
tonight."

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