

My First Love

I first fell in love
Back in an earlier time-
She was a blue haired old goddess
And her *Shape* was sublime

Her lip made me tremble
With a lust that was new
I had never felt this before
And my ardor just GREW

She was my greatest passion
And I loved her so well-
I possessed her at once-
And the cost? What the h...(that was irrelevant)

I took all her measurements
(and I am embarrassed to say)-
I bragged about them at every soiree

I pampered and preened her-
Rubbed her leaves with whole milk
'til she shone in the sunlight
And her flesh felt like silk.

My friends all grew bored with
my brags of her beauty
but my admiration was such,
that I felt it my duty.

To capture her essence,
Her haughty, naughty look-
I took special photos,
(that I hid.....in a book).

Other passions put aside
This love was my first-
Orchid love is both wonderful
(and sometimes a curse)

Mary Elizabeth Bohn-
Even her name was so regal!
Soon I was captivated by an article
By Mrs. Carol Siegel.

Orchid Sex, say Ms. Carol
Is an intimate affair-
You need to play music
And brandish a toothpick with care...

Now , I won't give you the details,
I respect her too much, is the case-
(but I had a cigarette after
And a smile on my face)!

In my greed for her seedlings
I had acted in haste-
For soon her beauty had faded
And her complexion was *paste*!

I had taken her pollen cap
(gosh- saying that out loud sounds so loopy)!
But in this short time
Her *bloomers were droopy*!!

Collagen was needed
To plump up her lip-
She was bent over, cockeyed-
Like she had a bad hip!

When all was said and done,
She faded out soon
Her bloom fell on the floor,
and it made my heart swoon...

But my grief was short lived
I am fickle- it's true
But I met a NEW orchid-
She's a Laelia, from Peru....

My heart was again romanced
And I fell back in love-
It happened over and over-
These blessings from above.

My Mary Elizabeth Bohn never forgotten
She is with me each day,
For I've bought her over and over,
As a clone on EBAY.