

Vulpes Vulpes, what do thou seek?

So gorgeous, beauteous, yet how come you won't speak?
Come and go, hither and fro; not a moment to be slow, not time to
show how much care. Yet if I were to share my feelings toward
thee, would you also do so for me?

'Twas an autumn day, a time that too quickly fains; yet the memory
still remains. Alone I was, beneath the trees, shuddering at every
occasional breeze. Sat with bended knees to save me from a harsh
freeze.

Do you remember, missus, what clothing you used when we met?
Do you recall how much I seemed to fret when we collided
glances? When I looked into your kaleidoscope iris, suddenly I
was consumed by a feverish virus.

You laughed. Don't deny it, that my anxiety caused such a fit.
I was frail as you swayed your tail. O, how I felt when I was
enamored by your pelt. A ginger-vermilion back and your snow
white torso (more so, that of which you only would show).

You knew how to woo, ridding me of my blues. How much we've
grew since, and traveled further into a divine bliss.
Come, Vulpes Vulpes, bring thou's essence.
Come, Vulpes Vulpes, let us rest.

Let us love one another,
My Vulpes Vulpes.