

Steve Cartwright

The Clitoris

My dearest darling Fitalis
You fibbed about your clitoris
I tried to find it yesterday
But it isn't where you said it is

I know that you have got one
It's no use trying to hide it
For I shall forage in your shrubbery
Until the day I find it

It isn't in the rockery
Or in the rhododendrum
Can't you stop it wondering off
Or get yourself a proper one

I think you've got it hidden
You really are a meanie
I think you put it in that pot
Where I used to stick my poene

I really thought I had it once
My fingers in the mire
But you kept shouting not down there
Try a little higher

A little spot of tlc
Is probably what we're needing
Coz it looks as though that patch of yours
Could use a little weeding

I seek it here, I seek it there
That damned elusive clitoris
I'm never going to find it
Unless you show me, Fitalis

Can't you strap the blighter down
Or tie it to a creeper
Then I could get my poenes in
And you could shout Eureka !