

## O' Cealleigh

### "Gentle Pleasure"

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Cold sheet like a shiver of gentle  
Drifting past a scene of awe  
Any day I'd row a lover, in a perfumed lake we'd soar

Eyes that tickle my thinking  
While I watch her dance desire  
Could there be greater beauty  
Than this light reflecting here

Days and hours lost to music  
Every note a stroke of joy  
Wearing peace and splendid duty  
Faithfully I tend to her

Seamless gifts offered solely  
Offerings to our love  
Secret meetings long for private  
Cosy clean angel doves

Guilty mornings dusk to dawns  
Vice like cravings do addict  
Mind bent on attending  
Lost to sound of voice like grit

I dream to break away this Passion  
Find a lover real and new  
But till then I swim in pleasure  
Every stroke so sensual

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