



TIMBER!

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*Also by Robin Glasser*

*My Life as a Concubine*



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ROBIN GLASSER

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In a forest I went for an amble  
and got tangled up in a bramble.  
Screaming for vital assistance  
I saw a checked shirt in the distance.

Overjoyed when at last he appeared  
with his muscles, his ax and his beard  
I started to feel very horny  
as he whacked at the bush so thorny.

I needed a log-roll, but could he?  
How I pined for a glimpse of his woody!  
With haste I unzipped his pants  
overwhelmed by the size of his branch.

On his peavey I started to snack.  
“Don’t stop,” barked the brash lumberjack.  
His whittling caused me to splinter  
and the moment I fell, he yelled, “Timber!”

## TIMBER!

On Wednesday I started to cook  
after finding my recipe book.  
I swear that I wasn't to blame  
when my frying pan burst into flame.  
Watching you put out the fire  
aroused a hot burn of desire.  
In the glow of the last dying ember  
I proceeded to take out your member.  
The sight of it kindled a blaze which  
smoldered candescent for Days.  
You called me your sizzling SToker.  
I dubbed you my fiery poker.

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## About the Author

Robin Glasser is the author of *My Life as a Concubine*, from Phaze Books.