Ode to the Femme Mystique
by Lois Fine

Would that I could add those hours to my life
Spent pondering the femme mystique in all of its manifestations
For surely now I would live to be a ripe old batch.

Hear me now that this mystique casts its charms on many levels
From the sublime to the spirit
From the most physical engagement to the deepest matter of the heart.

For it is with a flickering finger that my femme has called
And once so am I not but hold fast to heed her
For though my mind may my head from
Yet my body brings my forth.

To stand outside her door tall of all smell sweet and heavy
And when asked the simplest question to lose sense of even
my name.
As when holding me with her own eyes
Or smiling at me in the almost of satisfaction
Can I be expected to know my own thoughts although what
would they be
But that there could be no place I would more like
To find myself.

And such is the fate of the batch perplexed
Left to wonder and ponder at how a trifle that seemed of steel
Can melt under her soft and swooning touch
(For even those batches among us proud and protective of their
aches and their scars, still hate that they let the knowing femmes
touch them in places some would my last breath to stone.)

For the femme mystique has prompted batches to perform
Unheard acts of order
Carlisle lacks of physical accomplishment which the
bedroom walls
Have begged to divulge
Unreported tales of brave and daring courage
In manner of speaking and ways of dress.

So take heed ye batches out there
That you may know when she calls.
Your femme is seeking this mystique in her lower
Yearns but to surrender.