

## *The Silver Fox*

by Bob Boucher April 2011

Our April party was almost sublime,  
hundreds of gentlefolk sipping their wine.  
Both men and the ladies well past their primes,  
chatting and flirting and reciting rhymes.

A silver haired fox with sparkling eye,  
seemed quite familiar as she sauntered by.  
I thought I heard "Bob"? Hey, she knows my name!  
I waltzed right over. Was she an old flame?

A ballerina that I used to date,  
now a silver haired fox, isn't this great.  
Maria, Maria, it's you I said,  
While memories of Havana flashed through my head.

"Darling, you haven't changed at all" I said.  
She flung off her dress, her modesty shed.  
Cute perky breasts, young body of twenty,  
feeling friendly, I fondled her gently.

Like magic she vanished, into thin air,  
replaced by the Fox with the silvery hair.  
A bit embarrassed I let my hand fall.  
"O Bob", said she, "You haven't changed at all"