

One Hundred

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What I crave in one hundred words.

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I have this need To help others To please Some say I'm too eager But if I don't I'll bleed Out Onto the carpet Love spills over And over again pleading Let me out Let me be This eager whore To please Giving only to you Don't you see? How anxious it makes me? I crave your direction Gain desire and want from you Why can't you give it to me? Be the guiding hand on My quickly confused head Can you be the man I seek? One like others call Master or Sir May I call you Daddy, Instead?