

How Springs are Born

It is to a twelve year old boy from Wittipitlock who for reasons
you will presently understand prefers to remain nameless
that we owe spring this year,

For in February when all hope was lost he burrowed beneath the
floor of his Igloo shaped snow fort until he found himself
able to caress the green skin of Eartherself and she
quivered at the touch and he too,

And polymorphous Eartherself came forth this time incarnate in a
great She Beast with huge hay-stack breasts and the face of
the eleven year girl who lives in Kingman across the
insurmountable river,

And Eartherself wanted to see touch admire his private places and
who was he to deny a goddess and her look caressed his
young and just now budding stem into excitement and she was
deeply impressed as it rose in ardent worship,

And she taught him to draw forth it's happiness.

A traveler passing by at that moment would have seen the snow
undulating like a sheet covering lovers close to their
consummation and would have heard surprised little groans.

Under the sheet the happy and undiscovered lover studied with
pride the sticky pollen-sap that lay now upon the belly of
his beloved Eartherself and understood now how springs are
born.

Ah, look now at the damp April buds.

Can you doubt it?