

Sail away wi me Sarah!

We could hoist the sheet up oan this bed. Take aw thi books.
Thi anes wuv never read ‘n’ sail for lands beyond the flung horizon.
Thur ur islandz in thi Palm-treed south uv which ave heard. Wi ivory sands,
Coco-palms, mangoes, a billion purple butterflies an copious honey
Fae bees thit nevir sting. Id cairry ye across thi shore tae lay by
Mountain streemz thit flow wi wines. One chilled french rosé,
One Chilean red. Come on then gem, ma dearest love, let’s sail there,
Let’s go back tae bed?