

A Sonnet to a Hutt

A piece by Wuntila Arconae

Others see beauty in physical gifts, in the veneer facing out;
I see beauty beneath the skin, plentiful as yours may be.
Your hearty laugh and ever-smile brings warmth, without doubt,
A litter of little languid pups, on the horizon I see for you and me.

Your resplendence, your beauty, it knows no bounds,
It is literally all-consuming.
A life so rich and full of joy, your lack of commitment confounds,
You wallow in wine, witnessing crime without a need for grooming.

The life of the Hutts has forever been a point of much contention,
Nar Shaddaa is the only place accepting of what we are.
It is our love, you and me, we will not fall victim to such pretension,
Flee with me, slither and slide, away, beyond and afar.

So take me, hold me in your arms, caress me with your tongue,
You are mine and I am yours, and together we will run.