Compilation #3: Lust

A Selection of poetry

By

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Contents:

A Memory

Your hand at my throat;
Your grip slowly tightens;
You are rough, primal fury but
I am not frightened.
Your lips, soft on my chest;
Your touch hot as fire;
I'm quaking, heart racing,
Drowning in desire.

Engraved

My thighs ache to be wrapped around you,
The space between them is engraved with your name.

You Exist

You exist
In my longing sighs;
In my liquid dreams;
In my starry eyes;
In the throbbing pressure
Between my thighs.

I Like…

The shiver
When you kiss me soft,
Right between my eyes.
The earthquake
When you kiss me hard,
In between my thighs.
The chill
When your hands dance
And tangle in my hair.
Gasps of pleasure,
Only ask
And I'll get you there.
Firm and strong,
Hold down my hands,
Breathe next to my ear.
You may need to
Cover my mouth
So nobody can hear.

#50

Warm and wet,
This poem is about sex.
Hot tongues and
Goose-pimpled flesh.
Damp heat and
Gasping breaths.
Stuttered pleas and
Slick, salty sweat.
Mouths and hands and
Heaving breasts.
Moving in tandem
Toward pleasure's crest
Until we collapse
Chest to chest.

Touch Yourself

Touch yourself and think of me
As if your hands were mine—
I do the same thing all the time.

Still

It’s been days,
But I can still feel you
Between my legs
And I can still taste you
At the back of my throat

It’s Late

It’s late and
I want you—
Your hands
In my hair,
Your teeth
On my skin,
Your grip
On my neck.
It’s late and
I want you—
Your arms
Around me,
Your breath
In my ear,
My head
On your chest.
It’s late and
I want you.

The Next Day

The sun comes up and
You still linger on my skin.
Your breathless moans
Echo in my ear.
My skin is damp and sticky,
And my mouth tastes like you.
Your scent surrounds me,
Bitter and sweet,
As the feeling I get
When you kiss me goodbye.

My Hips

Still sore
From the night before,
Each pained movement
Reminding me
Of the sounds you made;
Your breath stirring my hair;
The power in your grip
On my hips.

Wake and Take Me

Good morning, handsome,
Wipe the sleep from your eyes,
Yawn, stretch, and wake up,
Put your face between my thighs.

Knots

Strip me down and kiss me,
Put me on my knees,
Hands behind my back,
Tie me up and set me free.

Forge Me

If you're man enough
To tell me what to do,
I might just do it.
Twist me up and
Form your fantasy,
There's nothing to it.

Poof

How easily you turn me on;
All you do is speak or move and
All my clothes are gone.

Touch Me

Whether the flutter of your lashes on my cheek or
The hard slap of your hand against my ass
I long to feel your touch.