

Overnight

by reed *Monday, Jan 19 2015, 10:16am*

international / poetry / post

u approach with open palm
but is it a gesture of want or offering?

the chimes and brass bells
on ur veranda, a fairy wonderland
that tinkle in the wind
stimulate desire

but of which variety?
the physical is easily dealt with
by immediate satiation
or channelling via creative endeavours,
i have never been fussed either way
perhaps it's the secret of my prodigious
output

u position urself against the light
of the setting sun
allowing its warm rays to define the contours
of ur breasts and thighs
thru ur flimsy garments

how many forests have i explored
in my life? i remain unmoved
as the only way to my heart and phallus
is thru my brain,
what a shame for 99.99%
of women that have never learned
to carry an in-depth conversation

bored with feeble approaches
i return to town and join the boys
at the bar fervently engaged in philosophical
debates like, is Buddhism a derivative
philosophy, or is 'Being' an existential or mystical
concept?
and then notice u entering the bar scanning
the patrons looking for ...
as ur eyes lock onto mine

u approach and straddle a barstool,
u manoeuvre in such an adept fashion

that no-one except me notices
u left ur knickers
at home

so i ask what is ur pleasure intimating a drink
but u clasp my groin and do not withdraw
ur cupped grip until u r sure
of a reaction

the philosophical debate ceases immediately
as attention is focused on ur bold manoeuvres

so tonight boldness and persistence
have lured me to ur bed
but tomorrow is another day

it is not impossible that
u could master meaningful
conversation overnight
but i doubt it

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-1442.html>