

Twain

by locky *Wednesday, Feb 6 2013, 11:27am*

international / poetry / post

i was turned in my youth
to the East
to fine porcelain
skin
delicate artistry
jet on white
that can be traced back
thousands of years

i need not deride
clumsy, bovine
(everything is relative)
occidental girls
hidden beneath
forests of body hair
rolling mammaries and
and tiresome mind games

it's refreshing to
succumb to direct allures
precise biology
rather than attempt to
fathom mixed messages
and indecision

yes,
it's the whole deal
the psychosomatic differences
temperaments
everything,
oriental and occidental
are galaxies apart

but it's the twats
that really separate
East from West
pert, tight,
tidy fissures
sparsely forested
in amazing contrast to
gashes of meat fashioned
by the blunt axes of drunken

lumberjacks

ok, so there's more to a woman
than a cunt
not that most men really care

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-390.html>