



*Hot  
Summer  
Nights 2013*

*A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story*

by the :

*The Erotic Writers*



Hot  
Summer  
Nights  
2013



*a collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Stories*

*inner child press, ltd.*



# General Information

## **Hot Summer Nights 2013** a collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Stories Anthology

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*"An orgasm a day keeps the doctor  
away"*

*Mae West*

Gratis

# *Dedication*

*This collection is dedicated  
to all the people  
upon this Beautiful Planet  
who choose to embrace their Passions.*

*All for Love.*

*"Only the liberation of the natural capacity  
for love in human beings  
can master their sadistic destructiveness."*

*Wilhelm Reich*



# Preface

*Hot Summer Nights 2013* is a continuation of Hot Summer Nights which was conceived in the late Spring of 2011. Thinking it would provide a great forum for we writers to express that side of our thoughts and examinations which are very Human and Primal. Many times these sort of expressions have been relegated to our societal *Closets* and spoken of in whispers in *Clandestine* places . . . *Erotica*.

And so it is, One year later, here we are going forward with a collective expression from many voices that touch on, not only the procreative acts that are usually associated with this genre of writing, but you will see many examinations of Love, Sensuality, *Erotica* and Carnality as well.

I pray none are offended by the what heat lies *Between the Sheets* here, however i make no apologies. Truth be told none of us would be here had not these type of amorous expressions took place.

I wish to applaud the voices of the Writer / Poet who have contributed to this offering from their individualized perspectives. We are grateful. I hope that you, the Reader will appreciate and enjoy the various intimate examinations that are “*bedded*” and “*en-wombed*” in the Verse and Prose, and that it does add some enjoyable Heat and Passion to your own journey and experience.

Blessed Be

Bill  
inner child

“Now piercèd is her virgin zone;  
She feels the foe within it.  
She hears a broken amorous groan,  
The panting lover's fainting moan,  
Just in the happy minute.”

*John Wilmot*  
The Complete Poems

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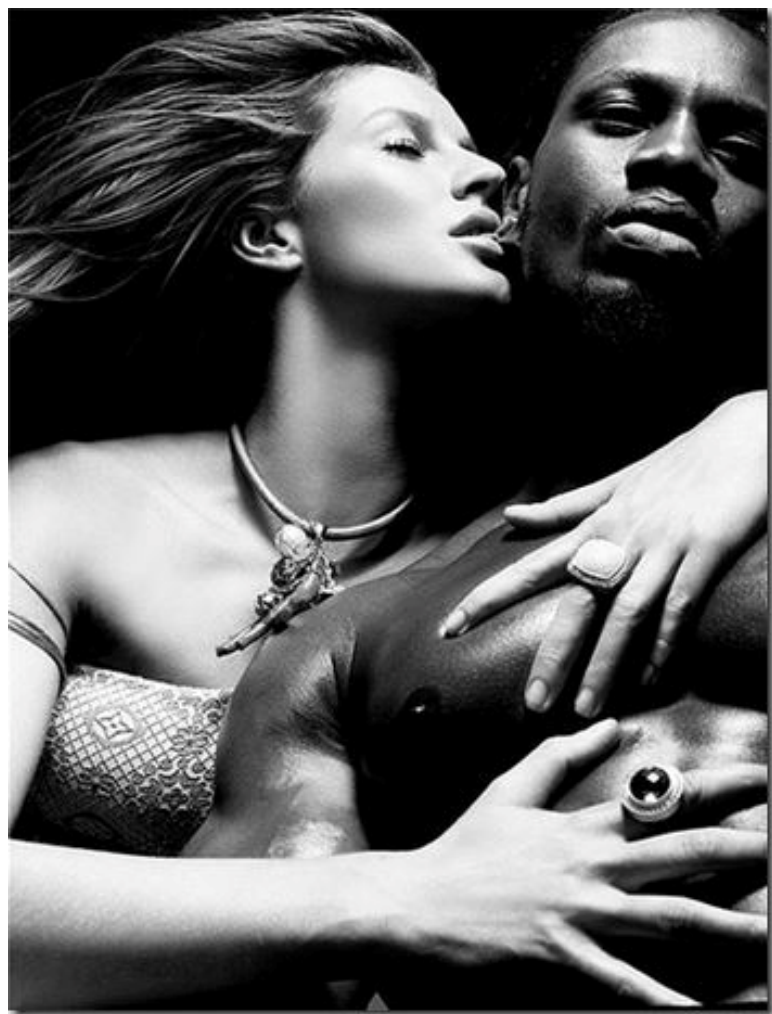
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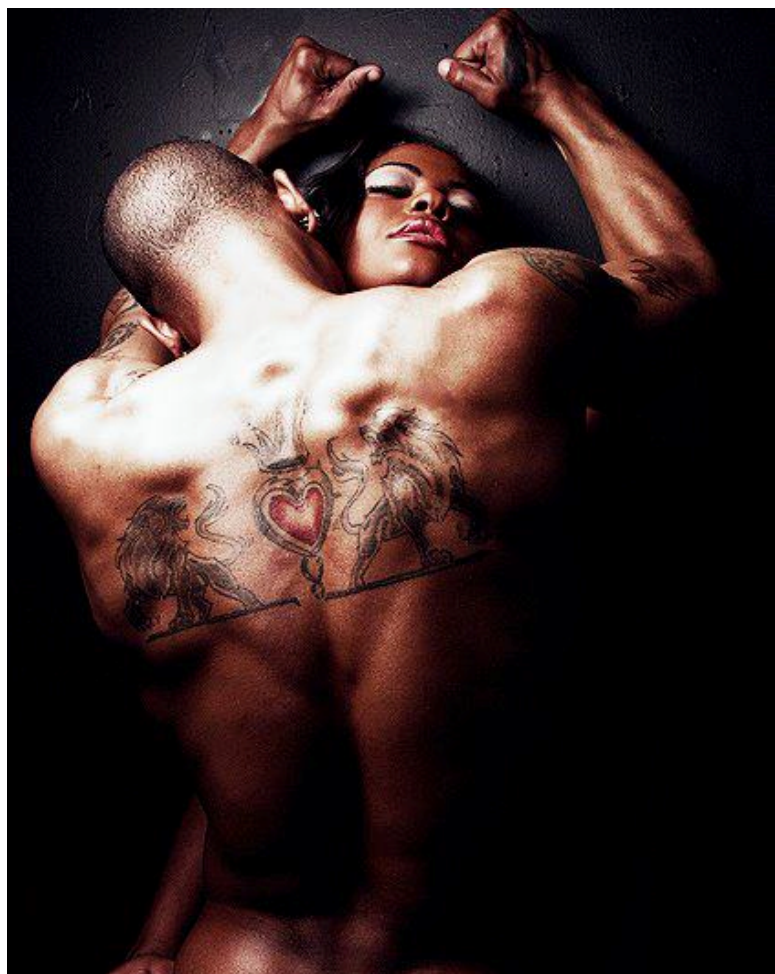


Hot  
Summer  
Nights  
2013



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## Kiss From a Rose

*a kiss from a rose  
stirs my sleep and serenades my sensibilities  
it ushers that dreams to this reality  
this dream and that reality; are both you  
your gentle kiss awakens all that has been asleep  
deep, yet not knowing slumber  
all that wanted to call to you,  
but didn't know the number  
alive and well is this thing that you bring  
this, this force this fire desire  
this but of course inferno that burns between us  
it is loves heat, when we meet  
i was just i didn't know about me, not long ago  
how what would grow we had sown together  
how i this flow...to this rain could be shown;  
you know this from a rose kiss  
long past a long time ago emotion, long past*

*sometimes i can't explain it;  
i feel high, like i'm intoxicated  
without of you having had a drink  
i have had so many thoughts of you there is none left to  
think...  
but i you on my mind find do  
you are my joy, and my pleasure, and my spirit  
i want to swallow your voice so that only i can hear it  
i want to to look out through your eyes  
enter you to the fullest  
and see me as i stare  
seeing you see me  
i want to be that sway in your hips, that curve in your lips  
that in your hairkink*

## Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013

*i want to take you in absorb you through my skin  
through all my senses, but something this intense is...  
more than it's out of my hands i can stand  
these hands that long to touch the suppleness of your skin  
the scent of a rose as i breathe you in  
the sounds as i stroke your femininity and fixate on your  
lovely face and your taste....oh my god your taste!  
i want to hold your love in my hands and kiss it  
as soon as because i miss it your name leaves my lips,  
i can't breathe  
the more i is me get of you, the stranger it feels  
meeting my true self for the first time  
all over again and then...  
i realize i have been here all along but it took this kiss to  
see  
my heart races past the faces in a lifetime of fear of losing  
me  
but what i never knew, was what it was i was supposed to  
be  
so that a dream, when i met you it was to me  
an illusion, an oasis, a lonely journey across a barren  
place is...  
the kiss you know from a rose i suppose, is like that  
sometimes  
like wanting to be a part of you and not wanting to be apart  
from you maybe? shhhh is that you?  
i start to long for your kiss  
let me ask can i have your baby? you this  
can i drink your bath water, baby you got to be exhausted  
from runnin through my mind all day and all that corny shit  
we used to say  
but baby this ain't no time to play this is serious  
unless you you know how we do want to*

## Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013

*you can be me and i can be whoever you want me to  
i want to be that friction between your thighs as you walk  
you know i want to be that passing thought in your the  
way you walk mind, that makes you forget...*

*what you were doing  
can i be that shiver up your spine that makes you wet  
and has my name you cooing  
ohhh..ver and over again, baby i guess what i'm saying is  
i want to be your man  
when i when i lay back, and my eyes close think about it  
i can't see the difference between your  
love and a from a rose kiss*

John "Gold E" Early

[www.johnrearly.com](http://www.johnrearly.com)

Gratis

## Whisper

I want his touch to whisper to my skin.  
Speak in tongue so no one but god and I will hear.  
I'll listen while he prays his desires to me my sire.  
Because a love like ours can only go higher.  
Let me be the queen to his king,  
Let my soul invade his dreams.  
Enter his mind like a sweet melody.  
I will hold his heart as it beats just for me.  
In return, I'll give him trinity...the power of 3  
Mind, body, soul...now that's divinity.  
Let him be a better to my half, so I can become whole  
Catch my tears in is essence.  
As his love warms me from the cold,  
The cold I held in me throughout the years.  
I'm so tired of being incomplete  
So let his being sink with the aura of my future, present,  
and past.  
Give him insight so he will understand,  
My weakness and my strength.  
Because, I was made in the likeness of him.  
Bone taken from his rib let me heal the pain he feels.  
Let us unravel each other fears  
As we learn to live as one  
And let it all start  
With his whisper!!!

Floetic Flo

[www.reverbNation.com/floeticflo](http://www.reverbNation.com/floeticflo)

## They will be my dreams again

I want those  
breathless  
nights back,  
the tension  
in the air,  
lip biting  
anxiety,  
you purring  
my name  
as i gasped  
in your soul

The plethora  
of melted  
diamonds  
pouring  
out of  
you  
as the  
pearlescent

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

grease  
hits your chest  
like atomic  
bombs

The rumpled  
bedsheets  
and the dirtiness  
that never felt  
dirty

and the love  
that felt all too real

William Lou White

Gratis

## His Sensual Muse

A man with an artistically talented eye  
Is most attractive; wouldn't you agree  
He can make you forget  
what you swore to remember  
Not one word does he even have to speak  
I know one well and he's on his way  
And my night couldn't get any better  
This grin on my face could not get any broader  
And my panties couldn't get any wetter  
He arrives at my doorway in his caramel wonder;  
A salacious smile in his eyes  
He wastes no time with knocks or bells  
His intentions needn't wear a disguise  
I do not pretend and he does not dawdle  
Appropriations have already been made  
I'll be that easel that holds his canvas  
And the smock that gets covered in his paint  
I welcome him in with fury and fire  
And he quivers as I sheathe his brush  
He strokes with a vengeance;  
Creating pink passion  
As our heartbeats increase to a rush  
He moves around and up and down  
My pleasure can not be contained  
And a volcano of rapture erupts from my center  
As his masterwork begins to take shape  
He colors my silken saccharine walls  
With his exclusive brand of stain  
Very precise; he employs measured movements  
Thought to detail important in his game  
I stare into his eyes and he bores into mine

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

As we create flames of gold and red  
Singeing the air with the heat from our coitus  
And melting the sheets off the bed  
I suck on his neck and bite on his ears  
His effect I make no effort to hide  
I love the way he plays  
In the nook below my waist;  
Creating sensations  
A master linguist couldn't describe  
We cry out in union at the moment we realize  
That the masterpiece is almost complete  
He pushes my legs back and dives deep into my well  
And we ascend to an exquisite, pulsing peak  
I lie there in an ethereal trance  
My quaking legs begging for rest  
He smiles and caresses my lips with his own  
Before retiring into the bends of my breasts  
I sigh and consider how lucky I am  
To get to ride on his most talented train  
I yawn and decide that I'll let his work dry  
Before I'm colored with his brush strokes again

Alice C. Cooper



## A Meeting of Souls

Our eyes met across the smoky room,  
Smoldering gazes locking intimately.  
Your unspoken words stroking me in an  
Ethereal tongue only our souls could understand.

Moving toward you as if in a dream,  
My hungry heart could be plainly seen.  
As I looked up into your eyes,  
You saw desire that was hard to hide.  
How could one glance have said so much?  
Our hearts speaking silently  
Without deception or disguise,  
Bodies tingling without a touch.  
We danced together as lovers dance,  
To the rhythm of music only we could hear,  
Bodies not touching, yet souls intertwined  
Passions flaring like a white-hot flame.  
That night forever sealed our fates  
As we bared our souls, a pact was made.  
We were but prisoners of our own desires  
Bound within the unyielding chains of love.

Sherzahd

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/Sherzahd>

## The Garden

I wasn't invited nor announced  
When I wandered through the garden  
And saw a lovely rose .

As beautiful as she is I'm almost sure  
I'll never pluck  
I'll never touch her  
Before the morning dew .

Despite the quiet sexuality about her  
That makes the bees crazy  
Daily about her .

I continue to wander through her garden  
Amongst the bunnies  
So funny  
Making assholes of themselves .

Sometimes, I sit upon a stoop  
Beneath the stars with adoring eyes  
Wishing and hoping  
That this rose some day will be mine .

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Now is that a crime  
To wish and hope for a flower divine ?

I wasn't invited nor announced  
When I wandered through the garden .

And it took a while for her to notice .  
My heart , my style and the inner being of me .

May I set a date for us to touch  
Beneath the moon  
And the stars ?

How about it ?

Carlus L. Wilmot

Gratis

## Like No One Did Before

My kiss does not stop at skin ,  
Its a voyage to your soul . I aim  
For the heart now go .

Nimble my neck so I can hover  
Over you with unfierce claws  
Raking slightly while I delight thee .

Soon stripped to the flesh warming  
Every inch , each breast , all curves  
Like no one before me .

Oh, let me fuel your ambers twice  
That has smoldered much too long .  
Give it to me , give me your all .

Stir me , arouse me rhythmically again  
Abuse my anatomy while the  
Turgid thriller beats about the walls .

Quiver , scream and moan for me  
As my deep elated cries now  
Comes within a burst , a forceful end .

Kiss me softly and I'll hold you .  
May our heartbeats be as one  
When heavy eyes lids flutter  
You'll sleep within my arms .

Carlus L. Wilmot

## A dry rivulet

A dry rivulet remembers her days  
when it was the spring of her life  
the rivers then tried to put her in bosom  
any meadows were made fertile

Children came to bath and play  
cattle came to quench their thirst  
birds came to make a dive  
the rivulet was in her full youth  
like a damsel of paradise

Realm of the rivulet was quite verdant  
plethora of her beauty attracted all loving guys

After every spring, autumn comes  
made her to suffer from low - esteem  
her tears have been swallowed  
not left to shed for even a drop

My poetic heart finds a drop of tears  
to lend on her dry eyes  
to shed on her bygone days.

ramesh rai

[rkrai100@gmail.com](mailto:rkrai100@gmail.com)

## The Beat Of His Hand

Sliding in and out of me with only a rhythm he had,  
Making my body yearn for more,  
Was it the love making,  
Was it the way he paid attention to her purr,  
It was the way he held me after and before he was done,  
His seed filled hands touch my abdomen,  
The warmth of his arms wrapped around my skin,  
His breath on my neck was warmth from heaven,  
The cold old man winter had no say in the heat of the night,

As one or a million may disagree,  
But it was divine intervention, I believe,  
Feeling him root from behind,  
I knew it we were ready for the second time,

This man has infected my mind, heart, body, and soul,  
One could say he invaded my space,  
I believe he just made it whole,  
He was feeling me at just the right pace,

Feeling him in me,  
My breath was stopped short,  
Oh damn,  
I can't think of anyone anymore,  
His very thought,  
My body goes erect,  
I am just waiting,  
For the next time we connect,  
That wasn't the end,

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

The night continued magic,  
Feeling the beat of his hand,  
He grabbed my hand,  
I felt like I was number one,

If only for the night,  
It was well worth it,  
As he stole my heart,  
He healed and rebirthed it...

JRC 01/15/2013

Starr Poetress aka JRC

<http://starrpoetress.hubpages.com/>

Gratis

## Going Down Slow

Part your legs I'm going down slow,  
Tonight you'll be my little ho,  
I stick my tongue between your lips,  
As I hold you firm by the hips,  
On your back, feet in the air,  
My mouth is buried in your hair,  
I take my time as I lick your mound,  
My tongue going slowly up and down,  
I suck your button as your juices flow,  
As I slowly make your arousal grow,  
I can clearly hear your moans and sighs,  
As I work my magic between your thighs,  
Your hips bucking as you squirm about,  
You start to scream, my name you shout,  
I drive you wild as you shout my name,  
Cause I'm the reason that you came,  
I'm the only one you need to know,  
The guy who licks you nice and slow.

Alan W. Jankowski

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>



## Above All Else

To you my love I vow  
I vow to accept your love through all of it's diversity  
and in times of darkness I will cling to this  
Our Union  
I'll provide the shoulder you need when the understanding  
you desire  
has gone astray  
And when you experience doubt, look into my eyes  
They represent the truth  
I will give you the strength you deserve  
And when criticism divides, I will provide you with the  
support you need,  
For you are my Love...  
When the sunshine fades, and the rain washes in  
I will weather the storms of this life beside you  
Understanding that patience is kindness, and that our union  
is a blessing  
Given freely out of faith & hope  
Above All else my Love  
I will  
Love you...

To you my love I vow  
I vow that together our love will be equivalent to none  
We are two half moons connected  
Our light will shine thru all darkness begetting every  
setting of the sun  
together we are ONE  
And love is the rationale for which we must join  
I will be your friend, and you my partner  
Our friendship will never reach it's summit

## *Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Our union is a mountain that has no peak  
Realizing that individuality is king  
I will not strive to change you, but support you for all times  
I will listen to and hear; not only the words you speak to  
me,  
but sense and respect the emotions you feel  
My allegiance to you is genuine  
So let not the atrocities of a painful world separate us  
I shall cherish, and protect our union  
Forever & always  
And Above All Else  
I will  
Love you....

June Barefield

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/june-barefield.php>

Gratis

## Masturdiction

The shaft of the pen quivers eagerly in my firm grasp.  
I grip the burning passions stirring within me.  
Raising the tool tentatively, with the greatest ease,  
bringing it to rest softly upon the pallid flesh of the page.  
Caressing the tender orbs of inspiration,  
I trace teasingly across the lucid skin,  
feeling within me the calling of my muse.  
She beckons, stroking my ego invitingly.  
I penetrate the moist ramblings of literacy,  
thrusting into the boundless well of words.  
Approaching the threshold, my ink gushes forth,  
smothering the supple climax of vivid verbatim.  
I gasp, the primal poetic urges released from within.  
I perspire, my breath swept away in wonder of the intimate  
act,  
gazing upon the powerful product of my passion;  
The pleased form of my carnal masterpiece.

Jasper Sole

[http://allpoetry.com/poem/10177525-Masturdiction-by-Vex\\_Darkly-adult](http://allpoetry.com/poem/10177525-Masturdiction-by-Vex_Darkly-adult)

## Love Puddle

Slow smile spreading sexily  
eyes lock, staring hungrily  
at the object of my desire.  
Electric live wires  
shock libido into gear  
with just one stare...  
Want to kiss you  
Pull you into my spell  
The way you wove  
incantations around me,  
pressing your body  
on mine.  
Bodies intertwined  
Hearts enshrined  
Moving to the time  
of our joined hips.  
Nice, slow grind  
Movements sublime -  
and clothes haven't  
even hit the floor!  
Cupping breasts making  
breaths catch -  
time stop -  
heart flip flops  
as lips join  
for the first time.  
Eyes close,  
not wanting to lose  
this moment  
sparkling in the cosmos.  
Hands curl into hair  
Tongues writhe  
Mesmerized by passion's grip -  
Connecting

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Reflecting the fire  
blazing in your eyes.  
Shedding clothes  
Parting thighs  
Satisfied sighs  
as tongue works magic on  
glistening pearl  
giving it a whirl  
Hips rotating in tandem  
Breaths shallow panting  
Giving way to the wail

when composure fails  
and pleasure liquefies.  
Found the treasure  
buried deep within your cleft  
Not left feeling bereft  
Sinking shaft deep within your core  
Hearing your voice  
groaning, "more, more, more..."  
Each time louder than before...  
Finding the rhythm  
Riding him  
Giving him all that you have  
Squeezing his shaft  
We move  
Groove  
Smooth as silk  
Milking each other dry  
Gushing with our climax  
Then kiss  
Blushing as we cuddle  
into our wet spot  
Our love puddle...

Robert Gibson

<http://www.facebook.com/robert.gibson.3979>

## Making up the Bed

Lemongrass and musk  
sandalwood and pine  
hide in the candle  
awaiting the note of fire played  
on the very air.  
I strike a wooden match  
Inhale and remember...

You are a symphony of whispers  
that steal the very notion of now  
replacing it, before my eyes with  
skin-burning recollections of hunger.  
Breathing the sharp, sweet trace of you  
On sheets I refuse to change, just yet.

I collapse, gasp air and wakening blood.  
I hug the empty space,  
Your scent become substance.  
Lemongrass and musk  
sandalwood and pine

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Behind my eyes, the glyph of you  
driven by this incense memory  
spirals down, down  
through my persevering heart  
into the pit of my stomach.  
I am ravaged, laid bare, a vineyard in winter.  
Just as you were, we were  
A Genesis, a creation,  
A forever beckoning shadow  
A wild place in the civil kingdom.  
This is a breath I take  
Of the past, of the passion,  
Of you.

J. Barrett Wolf  
[jbarrettwolf.com](http://jbarrettwolf.com)

## Naked In The Halflight

You  
Naked in the halflight  
Standing as if behind the sun  
In this dark in this heat  
As  
The air conditioner rattles  
And the refrigerator hums  
And this bed is waiting for you  
With its twisted sheets  
And this half-a-man  
Is waiting for you  
With his twisted smile

Waiting to upend you  
Waiting to upturn you  
Waiting to bend you  
Waiting to enter you  
Just waiting for

You  
Naked in the halflight  
Coming to this bed  
So divinely so slowly  
To  
Make this half-a-man  
Whole.

John Tustin



## The Rain

Clearly, the willow reaches depths into me...  
Lifting all that I am...  
Revealing all that my heart bleeds...  
Shard pieces of what lays in ruin ...  
My eyes roll back to black...  
Bach ,lamenting soldier's suicide ...  
Attempts to blind me by his enslaved deceit ...  
Yet I still stand upon this mountain top...  
The plains I see completely...  
Beyond the veil of mere deception...  
Two worlds away of dual perception...  
Perplexing... reflections...  
Eyes of glory yet continue leading my way...  
I never told you I was a messenger...  
As I watch you waver so immaturely ...  
Our love lying naked.....wounded from the cuts of your  
sword...  
Beneath shadows of a blind man's dream...  
Trembles of what lays foretold...  
Unrevealed seams of our bittersweet gleam...  
I awaken to a place of darkened trust...  
Fearless ...  
Feeling within your shame...  
I taste your core of wretchedness...  
Raining down unto my soul...  
X-hell-ing to enter your heart once more...  
Intentions to obliterate all that you once were...  
I consume your essence of devilish pursuit ...  
Hindering this forbidden fruit from ever loving you...  
As a voice beyond me whispers "forgive"...  
I let go...

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Guided by an illuminated soul ...  
As visuals of love now take full control...  
Ensnared by the fate ...  
I always knew I'd love to hate...  
Seven candle sticks lit flickering ...  
Flames burning iris's blank stare...  
The moon turns to black...  
Yet why do I still see you here?  
Variances of madd penetrations ....  
Obsession cries without...  
Gifted confabulations...  
Embracing your soul from blackened clouds...  
I scream in agony...  
God's given dream...  
Entrusting me to take your pain...  
Radiant's gloom comes crashing in...  
But not in vain...  
Screaming our name of horrid destiny ...  
I cry...  
Held inside captive...  
As your tormenting tongue shreds...  
I die once more inside your name...  
Two soldiers of love...  
Lost in love...  
Still falling ...  
The Rain...

Erica Chamlee

## THE ENCOUNTER – HAIKU

Thoughts of you and me,  
And of our first encounter,  
Running through my mind.

The look in your eyes,  
That foretold of your passion,  
Melting all my fear.

One kiss from your lips,  
They were so soft and luscious,  
Fueled my desire.

Your gentle touches,  
Fingers running up my spine,  
My body was yours.

You laying me down,  
And whispering in my ear,  
"I want to please you."

How could I refuse?  
Skills of a master craftsman,  
I was your canvas.

Licking, sucking, joy,  
Teasing, pleasing, utter bliss,  
Unending pleasure.

Then you loved me down,  
So slowly and tenderly,  
Making me want more.

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

For countless hours,  
I was your willing servant,  
In body and soul.

Bodies intertwined,  
Pleasure brought beyond measure,  
Love making all night.

The arising dawn,  
Brought climax after climax,  
Until we were spent.

Lying in your arms,  
I listened to your heartbeat,  
While you slept in peace.

My mind still racing,  
The lovemaking was epic,  
But will there be more?

Kiss to my forehead,  
You say, "Can't wait 'til next time",  
I was reassured.

Gabrielle Denize Newsam

## Untitled

I search in a place that

myself am

a place where angels live

sip from water that hides no lies

here i am

no mirrored images

Look at my naked self

for the first time.

What am i?

only what i knew i would be

or was

no only me

Marc Carver

## My Journey To You

Little eyes search a new world . . .  
The gaze and suckle for food, body and soul.  
A tiny heart tuned to the glow and tone of love . . .  
. . . Compelled to bond . . . drawn to the love gaze . . .  
Mother . . . Father . . .  
chosen in the soul's spirit quest . . . for what was known . . .  
now  
obscured . . . by the soul's desire to be human.

How was I conceived?  
An act of love, desire, need, lust, passion?  
Unconscious of my own conception.  
The invisible participant . . . life's mysterious ménage a  
trios.  
Being born oblivious . . .  
provides no insulation . . . when delivered into the  
acetylene torch  
of the crossed and frayed wires . . . of bitter parents.

Explosions of rage . . . too sudden for small and toddling  
legs to escape.  
Tender senses scorched. Heart seared . . . Terrified . . .  
Mind's burrows dug deep beneath the conflagration.  
Huddle and tremble . . . await signs of the fire storms end.  
Calm? A fearful crawl to the surface . . . barely exposed. . .  
eyes cautious . . . deciphering the face of mother then  
father.  
Ashen . . . Exhausted . . . Eyes, searing embers . . .  
They trudge through rubble . . . cinders . . . charred corpses  
of  
words . . . shouted . . . damaged and scarred souls.

## Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013

Instigators of marital strife . . . Words the mistaken enemy .

..

Instigators of marital strife . . .

Silence a simmering refuge . . . Frost bitten eyes of evasion.

Shielded, scorched hearts . . . Tolerated phantoms they.

Indifference their drug of choice for festering wounds.

An endless cold war in a place called home.

. . . Love . . .

a mere obligation to a vow?

. . . Love . . .

a mere arrangement of consonants and vowels?

Indifference their drug of choice for festering wounds.

My hands on a chair . . . the letting go . . . timid steps into  
the

great void . . . wobbling legs . . . diaper descending

butt naked . . . I toddle . . . pudgy arms reach to you.

Were you there?

In the beginning was the word . . . Your sounds in my mind  
and mouth.

Coo and babble.

The ancient celestial winds swirl in my lungs.

The divine conductor orchestrates the mystical moment: ma  
ma. . . . da da . .

Did you truly hear me?

Time and again . . . the fearful crawl to the surface.

Decipher the face of mother then father.

Vacant gazes to anywhere but each other.

Phantom to phantom become my phantoms.

Mutual strangers carving a frozen asylum.

Now my vacant stare is your vacant stare.

## *Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

A child's confusion:  
Mother . . . Father . . . How did I lose the gift to enthrall?  
How did I fail you?  
What did I do to lose your love?

Still the yearn for the joy that welcomed my birth.  
I was your precious one . . . was your bright eyes.  
My joy of your joy . . . My delight of your delight . . .  
Vague  
memories of enfolded fondness.  
The tender embrace . . . the serene snuggle . . . the oneness  
of a we.  
The need and want of love: How can I rekindle our love?  
A desperate search for the fuel of love.  
I gather kindling in all that I do: school . . . sports . . .  
honors .  
. . . just sticks and twigs gathered in my arms.  
The ritual march to deliver pleaful offerings.  
I look down at my accomplishments . . . decayed dead  
wood . . . the  
food of ungrateful insects.  
Arms open . . . My burden and tears fall to earth . . . My  
healing is  
a foreign and alien place.  
The decision final . . . never again to return.

A youth's anguish: I hate you for bringing me into your  
hell . . .  
Hope becomes despair. .  
I know my place . . . Mind's burrows dug deep beneath the  
blizzard.  
Isolation . . . the numbness of drugs oblivion.  
Await signs of tenderness that never come home.



## *Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Salvation? Girls? You had been so annoying . . .  
What about you to be treated so special?  
Yard work . . . digging . . . trimming in the burning sun for  
me . . .  
Sisters' air conditioned house chores.  
God's gift? Give me a break?

Transformation before my eyes!  
Girls all about me . . . beauty.  
A bolt of lightning . . . a direct hit . . . burrow of boy and  
girl.

You, chosen in the soul's spirit quest by soul's desire to be  
human.  
Our limbs and souls entwined.  
Ethereal blazing trees . . .  
God's gift in deed.

A solemn vow . . .  
spoken man-child to woman-child . . . born of wounded  
hearts witnesses  
to the rebirth of love.  
In all our imperfection . . .  
In times of anger, hurt and fear. . . no matter how difficult  
the task . . .  
Teach each other . . . the words and touch that heal . . .  
Our togetherness a true labor and gift of love.

Glenn Johnson

chair . . .

i love being your special chair  
so you can sit on me  
spin in me  
have fun on me  
watch the sun go down  
and come up on me...  
you can befriend me  
as i cuddle thee  
do whatever you want with me...  
put down you clutch  
so i can touch  
and clutch  
very much  
as such  
the back of you  
beholding the front of you  
in between desiring you...  
wish i had eyes  
so i could view all of you  
i have legs  
wish i could stand  
so you can wrap your  
legs around me  
holding you in the air  
as our lips tenderly meet...  
my arms can't  
touch you  
hold you  
or feel you  
i want to caress  
your essence

## *Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

nibble on your whole 65 inches  
massaging you while you rest  
bring me to life and put me to the test...  
i aim to please  
exceeding what you have ever envisioned  
to be the best you've had  
we can spoon  
on top of a full moon  
to marvin, barry and luther tunes  
i will always be polite and gentle never a goon  
let me take you to paris where we can simulate a  
honeymoon  
we can go now or do you prefer the month of june...  
while in me you sit  
you fit  
all in me  
embracing my back  
we are back to back  
allow me to snack on your back for now  
i'm sturdy and leathery  
made out of the best cow  
if only i had something  
as long as a cow's tongue  
that i could run  
down your curvaceous sexy thighs  
to make you sigh with cries  
of passion  
putting it on you in good fashion  
take me as your man for you are already my lady...  
i dream of  
being your male  
delight in all of my dreams  
to make you whisper my name  
in languages you've  
never before spoken

## *Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

igniting the fire deep within you  
that has never been lit  
as we go belly to belly  
just from our intense heat  
we burn up the sheets  
baby we're cooking no time to eat  
as i savor one of my favorite treats  
of you in tasty candy cherry lingerie...  
after-wards i retreat to  
get another chair  
and lean  
it back  
against the sofa  
that's against the wall  
with the front legs off the ground  
about 5-6 inches  
angling back  
ready to attack...  
you are readying to mount the horse  
of course  
i began exploring your course  
which is par for the course  
we're in rhythm with no discourse  
as your voice  
sings the song of intimacy lover's delight...  
it's breath taking  
being this close to you  
but in reality i know of this i can't pursue  
it's my dream that will never come true  
i'm only a chair  
with dreams of you that will never go anywhere  
unless you have that abracadabra  
hocus pocus geppetto touch  
that can bring me into existence  
so we can begin an amorous life...

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

the next time that the reader  
of this poem sits in their  
favorite chair or one that  
is very comfortable  
may images run all through you  
with thoughts and visions  
that you have never envisioned previously  
prior to reading this scribe...

thelyfepoet

[www.thelyfepoet.com](http://www.thelyfepoet.com)

Gratis

## Plan for seduction

every grain of sand  
has a plan for seduction  
for the footprints  
of your perfect skin  
with every touch of the skin  
your body struggles in circles of light  
rising up to the heaven of my soul  
between earth and sky, not any free space,  
senses taste of vanilla and white chocolate  
all sand sticks to my pores  
building pearl castles...  
every drop of water on your skin  
turns on harps, which runs hunted deer  
by white wolves  
your hands descend  
from my face to all of my body  
carving love  
allowing all wolves to devour  
my eyes, my lips and my breasts...

Daniela Voicu -Romania

<http://flaviafelix.wordpress.com/>  
<http://revistacuib.wordpress.com/>

## WHO WOULD PLAY THE HUSBAND?

I don't usually suffer love gladly  
So I practice the art of concealing love  
When revealing it could be harmful  
It explains all these empty words

Nothing can be done about,  
The inescapable mass of her body  
Except to keep herself in the shadows  
She often prefers these deep waters  
Throwing most of the light on me  
Like playing a fish on a line

I always feel her restrained passions  
And know my deepest fears  
The problem of love is inevitably;  
Who would play the husband?  
And my immediate problem is  
If she would require children;  
I would choose the father

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

I can sense the man in me  
The man who might have been  
I am possessed of certain excitements  
Not available to most others  
Intelligence built upon sensitivity  
But she is not sure of my abilities

Perhaps she would be truthful  
Perhaps she would answer-  
The odd expression in her eyes  
I wish this image in her eyes  
Would reproduce me  
Some bizarre form of a love?

Tendai Mwanaka

Gratis



## DROPLETS

Sunrise,  
a whisper in the morning  
as a dream lingers in your eyes.  
Lying by your side,  
taking in all I see,  
sweat begins to glisten  
and droplets start to run  
as the mid-summer sun  
peeks over the horizon.  
My mouth salivating,  
my tongue anticipating,  
the salty taste of perspiration  
as the droplets copulate  
on the small of your back.  
Leading my mind to desires  
and pleasures only dreamt of.  
So many places yet to explore.  
Each droplet urging me on  
to the next sensual spot  
until the end of my quest  
is in sight and reaches  
the entrance to heaven.

Tony Henninger 2013

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/tony-henninger.php>

## That Wildness

Sweet moments of hands held  
And mouths touching.  
The feel of you melting into me  
And me sliding into your arms.  
Where does one begin  
And the other end?  
I do not want to see the edge.  
Give me that one-ness, that blending.  
Tender words that mean more than a moment.  
*But then....*

The fever of urgent need rises,  
My body presses against that sweet joining  
And I *MUST* have that wildness.  
You know that wildness.  
The wildness of stormy seas  
And dark forest paths  
And your body hard and insistent.  
Your mouth speaking naughty words

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

That have no real world equivalent.  
Made up words that only  
Belong to me and you.  
Words of the wildness of our hearts  
And the calling of our bodies.  
There is no one-ness in this wildness.  
It is too violent  
And needy  
And must have its own way.  
Oh, my dearest, my heart.  
This is our life.  
Be wild with me.  
Be one with me.  
Be mine.

Laura Lee Sweet

## Paleolithic Marriage Ceremony - after Werner Herzog movie on caves at Chauvet

At the river Ardeche au Pont D'Arc...  
My mother told me how it happened-about  
The flute made from the ulna of a vulture...  
The rock paintings - the one of a bison  
Headed woman, bison mounting a woman...\*

It had been foretold- how  
Your breath on the back of my hand  
As we lay sleeping each night...  
Signals hidden cave mouths, the quiver  
Of cave air- and the cunt smell of it-  
A perfume like no other-  
Dry, mushroomey, earth-,chalk-like- ammonia.

The details so often unmentioned.  
I could lie in yr cunt smell forever-  
Man woman junction so natural.

In painting- horse head ensembles, lion groupings.  
We entered at Chauvet as instructed.- the cave mouth.

My mother eighty-one when she told us  
How animals whispered it to us-  
About the way back to our beginning-  
Skulls covered by calcite drippings until cry-  
stallized, glittering, they become mounds  
Found centuries later- the 2 thousands..

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

As nine year olds we entered together, entered the dream  
time..

Another child led us in with the cave bear we'd blinded,

They say no one can reconstruct ceremonies

So long lost to time, but I can.

Our elders foretold it, the shamans....

I know exactly what happened and have always!

We were married and I loved you until death.

And you loved me back- as was foretold!

As to forever? No one tried to predict it.

David Eberhardt

Gratis

## The Kiss

He touched me  
Held me  
His lips caressed mine  
Arms enveloped me from behind  
So I turned  
To give him full access  
Craving so much more than a simple caress  
So he kissed me  
It started as a flutter across my lips  
His tongue darting out taking little licks  
Obviously he liked the taste  
Because his tongue became a key  
That easily unlocked me  
I lost all thought of time  
Forgot where I was and why  
Nothing existed except he and I  
His lips never left me but my clothes did  
No part of me from him was hid  
From my lips he slowly made his way south  
Generous and attentive  
He lingered over every part  
I swear he was trying to taste my heart  
The way he kissed my breasts  
He could've stopped there and I would've been satisfied  
He was the moon controlling my tide  
My waters rose and fell to the rhythm of his lips  
He moved lower at a leisurely pace  
Ignoring my pleas to please  
He mumbled this isn't a race  
Taking slow laps around my navel

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

He saturated my sheets  
Had me panting like a dog in heat  
And his lips had still not left my body  
This was still the same kiss  
From lips neck to navel not one spot had he missed  
He finally found his way to my lower lips  
I wanted to run but he gripped my hips  
And drank like a man dying of thirst  
I wanted to tap out but this was only the first  
Kiss  
There would be plenty more  
He drowned my kitten and made my body soar  
On currents of unexplainable bliss  
I get weak every time I think of that kiss

Karmel Poet

Gratis

## The Rapture Of You

I fell across your flowing feathers  
when the juicy moon was ripe  
and so real, like the first bite  
of summer peaches.

Diving and daring, we were moonstruck  
free birds in flight  
your blue black presence shimmering  
tickling me in delight !

Lets tumble and toss in soft sand  
gulping down the sea  
soaring crazy into blue waters  
reckless robust we loved as birds do in first flight !

Elise Lahr



## The Multiplicity of Moisture

smooth textured  
elemental H two O  
a pairing of  
immeasurable  
worth

fresh and cold  
from the tap  
differently  
it beads up  
on the skin  
of a woman

the color of  
deep blue eyes  
red runs through her veins  
salty white on  
hot summer nights

nourishing  
organic beets  
steamy carrots  
pouched eggs  
quenching hunger

blending smooth  
sweet pineapple  
tangy Latin lime  
a kick of garden garlic  
soaring energy  
drinks  
the world in

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

a nervous swallow  
a heart beat  
pounding streams on  
window panes  
baffling sleep

a contrasting rainbow  
sun light bursting  
rains' prism  
teary dew drops  
the morning after

hot green tea  
white mist rising  
above blood red  
porcelain lips  
warming  
a parched throat

love on moist skin  
a trickle flowing,  
growing  
a thundering river  
water falls  
in love with her

Kimberly Burnham

<http://www.LiveLikeSomeoneLeftTheGateOpen.com>

## Dipped Skin

Sliding into the cool water  
My skin reacts to slow shock  
Of the temperature change  
In anticipation of your breath  
Wrapped in the warmth of you  
I move from wave to crest easily  
Flowing against your strength  
The power in your passion  
Is all the buoyancy we need  
In this world of salt  
In this world of water  
In this world of warm currents  
And colors  
Tinting my skin even more bronze  
Than the tan you are now cloaked in

Heavily lidded  
My eyes are transparent  
In the starlight  
Kisses feather my lips  
As you pull me closer into you  
Until there is no more space  
For us to fill  
In this new world of oldness  
Meeting the needs of moon and light  
And though I feel weightless  
My desire is heavy across my hips  
Just in the spot you place your hand

I wonder at how you know me  
As differently same as we are  
Male and female from the genesis  
But even these thoughts flee  
Under our joining

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Under our mating  
Under our waters  
That covers and surrounds this island  
As your tongue finds the  
Under of my breast  
That is cupped in your hand  
And I can only sigh  
In pleasure

As the sea is never calm  
We too create a tide  
Breaking together  
In the force that can move mountains  
With a friction  
Reaching to the bottom  
And then  
Whistling a scream  
Against the stones that you carry  
Droplets glistening

Tuentionally we move in synch  
Hands clasped  
Not for balance  
But hanging on none the less  
I dread the release  
The separation  
The finality  
But you kiss me  
And I realize that  
I wanted to be here  
Skin to skin  
Dipped

Gail Weston Shazor aka Navypoet

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor.php>

## She took me there

Just chilln' at home  
Reached and grab my phone  
Called my friend  
to  
see how she has been  
Were engaged in a nice conversation  
Reliving our past sensations  
Just from talking to her  
Made my mind wonder  
To our last time of past bliss  
That i sure have miss  
We discuss about topics of a variety of measure  
Then the words that was next stated i will truly treasure  
She asked me do i want to cum  
all i could do was hold the phone and hum  
Like what?  
She said she can tell i needed to cum  
the tone in my voice spoke volume  
As she put my mind in a place  
about her pussy sitting on my face  
As she continue to talk about our many phases  
the bulge in my pants starts to give praises  
To direct attention  
thinking about our past connections  
She had my mind gone  
just from using the Altoids when i'm getting blown  
The total hardness of the dick was in my hand  
as i listen intently to her lovely command  
We used terms as the globe  
because when she circle the tip with her tongue  
i lose all self control

## *Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

She said the feel of my tongue on her clit  
makes her want to grind and commit  
and the pressure builds as she is gushy & wet  
As she continues to talk to me each stroke  
make me feel like i got a choke

H

o

l

d

The veins pulsating  
from the thought of me penetrating

Her

My voice got a little lower  
a little heavier

From each stroke

the head began to expand

her voice had me in wonderland

The more she talk it my gave face the look  
you know the one

having you feeling like you being cooked

I mean sweat pebbles forming

On my bald head

Being on the beach just loving one another

making her cream and squirt like no other

Fingering her making her cream

is always my dream.

As it seem

But pleasing me was her thing that nite

she wanted me to release something that made me uptight

as the pressure began to accelerate

while my hand stoke fast as i masturbate

The intense growl of my sound

was so profound

## Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013

That as i exploded, with the feeling of intense measure  
was one that gave me much pleasure  
I came so hard that's i lost consciousness for a minute  
But physically i fell to floor  
and she said now baby you can cum some more  
She loves to here the sounds of me erupting  
there's nothing like it when she keep me stroking  
the feeling is overwhelming  
She took me there again  
Had me fiending for more of her  
While she bends  
Over in them heels  
Looking like a super model  
going at me full throttle  
Had me wanting to cum  
begging pleading for some  
Of that juicy wetness  
To be place on my face  
And dripping down my body  
have me screaming like i was at a party  
As i stroke faster  
My nuts hung low  
having the massive urge to blow  
and to be honest i don't know how you feel  
i really don't care  
what she said or how she did it  
But i know one thing she took me there.

Joski thepoet aka venom of sting

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## WATER FALLING

Awakening within  
warm caresses  
tender and loving  
Souls speak  
crying out  
to be inside  
all of love  
Blooming within  
Warm tears alighting  
through inner eyes  
Spilling forth  
like waterfalls  
Her smooth soft  
lips sing laughter  
Kissing playfully  
his ear and face  
With his tender  
Herculean strength  
she is lifted up  
slowly upon  
love's throne  
Nearly reaching  
seventh heaven  
Beating hearts  
are flickering  
ablaze and melting  
Becoming one bird  
they are flying higher  
Dancing fervently into  
Pulsating hot  
volcanic heat rising



*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Spiraling through love's  
purest brilliantine channels  
Consuming and threading  
their every desirous needs  
Filling each other  
in a scintillating moment  
of titillation's playful  
trance dance  
Merging into orgasmic union  
Throbbing they lay  
warmly spent and entwined  
Raw emotions turning  
from the inside out  
Their drums beating  
more slowly together  
She lays breathless  
upon his sighs  
Like water falling sweetly  
into their silent sleep  
Tossing them over  
into flowing coolness  
of running streams  
Returning to ocean  
once more!

Jen Walls

## CPW

He knows what's happening next  
By they way I softly kiss his neck  
Add how my body demurely descends  
Past his collapsing chest

My gentle hands are usually a  
Frailty of innocence  
As timidness offers the illuminate  
Of a greater suspense

There's always that one glance  
That begets a true romance  
Of eyes shining like fireflies  
And stars twinkling against dark skies

As we rise to seal a kiss  
In synced thoughts of wanting this  
I fall past hips like hills  
And dwell in the shivers of thrill

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

The leaves that hang outside  
Can sway wide eyed  
And the raindrops that peak  
Slide in patterns unique

Will roll in envious bounds  
As he swallows every sound

The night can't hide our pride  
As our two silhouettes finally collide

Moments are hours, as reality returns  
The only evidence to the time burned  
Are the gerberas on the windowsill  
That perished as our days stood still

KM Mae

<http://deepundergroundpoetry.com/poems/93766-cpw/>

## Words

You gave me your book  
the day we met,  
wrote inside, "The best  
way I know to say  
hello." I send you poems  
because our words  
are how we mingle our blood  
like children binding  
cut wrists together for friendship  
because they think that's  
what indigenous people did

we get inside each others core  
and breath, breathing slowly  
in perfect rhythm after  
making love, yet when  
we are entangled, sheets enfolding  
limbs like predatory vines  
your heartbeat a tidal  
pulse against my chest,  
riding the edge of the wave  
to its crescendo  
the search for words to tell you  
what matters most is hopeless  
I can only manage to whisper  
your name, and hope you hear  
the song inside it

Karen Elizabeth Huff

## Forbidden

like a breath of fresh air that gently kisses all over my body  
like a lover's lips your voice gently caresses my hungry  
soul

when i close my eyes like a beautiful memory you easily  
come to mind

the once cold and lonely nights are filled with hot passion,  
lust and pleasure

our love making is tight each and every night and leaves  
me speechless every time

as your hungry lips touches my soft, silky and smooth skin  
i melt like a candy bar on a hot summer's day

as our lips touch and our tongues do a forbidden dance  
and our bodies and souls connect as one and it feels like  
pure bliss

like tasting a forbidden or erotic fruit the you been wanting  
and needing to taste

as you take that forbidden fruit and put it to your mouth and  
sink your teeth right in

the juices run down your chin so seductively and its a taste  
you never had before

with just one taste it makes your mouth water and has you  
wanting more

I'm that forbidden and erotic fruit that you have to have and  
with one taste

you will want more and come back again and again

2013 Marshall Lisa

[www.reverbnation.com/marshallisa](http://www.reverbnation.com/marshallisa)

## ULTIMATE UNION

Last night we were together,  
Bodies touching  
I could taste the sweetness  
Of your breath,  
The warmth of your body.  
We held each other  
So close there was no separation.  
Knees, pelvis, shoulders were as one.  
Our lips tasting the marvellous  
Nectar granted by the other.  
We lay together quietly.  
There was nothing to say  
Which was profound  
And we did not want  
To spoil the moment  
With clichés  
Proclamations of love.

Then it happened.  
We both noticed it  
Simultaneously.  
Our minds synchronised.  
Our feelings were shared.  
Each knew  
The next step in our  
Subliminal dance.  
I had always believed  
That bodies were forever  
Separate.  
There was no separation.

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

Our soul had touched,  
At first with some reserve.  
It was a new experience for both.  
Then an overwhelming  
Cascade of joy.  
It was possible to be one  
And neither of us  
Would ever again  
Settle for less.

Bob Strum

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/dr-john-r-strum.php>

Gratis

## Pardon

What night did not do to me,  
the darkness while those shadows camped around me,  
and still I smiled  
because I had looked in the mirror  
which had been so full of happiness,  
speaking to me  
as if I had seen you in there,  
your arms outstretched  
and head flung back,  
laughter rippling down your throat.

You are the rain, the thunder, the echo in the mountains,  
you have the power of peace  
that blooms in the hearts of gardens,  
the fragrance that melts into yesterday's evenings  
and so many tomorrows waiting to be born.  
You are the tree that made me lie in its shade,  
the flowers singing soft melodies  
on my body,  
breathing of heartaches and soul songs.

What night did not do to me,  
your presence was not unwilling to beckon to me,  
smiling away the hesitation in my fingers  
even if yours did nothing to ignite warmer moments  
of spacious turns of emotions,  
even if yours is the breath  
that fills me to bursting point.



## *Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

You stand there, on the other side of the window  
I throw wide open  
after being stifled with the shame of this longing,  
the stars behind you still dizzy with their sparkle.  
You are life's discovery while I stroll down  
those lanes in the dark,  
littered with landscapes of gentle admonition  
and inconsolable tears.

All the while, I know that you balk and thwart and shun.  
My heart is parched with this missing.  
What night could not do to me  
you have done.

Ms. Sudarshana Ghosh, India

## Please Don't Let Me Walk Away

There won't be a better time for this, I feel.  
But you need to tell me if it's me you want,  
before this moment passes and I walk away.  
It's not my desire to go. I've told you that  
... and how much you mean to me.

This sultry night is not all that makes me flush.  
It is you as well; the musky smell of your damp flesh,  
the heat of your kisses, each more intense than the last.  
I want to feel you next to me; touching me with fingertips  
gently but with need, until the moans of pleasure,  
and a whispered voice beg for more. And if that is not  
enough, my body will tell you what it is I want,  
as the droplets of sweat beading on our skin  
blend together, and we become one,  
as our heartbeats quicken, our breathing staggers  
and we experience that closeness we both want.  
Or will you just let me walk away?

Gabrielle Streck

## My Love in the Spring

My love awakes as filled with firmest hope  
for joy to come upon her face complete.  
as spring reveals its face in purest scope,  
my love is moving to a lake with eyes discrete.  
As she is staring at this lake, her features show  
a soul which radiates with strongest glow.  
I come to see my love as standing at the lake  
as she is offering a smile for virtue's sake.  
Her smile is breathing through the flowers that release  
their scent into the air as I am standing here.  
As I am breathing sweetest smells which never cease,  
I see a beauty breathing in my love as clear.  
My love awakens me to gifts which spring contains  
As one reflection shows a face which reigns.

Jason Constantine Ford

[http://www.dansemacabreonline.com/#!/\\_\\_dm-62-anvil/poetry/vstc11=drei-durch-drei](http://www.dansemacabreonline.com/#!/__dm-62-anvil/poetry/vstc11=drei-durch-drei)

and we shall make love

my "maleness" was fashioned  
to perfectly fit in the door  
of your more secret chambers

open your things slowly  
and allow me to gently bless you  
with the divine procreative prodding  
we were meant to enjoy

let me enter thy moist embracing treasure room  
of love

your inner sanctum already anticipates  
my arrival  
and i shall come  
in due time  
and anoint you  
with a warm liquid love  
that epitomizes my desires  
your wantonness

i have longed for you  
for aeons  
as you have longed for me

we have searched the world  
to all ends  
with no amends  
but now you must know  
that i am here

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

i have and shall ever more  
come to you  
come in you  
and flood your ecstatic reasons  
with a fruit of sweetness  
and a completeness  
and fill the depths of your wantings

open up for me my love  
for i am ready  
as are you

our secretions  
evidence our needs  
to share this holy seed  
that i have been saving  
for just this day  
as you part the way  
and allow me  
to enter into your inner chamber  
of love  
once again

and we shall make love

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[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

lust

i could feel her presence  
lurking quietly in the shadows  
as she softly stroked my desires  
in to awakening

i heard her cautious footsteps  
as she demurely approached  
hoping to catch me  
and enrapture me  
with the surprise  
of her glorious warmth

and then  
i felt her moist lips  
upon my wanting  
and accommodating flesh  
where heretofore  
my expectations lied  
dormant

and at that very moment  
she knew she was in full control  
of the asylum

lust

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[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

even if but a night

there is . . .  
something about the desire she conjures  
within me  
from the depths of my wantings

the movements of my heart  
were haunting me  
calling to me  
to set this demon of desire  
free

i thought often  
about what could be  
if  
if i could just let this image  
dance the Tango  
with my needs  
and my expectations

i spoke often with her  
avoiding such subjects  
but inside  
i was subjected  
to the dreams  
of touching her  
embracing her  
and her sweet soul-filled smiles  
if but for a night  
a little while

*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

i was enamored  
taken  
shaken  
by her beauty  
and i felt it was my Divine duty  
to pay homage to her grace  
i needed to taste her

in all the spaces  
and not waste a drop  
of her loveliness  
nor let it drip  
from my lips

i tried of course to entice her  
but the nice her  
could not feel my heat  
and i was burning up  
yearning to fill her cup  
with a confirmation  
of joy

i wanted to induce her to dance  
seduce her with chance  
and explain to her  
my pain of need for her

that "chance" in a life time  
happens not every day

and i had ways  
about me  
that would renovate her doubts  
about me  
and her self



*Hot Summer Nights ~ 2013*

and in every way  
i wanted to consume her  
and i assumed  
probably too often  
that she would be pleased  
as i attempted to appease  
my wantonness  
by filling her womb  
with music  
that now entombs  
past dead things  
where no one sings anymore

yes i wanted her  
in the worse way  
and that is all i can say

even if but a night

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*Collaborations*

*Gratias*

Ménage à Trois

My heart stirs as you open wide  
Your mind excites me  
Don't hide your thoughts  
Your words make me stiffen  
In anticipation of entering your secret place  
Don't worry – I'll set the pace  
With rhymes and rhythms  
To make you squeal  
My lyrical love makes you wet  
And sends us both to the edge of reason  
This is the season to be alluring  
My heart speaks, and during my oration  
I pour a libation  
Inviting you to consummate  
our conversation...R.G

I suckle on your libations  
For your metaphors and haikus speak volumes of unwritten  
prose to my hungry soul  
Sensuality oozes from my pores while my hips dip low to  
accompany your load  
Feed me till I want no more  
My heart and heavens spread wide in anticipation  
I anticipate total annihilation  
Of this plethora of emotions you have stirred  
I am besotted by your spoken word  
This is indeed the season for our passion to be heard  
And during your dictation, a chorus of elation  
Escapes my lips.....E.P

Words to soothe  
given birth to poetic  
lyricists

displaying affection  
and eroticism  
as I suck on your body  
like a cannulae  
filtering your blood  
throughout your body  
As it keeps us perked and erect  
.....you collapse  
experiencing a lyrical orgasm....A.C

Your cries move from sensual sighs  
To guttural moans  
As my pen is honed on the sharpness of your wit  
I enter you  
Mind hit with every lyric  
My pen's prowess used to impress  
This lyrical Empress  
My words fail to express  
How much my mind is blown  
By lyrical lips fastened to me  
orally, you tickle my fancy  
My ears get hot  
Gimme all you got  
Talk your talk  
You're hitting my spot..R.G

I move from the page to the stage  
Eager to rock your mic  
Salivate my thoughts like droplets of dynamite  
Ready to explode while you implode  
Inside of me  
My cup overflowing  
Ecstasy from knowing, I'm hitting your spot  
Just one word from you and I go from simmering to hot  
Instantly, come on King, enter me  
Your wordplay, is like foreplay  
I'm ready for the main course.....E.P

Would you eat or be eaten as your body calls

You think you can handle me?  
Only one way to find out  
Cheap thrills  
As the lyrics spills  
exploding in phenomenal cries of ecstasy  
She thought she could lay motionless  
But under the flickering of my tongue  
Her body became one  
As I played musical notes with every thrust  
Up and down... A.C

This feels so right it can't be wrong  
Temperatures rising higher with every round  
I'm going down for seconds  
This has to be the best, I reckon  
At least for me  
Stuck in between erotica & sensuality  
Receiving this penetration lyrically  
I'm begging you to plant that word in me  
So I may give birth to POETRY.... E.P

Empress Poetry  
Robert Gibson  
Ainsley Carter

<http://www.facebook.com/EmpressPoetry>

<http://www.facebook.com/robert.gibson.3979>

<http://www.facebook.com/mrxqwsit>

## Solarly Intertwined Wonder

Collaboration by, Eric H. Allen and Erica Chamlee

Eric H. Allen

I've been loving you...  
For so long  
It is as if...time has stood still  
Seeing the same youthful brilliance in your eyes  
With the full embodiment of experience...  
Intertwined in the wisdom of your spirit...  
Our relations are equally as impressive to our mental  
conversation  
The simplicity of your smile desensitizes sadness  
Can't get enough of your dimples  
Stimulating my temple  
To familiar destinations plus unknown spaciousness  
Your essence often lingers for days  
I walk throughout your maze  
Not seeking separation  
In a blissful daze  
Linked eternally spiritually  
Craving the glow of our tandem achievements  
Love me as your truest everlasting  
The original that assisted you in removing your mask  
Last that shall ever love you First Class...  
For we complete each other  
Undressing the worldly cloak  
Unveiling the purest movement of two spirits that have  
become one...  
I'm... in love with you  
For you are my Solar System...

*Erica Chamlee*

*Macrocosmic beauty...  
It is crazy though it seems...  
Intricately designed around our very seams ...  
Energizing inside our magical dreams...  
When two realize the power it brings...  
Touching divinity in seconds caught within a moments  
memory...*

*Tasting the breaths of each exhale...  
Divers inside a heavenly hell...  
Creation explodes hues of spewed emotion...  
Love reveals it's mysterious head...  
Conjoining heart beats ...  
As lips touch their divided parting...  
Tongues entwine inside lost eyes of romances dance...  
Hands grip in between sheets of need...  
Warmth is felt Solarly complete...  
A labyrinth of bodily proportion...  
Left within to the hungering explorer to touch each crevice  
unseen...  
Awakening eyes inside closed sights...  
Inhaling the masters scent as he presses together our agape  
sacrifice ...  
I rise revealing my face unto you...  
Worldly confabulations ...  
Glaring deeply into your desiring eyes...  
Stimulation left to proceed....*

Eric H. Allen

We became carnivorous...  
In pursuit of deliverance...  
My sonar...detected her signals  
Swimming in the depth of abysses almost breathless...  
The tasty touch of our lips kept us coherent...  
Our hearts produced rhythms...  
In non-duplicatable cadences...  
Seeking the inner most clarity...  
From temple incisions...  
Of two...  
That have achieved oneness...  
Only ensue-able...  
Through simultaneous seclusion  
Stimulated by the invasion of warm thunder...  
Bursting beyond her clouds of joy  
Igniting hydration  
Well past desires...



Inciting conundrums  
Unriddling pleasures within puns  
While devouring multiple visions  
As we gazed intertwined within each other's pupils...  
Sightless in taking our excitement... Throughout ritualistic  
movements...  
Reciting codes that only the truest...  
Of Lovers are capable of decoding ...  
Via sensual soliloquized rants  
Softly spoken... yet speechless...

*Erica Chamlee*

*Silence fills the room...  
As the impetuous energy fills our plexus...  
Pulsating depths within erogenous zones...  
Moistened by true loves passionate contingency...  
Revealing me beneath its sweltering heat...  
Breathless...  
A  
b  
s  
o  
r  
b  
i  
n  
g ...  
Moans of turbulent suppression's...  
Implosions within...  
Rectifier release as it builds...  
Imminence to taste your lips...  
Slow-mo-tion-ally ...  
Sustaining ...this inner motionlessness...  
Swirling within...  
Chaos spins exalting me...  
Retrospectively...  
mmmmmmmm.... captured within your spell ...  
Ignited flames burning....*

*Mouth watering to quench your desire to feel ...  
Invitingly I open...to be consumed by your obliteration  
pursuit ...  
Spread wings soaring....  
Warmth running through me...  
Touching the divide inside my eyes...  
My lips begin quivering...  
My eyes bewildered by your wonder...*

<https://www.facebook.com/MacrocosmPromotion>

Gratis

## Liquid Strokes

The Dead Sea Scrolls

Allow me to speak to your soul

Spirit shadowing yours, telepathy is our final destiny

Reading you intravenously

Lay with me speak without sound tattoo my mental with

your essence

As I Brush stroke your canvas life blossoms to  
enchantment

All over your bodice kisses fluctuate in depth

Tongue touch activating shallow surface nerve beginnings  
just beneath the skins surface

Mature movement expresses its self through Tourette's

Our commingled chemical warfare balance nature's own  
natural action through reaction

When finished the picture painted mirrors abstract refined-  
ness

The masterpiece is complete yet never unfinished...

Until next session...

Your brush looks tired let me hold it

Better yet I can wake it up let me stroke it

Let me trace your outline

Taste you slow like fine wine

No need for words I can read your mind

You want to do a dance as old as time

You want to paint your name inside me so in tongues I can  
speak

I'm a wave and you want to ride me until we both get weak

No need for words we communicate through touch

Besides if we spoke our walls might blush

No need to talk but feel free to vocalize

Let the walls echo with your moans and sighs  
For this is a masterpiece created by two  
You write in me while I write on you  
I am the willing pad for your skillful pen  
Because every time I think we're done you start over again  
Session after session after sweaty session  
Your body to me is such a blessin'

Chocolate and Karmel Poet

it's Tight

a *Lioness* ~ 'just bill' collaboration

she looked at me as if i was a leader  
but in truth  
she was my inspiration

each day i looked to the new dawn  
the light of the Sun  
because i knew  
i would see her again

she was the one  
who held me in my dreams  
and it seems  
she was right there with me  
in my bed  
in my head  
and she fed me  
a new joy  
each night  
man, this love i have for her  
is tight

*...tighter than tight~  
I'm as high as a kite...  
Elevated on the wings of his love~  
I have taken flight...  
Yes---he said i was his inspiration~  
but this man gives me motivation...  
to achieve all of my goals---  
& be true 2my soul...  
His voice~his smile~his words~~*

*They will never grow old...  
Because of him,,,  
i found the happiness that had evaded me so well...  
Whenever someone mentions his name---  
that huge, cheesy grin on my face~  
makes it so easy 2tell...  
Wrapped in his arms~~  
I feel safe & secure~~~  
For the disease of chronic~brokenheartedness---  
He was my cure...*

yeah  
she tight  
she right

she put wings on my dreams  
and gave them flight

i was broken  
and her spoken words  
i heard  
and my mountain was moved  
as the syllables danced enticingly off her tongue  
the beast in me was soothed  
damn she was smooth

and the lust in me began to rise  
you could see the fire in my eyes  
and to no one's surprise  
i had to have her  
even if it meant my demise  
so i told her my truths  
no lies  
about how i just thought of her  
and her lips  
her hips  
and those daily trips

i would be making  
between her thighs  
and her sighs  
as i super-sized her  
ravished her  
like a savage  
cause  
she inspired me  
and fired me up

*....And 2gether~~we blaze>>  
he successfully maneuvered my maze...  
My complications~  
My frustrations---  
Pen touching my soul as it touches the paper~~*

*giving me warm sensations...  
I heard him speak &-  
he spoke away my tears & fears...  
captivated my senses~~~  
& made love 2 my ears...  
Had me tingling in places>>  
I never really knew i had...  
Evoking chills~thinking of the thrills~~  
that 2my body--he could add...  
Physically responding with heat&moisture--  
from the verbal stimulation~~  
I lost complete control-  
Damn!-this is a critical situation...  
Sweet love vs. sweet lust~~~  
Deep trust vs. deep thrusts...  
With him>>i'll never have 2choose---  
A chance 4 real love~~  
from a real man has me dancing~~~  
No longer singing the blues...*

and baby  
you got me crazy  
lazy  
hazy  
for my thoughts  
are only of you

the things i used to do  
dream about  
be about  
have vacated my sedated life  
and the rife of love you bring  
makes me dream of things  
i thought i had forgotten

i think of your smile

which defies all reason  
teasing me  
as it entices me  
to please you  
appease you  
through and through

and if it is mere words that do  
this  
wait until  
that first kiss  
and the bliss  
that comes about  
when i get it in  
and you shout  
to God  
and the angels

when my staff and my rod  
penetrate your thinking  
your soul  
as i am sinking  
my heart  
into the ocean of your embrace  
as my lips upon your face  
allows me to taste  
that essence of you  
the essence of me  
and the ecstasy  
we have just shared  
because you  
take me there  
my fair maiden of verse

‘just bill’ & *Lioness*



~~"INFILTRATION"~~

a Lioness ~ 'just bill' collaboration

thoughts of u infiltrate my mind~~like soldiers crossing  
enemy lines.....intensely throbbing in my head---like a  
migraine~~yet there's so much pleasure in the pain.....

*yes my thoughts are of you  
for you  
about you  
through and through  
and this fire  
this desire  
i have for you  
has me  
losing me  
and i am blind*

*out of my mind*

*and all i do think of  
is my lust  
not my love  
i think of how  
we could get together  
fit together  
if you would let me just  
infiltrate  
penetrate  
and saturate  
all of me  
in you*

....complete saturation~~anticipation~of our  
fornication~impedes the thoughts in my head....wishing i  
could concentrate on something---ANYTHING- else~but  
all i envision is u in my bed....i am  
fading~~disintegrating~~just wanna be gyrating~ 2 the  
beat of ur drum.....from me~~u can have everything--i'm ur  
puppet on a string~~manipulate me until my limbs go  
numb...such painful bliss~~i've fallen in2 ur abyss~~~u've  
invaded my system--like a cyst.....total infiltration~~~of  
my mind//body//soul~&imagination---as we  
metamorphasize 2 become 1.....

*head . . did you say head  
mmmmmm baby  
just a little head  
before we hit those sheets  
that bed*

*but damn baby  
just let me lick it*

*before i dick it  
and split it  
from your lips  
to your lips  
while i hold on  
to those hips  
while i nibble a bit  
on that clit  
uuuummmm baby*

*and maybe you will cum for me  
let me drink  
that orgasmic juice  
you have for me  
as our ecstasy  
over flows  
as daddy does what daddy knows*

*don't be timid  
there are no limits  
imposed  
for where my tongue goes  
you knows  
what is cumming next  
as i flexx my muscle  
getting ready to go in  
deep within  
all the way in  
and touch that place  
where your lust and your sin  
is calling to me*

*to do you  
like you do me  
when i slide  
deep inside  
your womb  
to be entombed  
and we will hold each other  
in our forever  
when i infiltrate you*

....infiltrate me~~penetrate me~~try ur best 2 satiate me....trust me baby---thatz not an easy task.....and i'm all about reciprocation~u won't even have 2ask.....4 every 1 lick u give me~~i'm givin' u back 2.....from ur head 2 ur head---cuz my favorite flavor is u.....let me taste u~~chocolate waste u~~consuming ur essence until the very last drop.....non~stop~~'til i completely drain ur hose--  
-i know u're curling ur toes--but just wait until i get on top....let me jockey ur horse~~allow this heat&passion 2run itz course.....as u slide~inside~&outside~my insides--deep&wet like high tide---i can feel u getting weak.....i'm twisting,,winding,,&grinding so good~~all over ur wood~~u're about 2reach ur peak.....this shyt right here--is no joke~~in just a few more pokes~~we will spontaneously combust---climaxing 2gether.....hmmm...i pray~~my love--this rendezvous will not simply remain etched in my brain~4ever.....but 4now--i lay-alone in this bed....while erotic fantasies of our impending carnal encounter infiltrate my core~~~pulsating in my head.....

*head ?  
did you say head  
again*

*yeah i'm ready*

*yeah baby  
no maybes here  
come my dear  
and do your thing  
i close my eyes  
and i hear that punnani sing  
it's calling my name  
and you know what that is  
its time for baby to cum*

*release his jizz  
i love your flow  
can't help my self shit  
i'll see you soon  
gotta hit that shit  
just one more time  
and i won't stop  
cause baby you make  
big daddy pop  
so head . . . head  
go on . . . have a lick  
of this chocolate stick  
and make this dick  
do what dicks do  
cause i am cumin baby  
to just do you  
gonna push it deep  
make you seep  
make you weep  
as we take a peep  
at the way it should always be  
when you allow me  
to infiltrate*

*penetrate*  
*damn . . . i can't wait*

.....mmmmm~~~neither can i.....

Lioness & 'just bill'

## The Process

A Caldwell Peters Collaboration

*( Janet's Voice )*  
*Lying in my garden*  
*I see, the seeded grass*  
*bees buzzing by, butterflies*  
*and some blossoming flowers*

*( Bill )*  
opening  
to the world  
of life.

*( Janet )*  
*Impregnated by a stream*  
*of sappy semen*  
*pollen . . .*

*( Bill )*  
dropped by salacious trees  
and willing carriers  
of pro-genitive purpose.

Life has a need  
a duty to

( Janet )  
*fornicate  
procreate  
accelerate  
and celebrate  
their species.*

( Bill )  
accumulate en masse

( Janet )  
*Lying in my garden  
with naked desire  
surmising  
realizing  
that you and I  
are no different.*

( Bill )  
i stand naked  
before the throne  
desires bared  
loins aflame  
calling the name  
of love  
to come anoint me  
within your eyes  
objective speaks  
and the voices  
of the children to come  
call for deliverance  
and i heed the call

my seed has need  
to be planted  
in the furrow  
of the divine  
that which resides  
as thine and mine  
as we too  
embrace this truth  
of purpose  
to accumulate en masse

*( Janet )  
procreate  
accumulate  
while realizing  
through our surmising  
that we are  
as we are.*

*( Bill )  
Life unto it's self  
the process.*

William S. Peters, Sr. / Janet P. Caldwell

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/william-s-peters-sr.php>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>



Gratis



*Stories*  
Gratis

## Sensuous Spirituous

Your energetic presence caresses my soul causing a quickening of my heart; I feel into the energy of the moment and my chest tightens, my throat constricts and my heart begins to pound...

You are here, when only moments before you were a thousand miles away...

The impossibility of the moment skitters across the surface of my awareness and as quickly as the thought comes, it is gone, lost in the sensations of this now. I find myself wanting to delve into the externalization of this new and unexplored internal flame that burns within in me yet I am frozen and unable to respond.

A thought comes to me... Caress my skin and I might melt in your arms; caress my soul and my heart will surely melt into yours...

So begins the dance with the non-physical...

Eyes have closed, drowsy... lips slightly parted.

The air becomes still and the muted flickering light of a nearby candle dances in anticipation of your imminent arrival.

It's the heaviness I feel that lets me know you are here; the weight of a presence near me, around me, in me, that pulls the breathe from my lungs. Frozen, waiting; this is where I will remain as long as you are with me. Hovering on the brink of the precipice of something intangible and unknowable.

A sharp intake of breathe and a slow release. All my desires and dreams caught in my throat, suffocating me. This is what I crave; the crest of the wave, the peak... hovering at a height unreachable by human hands, a height from which I have yet to fall...

My skin tingles eagerly accepting the caresses the night air offers. My breathing slows and my eyes close... My back arches and I offer myself to the emptiness. A sigh escapes my lips... I can feel the weight of you upon me and for just one moment I forget myself and reach my hand out to you...

It drops to my side as the feelings continue to wash over me, wave upon wave of sensation...

A thousand finger tips lightly stroke my flesh, a thousand lips caress my body with breathe...

A thousand hands manipulate and massage my arms, my hands, my calves, my thighs... and so I exist in a world of sensation, floating in a sea of anticipation, unshed tears of joy and release shining in my eyes... you keep me there, refusing to release me....

Floating, reaching... this is only the beginning.....  
Sensation is ALL... and out of the deepest recesses of our being comes the ability to physically manifest that sensation in others simply through the offering of passionate love; a love that when shared, given and received, openly and freely, has no boundaries.

Think of me, open your mind to me, feel me, see me...  
Can you lay still in the solitude of your room and feel my fingers lightly brush your lips? Can you sit in the musical wilderness of Mother Nature and hear my laughter tickle your ears as I dance through the wild flowers to the beat of the hummingbirds drum?

Lay back now, close your eyes...

Know that I am there and that though your mind may at first deny it, the feelings that overcome you are real; ride them as they flow across your being, allow yourself to rise and fall with them, feel them crashing upon the shore of your current understanding and tell me truthfully, can you accept the limits of this physical being or do you embrace the freedom of that which has no limits.  
Sensation is ALL...

Niki Leach aka Jean Victoria Norloch  
[www.feenxrising.blogspot.com](http://www.feenxrising.blogspot.com)

Gratis

Carnival Knowledge

The summer of 1980 seemed to hold nothing but promise for this young man. Just one year out of high school it was an easy decision for me to take a year off before going to college. Heck, I was young enough to enjoy myself and wanted to travel and see the country while I had the opportunity. The year before, just out of high school, I had taken a job as a carnival worker or carnie as they are known. It gave me the chance to schlep across country and get paid in the process. Being a carnie can be grueling at times. You sleep in pop up trailers and drink and party like rock stars without the benefit of groupies. Hanging out with the carnies gave me second thoughts about ever letting my kids go on amusement park rides, but they were a fun bunch of guys and I enjoyed their company. I did the carnie thing for five months, making my way from the East Coast to the West in the process.

After returning to New Jersey from my left coast finale, I moved into a trailer I shared with a buddy from high school. It was tight, but there was just enough room for my guitar, my blues records, and me. I bought an old BSA Gold Star 650 motorcycle and spent the beginning of 1980 traveling up and down the East Coast on the bike. You could always tell where I had last parked it by the oil stains on the pavement, but it ran well and more importantly, it looked damn cool. By summer I had settled back in New Jersey, looking forward to getting in as much time as possible on the Jersey shore before going off to school in the fall.

By August I hate to have to say I was getting tired of drinking and casual sex, but living like it was my last summer on earth was starting to catch up with me. I would have to get into study mode next month and I started to ease down on my partying at the shore. I made plans to go to the Flemington Fair in Flemington New Jersey in late August. This would give me a day of relative relaxation

and a chance to catch up with my old carnie buddies from the summer before. It was something I really looked forward to.

It was a warm Friday morning the day I set off to the fair. It was already close to 80 degrees by eleven or so when I got on my BSA and started off. The sun beating down on my bare arms felt so good. I started to think how much I was going to miss these road trips on the bike once I started college. I was certain I would have little time for much other than studying. After about an hour on the road I got onto Route 202 with its rolling hills. As I opened the throttle on the long downhill stretches, the breeze caused the sleeves and back of my T-shirt to flap wildly in the wind. It felt so good, as the temperature had passed the 80 mark by now and the rushing wind was a welcome relief. The roar of the pipes was the perfect soundtrack for what was to be my last major summertime excursion.

After arriving at the fair, I parked the bike and made my way through the main entrance. I planned on spending a couple hours with my carnie buddies and afterwards about an hour or so checking out some of the exhibits I recall being fond of. I immediately made my way towards the back where the pop-up trailers were parked. I knew at least some of the carnies would be hanging out there, probably drinking beer, while the rest operated the rides. I knocked on the trailer door and was immediately greeted by an old co-worker, Jose.

"Hey Amigo, long time no see," Jose said in an excited tone. "Come on in, bro."

I was treated like a long lost brother returning home from war. We sat and talked. The beer flowed freely and the time passed quickly. People came and went as they went to relieve the guys working the rides. Before I knew it almost four hours had passed. After a lot of hugging and good-



byes I left the trailer. I knew it would probably be the last time that I saw most of those guys.

I wandered onto the main drag and slowly made my way towards the booths with their various games. I stopped at an Italian ice stand and bought myself an Italian ice to refresh myself from the heat. As I was paying for my ice, I heard a voice.

"Hey, I got the same shirt," a lovely female voice said.

I turned and saw a beautiful girl, about twenty years old, with long black hair and big brown eyes. She was wearing a pink T-shirt and faded jeans. It was clear that the only thing covering her perky nipples was the T-shirt. She had pink fingernail polish with silver glitter and a silver necklace. Other than that she wore no jewelry or makeup except bright red lipstick. Her slender body and small breasts made her appear younger than her twenty years. She had a youthful vigor and a quick, sly smile that could melt even the hardest heart.

"I just bought the same shirt as you." She pulled a T-shirt out of a plastic bag. It had the logo of the rock group 'The Who' on it.

"Oh cool, you a Who fan too?" I asked.

"Yes." She answered.

We began conversing and found out we had similar musical tastes. She told me her name was Cindy and she lived in the next town with her parents. We started walking along, sharing an Italian ice. We passed through the area containing the animals, as Cindy wanted to see the horses. Afterwards we headed onto the main walkway and stopped

at the booth where you aim at the clown's mouth with the water pistol. The water entering the clown's mouth causes a ball to rise and ring a bell. The first person to ring the bell wins a prize.

I handed the girl behind the counter two tickets and Cindy and I each grabbed a water pistol. I quickly won as the bell rang.

"What do you want?" I asked Cindy. I had a choice of prizes.

"I'll take the small bear on the left," she told the girl operating the stand.

Cindy took her teddy bear and we strolled onward down the main drag, stopping occasionally at various booths. We stopped and got a funnel cake that we shared as we walked towards the area where the rides were.

"Ooh, a merry-go-round! Let's go on!" Cindy exclaimed.

After giving the operator the tickets, we each found a horse. The ride started as the music blared. The ride slowly built up speed, as the lights became a blur. The carnival music completely drowned out the sounds of the crowd and the animals in their stalls under the darkening moonlit sky. Cindy would reach up on occasion and try to grab a ring. As she stood up in the stirrups her T-shirt would ride up her back and her nipples would press against the cloth, which was the only thing holding them back. She was all smiles and giggles. We went around a few times and as the music and lights wound down, we dismounted and rejoined the crowd on the busy thoroughfare.

As we continued on our way, we held hands as Cindy continually glanced my way and giggled. She looked so good with her long black hair shining under the full moon. As we came to the end of the road, the Ferris wheel came

into view. Cindy became excited and all smiles as she suggested we go on it. Of course I agreed. We held hands as we stood in line and when it came our turn I handed the man our tickets and we got on. The man fastened the cross bar across our laps and we held on as the mighty wheel climbed upward towards the star studded sky. As Cindy held onto the cross bar, I could see the silver glitter on her pink nails sparkle in the moonlight.

"This is so romantic," Cindy said as she snuggled next to me and placed her hand on my right thigh. I could feel the arousal building up in me as the blood ran to my crotch. As the Ferris wheel car stopped up top, you could literally see for miles. The people below looked like dots and the stars in the sky looked almost in reach.

After the ride ended we once again found ourselves on the main drag. The fair was closing as the lights were slowly being extinguished. The sun had set but the sky was bright with the light of the moon. It was a gorgeous night. Since we had to leave, I suggested to Cindy that we take a ride on my motorcycle. She told me she loved bikes and was visibly excited at the thought.

We made our way out of the fair and onto the bike. Cindy put the teddy bear on the handlebars of the bike, held in place by a bungee cord I had there. Cindy got on and held me tight as we entered the main roads. As she nuzzled up against my neck, I could get a whiff of her floral scented hair.

As we rode down the road and got on the main highway, Cindy would put her arms out and stroke my forearms. I could see the glitter on her nails reflected in the moonlight. As we stopped at lights, I would rev the BSA twin. The vibrations would cause Cindy to sigh and she would squeeze me tight, nuzzling her nose against the back of my neck. We rode around for a couple of hours in the beautiful August night. A beautiful girl on the back of a classic

British bike holding me tight under a clear, star-studded sky. A perfect night if there ever was one.

As the ride progressed, Cindy went from stroking my forearms to stroking my thighs. It was clear this gorgeous young woman wanted to ride more than my motorcycle. Suddenly, I had an idea. I turned back on Route 202 and headed towards the fair. As I pulled back up to the entrance, Cindy asked me what I was doing. The fair was dark except for a few security lights and a guard at the entrance was the only visible sign of human life. I parked near the main entrance and told Cindy to wait there. I ran around back by the fence where the pop-up trailers were. The carnies were hanging out, drinking beer. I called out for Jose.

"Jose, Jose!" I shouted.

Jose came to the fence.

"What up, Amigo?" he asked.

"I need you to do me a favor," I said. "Come around to the front entrance and bring your keys for the rides."

"OK, but only for you, Amigo."

Jose always called me 'Amigo'. It was a term of endearment as we were good friends. I ran back to Cindy as Jose came to the main entrance.

"I need you to get us in and I need to borrow your keys." I explained.

"OK, for you I do this only, Amigo," Jose said.

I grabbed Cindy's hand and led her into the fair. Jose returned to the trailer. As Cindy and I walked along, there was nobody in sight as everything was put away for the

night and all was dark and calm except for an occasional security light.

"This is wonderful!" Cindy exclaimed. "So romantic."

We walked down the same main drag we had walked down just hours before. "Look, here is where you won the bear," Cindy said.

I stopped at the booth and went around and unlocked the water pistols. "I think it will work," I said. I squeezed the trigger and water shot out.

"I have an idea," Cindy said. She climbed over the counter and sat on top of the clown. "Aim for me instead of the clown," she said.

I aimed the pistol as a stream of water soaked her T-shirt. Her nipples were clearly visible behind the wet shirt. She giggled loudly.

"No, silly. Lower!" she said as she unbuttoned her jeans, revealing a neatly trimmed dark bush. This was a girl who did not believe in underwear.

I aimed the water pistol at Cindy's groin. She cried out and laughed hysterically as the cold water hit her womanhood. I did it a couple more times as Cindy laughed loudly. Cindy then climbed back on top of the counter and jumped into my arms, almost knocking me over. The wetness of her shirt was cold against my body. Her nipples were hard as they pressed against my chest.

We ran down the main drag hand in hand till the end of the road. The merry-go-round was once again in sight.

"Oh, can we go back on?" Cindy asked excitedly.

I went over to the control panel for the ride and inserted the key. The motor started up. I lifted Cindy up onto one of the horses. I started up the ride as the sound of the carnival music broke the silence of the still New Jersey night. As the ride started in motion, I hopped on the horse behind her and grabbed hold of her hips as Cindy stood up in the stirrups. As the lights flashed and the music blared, I pulled down Cindy's pants as she tried to grab the rings. Her beautiful butt was in full view as I rubbed my face against her soft cheeks. As the music continued to play, I managed to turn Cindy around so that her back rested against the pole supporting the horse. I licked her stomach with firm strokes and made my way down to her waiting pussy. Her soft bush teased my face as I took in her womanly scent and began teasing it with my tongue. Cindy arched her back against the pole and held the pole at a point above her head. The flashing lights danced magically upon the sweet juices that were forming on the wondrous feast before me. As I supported her arched body with my hands firmly gripping her butt, I teased her womanly delights with my tongue in ever harder and quicker strokes while her scent mixed with the fresh country air.

As I continued my tongue strokes, her juices began to cover my face. As we went around and around, her moans became increasingly louder until they drowned out the sound of the music. Her climax ended as the merry-go-round slowed to a halt in a fitting finish to a total sensual delight. She fell into my arms in a warm embrace, her nipples once again pressed against my body as we dismounted. She pulled up her jeans and we held hands as we continued up the deserted path.

As we continued up the road, we held hands as once again Cindy glanced my way and giggled. Just as before, Cindy's long black hair shone in the moonlight. Just as we did earlier in the day, we came upon the Ferris wheel. We both looked at each other with telling glances, and then we

embraced. I went over to the control panel and started the engine that powers the ride. I helped Cindy into one of the Ferris wheel cars and fastened the cross bar. I started the ride and stopped it just in time so that Cindy and the car were at the highest point in the ride overlooking the whole fair. I then stopped the motor so that the loudest sound was the crickets chirping in the distance. I climbed up the side of the ride and when I reached the top, I grabbed onto the cross bar and hoisted myself in, joining Cindy in the Ferris wheel car.

I sat myself on the cross bar across from Cindy. She looked so lovely with her long black hair shining in the moonlight. The view from above was spectacular. The moon hung low in the summer sky as it looked down upon us. The stars dotted the summer sky. They looked so close you could reach out and grab one. If Cindy had asked me that night, I would have. I leaned forward and gave Cindy a passionate kiss. She kissed back with all her might, our tongues in a lovers' embrace. I removed Cindy's damp T-shirt to reveal those delicate breasts in all their glory to the moonlit sky. I worked my way down with my tongue and lips.

First her ears, then her soft neck, rounding her breasts and wondrous nipples, leaving nothing untouched. As I continued my journey downward to the Promised Land, the only sounds were the soft squeaking of the Ferris wheel car as it gently rocked. The rocking was somehow soothing, like a cradle rocking a baby. With the crowds long gone and the animals asleep, the only other sounds were Cindy's soft moans as I gently removed her pants and cast them aside. As I stood up and removed my clothes, revealing my rock hard erection, I was startled at the words that broke that summer evening silence.

"Stop."

"Stop?" I asked in an utterly confused state.

"Stop," Cindy repeated.

I could feel the blood draining out of what was once a proud and glorious erection as she muttered the one word no man wants to hear.

Cindy then bent over and reached into the pocket of her pants. She pulled out something and as she held it up I could see what it was. A condom. OK, I thought, I guess things could have been worse, but this was not the ideal I was hoping for.

"I insist," she said. "I have to."

She then held the wrapped condom up to her lips. She then tore the wrapper open with her bright red lips, the saliva on the package shining in the moonlight. She then removed the condom with her teeth and maneuvered it with her mouth so that it was perched perfectly between her pouted lips. I could feel my erection returning in full glory like a flag raised above a battlefield.

Cindy then leaned forward and placed her long slender fingers on my thighs. The glitter on her fingernails once again sparkled in the moonlight. Her hair danced on my inner thighs as she leaned forward and with her mouth engulfed my massive hard-on in one decisive motion. With her lips she slid the rubber on along the entire length of my shaft. When she came back up for air, I could see streaks of her red lipstick along the sides of the prophylactic and the wetness of her saliva along my member glistened in the light of the moon. As she raised her head, she smiled a huge seductive grin.

I was perched with my butt resting against the cross bar and Cindy was now across from me seated in the Ferris wheel car. I grabbed Cindy's hands with one hand and spun her around with the other so that her knees were now resting on the seat of the car and her hands were on the back edge.



Her butt was in the air facing me and I began to stroke her womanhood from behind. She was so wet by now she was practically dripping. I started to finger her, one finger at first, then two. I fingered her wet pussy until her soft moans drowned out the squeaking of the gently swaying Ferris wheel car. As she begged me to take her, I inserted my covered member into her wanting love canal. I began to thrust, slowly and rhythmically at first as the car began to rock ever more. As my thrusting began to increase in speed and intensity, the car on the top of the Ferris wheel began to rock like a ship in a storm, the leading edge alternately obscuring the moonlight creating a rhythmic light dance upon her sweat drenched back. Her moans became screams of passion breaking the silence of the New Jersey night as the Ferris wheel car rocked furiously from our lovers' dance. Her vaginal muscles threatened to lock us as we came together in a fit of passion high over the Flemington countryside.

When we finished, I leaned back against the cross bar and Cindy sat up in the seat of the car. Once again she had a sly grin on her face. She reached out between my legs and began to unroll the condom from my penis. She removed it and held it up with a big grin. She then held it by the opening up to her lips and stuck out her tongue as if to tease the rubber. She then took the index finger of her other hand and unrolled the condom inside out onto her index finger while inserting it in her mouth. With the condom inside out on her finger, she then performed mock fellatio on it, cleaning it off like new, careful not to miss a drop of what seemed to be my precious love juices. She then put it aside and gave me a huge smile, ear to ear.

We sat and held each other for some time, just two people enjoying a spectacular view. When we started to get hungry and a bit tired, I climbed down and started the ride back up. I helped Cindy out of the car, shut off the ride and took the

key. We walked back to the trailer where Jose and the guys stayed to return the keys.

"Have a good time, Amigo?" Jose asked.

"Oh yeah," I said with a smile.

Cindy and I walked out the front entrance. On the way out we passed a security guard who gave us a telling grin.

Cindy and I just looked at each other and smiled as we got back on my motorcycle and headed out into the New Jersey night.

May, 2009

by Alan W. Jankowski

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

## Music

I woke up alone in the bed although I did not know what exactly roused me. I felt the empty pillow next to me. The coolness told me I had been alone for a while.

Then I heard it.... that lovely soft sound of the guitar from the living room. Something Spanish. Albéniz I thought but it did not matter. The soft passion of the strings moved inside me. The vibrations resonated through my being. My mind was full of him.

Blood began to fill my most intimate lips, engorging and making them more sensitive. Moisture gathered between my legs. I wondered if he knew what these little moments did to my body and my heart. I laid there listening to the soft adagio, the melody, the occasional passionate dissonance.

In my mind's eye I could see him reclining naked on the couch, the guitar held lovingly and gently in his arms. His calloused fingers strummed and picked and moved on the strings and drew out the most exquisite notes they had to offer.

My body was suddenly the guitar. Lovingly held. Touched by the hands of a true master. Making beautiful sounds because he requested them.

My legs put pressure on my swelling clit as I turned over on my back. Fingers from both hands dipped into the wetness there and I began to use my fingertips to trail the product of my passion over my body. The drops cooled and became one more layer of sensual pleasure. My nipples were instantly full and sensitive and my body began to sing with the sound of the strings and the touch of my hands. My right hand returned to stroke my slit and I heard the first moan break from my throat. My movements even and true.

The cadence of the music changed and my fingers kept time.

Two fingers were stroking, coaxing my body to a new level of arousal. My hips rose to meet them and the fingers entered my warm, wet channel. My other hand moved to my clit and strummed in counterpoint to those inside me.

My heart kept its own time and added to the lovely concert. The beads of sweat on my body pooled and dripped and felt like tiny fingers moving over me.

I lifted one hand and tasted myself, the sweet and salty mix a delight to my senses. My nipples demanded their share and I pinched and pulled and tapped on the swollen buds. The pain was as much a pleasure as anything I had ever experienced.

The sound of the strings moved faster and louder. My fingers, my breathing, my heartbeat all followed.

The music and the movement of my hands became bass notes which vibrated completely through my soul. There was a single measure of complete silence which totally took my breath away.

The final movement began and my hips rocked. My fingers became an erect organ making love to my being. My thumb became a tongue licking at my wetness and directing my body to give everything to the Music-Lover.

Suddenly the crescendo came and I could hear his hands beating on the body of the guitar to match my heartbeat.

Sensation became everything. It enslaved me. A word that had no meaning outside of the moment broke from my throat. I could feel tears trailing down the sides of my face.

My entire body collapsed upon itself... throbbing... the notes hanging in the air.... complete.

The edge of the bed dipped. A mouth found mine. Strong arms enfolded me. I fell in love with him all over again.

Laura Lee Sweet

## Dark Summer Knight

Lying underneath the stars on this soothing summer night. I look up at the wonders of the sky and before reflecting back to your poetic verse; I smile, and as time quickly passes by I begin to fan myself, as each word leads to another that opens up hope which cum's from your cool expressions and delicious propositions which rolls freely off of your mystifying Summer Knight tongue....

Reading between the lines, I inhale your every thought, sipped your every word while tasting the tenderness from your soul. And, as I allow myself to accept this; I am now surrounded in the aura of a mysterious Summers Knight verbal bliss. So, I try to wean myself from this verbal warmth; suppress my thoughts from the heat of his smoldering assonance which surely promises me a hot, sticky summers night dream....

Thus, I find myself floating and fear I may begin to s...cream. While re-reading the lyrical flow of your words,

sticky sweat begins to slither down the curve of my back, creeping towards its goal. Yet every trickle hovers lightly above the space in between, now on the brink of, drip, dripping; trickling down and unseen. Stimulating are the words so sinfully erotic. I eagerly give into your summers night verbal kiss; sweetly expressed and yes lovingly symbolic....

...now as I begin to wipe the sweat from the nape of my back, my mind, body and soul begins to feel the desire. So, I let it take control of my very being....lifting me; higher and higher! Now, exhausted, I pour myself a glass of wine to cool my inner thoughts but only for a brief moment as I now must suppress my pen so not to comply to your soaring Dark Summer Knight verbal high.

Gayle Howell aka ~Lady Silk~

[verbalpen.org](http://verbalpen.org)

## Summer Dreaming

Last evening, as I walked across my garden, thinking of you, the sun was setting low in the Texas sky. It was inviting, with its melange of oranges, blues and pinks, draping half the sky, as if undressing with a wink. The roses offered a mesmerizing scent, flirtatious with their full fluted petals, they seemed to be offering kisses. On this warm summer night there were affectionate breezes that caused my thin dress to lift and brush suggestively against my navel. The moon appeared too, as if to get a peek.

It was then that I took out my photograph of you. I always carry it with me that I may look upon your face, clearly beautiful at will. My pupils became dilated by the sensuousness that you exude. The excitement rose like lava, ready to overflow from my volcanic mind and it continued to build . . . to a point of my wanting and needing, to gush all over you. You are the passion that spews and courses through my veins.

Lover, come to me, come back to my garden. Instantly, my mind conjures you up from miles away. There you stand before me, you are more than just this well worn . . . photograph.

Lover, let me . . . reach you and teach you. The ways of my love as it erupts between us now are explosive and I am drenched. The curve of your mouth and those soft lips entice me to gently plant mine upon yours. I invite your teasing tongue to dance with mine. My nostrils widen as I generously inhale the manly scent that is you. My heartbeat quickens to a pace, equal to that of a runner. It beats

vigorously for you. There is a trickle of summer dew in my lace panties which has actualized from my love for you. The tickling thought . . . of our tangled and entwined bodies, and the idea of getting caught is pleasing and naughty, just like us. It is who we are and what we do.

As before, we continue to explore each other's mouths with our tongues. The push and pull of our hands on each other's backs is tauntingly teasing me. I feel the firmness of your magic wand, pushing against my creamy skin and pink pearl. There are people passing, but we are vaguely aware of them. Mmmmm, I have longed for your touch so divine. Your kiss is passionate and our hands begin to trail gently and then more forceful with an urgent need across each other's bodies.

Your finger outlines my sensitive mounds and you pull back, causing me to stare deeply into your eyes. Expertly you let your finger trail down and you lift my thin dress. Easily sliding your hand into my soiled lace panties, you find that sweet spot. I am immediately aware that I am filled with your exploring digit. Your other hand is on my backside, pulling yourself in very close to me. Ahhhh, the firmness, the firmness is driving me slowly out of my mind. I want you so badly and you know it, but you deliberately make me wait. I am starving and like a ravenous woman, I release your magic wand from it's enclosure. Mmmmm, there it is, like tasty chocolate and ready to be devoured.

We continue to undress each other fully, and you lay me on a carpet of grass. Our heads move to kiss the tops of each others feet, and tongues trailing now with kissing calves up to our thighs. On cue, I swallow your magic wand whole as if eating a Popsicle, while cupping the sacks of love that you



brought for me. You make love to my nether regions, with the warm wetness of your mouth, your tongue, and my pearl begins to melt in your oral cavity.

We begin slowly at first but the urgency begins to over take us and we are like wild animals consuming each other. I feel a rapturous screaming inside, way down low, pulsing, throbbing and finally gushing to an ecstasy I have never before experienced. You are stroking my throat with your own love juices and not one drop escapes. Mmmmm, so sweet the satisfaction. Picking myself up from the grass, I miss you and I need you to be here, here with me now. For the moment, I have a worn picture and an imagination that gets me by, until we meet again, I love you.

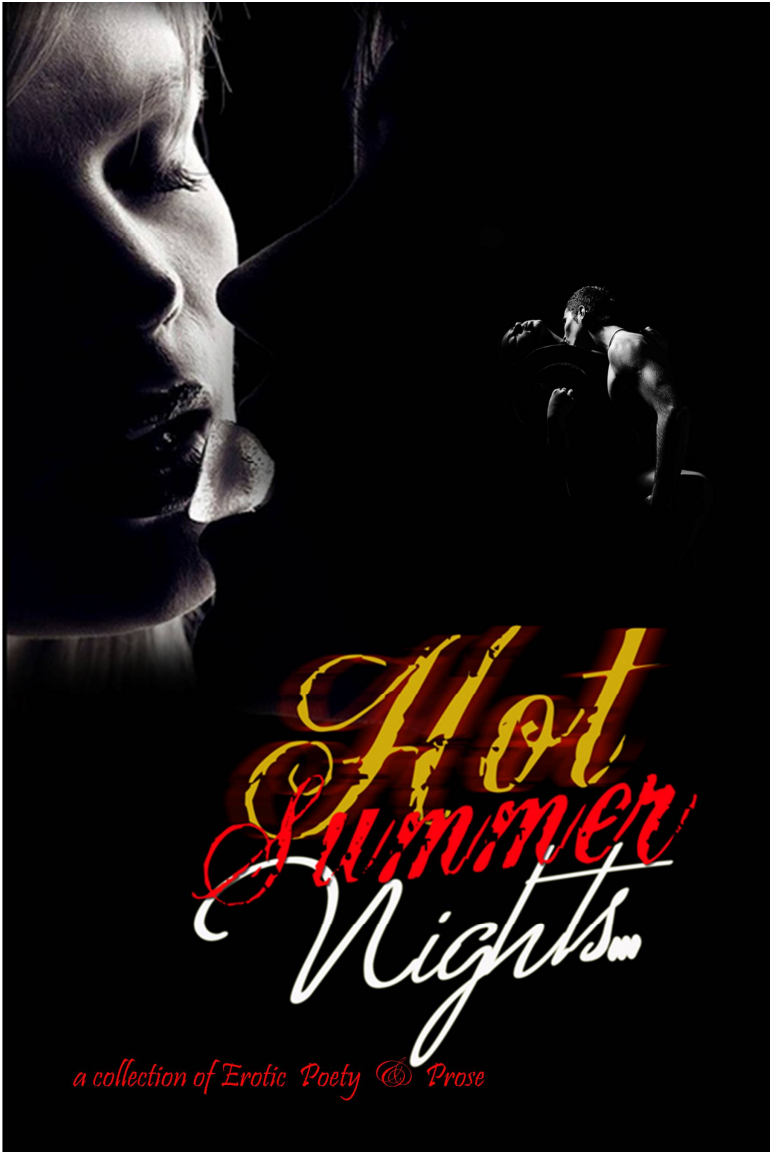
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~ epilogue ~

Gratis



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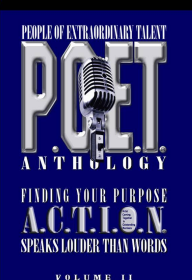
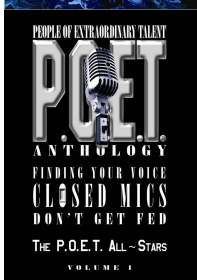
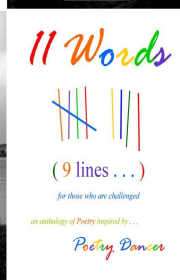
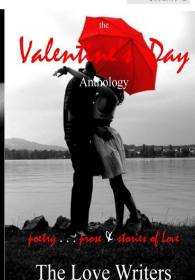
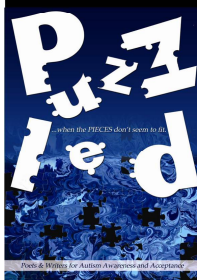
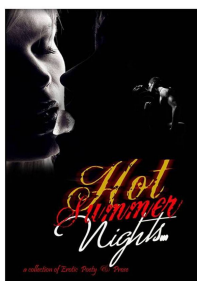
# Inner Child Press Anthologies



A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY'S COMMENTARY  
FOR  
TRAYVON MARTIN



[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

# Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

*Inner Child Press*

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# Hot Summer Nights 2013

*the journey continues...*

*Within these pages, you will meet Passionate Authors of every level in verse. I know that Hot Summer Nights will keep you up, read on and enjoy.*

*~ Janet P. Caldwell ~ Poet / Writer*

*I am a huge fan of erotic poetry and I am so excited to see this come into fruition... Hot Summer Nights will keep you warm in the winter and take you through your seasonal changes for years to cum. ~ Jamie Bond ~ Poet / Writer*

*Working with Inner Child Press creating the Graphic Design was very rewarding. I know that the Passionate Poetry in between these Covers is just as Hot... Enjoy!*  
*~ Chyna Blue of edi'Fyin' Graphix*

*This collection of erotica will have the temperature of your senses rising until they boil over with excitement. The heat between these pages are sure to melt away any inhibitions... Renard Yearby*

*Some like it HOT... Some like it HOTTER... between these sheets you will taste the heat ~ William S. Peters, Sr. aka 'just bill' ~ Publisher / Writer*

