

Poetry Series

**Gut Master**  
**- poems -**

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# Gut Master(1 Jan 2029)

You know it, I know it,  
Do not ask, and I wont lie..

# A Gutmaster Trick

Why tease you?  
You know why you, are here.  
Bring me your chains, now!  
Shut up, do it!  
That mirror wont make it tomorrow.  
Yesterday placed you here,  
right here, right now, for me to what?  
You eye the wall, your solitude.  
You feel it in your guts,  
how they turn and roll,  
your stomach jumps as if alive.  
It is alive in anticipation,  
your torments refuse hanging out.  
Assumed positions,  
last horizontal, all goes dotted white lights.

Gut Master

# Chained To Your Shame

You hang, loving all of your misery, hurt crying  
nailed on a bed, and comfort is two rocks,  
you bash against, chained in all your shame.

Eyes drip blood, it's as real as laughter,  
sleeping on the bed with your on brown spikes,  
Bruised, torn, and pink moss dripps, onto  
the strile linoleum waxed floor.

Hanging on your wall of shame raining drops of you,  
my keys rattle, the doors left ajar, oven red,  
you drip, as he trips over you his breaking his neck,  
and you are left hanging, only now do you stop laughing.

Gut Master

# Chained Up Normal

You have been seen there hanging,  
on the wheels that slide you,  
up and down,  
at will,  
as you now seem without it.  
They see you rise and fall,  
to cry out without shame..  
Eventually you will admit,  
that this chain,  
that you pull your self up and down with,  
is not normal, paradoxical You reason..  
And these chains, that  
you wear, seems so normal  
how do you bare them..at all?

Gut Master

# Decadence Unchained

I reach up and offer you one  
last gold butter finger to eat.

Gut Master

# Do You Like The Pain Of Chains

Do you wish to be chained  
high off the floor,  
so low to flow and moan?  
Blood rivers wide to grow?  
Then come up to the door,  
you be afraid.  
Emo you will decay in here.

Gut Master

# Gut Master Of Lore

I walk around her.  
She has presumed.  
The court.  
A poor mother.  
No father.  
No one can see chains.  
Yes! No!  
Your questions they are?  
The point rises and falls.  
With a wet thick plop, one  
passes, to the left, right in.  
She is the weakest link.

Gut Master



# Her Open Lips

Through all the struggling with my sister  
i started to kiss her open lips  
and knead my sisters breast through the bra  
and her blouse, and her panties open FULL became.  
and just you read wanting more and more.  
The sensation was too much for her  
and she slowly started to relax  
allowing me to play with her body  
when her milk laden breast started to leak.  
I was so thirsty and my too was jutting out under her shorts.  
The moment I felt my sisters breast milk in my hands  
I lifted the loose end of the Saree  
and started to open her blouse looks pale rich fully  
while my sister tried to prevent me.  
Removing the hooks was too tedious, 'so I caught hold of her blouse  
and tore at it, ripping it with the eye teeth.  
The act shocked and excited my sister and she gave a loud gasp.  
Then I pulled the bra up exposing both  
the white milk laden breast with the dark chocolate nipples  
and big aureoles. I groped both the breast with my hands and my lips descended  
to the nipples.  
The moment I sucked the nipples  
my sister gave a groan and milk started to jut out into his mouth.  
Suddenly the baby started to cry  
and my sister forcefully pushed me out away.  
She tried to cover her breast with the Saree  
while picking up the baby  
and quickly ran to another, ' ROOM but not that far away.  
I was really disappointed  
and at that moment mine too by her made a leek  
as I thought that the milk  
which I had drunk from my sister is gone through me as well.  
But I was afraid  
as if she might tell to our mama about this  
and I thought about the other situations.  
It will be a big shame for me.  
So I had decided to leave San Fransisco, as early as possible.  
Next morning I woke early and packed my dress  
and told mama that I am going to my home

and then he called my sister  
and I was afraid and shame to look into her eyes  
and I said goodbye to her in a low voice  
and mama dropped me OFF at the bus stand.  
I thanked God for several times  
because if mama came to know about that  
what will be ours the news situation.  
But my sister asked me to wait until again next year, she became.

Gut Master

# How High Can You Hang

Woman, you cry, ..why..?  
No one has even chained you yet,  
to the wall.  
Look at all of the tears dried there,  
yellowish white powders,  
drifting down alleyways.  
Time how much time, would you wast?  
Come! ..  
Climb up onto the wall of your shame  
..now..!  
Here take my hand, you will come to  
know it, Italy.  
Grand were the arenas, where I found you,  
the wall upon which you lived and bled.  
Those chains you made,  
before even Caligula found you so infatuating.  
Come..climb up..  
they are your hands and feet.  
You would come know the beat of your heart.

Gut Master

# Salty Impression

Up high against, poisons flat wall.  
Chains hang, spread out, into salt.

Gut Master

# The Whole Smile

You start to smile under the moon.  
Your smile is free, under the moon.  
You with two hands, back and forth.  
Your mind you can never make up.  
You cry out, wishing you wouldn't.  
You need just plain old release.  
You found that horse, I gave away.

Gut Master