

Poetry Series

clay perry
- poems -

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clay perry(4-8-72)

A Moment

Time spent enchanted, how easily these
words flow, intensely beautiful her
spirit bewitches, my pains relief, heart
rhythm flutters, goodbye past woes.

On her brow dances suggestion, passion
drenched kisses, taste of honeysuckle
dark mysterious night, inviting, for
fleeting moment time has a stop
shared in bliss our love's retreat
quicker still does morrow grow.

clay perry

All That Jazz

July fourth fireworks offered quite the spectacular light show!
later we made quite the bang! insatiable appetites collided
while moody jazz by gershwin assuaged us as we created
melodies of an intimate nature.

your skin had a sheen of sweat which glistened in the dancing
light of the candle. my hips moved in concert with yours in a
rhythmic syncopation, as if a metronome kept time for us.
minutes counted in hurried breaths as we delved deeper
into heady body beats. our movements changed tempo as
ella sang its swonderful. you arched your back clenching the
sheets. you kissed me hard, your release at the apex of our
love a tantric crescendo.

blood rushes hot! this harmony between us sets the pitch,
while the drums pound out a backbeat! outside sounds of
bottle rockets explode in the air, as i erupt and tug your hair.
jazz as smooth as fine cognac and sultry as silk lulls us
as we listen to marsalis seduce his sax. we sink into the
satin sheets tired in all the right places as waves of
gillespie caress us dizzy spent lovers

clay perry

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Body Talk

Body Talk

Light flickers, flashes
candlelight on flesh,
the hiss of a flame dance
in our silent conversation.

Your glance sparkles blue
my response in green
a gaze of soft curves
moving with each breath.

Firm nipples hardness
shines in light dance,
shadow fingers slide
downward, curving.

Arched silhouette
a slow burn yearns,
as trembling thighs part
to a glistened flower.

Shadows dance, flicker
on delicate petals
blooming open in
liquid desire.

Silence becomes touch
in the language of rhythm,
passion in Braille,
in flowing movement.

Gasped breath,
mumbled firm embrace,
indentations in skin,
whispered thrusts

repeated, again.
Quiet moans, pulsation,

splashing cries of
ecstatic silence.

Lips taste tongue and
tears write trails
on two faces in
the moment's afterglow.

clay perry

Breathe

Non responsive, position, posture
you assume, try to break through
your outer shell, you won't allow
me to be close, to feel your pain.
Brazen your attitude, you seem to
derive pleasure from my obvious
distress, please don't turn away from
my gaze, in your eyes I see hints of
hope, no need to wallow in meaningless
self pity.

Hollow misery, only serves to reinforce
invisible wall between us, hold my hand
so you might feel, love through my touch
don't give in to depressive state, you have
so much to live for, let me be your crutch,
we can overcome this obstacle together, but
only if you allow me access to your hopes,
dreams, fears.

clay perry

Broken

Broken thoughts muddling my mind, struggling to let go of what's gone
namely you. looking out fingerprint smeared window, grey rain filled day lends to
my gloomy affect. my inner turmoil rages.

I curse as a horn blares from below. the day fades quickly into the evening rush
hour of steady traffic along mass ave.

I breathe in the smell of old smoke and stale sweat.

I've locked myself in for two weeks, after you decided to take your
presence elsewhere, actually anywhere but in mine.

im not eating, the mere thought of food causes my stomach to clench.

im not attending classes, i dont care about academia or higher persuits im not
sleeping, no surprise there. nothing is as appealing as it once was, lack luster the
world now seems.

steady rain blankets the streets, while rivulets form in the trash
strewn gutters. my shoulders ache as if burdened by a great unseen
weight, exerting itself upon them, upon my lovelorn heart.

my eyes are red and swollen from hours spent crying. chest racking
sobs cause me to visibly tremble. depression has taken me in its
embrace, once love did too, i no longer know its caress only its
bitter after taste. there is a covering, a filthy film over everything. it cannot be
scrubbed clean. not just my physical self. its in the carpet, the curtains, the sofa
and bed clothes. all have this pallor of decay, like roses left too long in a vase
devoid of sustenance for the flowers or my soul. left to shrivel and die alone, no
not quite alone. i was there to watch the petals drop. as they did so did my hope
of you calling, another petal, of you texting, another petal, of you returning. until
i finally gave up on dreams and prayers which call for faith something i forsake
long ago. the phone did ring it was my boss, my school,
my mother, not you though so it became an annoyance and i took the
battery out. i wish i could disconnect the ache from my heart. remove it all
together. i dont see a future, only this moment and it hurts. i walk from the
window, curl into a ball on the couch. i stare at the fan blades turning slowly,
pushing acrid air around the room. i plea for this to stop, i close my eyes and beg
not to wake up.

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Buttons

Two in the morning, out from the house of blues
I swagger, one of harvard square's finest
stragglers, making my way to the squares
numerous taxi stands, brisk january air hurts
lungs for first few breaths, swimming head
clears slightly, focuses on surroundings
dimly light causeway leads me past steaming
manhole, which unfortunately reminds me why I
took upon this venture to begin with.

Two stubborn lovers fighting about what exactly
can't recall, as a fellow, MIT sweatshirt wearing
lad stumbles out of my path, all around
cambridge's nocturnal emissions permeate my
scences, ears still humming with the sound from
faders buzz, heavey metal horns helped briefly
in my quest to releve pain, pressure, pride last
of which, I decided the moment I left the
apartment in a hot flash of anger, to swallow
and return to you, whom I love deeply.

Why do we engage in button pushing, escalating
smallest issues into hurtfull words, wedge
driven further between us, is this reconcilable
man its cold, catch cab, climb stairs, ask
forgivness for petty affair, can't take back
that which has been spoken, nor can I ignore
feeling somewhat worn, part of my phsichy torn
we need to heal each others emotinal scars my
love lest our tears run dry, good night see you
in the morning.

clay perry

Cali

My dreams mimic reality, I envisioned your spirit
came to me as suns rays warmed western
landscape, you arrived astride a wild mustang
untamed you'll always be, both ardent symbols
born free, souls dancing across planes, never
knowing borders, boundaries, your will bending to
no authority.

Embodiment of purity, swiftly you moved through
my dream, hungry as parched prairies craving rain,
which horses hooves so mockingly kick
dirt as veil covering like mist your emblazoned
trail, migrating southerly in search of companionship
your most complimenting mate.

In you I see charged lighting, barley contained in
your beauty, free you shall always be from the
harshness of restraints. I cannot control you nor
would I choose to try, I only long to embrace you,
lend you strength for even in the rarest of moments
broken winged angels cry.

Allow me to reside inside your heart, I yearn to know
your soul, to crystallize our paths, to share this life
song iable my love for you, together
we quench our sies fulfilled become
ecstasy, your my breathing thrill.

clay perry

Canvas

A canvas as smooth as silk
beneath my fingertips:
You sit and so unknowingly
contribute
to the fire of wanting in my brain.
You let me paint you.
And as I touch brush
to skin
I feel alive with desire.
How could you know
that touching you
-nay, simply being near you-
sparks the kindling of my heart?
That drum held captive
in my ribcage
Pounds out a steady rhythm
like Africa
where all things are wild
and free.
Sensual.
My hands shake as I hold your hand;
Cup your chin
to hold your face still,
Even though it is I who quivers
as the longing races through me.
I never want the moment to end.
I would paint you
forever
so long as I could touch you.
Be beside you.
Close.
And make a ritual
of loving you.

clay perry

Cat Speak

Crisp chill wraps round tired bones,
not much in way of movement, of any
kind, except chattering teeth,
intermitent, white puffs collide with
all to early morning air, crunch, noise
of snow under foot, catch's your
attention, ears twitch, focus on my approach.
On the same frequency we connect, you at ease
we say hello, in the middle of this dimly
light street, soft marmalade cat, extremely
affectionate, we share carresses, nuzzles
exchanging warmth.
Talking your lingo, you surprisingly jump
up into my arms as I walk your cold metal
Id tags jingle, stop to aquire as to where
you might be from, oh only a block away
you ride on my shoulders sensing
familiarity as I set you down on your front
porch, at fifteen past three in the morning
try to leave, you wan to follow, but I let you
know you should stay near your home on this
frigid morn in february, take care ryan the
marmalade cat from winslow street.

clay perry

Dancing Trio

William Wordsworth's bliss was it to
be alive in that dawn, but to be young
was very inseparable, you
most appetising goddess, playfully aroused.
Continuously embraced in delicate sensual
dance, walking on egg shells no match for
true subtlety needed to approach both you,
lover, he like brother, pan, I minor loki
miscellaneous, testing borders.
Eighteen, first year at Berkeley music, thus
satiates temptation until this eve.
Art your mistress, love reflected outwardly,
in passion I am drawn to your vision, no
wonder he loves you so, is it possible for me
to encourage this emotion.
Naught but once shall I make audible
my heart's vulnerable hummer, lest my
interpretation seem as trespass.
Only disclosed to me through your lustful
eyes, slight smile dawns my lips, for it is
you who possess in this heated moment
key which ignites young kindling desires.
Goddess I know you by many names, elixir
in my veins, to you my brother, I have no
shame, for you are loved so true it pains
for have I sought to know this tale we weave
between ourselves, let's close our breaths
might three hearts beat tame...

clay perry

Deserving

you loved me when i deserved it the least. you cared for me through my sickness, you gave me your sympathy even after i hurt you emotionally. you held my hand through fear of the unknown. you stood by my side while i faced time, you came to visit after i was sentenced. you still showed me compassion despite my struggles with drugs and alcohol. you sent me encouraging letters trying to uplift my spirits. you knew the true me, never giving up despite the pain i brought to bear upon you. you forgave me and loved me when i deserved it the least. you saw the innate goodness in me, you believed in me when no one else would. you didnt give up, even when i caused you spiritual distress, discord. i know the empathy you shared with me. i cant change the past, nor do i choose to forget it. instead iam learning from it, to change the person i was on the inside. to examine my motives and thoughts which led to my debauchery. i know you tried your best, im forever grateful. its time for me to stand, to rise to the challenges in my life. to grow as a person, to make amends and become deserving of trust again. you where Gods medium, to do for me what i couldn't do for myself. thank you my friend for loving me when i deserved it the least.

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Dizzy

Holding me tight, we ride bareback
along desolate, sandy white beach
milky moon, has never looked so full
water splashes up cool on bare legs,
we stop to frolic in the surf.

Puerto Viartas's sticky june heat
arouses yearning, we lye close on our
blanket neath brilliant stars, caress
your cheek, our kiss warm, wet, sumptuosly
alive.

Dizzy, heady, swimming into you, acheing eased
by floodgates lustfull release, wish we could
remain here forever, holding back dawn.

clay perry

Fingertips

there is no satiating
my hands
when they are hungry
when they need to devour
your skin

my eager fingers
seek out that delicious
curve from your hips
to your back
where I can stay
for hours

my soft hands
brushing past your
wild hair, for a second
holding firm, pulling
your head slightly back
and your moistened lips part
slowly, releasing
you feel me glide
over your neck

when you are swallowed
in my embrace
I can feel you on
either side. and we
move in concert
my hands ever traveling
over the decadence of
your flesh

hands that travel over
your stomach where
my desire grows as
fingers glide past your ribs
and when I cup
the weight of your
breasts in my hands

and your nipples dance on my
fingertips, I feel your breath
grow deep inside
gasping in anticipation

when my fingertips
tug so gently but firmly
on the aching hardening flesh
I close my eyes
and feel your moan begin
and your hips sway

but my hands have not
yet been met by your full
passion and they seek it
with heated determination

my fingers slide down
over your full breasts,
down your heaving ribs
caressing your glorious hips
and move across your
body to find you hungrily
awaiting my touch.

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Fluidly

Water, transparent, it's surface reflects my
image as if a liquid mirror. In this vibrant
dream we play, splashing, one another,
drenched we embrace. I peer longingly
into your eyes, I swear I can almost see
your soul.

A pear shaped water droplet slides down,
your nose, just as we kiss, it breaks upon
moist lips, our mouths sensually, relay
unspoken desires, tongues dance in this
intimate moment of affection.

You feel incredible as I gently smooth
away a strand of hair which has fallen out
of place, I find myself falling more deeply,
into you with every breath I take.

Wildly intoxicating, you're my new addiction,
unsatiable my appetite, of you I hunger with
a sense of urgency, far too long exhilarating
fantasies lie unexplored, pent up, now surging
to my conscious, yearning to be quenched,
by you.

Rapture engulfs my heart, united our passion
resonates utterly in my core, if dreams do
indeed mimic reality certainly splendid days
lie ahead to be shared by us.

clay perry

I Would

I would like to know myself again. I would like to walk with my
head held hi.

I would like to see my shadow in the noonday sun
reflecting a confident stride.

I would like to greet the outstretched
hand with a genuine smile.

I'd like to enjoy knowing the laughter of the
old soul in a small child.

I would like to bask in the glowing light of
your angelic face.

I would like to know God's grace even amidst my
greatest shame, to know I'm loved when I deserve it the least.

I would like to find solace, reprieve from life's tragedies. I would like
to sleep in security, to truly know peace.

I would like to forgive unconditionally without holding onto resentment or animosity.

I would like to strive to be more compassionate even to perceived enemies.

I would like to freely give my heart away again, devoid of fear of heartache or
tears.

I would like to trust the dance a new love brings, to experience
faith with a deeper belief.

I would like to know the joy and happiness
of just being me!

clay perry

Lest I Wake

lest i wake, I write feverishly to describe brilliance reflected in your yed in them a sincere honesty shines through a beacon of safety reaching out to my soul.I long to peer into them at lips drip honeysuckle nectar, intoxicating a tender kiss would be.

mischievous dances across them yearning to hless your smile leaves ic, soft spoken lullaby eases dull ache in my wind carries your sweet scent as you pass by, like a springtime senses reeling i nape of your neck smooth angular, beckons to me, almost sultry curves a desirous mystery i want to rsweet realization i wake to find this only a create symphony between us will never be.

clay

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Letting Go

Moistness brushes
unblemished cheek,
startling awareness.
It lingers, spills over
and traverses downward,
warmth becomes coolness.

More rivulets follow
permeate skin
absorb the longing
and sorrow locked inside,
an outward manifestation
of discontent and unease.
Pain personified.

Cling to the movement
relish the wetness
as it smears.
It's freedom is absolute
forgiving
as much a part of self
as a shy smile
a name
a fingerprint.

Despair's deluge
leads to transformation;
a cleansing of demons
false witnesses;
shedding skin
peels away grafts
and scars of past lives.

A sacred rite
offers forgiveness,
absolution to those who kneel
at the ingenuous altar;
who extend honesty
who pay homage to the aching

that remains hidden
in the chasm's fountain.

Torrents continue
body lurches
struggles at times,
inclined to hold on
but needs release.
Remembering to breathe
is difficult, as waterfalls cascade
down soft, smooth plains
and dropp off precipices
into uncharted territory.

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Longing For Your Kiss

give me breath-taking kisses
running your fingers through my hair
as you hold me tightly against you
our bodies flowing together
the tightness of breath
that constricts my chest
as my common sense tumbles away.

caress me senseless
till I move against you with abandon
and you control my body more than me
with a sweep of your fingers
you elicit a moan
and take me as your own
as I cry your name to the skies

love me like fire
stoked with passionate wind
flames bright against the dark
to always light the way
till embers in the hearth
glow softly with calm warmth
and your kisses still take my breath away.

clay perry

Mistress

Still sleeping, Sweet Mistress
eyes closed to morning sun
taking the deep red coverlet in trembling fingers
i lift it away from Your breasts
that i may drink in their fullness
sheerest black
veils nipples
kissed with pink
the sudden snap of cold
twists them to attention
She stirs
further down the coverlet
a shiver escapes Her luscious form
my index finger traces
hollow of neck
to fullness of mound
two fingers now tracing lips lazy with sleep
smooth, dusky
i feel the damp as my own
soft moaning escapes Sweet Mistress's white throat
running moistened fingers up
from deepest secrets
to mountain top
and back again
lips eased open
petals exposed
slowly teasing the nectar from the flower
beginning to swell under my loving eye
i shall write a poem, Mistress
with my tongue as quill
etching desire upon the book of Wisdom
Your essence shall whisper from its pages
'yes, my pet... yes...'

clay perry

My Loves Like Jazz

'my love's like jazz'

Why jazz? Everyone asks,
thinks maybe it's a crutch,
but you have to listen
to understand that

when it swings mad
it's controlled wild,
screaming like loons
from the secret structure
of someone's imagination.
You get to go there, fly
down to it, sail across it,
lose yourself winging
your own dips
and graceful spins.
The cool liquid changes

when it cries soft
as yellow fog, curling
around memory. Ghosts
who usually live
in the next room
step in to hold you
faint as smoke, whisper
their stories one more

time you have to listen
to understand. It's a river.
It pulls you with tides,
and deep underneath
it's all blue, sad
in a minor way,
but enveloping as peace,
low as life.

You can stretch yourself
around it, let it move
your limbs, carry you

in a sway of somewhere
you've never been
but for that space
of song.
in this moment my love smooth,
sticky, sultry, sweetly heady.

clay perry

New Dress

You look stunning in that new dress!
my breath catches in my throat, as you twirl
around so I might take in it's full effect.

your sultry curves accentuated, in all the
right places. this titillating dress caresses
your sensuous shapes. your playful smile causes
my heart to beat faster. you smell delicious.
my senses reel, I feel giddy.

exhilaration courses through me, I take your hand
in mine. amazing the electricity that passes
between us. so much conveyed in our simple touch.
I feel devilishly amorous, dance with me in wild
abandon chasing our fears away while we sway
to smoky music.

let our wants and needs meld as one, in this moment
of sublime movement. lost in each other we become a
whirling dervish, consumed by mutual desire. yearning
to be close as we can, our dance unfolds.

I kiss your succulent mouth ravenously, passion is
ignited by the sparks firing between us. we are
feverishly alive.

I leave you breathlessly intrigued as I break our
kiss, I see pleasure in your starry eyes. when we
are apart I pray your thoughts are one tracked
for our kiss is divine.

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Ocean Adrift

My love for you won't abate nor subside.
ocean fathoms in depth, just as fluid in
g its own tide which ebes
and flows, enveloping me in it's embrace,
causing me to feel fullfilled, complete.
Then at times when it's out or seemingly at
a low point, a sence of longing nostalgicaly
tugs at my hearts shore, reaching out for you,
in you I find myself, sometimes a scared little
little boy in search of a safe harbor.
Your love, a beacon of light on the distant
horizon, I find refuge, reprieve from harshest
storm, sunrise smiles across my boats bow,
revealing it's struggled yet persavered one
of lifes turbulent, trials, tribulations.
Renewed in my efforts, I sail on in hopes
of returning to you my guides my
way by day, pinpricked canvas at night, my dreams
serve to inspire, my plight.I will not change my
coarse or dissaude its intent, I must find you all over again.

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Once I Loved

Three months gone, barley did I notice
wrapped in grief, mrs holiday, helps to
dwell in moods, good morning heartache
anthem offers no reprieve.

Watch as lovers cuddle on subway car, dagger
pricks my heart, ministering more misery,
find myself alone again wonder where you are
pass the stop my joy did reside, residue
of memories, cascades through my mind,
emotional fatigue, replaces zest for life,
things don't look the same, once I loved so
strong, now I tend my lonely garden, waiting
for rains retreat.

clay perry

Past The Breakers

past the breakers

waves relentlessly beat shells into submission, they lend themselves to finer grains.

I walk upon the shore and dream of a time, when
I too will lend my body to greater reason.

Maybe you will stop beating me into submission, into tears,
into the smallest corners of my mind, where i retreat finding
relative safety. its the last place i can go and call my own,
where i find some small solace.

here on this beach there are scars too, but these tell of
a time creating beauty. nothing as tragic as the scar
running the length of me cheek to my earlobe where the
metal end of the belt laid open tender flesh.

no the tendrils of time that created the scars on this beach
are from ages long dance between surf and shore, of
dune and dawn. here the gulls dive out past the breakers
seeking sustenance. i too seek sustenance for my soul,
i have disassociated from my body which betrays me.
its pain is not really my own, it belongs to the batterer
more more than i. when im forced to return from sodden
shore i look up to see you stagger away, tired from your
exhausted efforts to beat the beauty out of me. your
drunken stupor repulses my spirit, in that moment i know
you will never erase what time has created, for i have
distant shores to walk upon. while these welts and bruises fade
im free from their effect, from attachment. the grains of sand
have also bared witness to the ravages of time, yet here they
are between my toes, i smile, laugh, i feel alive

clay perry

Poetic Pantings

You asked how poets make love with words
I decided to show you not by mouth or curves
Tonight I'll write my poetry across the canvas
Of your body, my willing blinded accomplice
Expressing my innermost secret desires
Planning every word's placement my pen attires
Your angled and plane aroused contour
With pleasure filled fantasies writing on your
honeyed skin; tastes of budding succulence
Building from the ladder of your emergence
From dreamlike slumber to writhing climax
Orgasmic words are the finest aphrodisiacs
So when you feel my pen tantrically lift up
I'll mount you Lover while I sensuously touch
And moan each tattooed word in your ear
Til you can't breathe and can't conjure
More passionate love than a poet's words

clay perry

Power Animal

forest wraps us in it's deep lush
cacoon of greens, browns, intermintent
rays of sunshine dancing through canopy
above, emerald pools unknown depths,
refreshes, replenishes vital spirit, earth
energy, grounding center, here in Bethel maine
our magiks work together, you my feminine
counterpart, undertake, with our closests
friends to embark on arduous journey,
into a realm Iv'e only glimpsed at in my
youthfull age.

Spirit you seek to ask which resonates
harmoniously with my own, our hands clasped
our hearts willingly bound, delve further
sudden voice, echoes through my body
know instinctively of your being
subcounciously have courted you in
lucid dreams, I inept in your tounge
inward fathoms scream to ask you to share
with me some presious time along lifestream
majestic whale I mimmic your heartsong,
feeling fullness, intrinsicly feel your
ka'serendipitously acknowledge, in this
moment our work concludes, take you with me
in all my sences renewed..

clay perry

Routine Interrupted(A 9-11poem)

I woke this morning, my routine
same as any other workday, got
myself ready, kissed my kids goodbye
made the tiresome trek to work, through
scores of people going about their day.
Settled in for a busy morn, don't know what
all the commotions about, fire you say, we
should get going, heavy smoke, can't find
my way, firefighter shouts stay low as I
head for staircase in dissaray, look back
he stays.

Can't breathe, lungs hurt, why god is this
happening to me, thoughts of my family
flash before my eyes, thunder overhead?
can't be I'm inside, pass someone on my
way downstairs, dimly lite by emergency
lights, fear, persperation, hit nerve deep
inside, building rocks again feel
something, the floor gives way, I awoke
this morning same old routine, except
I never would have thought it all
ended by heartless terrorists, and a plane
full of gasoline.

my thoughts and prayers are with all
who are suffering from this senceless tragedy

clay perry

Surrender All

Surrender All

You've taken me to places
Where only dreams come true.
You've danced into my soul
Making my spirit whole.
Eyes of sweet deliverance
Breath of innocence
Raptures around me
Intentions lost.
Charming, delightful
Serenity's gaze
Surrender all.
Take my hand, lead me home
Keep me your sacred one.
Profound the lover's words
Spoken but a moment's glance.
Entranced, deliberate cause
Weakened in the heart
Steal away the night
Kiss upon the stars
Listen to the music of us
Created beauty
Everlasting electricity.
Surrender all.
Gone. With desire.

clay perry

The Nearness Of You

I can feel the cool winds
caress, hand to cheek
naked and traipsing along
the path.

Clouds gather to see
this phenomenon. Two
gentle souls taking the time
to rest and relax, take part

in nature's sunrise, before
their day begins. Jets, flaring,
going full speed, naked
alone. Lost together

in their forest of need. Forgetting
everything, to take the time
and tempt the fates. To let go,
to just let go.

Spa side seediness, two bodies
undress, caress, with eager eyes.
Taking in, soiled visions of vexed

days spent alone. Colliding
conspiring and contemplating,
a day away. Misty mountains,

sweltering lust, love, sex
and freedom, in nature's home.
They consume opposites, he then

she. Standing face to face, gathering
nourishment to sustain their days
and nights apart. Heated rays, sear

flesh as eyes meet, bodies collide,
they play out every fantasy. Every day
spent apart, unravels and floats

to the winds, then picks up
and places them here, on this day
in this time. To go forward, stand

side by side, and partake
in their pleasures, from each
to the other, one at a time....

clay perry

True Beauty

Its the way the light from the sun shinning through the window
collects in your hair, causing it to become so warm so inviting.
i run my fingers through it as you lazily nap on the love seat,
sprawled comfortably.

its the way your playful smile stretches across your lips. in a
moment of selfish whim, i lean in to place feathery kiss upon
those tender lips causing a primal stir deep inside me
animalistic in nature.

its the way you reach for my hand while we walk our dog
on this autumn day. the sensual touch of your gentle squeeze
is all thats needed to convey more than words ever could.
its an i love you, am happy here in this moment with you,
all is right in our world kind of squeeze.

its the way your laughter uplifts my spirit, i cant help
but laugh along with you. its an infectious laugh, to me
as beautiful as the sweetest aria.

its the compassion i feel emanate from you when you cry,
its real, bare, filled with honesty. it causes my heart to ache
hearing the catch in your voice, i cry too inside.

its the strength i see you possess when times get tough
or life demands nothing but the best from you. i see you
rise to meet those challenges with determination and grace
even if inside you're scared and need a friend to confide in.
its the care free, fun filled, adventurous soul ive come to
know and love. who dances without a care and sings along
to her favorite songs. it makes me tap my feet and join in
the jubilation. the beauty i see is so much more than the
physical beauty you exude. my dear dont misunderstand me
you are so attractive i swoon when you're near. your true
beauty comes from within. I love all of you

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Wakeing The Goddess

You say this year, Citrons are not as sweet
But I know of thy other fruits to eat
Strawberries, Elderberries, Honeydew,
Have you not Grapes and Pomegranates too?
With Oranges fermenting vintage wines;
While unplucked Cherries cling to arbor vines,
So like a Serpent, shall you render still
To part my lips, my mouth of fruits to fill
Cumquats and apricots—a syrup stew
Sticky fingers, honeyed hearts, kissing you
You lull me past your gates with chamomile
Hand me a fresh-squeezed cocktail and smile
You've drizzled creamy thoughts of paradise
And make me shiver with each cube of ice
Richanne Myers <peacefulmassage71@> wrote:
thank you baby.....

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Waterfall

Walking through the forest, I see a flash of white
Catching my eye, but always just out of sight
Curiosity piqued, I follow to see what is there
Making no noise, placing each step with care
Gliding through the trees, I follow every glimpse
Fantastic visions in my head of faeries and nymphs
Before long I realize I have become quite lost
But I must see what it is, no matter the cost
Soon, I break from the trees to a quiet glade
Bright sunlight with scattered pockets of shade
On the edge a stream, flowing cool and clear
I hear rushing water as I draw ever more near
The stream disappears in a vertical flow
Falling through the air to a pool far below
Down upon the edge I rest upon my knee
My breath taken away by the beauty that I see
Droplets hang like jewels suspended in the air
Falling through the sunlight making golden hair
Sensual, curving forms are outlined in the mist
A flowered vine makes a bracelet at the wrist
Mesmerized by the sight, I cannot turn away
Lost and oblivious to the ending of the day
With the failing light, the magic begins to fade
Shadows slowly crushing dreams my mind has made
Awakened like a sleeper too long in his bed
I try to shake the visions still glowing in my head
Feeling somehow empty, I follow my own track
Wondering as I go, how I will ever find my way back.

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Whispers To My Lover

Whispers to My Lover

I want to say something new to you but the words I write cannot say what I mean. I must be with you. I must be rolling and sweating with you before you can know what I am trying to tell you. I must be gibbering incoherently. Only then will you understand.

I feel no loneliness with you.

I am afraid of the power we feel together. I must tell you that. If I keep it hidden it will be a secret so I want you to know. I will be more confident if you know I am scared. You are the only one I can tell this too.

Long before we met we walked ancient beaches together. We shall scale the Himalayas long after we have gone.

I want to surround you. To protect you. I want to crush you, to pull you into me until we are breathing together as one.

I can scream and squeal with you. I can bust my lungs out. I am that open. I can let loose with no fear whatsoever.

When we make love I want it to go on forever. I don't care about my orgasm, I don't care about my ego. I just want to feel you, to experience you, to explore you.

We see the beauty in the storms, the light in the dark, the pleasure in the pain. We wander brashly through the dark back alleys of our psyches hand in hand. We giggle at phantasms we thought were terrors. We join like joyous serpents, squeezing, twisting, and entrapping each other.

I want to be lost in the desert with you.

You are my intensity. You are the focal point of my energy, my heat. I give you all of it. I want to swim in you. I want to completely submerge myself in you. I am willing to drown in you.

When we kiss there is no thought. There is no past, there is no future. There is

no time at all. There is only you and me. Our tongues play, our tongues wrestle, our tongues slip slide our souls into each other. Our kisses are pleasure, our kisses are love. Our kisses define intimacy.

Tell me what you like. Teach me what you want.

Do not run from pain or fear. Welcome it.

You are my succubus. Tempt me. Taunt me. Dig your nails into my naked flesh in the night. Bring me to a new life, a new rebirth. I am tired of my old life, I want a new one.

I am Apollo, you are my nymph. Let us burn brightly and brightly burn.

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