

Poetry Series

SWEET LOVER
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

SWEET LOVER(30-11-1989)

I am a true lyrist..I write poems about anything especially love and love greatest fascination is a woman of fine beauty.I would describe love making as the ultimate act of joy and thrill.

I would like to spend hours together with girls and women enjoying their sweet lips, soft breasts and juicy southern spots.I can make love for hours together.I am just a love maker of the dreams of women.

How I Made My Love

I made my love for a night
Perhaps for a night that had more hours
And she said `it was the night of nights` .

My love making took her by surprise.
Her lips can never feel that suck ever from another`s,
Her breasts can never never feel such an erotic press ever after
And her precious southern pit can never feel such a piercing ever.

I made my love for a night
Perhaps till the dawn of the next morning
And she is asking `when are u coming again?`

SWEET LOVER

How I Took Her By Surprise

Her world was dull and nervy
And then I made my love to her
A feeling she can never forget in her life time.

First I kissed on her lips
And they were a pair of sweet rose petals
There was honey I could suck from deep within
And for an hour I did`nt spare them.

Next I removed her frock
Kissing all the while whatever my mouth could come across.
I removed her bra and found the sweet melons jumping forth
And my mouth had a feast and and hands had no time.

Her breasts are the globes of pure butter
They are soft like the cakes of yester years
As I suck them she raised a cry that
Even Cleopatra might have not made ever.

Her southern treasure was a world of its own
It had a juicy mouth that you would crave for I bet.
It had a sweet smell that resembled a lotus.
As I buried my face into it my mouth had a shiver.

She is a pot of honey, nay she is a bowl of sugar candy.
Where else all these juices come from?
Where else these charms arrive from?
She is a marvel to my mouth and hands
And of course to my love maker pondering.

SWEET LOVER

I Am Waiting

I am waiting
Since you said you are willing..
I am dreaming
Since you said you have a heaven to give...
I am fuming
Since you are late...

SWEET LOVER

My New Lady Is Welcome

Wherever, you are my new lady,
You are welcome to grace my time.
You are welcome to give fire to my self.

I shall kiss you till the dawn or till your lips fall apart
I shall eat your breasts till you cry in deep pain that thrills
I shall suck from your southern pits till you raise a `hum`.
What more, I shall make you a full lady of all times.

I know you need a real man
Who can fill your mind with wild craze of love making eternal
I know your sweet assets need a man
Who can cherish them till the night ends.

I promise a phase of joy un told of,
I promise an embrace of melting grips,
I promise a suck that drains the southern pits
And I promise to haunt you night after nights in your dreams.

Come to me my lady wherever you are.

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She Is A Hot Teen

She is a hot teen,
A blend of butter and honey.
I asked for a kiss for her lips were red cherries
And she nodded for a full go!

As I scaled her ups and downs
Sweat flowed across her and me alike.
I asked for a suck for her tight thighs were inviting
And she begged for winding the clock backward!

She is a hot teen of sixteen
And day by day she will grow into a lady of full dimension.
I will have a smooth sail in the pool of her serene wants
Enjoying the fruits of the heaven never denied.

She is a hot teen I can `t leave
And if the world ends ever
We shall be seen dead melted into each other
For I bet I cannot leave without her.

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