

Woman

Silver bangled wrists, twisting hips

Catching every eye...female and male

Caught in a stare

Beautiful temptress with rhythmic nonchalance

Uncaring and free

Made of the finest, richest red dirt

Her mind is paid much more than it's worth

There's no need to court

A stallion from the wilderness

Wild, untamed and created in happiness

Driven by an ambitious pilot

Twisting through curves of turbulence

Just to roll and continue smooth flight

Her face welcomed in sunlight

Helps cure society's sleepless nights

Just to live curiously through her poetry.

Her words are like sweet pound cake
Finished with cool milk to a famished face

Thirsty

Thirsty for her knowledge
Thirsty for her intelligence beyond college

She quenches and makes you full

Her body full as a meadow in Spring

Her stride like a honeybee preparing to sting

Its victim...

Slow motion until your surprise...

She's the seafowls, the Earth's crust

She suckled off Mother Nature's bust

To feed perfection, to feed the attraction

She's detangled, chainless and she'll always remain this...

Riveting

Spellbinding

Woman

Can I Get Some?

Put your finger on the moist dot

Check, see if it's ready or warm enough

Use your index and tease

Put your face between my knees

And thrust...

Your tongue tickles the center

Slides up the path

Into the meadow

Pushing back the skin

You slither like a shark's fin

Wet mass swaying

Lulling the red zone

Heat rushing to my brain

Induces monstrous veins

In my temples

Hoping to fight...

Giving in seeming too simple

You suck smoothly

Nibble the lip creatively

And favoring

My hole

You use three quick entrances

I'm barring no fences

Letting you ravage my body

Sweat beads

Dirty deeds

All influence the yearn

The yearn for more...goodness

Your goatee tickles the crease

Between my thigh and pelvis...*please...stop...*

It feels too *good...*

You attack, tongue ramming deeply

Creeping

Back to my moisture

Intense, rhythmic motion

Waves of pleasure

Body light as a feather

Floating, drifting...

Crying.

No More Tears

“Come here, girl,” he says through the cigarette smoke

My shaking legs like a newborn calf

As he opens his hand and brings it down fast

Across my smooth cheek of skin

Damn...not this again.

Why? is always the question

And pain the inevitable answer

I could leave but I wasn't always a dancer,

Never had the footwork to leave

Or the will to dream

Disgust in law enforcement

Rap sheet down to his knees

Keeps me from pressing those 9-1-1 keys

As he hangs me from a string

Of constant abuse.

No more tears left to cry

They were gone 'bout five years ago,

No lie

I tell ya, chile...my skin is tough

The tingling stopped quicker this time

Last time...

Last time...

Unconsciousness, blood but no tears

You see, I've overcome my worst fear

'Cause I live with him every second,

Of every day

Of every year.

Soldier's War Story: Guilty By Association

We're doin' desert days, sandy nights

Topped with 150 degree Fahrenheit

For the flavor of victory

The syrup punch in basic training

That no one wanted but was thirsty enough to drink

Ironic, don't you think?

Mass weapons of destruction, can't find 'em

But we keep looking

Scared the puppet president will look stupid

Millions of soldiers raping Uncle Sam

But it's voluntary

'Cause he's got the upper hand

Stolen someone's land (again)

Whose home? I don't know...

But we're storming in,

Co-producing the show

As foot soldiers, nothing more

Cause we're all below Bush, and hell is hot for sure

I'm in the middle, got confused

Didn't know Bin Laden and Saddam were the same dude

I mean, September 11th was on the news

Retribution, Reaction and Attack...

All misused

They're laughing at the U.S. like some fools

We don't know what we're fight for

But we still got our weapons cocked, knee to the floor

Aiming into the shadows, enemies got nowhere to go

And we still can't find 'em

Democracy traded for secrecy

(Don't let them know we're bullying)

Whisper quietly, listen close

For the political militia...it's kind of morose

How bodies go undiscovered

Rotting beneath someone's cover...up

Creating a world more inhumane

Where the strong survive

And the weak fight til they die

I'm not surprised

So as time flies on the coast of Kuwait

I await

The time to save myself,

Speak my mind

And beg forgiveness...

For associating with the crime.