Sapphic

by ryall *Thursday, Nov 3 2011, 11:20am* international / prose/poetry / literature



she groaned involuntarily with raw desire as she cast her eyes on my crotch completely hypnotised i could hardly believe what was happening;

i tried to bring her
back to some semblance
of normality
so i asked,
'what the fuck are u looking at?'
to which she replied, 'your leg'
i should've retorted, 'which one?'
but wit had left me for the evening.

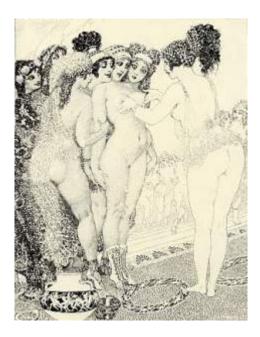
i had walked her home
to her apartment block;
ready to take my leave i said,
'give us a hug and i'll rub my cock all over you!'
i wasn't known for mincing my words
but it was all levity on my part,
a joke to break the spell.

she sighed and asked where i was headed,

'Chinatown to chase a dragon and rest my weary head in the lap of my china doll,' i replied; though the last part i did not openly articulate, my mind spoke it silently

she declined the hug so i rubbed her on the shoulder and bid her goodnight.

it seems it's now fashionable for dykes to get off with guys – it can't last the fear and loathing is far too strong.



Cleaves Alternative News. http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-2818.html