45+
EROTIC POETRY OF LOST LOVE AND LONGING FOR WOMEN WHO FUCKED UP
HA HA HA

POEMS
BY
C DEAN

45+

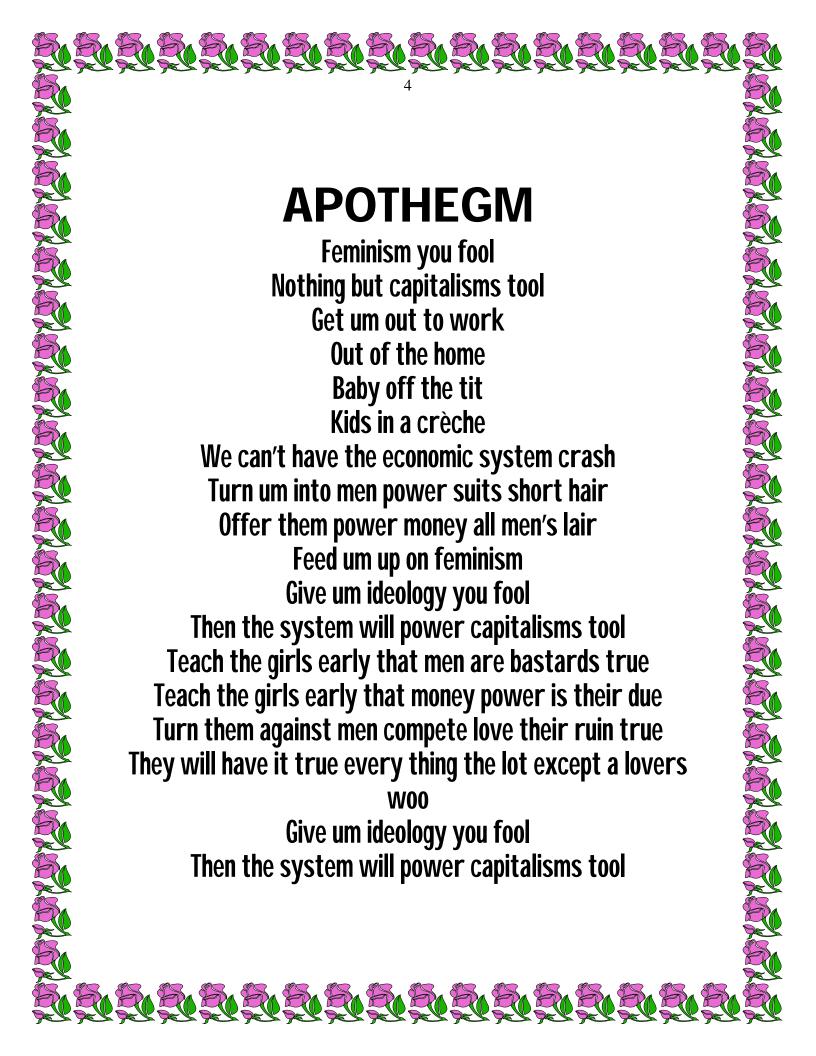
EROTIC POETRY OF LOST LOVE AND LONGING FOR WOMEN WHO FUCKED UP
YOU
HA HA HA
POEMS
BY

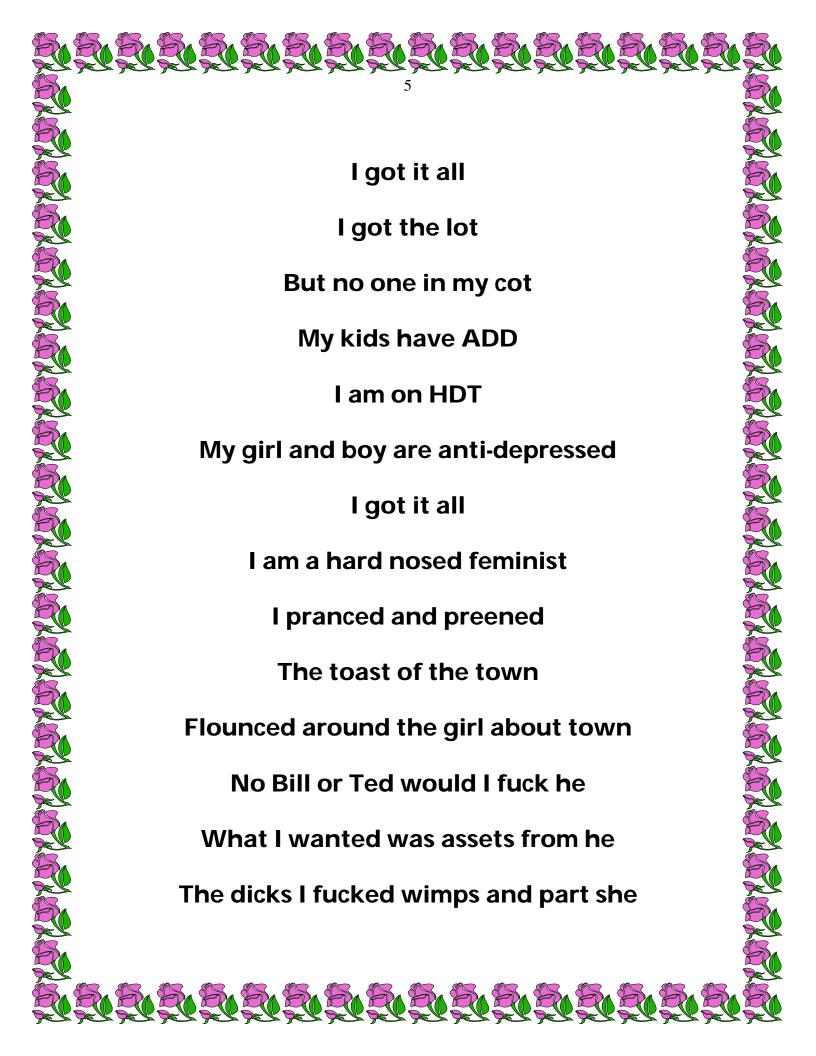
C DEAN

GAMAHUCHER PRESS: WEST GEELONG VICTORIA
AUSTRALIA
2005

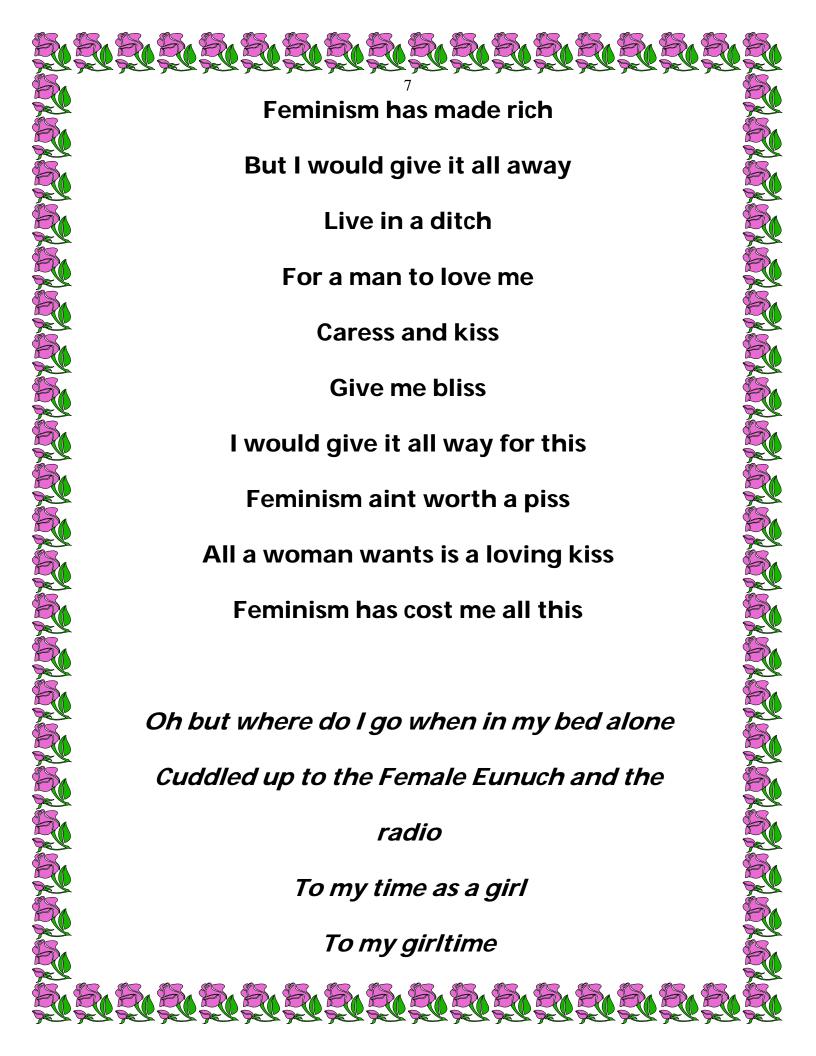
PREFACE

Read these words and pity me I have it all money car house career fucked kids empty bed loveless life beauty and youth gone saggy tits crows feet belly droop and ass flop I have it all I sold my soul to mammon and the feminist call became a man to have a mans world I have it all ten gins a night to dull the pain I have lost more than I did gain I have it all sweet fuck all I'd give it all away for one good fucking lay read these words and pity me nothing but a tool for the capitalist way a fucking fool who sold her youth beauty love away for what Germaine did say who sold out herself for a lay read these words and pity me Not for the likes of me but the young girl Listen to my say and not end up like me





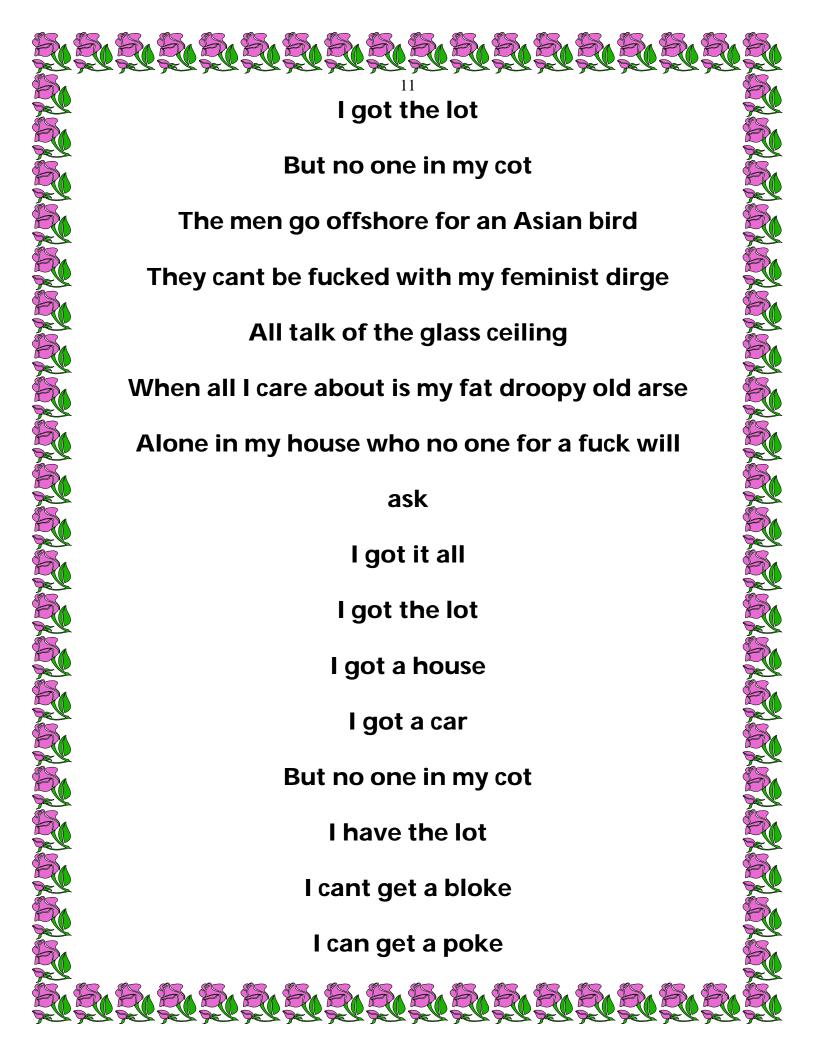
Only wimps who would not stand up to me Ball crunching I knew my rights It got me a job with the bosses the old dykes Wimps and soft cocks in my cunt never tight I pranced and preened The toast of the town Flounced around the girl about town At 45+ Some young slut Has the wimps and sucks I got my jacuzzi But no one to fuck The tits have sagged The arse drooped Feminism has made me rich And a sour old bitch



The first kiss on the cheek The boys hand so soft his hair so sleek A throb in the cunt Wet panties thru A kiss on the cheek My heart did throb my soul so meek The days so long the nights longer too All hot and flushed Longing for the sun to peek thru Longing for the day just to see him in view When love was new And we both said I love you Ah I remember when love began First hand in hand first kiss of eye Our flames began our longing sigh First hour of meeting thee

The very dress that thou didst see Ah I remember when love began My lips full red My cunny flushed on the thought of thee The hours I spend on my toilet for thee To melt whenst thy eyes alight on my dress I did see Ah I remember when love began My love for thee so blind I couldst not foresee Our time for love could not be Wooing hearts in the world cant be Our time to dance Our time to prance The world on love canst take a chance Love not maketh the world go round Love the world grinds in the ground







From a toy boy or escort bloke

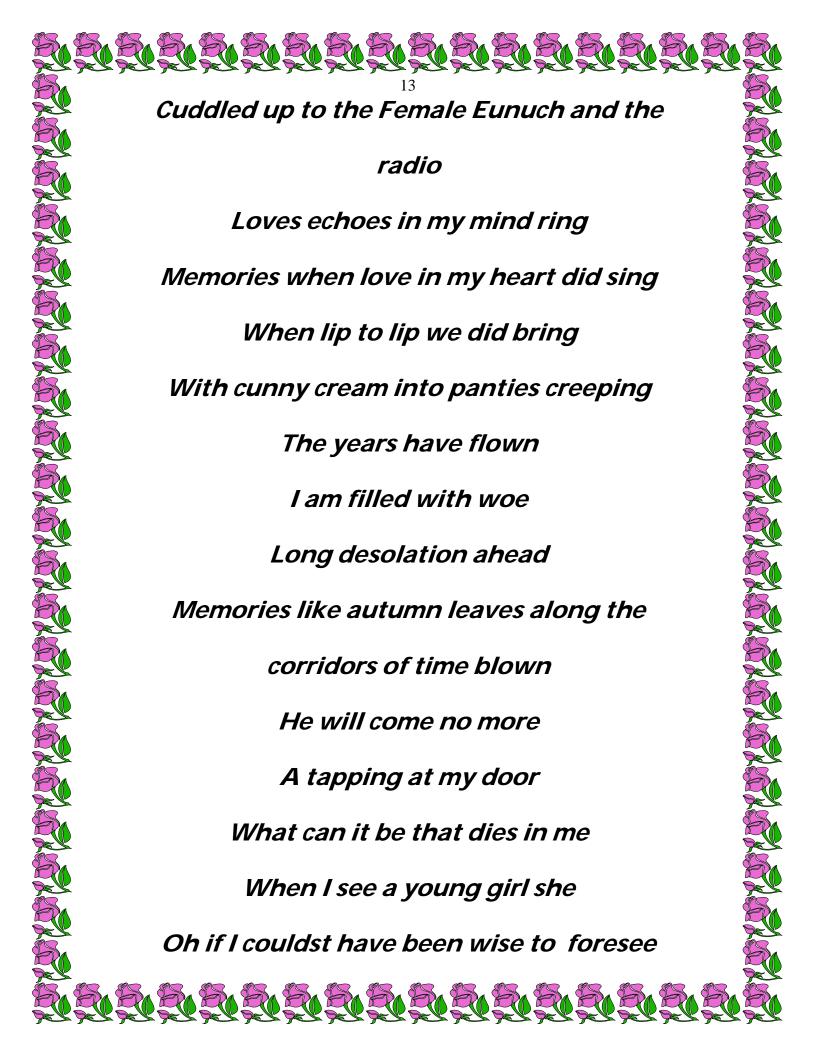
I have the lot

I gotta pay for a poke

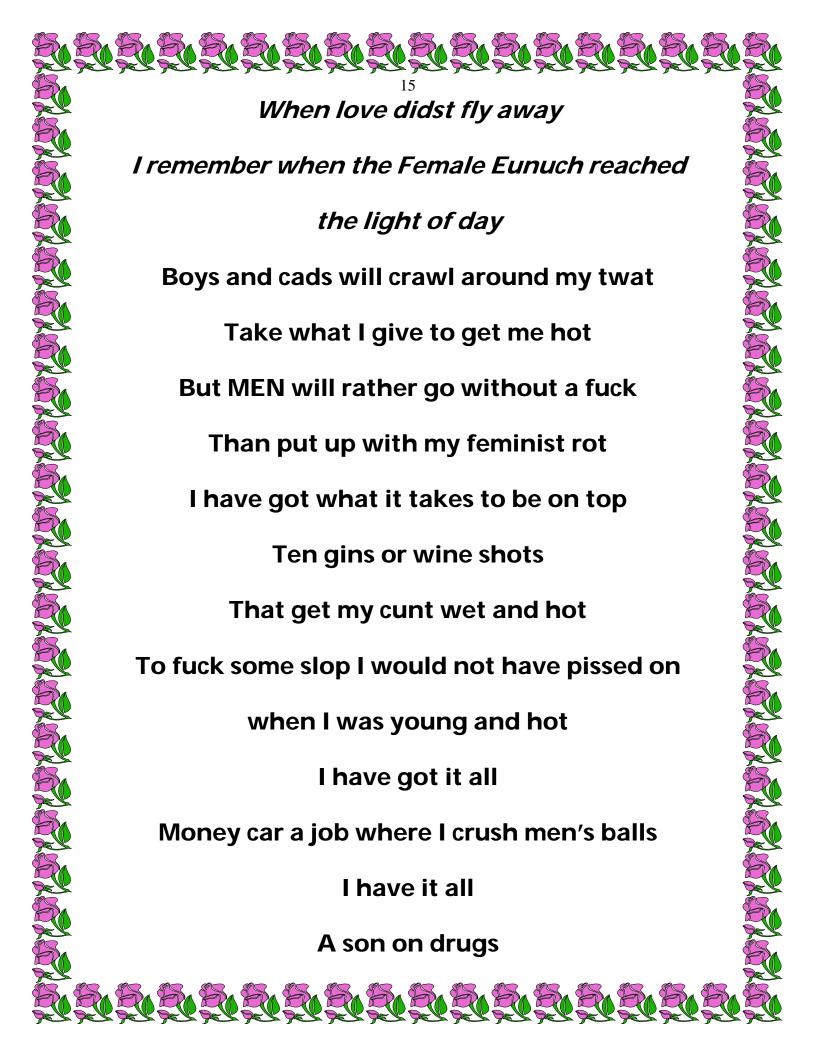
What a fucking loser what a fucking joke
I have become the man feminism was meant to
revoke

When the guy across the lane
Offers to fix my drain
I complain he is into power control
Oh what a pain
Not knowing its old mateships game
To full of feminist crap
I miss out on someone filling my drain

Oh but where do I go when in my bed alone



The desolation ahead of me When I traded love for ideology And love wouldst be no more for me Time ahead long lonely years My only solace the night to dream Of love with love juice in my silky seam Respite from days with eyes of tears Oh sorrows of lost long love Sighs of woes in my breath My grief and cries till my death Whispers on my trembling lips Old names of lost long love fellowships The paths my loves and I didst tread Didst diverge when I had read Words to wilt a rose made my cunt juice froze I remember the day

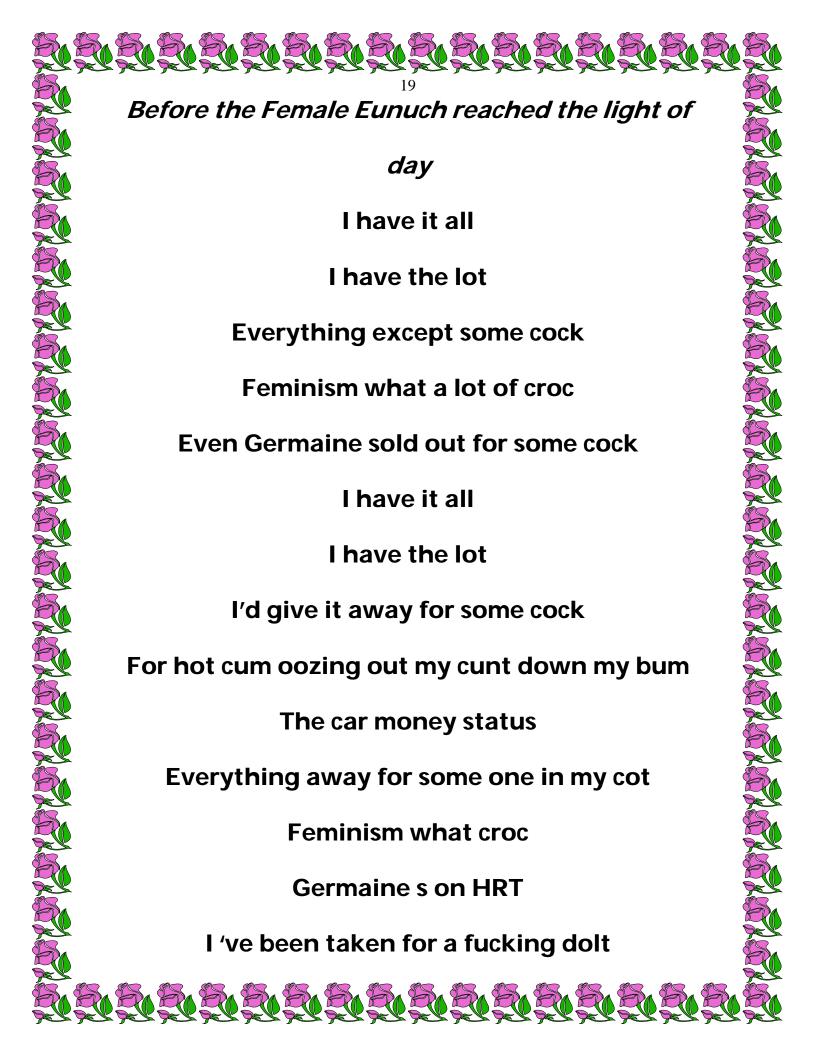




Breath to breath lips tongues fingers caress

My panties wet cunt lips flushed pillow crushed on breasts Dream lover clasped round thighs the sheets our writhings shears Joyess tears do wash the eyes in sleeptime dreams Thy name I cry on lips in dreamtime sleep Come Oh come to me Bring thy smile back to me From long ago Place a kiss on my cheek Tary soft and slow Oh our love was so long ago Come to me in dreams Roll back times streams

Say to me "My love I have come back for thee in thy dreams I art there for ever for thee" Oh come my love Oh come In the memories of my dreams We art for ever young Fold back times streams With my love again in my dreams To dream to dream to ne'er awake To dream to dream away from daytimes longing quake Come Oh come Come to me in the soft darkly night to me In the silent night away from daytimes shroud In dreamtimes memories of long ago Before our love didst fly away





I've got sweet fuck all

Not worth a dot

Without some one in my cot

Oh but where do I go when in my bed alone Cuddled up to the Female Eunuch and the radio

