



IS YOUR

CUNT HARRY 2:

POEMS
BY
C DEAN



IS YOUR TURN
HAPPY 2:

POEMS
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FRONT COVER "FLIRT" BY A MUCHA

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PREFACE

EVERY TIME I AM NEAR YOU OR SEE YOU I HAVE THESE THOUGHTS WHEN EVER TALKING TO YOU BEHIND MY WORDS IN THE BACK OF MY MIND I ALWAYS HAVE THESE THOUGHTS EITHER SMILING AT YOU OR JUST LISTENING I CAN NOT STOP MY THOUGHTS

WATCHING YOU WORK OR JUST SITTING MY THOUGHTS RACE I CAN NOT GET THEM OUT OF MY MIND I LISTEN I WATCH YOU I TALK TO YOU BUT ALL THE TIME MY THOUGHTS ARE NECESSANTLY PERPETUALLY ABOUT

IS YOUR CUNT Hairy

*Friend we met neath firery moon
Thou by fragrant tree as night rolled along by
rivers tune
Strangers neath starry light lured to thee as bee to
scented tree
In moons slivery light thy limbs milk-like white
An omnipresent form diffusing beauty bright
Metaphor of youth and yearning
Neath the yellow eye burning
My soul did soar
On thy femininity my thoughts did implore
Is your cunt hairy*

*Friend unobserved mine eyes thy form explore
secretively*

O'er thy hair loose down breasts tentatively

Their shapes neath blouse I guess at ardently

Each curve mine eyes caress softly

*Blossoms fragrance intermingle commingle with
the scent of thy radiance*

Thy sweetness permeates the fair night

*Black shiny tress curl round thy milk white dress
holding thy form so tight*

My soul did soar

On thy femininity my thoughts did implore

Is your cunt hairy

*Friend thy hair dark as the night
Thy face full bright as the full moon bright
Indolent fleece ripples and shines in the star light
Languor lurks in every curl
That mesh garlanded skinning net glittering snare
Loves rites lie hid in each furl
To drown without a care I stare thinking of that
hair
My soul does soar
On thy femininity my thoughts do implore
Is your cunt hairy*

*Friend to smile to flirt in loves dance
Smile to smile our eyes do glance
To turn to face to turn to chase
Smile to smile on face doth grace
To here then there back forth to face to face
Circle round turn around back to back face to face in
loves chase
Behind my smile with face to face
My soul does soar
On thy femininity my thoughts do implore
Is your cunt hairy*

Friend face to face

Eye to eye now for the chase

Look to look wondering all the rest now the test

We hunt each look for whats behind

For now and then no time

Each sharing expectation anticipation

*Heart racing palpitation for some anticipated
consummation*

My soul does soar

On thy femininity my thoughts do implore

Is your cunt hairy

*Friend tete a tete in whisper we do speak
Breath to breath cheek to cheek
Solaced by the words which are heard
Into the ocean of words drunk on words
Sweet lethargy drunkenness the souls slack their
thirst
On the ocean of words rocking lurks thoughts
salacious
With drowsy words with mingled scent stupefying
my thoughts
My soul does soar
On thy femininity my thoughts do implore
Is your cunt hairy*

*Friend neath wattle bush to mopoke call
Arm to waist to shoulders tall
Around the bush we waltzed as into thy hair the
wattle did fall
Thy hair did spray thy eyes alight and gay
Groin to groin chest to breast
Rhythmic melodious we did sway
Chest to breast groin to groin pulsating we danced
away
My soul did soar
On thy femininity my thoughts did implore
Is your cunt hairy*

*Friend our drumming hearts our burning eyes
We did speak with our heaving sighs
Our eyes did speak what our thoughts did think
All inspired with hot desire
With arm in arm in clinging embrace
Eyes to eyes face to face
Our eyes alight with eager desire
My soul did soar
On thy femininity my thoughts did implore
Is your cunt hairy*

*Friend alone us two into taxi stepped with
unspoken undertone*

Each to each with our thoughts alone

Gaze to gaze each to each agitated undertone

*No need to speak the thoughts are known each to
each*

Knees to knees two hearts do touch

*Knees to knees two hearts do gallop two hearts do
rush*

Anticipating expectation palpitation exhilarating

My soul does soar

On thy femininity my thoughts do implore

Is your cunt hairy

*Friend the night diffuses along the river
Up stairs I follow us both a quiver
Thy buttocks peachy cheeks divine shape imbued
Such heavenly form scarce loveliness
Molded shape in thy clinging tight dress
Expectation prolonged never ending quiver
Thy glowing cheeks our sensations ending never
My soul does soar
On thy femininity my thoughts do implore
Is your cunt hairy*

*Friend at thresholds door in longing arms we clasped
Mouth o'er mouth hovered lips to lips pressed
Clinging in embrace eager fire raging desire
Breast to chest thee sucks me to thy face
Kiss ardent touch tongues to tongues do race
Surge of blood frenzied fingers do trace
Mouth from mouth away she turned and to the bed
did sway
My soul does soar
On thy femininity my thoughts do implore
Is your cunt hairy*

*Friend thy arm went up thy back zip went down
With a wiggle of hips and jiggle of tits thy dress lay
on the ground*

*Divine form such grace stockings bra panties in lace
Unhooking the nylons smile on face*

Thumbs in taut panties band

Playing with the lace with soft white hand

*Slowly the panty peels down ever so slowly languid
down*

My soul did soar

On thy femininity my thoughts did implore

Is your cunt hairy