

Fairy Market
By
Christian George Rosseti

Poem By
C Dean

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The literature is a flood of whining about the horrible men who tear a girl away from innocence Goblin Market et al great works for feminist to espouse feminist ideology but what about works about the boys Torn From Innocence By A Sirens Sighs Or A Circes Eyes vanished or just hidden from view in this age of the feminist monopoly of indignation this work by Christian George Rosseti is a start to claim back males indignation at them being corrupted seduced by the Harpies Sirens Circes of this world who tear them from their boyish innocence by seduction and titillations to tempt them a correction to the feminist crap that it is only girls who are exploited seduced corrupted it would seem that feminists/society see a boys innocence as less precious than a girls boys have an innocence too which is lost in the hands of the beguiling female who herself is a corrupter seducer tempter so read the allegory

F A B Y M A R K E T

And See

PREFACE

*Innocence that precious state
 When the world a wondrous place
 Enchanted things Innocence brings
 Purity a glow on Innocence face
 Magical beings magical seeings
 The very light
 Whorls so bright
 Housing our imaginings sight
 Encased in an enchanted ambience the world an
 outer reflection of what the inner does feel
 Our innocence an enchanted world does reveal
 The world magically afire
 But all is lost when up wells desire*

*Along efflorescing river banks perfumed and
verdant*

Two little boys aged 2 and 10 just before puberty be

Wondered along

The world a lolly shop with myriad delights an

Aladdin's cave enchanted with sunlight bright

Wattles bespeckled with golden globes perfumed

midst lilies white roses bloomed

The sunlight seemed to shine brightly

The tint of colors on flowers seemed to glow brightly

The world enchanted a wonder glowed in its

enchantment brightly

Yabbies insects bugs were enthralling brightly

In ponds waters amethyst hue

Light reflected bright shimmering silver-like

Millions of lights waveringly lights scatted o'er

around to their view

Like sparkling diamonds littering the amethyst hue

The air did hum like a million wings on the wind

Grow louder the perfumed air did sing

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Around their heads wasp-like myriad forms

* * * * * *did swarm* * * *

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Like attacking things but with no sting

They flurried and fluttered making the boys ears

ring

Then to their sight they did see fairies on peacock

colored wings

Some dessicate and others spongeous thin

All had bodies of congealed air

Chameleon-like changing colors bright and fair

Light changeable bodies like their Astral kin

With diaphanous cloth clasping their twats tight

Bulbous tits tumescent nipples red turgid spiked

out from their creamy orbs

They flurried and fluttered making the boys ears

ring

On sweet mellifluous notes they all did sing

Come little boys for joys we will swap thy toys

Do not fellow the girls to goblin market with the

tune

"Come buy our orchard fruits

Come buy come buy"

Come little boys to fairy market

Locund and gay in yabby ponds don't play

Come see our wares come see what the fairy wears

Sumptuous display

Gorgeous array

All ravishing we say

Don't be afraid

Nothing to beware

We have no sair

All joys are there

Gaiety everywhere

Play with our hair

Or our clothes do tear if thou dare

Thee are not tied

Of our delights before thou hast not tried

Lips like ice cream

Nipples sugar candy to suck them sweet

Entice seduce delight

The little boys did look away and with the yabbies

did play

Light filtered down

Bright o'er all around

The boys imaginations bust open on all on the

ground

Light enfolding bug bassisk-like upward stared

Creatures harlequin-like scurried in a pair

Lumps of earth

Pools of water bright

Myriad forms freakish fantastic to their eyes

formed

Leafs partly real phantoms fascinated they

Everything moving vanishing sliding

All seemed to their imaginations clear and bright

Light pirouetting into multiple shapes

*Shape shifting lights contemplated they betwixt
and between different worlds they laughed and were*

gay

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All around the fairies fluttered and

flurried * * * * *

* * * * *
* * * *singing their song with mellifluous*

tones

* * * * *

** * * * * *they flurried and fluttered*
making the boys ears ring * * *
 * * * * * * * * * * * *

On sweet mellifluous notes they all did sing
Come little boys for joys we will swap thy toys
Come little boys for the joys our fairy market will
 bring

We will give thee our lips to kiss

Tasting of raspberries sweet

Look into our eyes

All pleasures there such sweet sighs

Fall into our arms soft like chocolate pudding

Feel our tits soft like strawberry jelly

Rub our bums smooth like soft cream

Feel our hair soft like the silk fur of thy teddy bear

Let us breathe o'er thee the sweet scent of our

mouths

More perfumed than the scent of thy mothers

blouse

Wallow in our fairy market for unlimited hours

The little boys did look away and with the yabbies

did play

The world pulsated with wondrous delights

Pan decked in ivy green played sweet tunes upon his

pipes

Tragelapus Pard and Leucrota roamed the land

*Enchanted thoughts populated jungle scenes to
desert sands*

The very sights formed into eddies of delight

The world full of imaginary incandescent things

Mirroring reflecting refracting the images within

Insubstantial things solidifying like bursts of

sunlight the imagining brings

The world an enchanted vivid thing

Flowing to the movements of their minds mood swing

Who knows what their imaginings do bring

The world a play ground to their feelings which

their thoughts do sing

The real the imagined what is imagined what is real

*Charadrius Bonnacon Monoceros all inhabit the
land they walk upon*

*Imaginings flashed before their eyes from out of the
perfumed shimmering air they heard the fairies sighs*

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All around the fairies fluttered and

flurried * * * * *

* * * * *
* * *singing their song with mellifluous*

tones

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* * * * * *they flurried and fluttered*

making the boys ears ring * * *

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*On sweet mellifluous notes they all did sing
 Come little boys for joys we will swap thy toys
 Come little boys for the joys our fairy market will
 bring*

*Watch our tits jiggle and bounce
 Like bouncing balls they wobble as we flounce
 Look at our twats as we bend o'er and wriggle
 Tightly panty clutched*

*Come little boys our hands do clasp
 In a merry ring we all shall dance and swing
 Lift up our legs for our twats view
 Bend o'er like the cancan at the follies review*

Lift us up around thy necks our legs do spread

That thee may see our twats pink hue

Swing us turn us spinning free

All thee our wares at the fairy market do see

Grab us clutch us press us please

Press us till our tits crush against thee

Place thy lips to our lips

Suck them bite them

Run thy fingers up o'er our thighs inner flesh

Feel the warmth of our moisty cleft

Castanets the guitars lively strums

To Luigi Boccherini's fandango our flickering feet

do drum

In out around up down

Jiggling tits wobbling bums skipping and leaping

upon the ground

I step 2 step 3 step 4

spin and twirl gyrate pirouetting like on dance hall

floor

To the Fandango wild whirling all

The fairy swarm frenzy swirling

Dithyrambic bacchanal

* * * * *

* * * * *

Around up down o'er all each did hurl

* * * * * *Spinning circling*

Wings fluttering

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Feet flickering

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Around up down o'er all each did hurl

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Spinning circling

Wings fluttering

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Feet flickering

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In out twirling swirling whirling

The light flickered and flashed

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* * * * * *Feet flickering* * * * *
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* * * * * * * *Wings*

Feet * * * * *

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* * * * * * * *Twirling*

swirling whirling

* * * *

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In all the frenzied frantic horde

What caught the attention of the boys

A glossy curl did unfurl o'er cheek of fairy girl

Which brought the boys some unnamed joy

*The little boys did look not away and with the
yabbies did not play*

*A lily withered a petal of a white rose dropped
blotched and shriveled*

*The sunlight seemed to dim slightly
The tint of colors on flowers seemed to dull slightly
The world enchanted lost a bit of its enchantment
slightly*

Yabbies insects bugs became insipid slightly

*Encased in a world of our desires
an outer reflection of what the inner does aspire*

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