

# **Fruit**

**Poem by c dean**

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Gamahucher press west geelong  
Victoria Australia

2014

## **Preface**

**Oh those tight little bundles of sweet syrupy fruits wrapped up in white cloth that be soaked with the juices of those pulpy fleshy things the moisty cloth that on the airs sends sweet humid musky scents to perfume the world with the odors of those flesh-pulp fleshy-fruits those pulpy-flesh fruits-fleshy succulent ripe and luscious that we all long to lick suck kiss and eat long to kiss lick and suck that pulpy flesh from out pouting tingling lips**

Oh those hot sunny days when  
    girlies in skirts fill the streets  
and byways oh for those humid  
    days when girlies in skirts cross  
  my way  
‘neath those skirts lay ripe tight  
fruit nestled in panties white out  
  of sight  
On breezes airs waft to the  
    nose of I scented fumes of  
    cunny hair and moisty cunnies  
bursting like ripe fruit with scent  
    round those curling blond  
    reddish fair black hairs

Along those streets go I sniffing  
for the scented fumes of humid  
cunnies tight that wafts and  
floats across my senses with  
delight oh those cunnies like  
ripe fruit  
lying in dishes of panty white  
cloth  
cunnies apricot-like like stewed  
in the juices from those aqueous  
holes  
cunnies peaches-like boiled in  
the humid sweat of those  
aqueous holes

cunnies fig-like broiled in the  
 heat from those aqueous holes  
 oh those fruits filling the cups  
 of those panty white cloth  
 all those fruits glowing bright  
 warmed by the humid scents of  
 those fruity bowls great dishes  
 of delights manifold of which  
 poets would sing rhapsodies to  
 excite  
 oh those fruits sweetened by the  
 cunnies juices musky syrupy  
 sugar-like  
 that soak into the panties white  
 cloth to send upon the summers



summer light mosaics of  
scented delight tapestries of  
perfumed delights that weave  
across the weft of the streaming  
light patterns of varied fruity  
scents that vibrate symphonies  
of exquisite sensual delight  
oh those cunny fruits bathing in  
the scented odors of those  
aqueous holes send humid  
vapors that blow kisses about  
my flesh filling me with  
multitudinous delights  
oh those sweet fruits in their  
panty white cloth scented soaked



bathing in scented liquidities  
pools of limpid moistness ignite  
my fires turn up the furnace of  
my desires I walk I linger in  
sunny crowded streets sniffing  
to breathe in those sweet cunny  
fruits sugary scents to breathe in  
those honeyed perfumes to swish  
around in airs pregnant with  
humid cunny delights to breathe  
in to breathe into the lungs of I  
all the fruity smells that waft  
from 'neath girls skirts  
to bath my flesh in those scented  
fumes that curl like incense

smokes from 'neath from thru  
those moisty panty white cloths  
into the summer airs that curl  
round and incite my delights my  
desires as pass me around me  
girlies in skirts tumble by  
exuding fumes that cascade fall  
down in drips of scented light to  
bath my flesh my senses with all  
those varied fruity hues that waft  
up thru the mesh of those panty  
moist white cloths weave  
fruit like on trays of white cloth  
steamed  
boiled

broiled  
stewed  
delicate fruity flesh  
all scented for me to make me  
sigh  
to cry  
that all those girly fruity cunnies  
bright do kiss the lips of I with  
delicious caress that kiss the lips  
of I with their cunny sweet scent  
fruity syrupy breaths  
all those scents rising from those  
panty white soaked moist cloth  
more scented than flowers of  
Samarqand Babylon or Isfahan

carry the scent of delight to I  
 that syrupy fruity scent from  
 the enchanted land of perfumed  
 soaked moist cloth kiss the  
 flowers of all the world kiss the  
 lips of I kiss I that I into  
 raptures fly  
 all the dew decked roses of  
 Baghdad  
 or the jasmines fed on  
 moonlight from Indus land  
 or  
 the myrtles watered on the love  
 sick tears of virgin brides

droop their heads in shame that  
these cunny scents do put them  
to shame  
oh these syrupy fruity scents are  
sweet wine to my lips sweet wine  
upon which I do drunkard be  
those scents wafting up from  
wet panty white cloth ravishes  
titillates intoxicates me  
oh the air o'erlaid with these  
syrupy fruity scents sends the  
smells of those fruity—essences  
of those cunny figs pears peaches  
and apricots of delight to wash  
o'er I

oh I smell the fruity-essences I  
taste their kisses upon my lips  
oh upon the banquet tables of  
those panty white moist cloths I  
long to upon these fruits to dine  
to eat up to bite into those  
spongy fleshy pulps to gorge the  
face of I upon those full blown  
fleshy fruits  
to suck upon to prong my  
tongue into that fleshy-pulp of  
the fig-fruit to lap around in  
that flesh to diddle the tongue  
of I in that exotic flesh to water  
my mouth on that honey juice to

sap my withered lips in that  
ample flesh and twirl the tongue  
of I right inside to feed upon  
that flesh like cannibal upon  
some Ethiopian girl or  
voluptuary upon the flesh of  
some nubile virgin bride oh the  
fleshy-pulp of the fig-fruit  
lights my desires ignite my fires  
of sensual delight  
oh that flesh-pulp of the pear-  
fruit with half acid taste to these  
withered lips that I could my  
wrinkled lips puckering press to  
that flesh shaped like buxom

girls sweet plump arse that I  
could dive my tongue in and in  
that flesh pink slither its tip  
around mushing up that mushy  
pulp mashing the lips of I in  
that liquid goo and swirl around  
my tongue till the pulpy flesh  
froths up like curdled pink  
cream to luxuriate my tongue my  
lips my face in the juices of the  
flesh- pulp of that pear-fruit  
to in the flesh-pulp of those  
peach-fruits that glow with the  
shimmering light of a girl in love  
cheeks that round like be like





flesh oozes off the lips of I and  
slither down the chin of I to  
drip off chins hair to splash into  
a thousand chunks of pulpy pink  
flesh raining down in  
scintillating showers of  
iridescent pinkish light like  
flickering flames  
to gorge myself on the flesh-  
pulp of that apricot-fruit to  
gormandize my appetite on that  
luxuriant flesh that succulent  
spongy flesh that glows like  
curdled blood to satiate my  
hunger upon the soft flesh oh

that I could in that paradise of  
pulpy delight dive in swim  
around suck and lick to bite  
with these wrinkled aged lips to  
salivate and dribble that fleshy  
syrupy sweet pulpy juice to wash  
my face in that perfumed mush  
of fluid muck to drink to imbibe  
to be drunkard become on that  
intoxicating pulp  
oh oh

all those cunnies like ripe fruit  
all those cunnies that waft sweet  
syrupy cunny scent from panties  
white moist white cloth soaked

with the scented dew of those  
perfume fuming aqueous holes  
oh

that fleshy pulp of spongy  
succulent sweet savory flesh  
oh that I would churn up the  
juices of that cornucopia of  
eatable delights that fount of  
unimaginable syrupy tastes that  
I could feed my face press my  
face that o'er it drips and flows  
the pulpy flesh that I could suck  
with my withered lips the heart  
of that flesh-pulp into my  
mouth to swish around upon my

palate and drain all that pulpy  
fluid down the throat of I in  
one torrent of inexhaustible  
exquisiteness  
to turn that pulpy flesh into  
syrupy fluids that my papilla  
explode into rapturous  
cacophonies of o'erubundant  
fervors intoxicating ripplings of  
sensual o'erplus of inexpressible  
delights

isbn 9781876347309