

# ***Panty spotting***

***Poem by c dean***

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## Preface

Oh those panty white cloths straining  
 'neath bulging pulpy-flesh female-fruits-  
 fleshy oh those white cloths cloaking  
 more succulent fruits than orchards of  
 Samarqand Babylon of Indus-land oh  
 those cloths white whiter than Himalaya  
 snows or Norwegian glaziers that glow oh  
 to peek and with eyes to seek in streets  
 glimpses of panty white cloth from girlies  
 open thighs as in front of I linger by lean  
 down to furtively sneak peek up skirts  
 that above knees do lie oh those flesh-  
 pulpy fleshy-fruits carried along in the  
 palanquins of cloth white those fleshy-  
 pulpy-female-fruits veiled in buqas of  
 white to peek sneak all those sights is my  
 delight morning noon dusk and night

The world be an orchard of  
 female-flesh-pulp fleshy-fruits  
 succulent ripe and luscious  
 pulpy-flesh female-fruits-fleshy  
 ‘neath skirts that flare fleshy-  
 fruits tucked tight in panty cloth  
 white with bulging curly silken-  
 soft hair to spot to see to follow  
 girlie like hovering bee hovers  
 thru orchard flower scents  
 following me she to sidle up to  
 she behind some girly skirt  
 short clad to watch she when sits  
 she to sit me aside or in front of  
 she glimpse the white cloth that

packages the scented moisty  
 female-fleshy fruit-pulp nestled  
 within whether she on bench  
 train tram cafe seat she I long to  
 meet in street to glance at  
 outlined panty white 'neath skirt  
 as she swings down the orchard  
 street with her female-pulpy  
 fruity-flesh in the palanquin of  
 her panties white sheet oh those  
 fleshy-pulpy fruits more  
 inaccessible that Bam-i-dunya in  
 that cloth of white more white  
 than Himalaya snows

To peek along fleshy thighs as  
girlies open thighs slightly wide  
to peek up under skirt as girlies  
bend squat or slightly stretch  
legs wide  
that I could prod my eyes sight  
into that cloth clothed spongy  
female-pulpy fruit-flesh to see  
the panty moist cloth  
clothe those flesh-pulpy fleshy-  
fruits as girlies open legs  
slightly wide to lean down under  
desk table or squat down to  
lookup those girly skirts to look  
up as they rise up to feast my

sight upon that white panty  
cloth that white panty cloth that  
holds cup-like those moisty  
female-fleshy pulpy-fruits  
those pulpy-flesh fruits-fleshy of  
girlies sitting leaning bending or  
just preening 'neath skirts lay  
orchards of fruity flesh ripe-  
pulpy-fleshy mounds of  
succulent flesh-pulp that scent  
the airs as skirts sway as the  
girlies walk wafting humid  
musky female-fleshy pulpy-fruits  
scent on the airs thru byways  
and in alleyways with panty

cloth soaked with sweet smells  
of perfumed fruity-flesh scent as  
on them I love to smell those  
soaked panties white see the  
odoriferous spot on cloth to  
breathe in those perfumed scents  
as I run the eyes of I along the  
seam of that fruit stained cloth  
to run the eyes of I along the  
seam to see black skeins of  
silken hair stick out along the  
panty hem curling dark 'gainst  
thighs white ivory-like those  
bulging panty white cloths with  
forests of fair black red blond



hair 'neath twisting curling  
twirling nets of silk-like hair as  
that panty white cloth between  
the valleys of their open partly  
thighs shine like Norwegian  
glaciers of white bright light oh  
on those panty sights my eyes  
alight to peek and look with  
lewd delight at those bulges of  
flesh-pulp fleshy-fruits those  
pulpy-flesh fruits-fleshy  
succulent ripe and luscious  
mounds of delicious fruit ripe  
under girlies skirts

Oh to wander the streets and  
girlies to meet to up their skirts  
to peek to wander in this  
orchard of pulpy-flesh fruits-  
fleshy and wonder what in their  
panties white I could meet  
peaches tight lipped pouting  
curling folds that have pinkish  
hues along the fine line of their  
lips pears plums mangos and  
figs delicate pink tinted fleshy-  
fruit- pulpy- flesh in these  
orchards that walk the cities  
street and on bench to sit for me  
to up the skirts to peek the city

a garden of delights a  
wonderland of cottony white  
panty sights lighting my sight  
upon panty cloth wide the  
spongy pulpy-flesh mound do  
seem to tremble from the  
caresses of my leering eyes the  
fleshy—pulp fruit ripe and tender  
does seem to quiver 'neath the  
languid touch of the kisses of  
the eyes of I as on the white  
cloth cupping the flesh-pulp  
fleshy-fruits wets spots do grow  
seep and glow bright moon-like  
spots that glimmer and gleam to

the peeking sight of I pulpy-  
fleshy-fruit bulge as thighs  
smooth as ivory white crunch up  
the pulpy-fruit-flesh to sit  
cupped in the bowls of panty  
cloth white oozing humid scent  
that flows thru panty weave oh  
those white panties cloth  
peeking 'neath skirt washed by  
purple shadows that in the fruit-  
pulpy-flesh does hide oh to see  
these girlies slits purple  
shadowed furrows-like that  
clutch the fleshy-pulp- fruit  
tight round the moisty cloth to

outline tight swollen lips in the  
cloth that clothes those pulpy-  
flesh fruits-fleshy 'neath skirts  
that pass I in the orchard streets  
oh to see the fig-fruit-pulpy in  
its coffers of white cloth stained  
by the pulpy-fruit-fleshy to see  
the cloth pressed tight straining  
'neath the white cloth tight to  
see the cloth white bulge with  
those kissing fruit-pulpy lips to  
smell the rose-water honey scent  
that wafts up from betwixt the  
clasped thighs of all those girly  
things sitting on benches like

birds of paradise along tropic  
branches orchid decked  
Oh those fleshy- pulpy- fruits  
hanging 'neath skirts cloth  
cloaked as fruit upon trees in  
orchards do dangle in the  
scented airs under leaves oh  
these orchards of fleshy-pulpy -  
fruit do give out scents as the  
girlies their legs do cross uncross  
glimpsing panty white to my  
furtive peeks all the girlies on  
bench chair seats perched like  
parquets their panties white  
showing like parquets iridescent

wings I see I look the fleshy-  
pulpy-fruit panty clad in haze  
of scent tinted pink mist my  
eyes go wandering about my eyes  
in ravished astonishment glaze in  
intoxicated stupefaction at the  
panty white sights I glimpse I  
peek I look my eyes about move  
sneaking glimpses of panty white  
'neath skirts that glow like  
jasmine petals on the vine or  
tuberose white buds under  
darkest humid night oh as the  
girlies talk and walk the fruit-  
pulpy-flesh swings in their

palanquins of white panty cloth  
that under skirts along benches  
seats the white panty cloth like  
white teeth that shine bright oh I  
ghazals write of desire with my  
sighs as upon these white  
bulging fleshy mounds my eyes  
do flutter bye and like the bees  
do hover round sweet nectar  
dripping flower blooms the eyes  
of I on panties white bulging  
cloth musky scented roam and  
watch the purple shadowed  
fleshy-fruit pulp 'neath white  
cloth as the lips of I do tremble



quiver as the dainty jasmine  
flower wavers in the scented airs  
under moons slivery glowing eye  
oh these panty cloths white kiss  
my eyes with ravenous delight  
the eyes of I drink up the  
perfumed white panty sights  
which flow to my eyes like  
perfumed fumes that tint the airs  
in the orchard streets with odors  
sweet oh that I could pluck  
those fleshy-pulpy-fruits with  
the eyes of I and feel the velvet  
softness of those soaked moisty  
white panty cloths feel the lips

of those fleshy-fruits to run my  
eyes up the purpled shadowed  
furrows that bulge from clasping  
pulpy-fruits to run my eyes o'er  
the curved lines of those pulpy-  
fruits-fleshy that press out into  
the white panty cloth like  
swollen lips embossed on  
scented cloth oh that the eyes of  
I could bathe in the scented  
sights of that cloth white that  
cloth white smooth bulging with  
pulpy-fleshy-fruit  
these white cloths loosen the  
desires in I as lover loosens her

hair for some nocturne tryst  
these panty cloths excite the  
desires of I as the smiles from  
lissome coquettes enflame their  
beloved that in shadows do hide  
my eyes hunger for these white  
panty cloths my eyes hunger  
for the bliss these white panty  
cloths do to my eyes do bring  
oh how beautiful be that white  
cloth rounded by the pulpy-  
flesh fruits-fleshy like breasts  
rounded orbs glowing as snow  
with turgid russet teats bursting  
up

That my eyes could bathe in  
those purple shadows that  
garland the cloth so white  
straining with fleshy-pulpy-  
female-fruits to be enflamed on  
their sight is my delight

oh my lyrics sing as to I these  
panties white inspiration brings  
those lips kissing panty cloth  
those furrows purpled  
shadowed-like like a pan-pipe  
reed wind blown these panty  
sights do make me want to sing

what be life without such delight  
what be life without panties  
what be life without white panties  
beauties to my desires ignite  
what be life without the solace panty  
white does bring  
to fire my longings  
to fire my desires  
to fire the blood of I to flow as molten  
ore from volcanoes core oh the musk-  
scented pulpy-fleshy-fruit veiled by white  
panty cloth oh that fleshy-pulpy-fruit face  
covered with burqa of white cloth in thy  
luculent light phosphorescent white  
I find delight  
I find paradise  
I find the songs my soul to sing  
I find the tunes that makes this old reed  
broken sing of youth and old pleasures  
that naught but panty cloth brings

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