

*The art of fucking*

*By c l dean*

*Poem by c dean*

*The art of fucking*  
*By c l dean*  
*Poem by c dean*

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean  
Australia's leading erotic poet free for download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia  
2014

# **Preface**

**The art of fucking what may it be  
 it is desire for she simply  
 No manual of mechanical  
 techniques need thee  
 All she desires is thy desire for  
 she  
 All the rest will come naturally  
 Vatsyayana Sheikh Nefzawi  
 Pillow books Gedun Chopel Ovid  
 will lead astray thee  
 These are of no use for he that has  
 no desire for she  
 For he that has desire for she the  
 art of fucking is simply just desire  
 she**

Heed what sayeth me pay no heed  
to Vatsyayanas Kama Sutra  
Sheikh Nefzawis The Perfumed  
Garden Japanese Pillow books  
Gedun Chopels Tibetan Arts of  
Love Ovids The Ars Amatoria the  
books of these will send astray thee  
down paths that up the garden  
path lead thee written by men  
who have no idea about what in  
fucking desires she mere  
mechanical tracts for the beast  
man that feeds on she where any  
she could be rather than the man  
beast that eats the delights of she  
that desires she and only she

as sayeth Damodaragapta in his  
 Kuttanimatam " where there is  
 no movement of the heart and the  
 member yield themselves without  
 inclination where feeling exists  
 not the act is bestial and none but  
 beasts could find delight in it"<sup>1</sup>  
 pay heed to me this Art of Fucking  
 will set thee straight empower thee  
 a lover make thee great it matters  
 not short dick long dick thick or  
 thin matters not in the art of love  
 all that matters is passions fire the  
 desire for she for she gets off on thy  
 desire for she she desires thy desire

---

<sup>1</sup> Damodaragapta in his Kuttanimatam in "Eastern Love" trans by E.Powys Mathers, Crest Books, Fawcett World Library, Fawcett Publications, 1958p.93

for she if she thee only wants then  
 a dud fuck thee will be it is only  
 with passions fire of desire that  
 thee will gratify she

### IGNITION

with sidelong glances at she let  
 her see the looks of thee from the  
 outer angle of thy eye run the  
 eyes of thee up o'er she from head to  
 feet languidly thy eyes let her eyes  
 see thee with languid look with  
 eyes caresses the form of she ignite  
 the passions fires in thee let her see  
 the desire thee has for she  
 along the hair thy eyes slip and in  
 each hyacinth net run thy look

along each thread like frozen light  
that glows from the hairs of she  
run thy eyes o'er that canopy of  
liquid hirsute light like clouds  
o'er hanging the mountains tip  
run thy eyes thru that fleeces like  
finger of desire caressing each single  
skein of the mane of hair of she  
run thy eyes thru that hair feel  
the softness of that silky mesh feel  
the softness of that silken-curtain  
thru the fingers of thy eyes light  
with sidelong glances at she let  
her see the looks of thee run thy  
eyes o'er her flower-like face let  
her see thee sees more beauty in she

than lotus or roses fulgent face  
into the eyes of she furtively look  
dive into those limpid pools like  
polished dew those shimmering  
pools like floating bubbles of  
liquid froth like bowls of light  
congealed into pools glimmering  
bright linger stare eyes meets eyes  
away glance then quickly her  
eyes again do meet furtively to  
meet to glance thy eyes the eyes of  
she in a dance of looks to meet then  
away do dance to once again to  
meet to stare into the eyes of she to  
gaze into the iridescent looks of she  
those pools of incandescent fires



awaking in thee hot passions fires  
which she can see flare up in thee  
desires irradiances for she dip thy  
eyes light in the fires of thy soul  
and shoot thy glances into the  
eyes of she with sidelong glances at  
she let her see the looks of thee  
from the outer angle of thy eye  
run thy eyes o'er her the nose of she  
down along the lips of she those  
puffy lips of redish luminosity  
slivers of rose petals gracing the  
face of she from which light  
reflects rippling like light upon  
emeralds lake in frost morn full of  
ruby haze run thy eyes o'er those

lips like soft silk kiss those lips  
with the eyes of thee lips like  
flames bursting bright under the  
light of the eyes of thee languidly  
run thy eyes along the lips edge  
around the puffy flesh imagine  
like the elongated lips of those  
butterfly-like cunny lips  
hovering like veils 'neath curls of  
fleeces to math the canopy of hair  
that frames the lips of she drink  
up the wine of those lips with the  
eyes of thee drunken thee become  
on that sweet dewy nectar imbibe  
that juice till satiated be on those  
lips like ripe fruit eat them up

devour them with the eyes of thee  
drink from the ruby cup of the lips  
of she sup up that pearly water  
into thy eyes run thy eyes along  
the lips of she kiss them devour  
them immerse thy eyes in the  
paradise of those lips kiss those lips  
with thy eyes kiss lips like a red  
flower upon her face kiss those lips  
in a halo of red bite with thy eyes  
into that spongy fruit and lick  
along that silver sliver of moist  
dew twixt those two lips kiss lick  
bite with thy eyes the twin lips  
that grace her face taste with thy  
eyes the red-sugary sweets that are

those twin lips with sidelong  
glances at she let her see the looks  
of thee from the outer angle of  
thy eye run thy eye o'er the  
budding breasts of she those twin  
mounds of jelly soft like snow upon  
the flowers beds run thy eyes o'er  
the soft curves of those twin ripe  
fruit that bulge swelling casks of  
ivory or ingots of sliver sending  
purple shadows across the aqueous  
air tinted ruby red with the desire  
of thy eyes let those eyes of thee  
sigh at that rounded beauteous  
form let thy eyes leap at those  
breasts with heated desire at those

breasts rounded like twin hills  
that encloses a garden of heated  
fires run thy eyes o'er down around  
those hills of soft rose petals twin  
beauteous fruits garlanded by the  
looks from the eyes of thee o'er  
those breasts rain the looks of thee  
caresses that soft creamy flesh  
with the burning fires from the  
eyes of thee feast thy eyes on that  
flesh that wavers like waves of  
water like curves of waters  
rippling in the pale pink morn  
feast thy eyes upon that shadow  
rounded flesh feast thy eyes upon  
that soft curvaceous flesh with

looks of desire such that she sees  
that they be the food of thy desire  
for she with sidelong glances at she  
let her see the looks of thee from  
the outer angle of thy eye run thy  
eyes down along her form lingering  
loitering sauntering languidly  
o'er the body of she run thy eyes  
o'er the arse cheeks those soft  
mounds twin dunes of rounded  
form with the curve of her breasts  
that outward bulge as she does  
walk twin buttock that shake  
like jelly buns or the froth on  
curdled milk which ignite thy  
eyes with heated fires when

backward look she does desire turn  
thy eyes but not before she sees thy  
desire with sidelong glances at she  
let her see the looks of thee from  
the outer angle of thy eye run thy  
eyes languidly sauntering down  
o'er the crutch of she loiteringly be  
to burn thy eyes in the pussy bulge  
of she embossed on cloth for thee to  
see with thy eyes lick the curved  
lines of the lips of she puffy folds  
twin lips as the mouth of she run  
thy eyes in those shadowed folds  
drink the wine they do behold lick  
round those outlined lips with thy  
eyes suck those folds like sucking

out the pulpy flesh of a ripe fig  
lock thy glance with the glance of  
she that she does see at what thee  
does see with sidelong glances at she  
let her see the looks of thee from  
the outer angle of thy eye there be  
no niche of the body of she that thy  
eyes have not caressed no hidden  
fold or delight untold that thy  
eyes have not kissed with desires  
manifold

the canopy of the hair of she  
the dew-like eyes of she  
the pulpy fruit-like lips of she  
the jiggling soft as cream breasts of  
she



the firm rounded sand dunes of the  
arse of she

the fig-like folds of the pussy of  
she

no hidden delight has been hid from  
the eyes of thee which she did see

thee see and have desire for she

when thee see the glint in the eye  
of she the dilating pupil

the smile of the eyes of she from  
behind she sidle up to she

languidly run the hands of thee  
down the sides of she on her neck

place thy lips puffy flesh as up

o'er the breasts of she thee place the  
hands of thee

press those breasts feel them soft  
like warm cream into thy fingers  
melt breathe thy hot desires o'er  
the graceful neck of she knead  
those breasts like warm dough as  
thy lips suck on the pulsing veins  
of she caress fondle gently those  
ripe twin fruits tweak those  
turgid teats like rose petals frozen  
in the heated air breathe in the  
sighs of she bite nibble the rippling  
flesh of she feel her quivering flesh  
as from she each pore a little  
mouth sucking in thee feel the  
beating of the heart of she drink in  
the scented sighs of thee with thy

finger tips kiss the tips of the  
turgid teats of she with thy touch  
thy sighs thy breath undress she  
with the kisses of thee thy sighs  
flick o'er her the flames of desire  
for she thy souls fevered pulsations  
burn her with scorching desires  
into flames she bursts rippling like  
roses along the limbs of she  
kiss the neck of she  
reeling with desire for she  
kiss the ear of she  
reeling in the taste of she  
kiss the throat of she  
reeling in the forgetfulness of  
everything but she

lips upon flesh the flutter of thy  
tongue dancing butterflies  
flittering along her necks curve  
the sucking from thy rose flower  
lips to madden she into desire with  
lips on neck one hand on breast  
cupping squeezing kneading the  
other unbutton the button slowly  
unzip the zip run fingers down  
languidly thru hair like silken  
fleece glittering with loves dew  
like diamonds upon a velvet cloth  
the finger run slowly up slit feel  
the wet sticky aqueous slit inward  
dip the fingers tip into the limpid  
pool of liquid pearl press thy

rampant cock up 'gainst the arse  
cheeks of she that she feels the desire of  
thee for she hear the sighs of she the  
moans will tell thee what likes she  
cupping the balloon-like breasts  
tweaking turgid teats so sweet  
sucking kissing licking her tapering  
neck running finger up so slowly her  
silken wet slit she each sigh from she  
a sign that thee has pleased she her  
pleasure will thy pleasure be as thee  
makes her sing with sighs from what  
thee does to she  
the rest will come naturally the art  
of fucking has been told to thee no  
manual of mechanical techniques  
thee will need

*isbn 978187634752X*