

pearl jade

poems by c

dean

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# *preface*

*while in bed we  
I think of she while with thee  
when with thee I think of she  
all the time we think of the  
other while with thee in bed we*

Buried in thy hole Josephine  
feeling thy cunt clasp my cock  
thy legs around my waist  
clasped thy wild sighs in the  
ears of me feeling thy cunts  
honey scented juices ooze o'er my  
balls feeling its sticky cream  
slosh and slurp to my ramming  
thrusts oh Josephine as thy nails  
into my arse dig and my semen  
spoofo upwells in my cock  
pumping to the beat beat of thy  
heart oh Josephine as we cum to  
each others cries

even now- seeth I  
in thy cunts hair is caught  
moonlight like streaks of fire  
under dark waters thy cunts  
aqueous hole reflects the full  
moon bright

even now- seeth I  
the lips of thy cunt are  
phosphorescent in the moonlight  
like the wings of those  
paroquets shimmering like  
multicolored stars iridescent  
hues porcelain smooth

even now- smelleth I  
the cunt lips of thee I smell  
scented with saffron pollen their  
beauty more beautiful than  
lotus blooms under and luculent  
full moon

even now- seeth I  
thy cunts lips crimson like  
frosted with ruby slivers the lips  
rims flashing like flames of red  
fire under a noon day sun thy  
cunts hole rimmed in pink  
borders glows like liquid pearl

even now- seeth I  
thy cunts lips shimmering like  
water silk pink dew sparkling  
like myriad colored stars studded  
in thy puffy flesh thy cunts  
hair laced in multicolored hues  
like woven with untold flowers

even now- seeth I  
thy cunt warm like a scented  
bath that I could swim around  
in and in breathe those scented  
vapors those vapor o'er flow my  
flesh like musky kisses burning  
into me o'erwhelming senses

even now- wouldeth I  
thy cunt to eat like one pink  
delicious fig ah the delicate  
flesh to sip to lick round the  
prodigious flesh like fruit  
caught in thy coal black cunts  
hair mesh

even now- wouldeth I  
to hover o'er that ample flesh  
peach hued lips shimmering in  
sugary syrup flesh amorous  
imbibing of that fruits lips  
unfold flesh manifold to dive in  
and satiate in that fruity dish



even now- wouldeth I  
to be supping baby-like from  
thy clit polished gleaming  
bright like a rose soft grape  
curdled sun light-like

even now- wouldeth I  
to bask in the scented air thy  
cunt lips fan-like fling from  
those lips paroquet wing-like  
like soft kisses to caresses my  
heated flesh and cool my fiery  
sighs

even now- wouldeth I  
to wed myself to those lips with  
red blushes to kiss those lips that  
fromst pearl dew drips that on  
those lips my puckered lips  
dances and o'er me love juice  
gushes

even now- wouldeth I  
to within that eye of  
languishment thy cunt holes  
jade bowl to cat-like lap that  
frothing cunt cream and of  
paradise behold

even now- wouldeth I  
to dwell in thy cunts rose-like  
face carnelian hued those  
flowery lips wide open bud like  
lotus blooms under the full moon

even now- seeth I  
those candy floss pink lips that  
languid watery eye the  
purplish shadows those cunts  
folds do throw o'er thy ripe  
plump fleshy pink flesh

even now- seeth I  
the fire in those fleshy cunt lips  
the red veins decking that flesh  
in embroideries the lips that  
cling to thighs like silk veils  
round cunts hole painted like  
with red wine

even now- seeth I  
dangling in space those crescent  
moon-like lips tipped with  
vermilion like frosted sugar  
twixt thighs hidden the bowl of  
pearly dew melted within the  
moon languidly rests

even now- wouldeth I  
 her crimson cunts mouth to kiss to  
 lick the corners of those lips to  
 nibble that red ripe fruit to feel  
 the carmine silk smooth flesh to sip  
 wine from that jade-like bowl oh  
 that I would verse to write but  
 that beauty out runs the number  
 of lines

even now- seeth I  
 the curling cunt hair dark like  
 the crows black wings lips of the  
 hue of damask rose the cunt hole a  
 flask of Shariz wine decked with  
 dew like Bahrain pearls

even now- seeth I  
those cunt lips burning with pink  
dyes which stain the flesh oh I sigh  
at those saffron scented tips that  
burn into my soul and singe my  
eyes as when those lips open and at  
me smile

even now- smelleth I  
those musk scented lips those  
vapors that from thy cunts hole  
pours out its perfumed breath  
mingling with the dew that  
flowery lace that diaphanous  
flesh of voluptuous womanhood

even now- seeth I

those cunt lips fringed with fire  
that hole frothing foam of pearl  
as thy cunts hair with dew  
laced glitters like slivers of glass

even now- seeth I

thy cunt pink lying nestled on  
a sea of black foam softer than  
feathers of rare birds as thy  
cunt hole boiling with desires  
out breathes a sweet scented  
breeze

even now-tasteth I  
thy cunts hole juice flavored like  
musk and honey tingling on my  
lips bursting in bubbles of delight  
odoriferous with the scent of flowers  
upwelling from that hole like  
heavy wine

even now-wouldeth I  
like the bee on the nenuphar drink  
from that jade goblet the honey  
that is sweet nectar for my soul to  
sip from that pink-tinted bowl  
sparkling like the full moon with  
stained hues of red upon my puffy  
lips



even now-tasteth I  
the sweet syrup of thy gilded  
cunts hole my tongue to dip into  
that sugary bowl and lap lap  
up each saffron scented drop

even now -seeth I  
the drops of silver dew cling to  
thy cunts flowery petaled lips  
twixt thy sighs like glittering  
scimitars bright with light that  
little flower-like cunt robed in  
the curls of thy hyacinth  
scented coal black hair

even now-smelleth I  
the fruity scents of thy cunts  
rounded folds like ripe peaches  
with rosy tips they shine under  
thy dark night black hair

even now -smelleth I  
all the flowery essences in the  
goblet of thy cunts hole the  
narcissus jonquil all the  
honeyed scents weep from that  
bowl o'er laid with gold the  
breeze stirs in thy fragrant  
hairs wafting all the sweet  
odors of the world

even now-wouldeth I  
drink the odoriferous wine in  
thy cunts hole cup rimmed in  
pink porcelain-like that I  
would drink from that bowl and  
stain my lips vermilion from its  
wine

even now-seeth I  
the drop of gold in thy cunts  
bowl the cunts folds like  
burnished fruit o'er hanging  
veils reflected in that hole  
watery-like a pearl gilded in  
gold

even now-seeth I  
the breathless moon-like face of  
thy silvery watery cunt I sucketh  
in its sight as the bee sucketh on  
the glossy rose oh to gaze at thy  
cunt lips like gilded gauze as thy  
dip and fall

even now-feeeth I  
the soft porcelain of thy cunts  
flesh a fire like the suns rays in  
crystal bright oh that I could feel  
thy flower petal smooth folds and  
my soul burst like an opium  
poppy bud in their soft lips

even now-tasteth I  
the clear air filled with the fruity  
scent of thy cunt ache my lips to  
taste the dew distilled from thy hole  
a sweet wine for my mouth ache my  
lips to delight in the tastes manifold  
hidden in thy cunts plumpy pink  
folds

even now-wouldeth I  
fill my lips with the crimson flower  
petals of thy lips refresh my soul in  
the languor of thy folds water my  
mouth in the wetness of thy luculent  
pool my lips fluttering o'er thy  
butterfly lips like scarlet poppies  
hanging neath a silvery moon

even now-wouldeth I  
while fucking fuck thee into  
insensibility fuck thee with  
rampant intensity grind my  
groin into thee ram the  
tumescant cock of me up into  
thee oh that I would pound thy  
cunt jab jab thy cunt fuck thee  
into ecstasy make thee scream  
sigh cry with pleasures untold  
heave my self onto thee bite  
scratch cry into thy ears my  
lust for thee oh to be with thee to  
fuck the arse off thee oh Elspeth  
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