

Dragons and Dolls

by len *Friday, Feb 10 2012, 10:18am*

international / poetry / post



i remember
just
before consciousness departs
for the duration of night
or forever (who can tell?)

two-dimensional silhouettes
appear
at the periphery of mind
shadows lacking the confidence
to take form
some exotic others erotic

i miss those asian places
the girls
those narrow lanes
and porcelain smiles
the acrid odour
of opium wafting
from hidden dens

a strange draught
China tea and oriental whores
that deftly pack a pipe
and ease it to the lips

requiring only the
modest effort
of sucking/inhaling

her silk garment slips silently
from her hips
revealing her white thighs
and jet patch
that seems to shimmer
in this garden tonight

oriental consorts have perfected
seduction
and every pleasure
biology could offer
they know how
without selling their bodies
-- though they are whores -
a refreshing contrast to occidental
women that crudely sell their bodies
for whatever gain they seek
but disdain the notion of whoring!

what is it about occidental women
they have no idea,
none whatsoever?

they offer themselves
for the taking
thinking their part is done
in the offering
unaware the play
has only just begun

unlike the feline wiles
of asian girls that tantalise
with every turn and flicker
of the flame
moving, purring,
adjusting to every nuance
accommodating every
gentle movement

it takes hours to climax
under the influence of opium
but the art is in the journey
the unfolding erotic drama
of a sultry
asian night.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2995.html>



Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-217.html>