

## 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>



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