

Fox Spirit

by ben via quinn Wednesday, Nov 26 2014, 10:26pm

international / poetry / post

[A Fox Spirit is a female demon that usually appears in exquisitely beautiful form in order to lure unsuspecting males into a sexual liaison and drain their life force/vitality until the hapless male, completely depleted of his vital nerve force, expires. These vampire spirits are said to inhabit the forests of the night.]

the cool of the undergrowth enlivens
me tonight, trees seem to shimmer
in the moonlight
strange vapours can be seen emanating from
the ground and undergrowth

walking slowly my eye catches
a fleeting movement but it disappears in direct view,
a few more steps and it appears briefly
to the extreme right of my field of vision
then again to the left
i must be seeing things
so i shake myself
and continue my walk
determined not to allow my eyes
to play tricks

as i emerge from a lush area of
bush, laden with flowers,
i see directly before me
the most alluring vision of a woman
i have ever seen,
i blink a few times to reassure myself
that it's not an illusion
but it remains, smiling and gesturing
me to approach
so i compose myself
and approach this vision in bodily form

are u lost? no, she replies, like u,
i am attracted by the still
of the forest night
i feel secure surrounded by trees,
ferns, stars and moon

strange i haven't seen u before,

as i regularly take this route
are u new to the village?

no, i've been here a while but avoid
most people, she replies,
well, my name is ben
and yours, peony, she answers
come i will show my secret place
a clearing not far from here,
i follow intrigued and strangely
fascinated

as she walks i see that her flowing garment
is translucent, the moonlight outlines her body
beneath her wispy robes

her movements and appearance are
hypnotic, i can't take my eyes off her,
she smiles a very knowing smile
as her garments (seem) to become even lighter
in the moonlight,
i am mesmerised by her face
and exquisite contours and begin to stir

she notices and motions for me to take a seat
beside her on the fresh grass and fallen leaves
i find it difficult to manoeuvre to the ground
with a pulsating erection

she laughs approvingly and boldly reaches
for my crotch, as she does so her wispy robe
falls from her shoulder revealing her naked breast,
she makes no attempt to cover it but slips
her upper garment from the other shoulder

sitting half naked beside me she begins to slowly rub
my exploding bulge,
i can scarcely believe it's happening but my
scintillating senses tell me it's all too real,
as she expertly extracts my manhood and
rolls her moist tongue around it

i nearly explode in ecstasy,
no woman has ever aroused me so completely,
i surrender to the pleasure that is rippling through
my body.

*[this story ends tragically so i have guided
a living poet to type a warning -- believe only
half of what u see.]*

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-542.html>