

Something Special

by rayn via jill - Jungle Drum Newswire *Saturday, Aug 19 2017, 6:54am*

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there's a wild
natural air that emanates
from your being,
something special

the moment i cast my eyes
on you, tho it was that 'presence'
that turned my head,
i understood that you were outside
the fashion-addicted, desperate herd
of female slaves that were/are taught
their cunts are a commodity
to be used as barter or currency

it's a pity that real males
easily see through these tired pretences
and tricks and leave slags by the wayside

i wait patiently looking for something special,
true and real -- a culturally unspoiled female
able to stand without tinsel props and a mother's advice
transmitting an unspoken message of whoredom,
which substandard primitive males fall for -- indeed,
a man has two heads but only one has a brain

but the slags seem content, catching any male
that chases their dick, mother was right after all
but she failed to inform that quality males
reject these approaches

for mine, give me intellect, independence
an athletic body
and most important,
something special that exudes
from every pore of being

this is not an aspiration or dream-chasing
as i have met a few that fit the criteria
and felt my mind, body, soul jump thru my throat
when i attempted to speak
such is their real feminine power
tho most were unaware they wielded

magic, ever so strong but soft,
smooth, devoid of all jagged edges
like rolling ocean waves caressing the shore
or wild mares with tails and manes
whipping in the wind as they prance for joy

i watch as u run past, light shooting from ur being,
average slags in the street cringe when they see you,
they also know that you are something special

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2804.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-758.html>