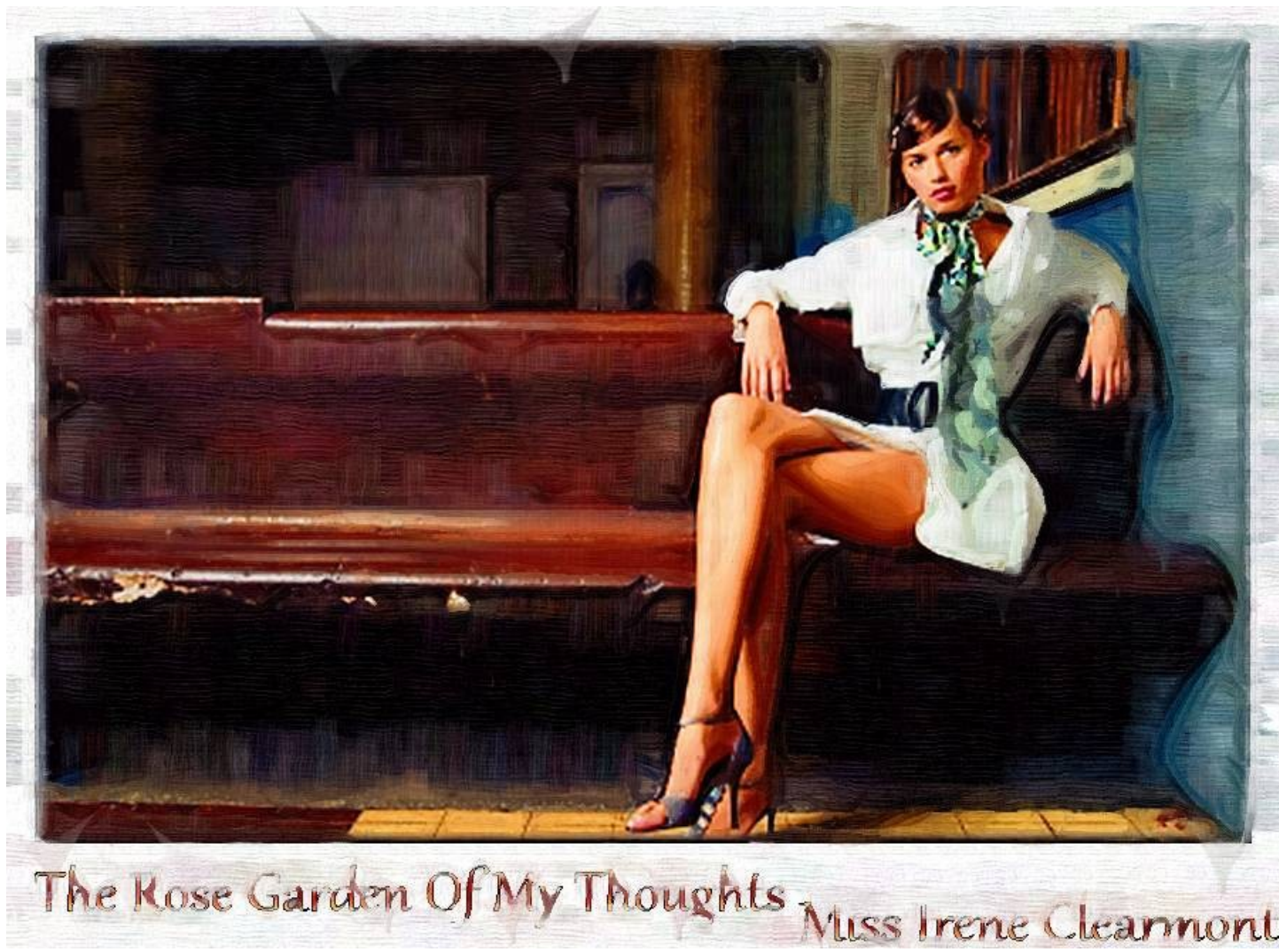




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As I was sitting in the garden of my thoughts,
watching each train pass from the platform.
I crossed and recrossed my legs,
each crossing a delight,
an awakening of my feelings,
a stirring of desire.

The friction,
the frisson of closed contact,
heightening my senses,
a feeling of satisfaction,
that subtle select friction,
the bud of me attaining a climax.

I was waiting for that moment,
when craving would resolve into fulfilment,
when he would arrive,
when he would bend before me,
when that carriage door would open.

With a slow creaking approach,
the wagon door opened,
you spilled to the platform,
to step towards me,
to be mine plaything.

We walked through the park,
without a word,
of contact between us,
the chafe of my lace,
the click of my heels,
marking your way.

You followed my pathway,
the avenue of expectation,
the path of my need,
for me a way forwards,
for you a corridor of no return.

The door of that house,
the one that swung open,
a world of my choosing,
a world of my pleasure,
the depths of your service.

My thighs caught in friction,
the damp of my pleasure,
the rub of my skin,
the oils of my power,
over your soul.

Now was that moment,
a second of decision,
a picture of penitence,
a figure of silence,
as you await my amusement.

The clothes of your real life,
scattered before you,
like the rags of your manhood,
lost in my heaven,
you surrender your all.

My shoes are your altar,
they beg your worship,
the red shine of power,
the spike of your faith,
that commands your weak will.

A crescendo of control,
your lips brush my feet,
a touch of contrition,
a touch of perdition,
a brush with my reign.

The touch of that metal,
a closing of circles,
a rasping of ratchets,
the cold of my rule,
your hands now are stilled.

You utter a word now,
lost in the fury,
misplaced in the moment,
a word that would block me,
a word that gives safety,
a word of control.

The kiss of the snake,
as it cuts through the air now,
meeting the flesh now,
a claw of the cat,
making my blood flow.

I ride on your pleasure,
extracting your measure,
envelop your treasure,
to slide on your shaft,
and swallow your pride.

The bed of our roses,
with scattered red petals,
a stalk that points upwards,
a burning refrain,
my thorns reap your pain.

You utter a word now,
a word of repentance,
a word of relation,
a word said to save you,
a word I ignore.

The peak of the mountain,
we reach it together,
a climb without ending,
scaled without rope,
soar like an eagle
and fall without hope.

You beg for release,
you look for escape,
you pull at the chains,
your body is helpless,
you give to the fane,
with each stroke of my cane.

My laughter rings loud,
as I savour your anguish,
the taste of my power,
rises to relish,
my grip on your essence,
as I squeeze out your core.

Your tongue moves to save you,
no words does it utter,
it speaks to my pleasure,
it moves with a flutter,
no taste of your liking,
your lips touch with mine.

In the bower of my yearning,
head in the bed of my roses,
a bud that sought attention,
a rose in ascension,
an act of volition,
escape from our union.

So I let slip the leash,
the leash and the lash,
a cur that escapes,
you sprint for the egress,

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Irene

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MissIreneClearmont@Yahoo.Com

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