



lust across cultures

so this is how it feels like
i thought to myself
as I massage your narrow forehead
to touch you
smooth, japanese skin as i expected
you closed your eyes to the rhythm of my strokes
down to the bridge of your small nose
"lie on your stomach for P500," i jokingly uttered
i sensed your willingness
as i knead your back
small frame, lithe but firm
"this is my favorite," i said
"it's good you found a part you like," you responded
as i slid my hands on your neck and chest
i noticed your hardness
as i breathed behind your ears
your eyes closed to relish
as i kissed your nipples
more goosebumps formed i noticed
we were laughing as i explore
more sensitive spots
"where are the others, sensuous man?", i queried
"no clues", you said
your hands and feet get cold
when you are excited
"as cold as my heart", you declared
we caught each other's lips endlessly
tongues rolling, exploring, tasting each other's juices
"that's 2 songs and a half long", i whispered
"are you going to have sex with me even if i don't love
you?"
"i don't care, as long as i enjoy it", i spoke
you wrapped me with your arms and legs
that pacified me to sleep
and we continued again as i wake
and went on after we were totally undressed
i savoured the wetness of your tongue
gliding from my lips down
to my neck and breasts and lower
though i nearly threw you off when you tickled my tummy
you keep licking me hungrily
so this is the good life, i thought
and then you went
inside me and thrust
"not so rough, it hurts" i protested
but you haven't heard
and i got lost in the sensual pleasure of it until
you came and your weight descended upon me
we were both out of breath
for a while i thought we were united
as we snuggled deeper in each other's sweat.

yen, 9 january 1996