

Desire

Black Countess

...It comes out of the night's pulsatory bosom inveighling me into the abyss of lechery by its invisible kisses.
It shows unlimited delights of sex and engenders irrepressible concupiscence inside of me.
O darling, if you knew how wonderful this licking pleasure is.
But every time when fit of passion is over I see the blood on my hands and panties,
And also feel its copper taste in my mouth.
I think it is something that prepares me, but for what?
From Eleanor's letter to Joanna.

I'm lost feeling
Of distant corners of your sensations
I'm the desire that has not limit

My spiritual presence
Is caressing your naked vestal body
Flowing by the wave of pleasure
In your wet vagina

"My hymen is safe
But orgasm spreads inside me"
I couple with your fantasy
At the crossing of dreams...

You wake up with smile on the face
You know that everything
Will be again next night