

## A Fowl Fetish

Cretin

I'm a rapist of poultry  
Plucked, stuffed, and cooked  
My recipe for love  
Comes from a cookbook  
You might call it sick  
But you'd be mistaken  
I'm fowly in love  
Nude beneath my apron

Lovingly prepping  
My prizewinning game hen  
Tongue-kiss the neck hole  
Fingering her rear end  
Massaging in spices  
Culinary foreplay  
My bumpy-fleshed lover  
A finger lickin' good lay

The turkey gobbles  
The rooster crows  
My glistening meat baster  
Swells and grows

Dressing for sex with a twist  
Spread her thighs, I grease my fist  
I work the stuffing in her hole  
Knees buckle when I lose control  
I set the oven to cook real quick  
And push the button with my dick  
Lighting candles sets the mood  
As I prepare to fuck my food

A breast or thigh  
Neck or wing  
My original or crispy  
Sex cuisine

The scent of my lover  
Hangs thick in the air  
Through the oven window  
I masturbate and stare  
My lust overwhelms me  
Throw open the door  
Scalding my hands  
I mount her on the floor

I plunge my cock into her meat  
The steaming juices feel so sweet  
Our fevered thrusting shakes the walls  
Homemade stuffing burns my balls  
She falls apart and cannot last  
I shove a drumstick up my ass  
Clawing at her tender breasts  
I cum and then I eat the rest