

Poetry Series

RON S KING
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

RON S KING()

Beware Your Kiss.

BEWARE YOUR KISS.

Beware your kiss
For its softness is a sweet honeyed warmth
That cushions my mouth in a joy
And all sweetness of honeycomb is mine
That I am addicted to its juice
To the taste of sugar, which flows from such lips

In slow enticement, am I sucked in
That your lips become the pillows of soft dreams
And my lips mould to them in close comfort
Melting into a succulence of this joy's passion
And I feel you, that slip of tongue
Which interferes with the kiss
In such a precious way
That my lips part...
And tongues touch to a new sensation

I am lost to a melted haze
To a higher emotion, which weakens resolve
Yet hardens a fire of rushed energy
And I lay for you, in a tender submission
Slave to your inquiry, those fingers which search
And now find me with smooth ripples
That you tease and take in an insatiable way
While our lips are together and tongues touch

Sap me, take my very strength
Weaken me in a strong influence of urgency
That you grow the rougher and are animal
Growling between purrs
And I lay for you,
In no mind to beware your kiss

RON S KING

Neptune.

In the darkest of a misty night
Beyond the land of earth's reason
Lies the deep ocean of Soul
A surge of raging passion
Made up from a million dreams
And teardrops from red hearts

This, beneath the waves,
Is the Luna landscape of Neptune's world
Soft porous rocks which soak up the blood
Of sweated heartaches and sacrificial offerings
That leaves the frail frightened hearts cleansed
In illuminated waters of an escapist soap.

Here, in this water's land
Is the promise of fantasy and fabrication of love
No reason's insanity, which insists a harsh love
But gentle scenes of an artist's brush on velvet
Where love has indistinguishable sensations
And you move to sounds of musical sensuality.

Languish, here in this dream
Lotus eaters who are in confusion's soporific grip
Feeding on the narcotics of any sexual inducement
Yet aware of the responsibility of diabolical effects
This is the promise of freedom's fluid baptism
This Neptune, this unreal world of easy compromise.

RON S KING

Then We Have Loved.

THEN WE HAVE LOVED.

□

When you love me
I walk a path of flowers
Of Violets and Roses, of Lilac and Lilies
That my feet do not touch
To crush a scent of love's intoxication
For, when you love me
I am a raised soul of spirited levitation
And you touch me with gentle fingers

Then, in a private gentleness
Do you open me up to all sensation
In progress of fingertips and soft lips
Which pout to sensitive kisses, caressing
To my lips, my neck, my chest, moving down
Watering me, my stomach, quivering
Then to a delicacy of passions thrusting
And I rise beyond all heaven's joy
To your mouth's tasting

Then do I love you
To lay you risen, just above the flowers
That you scent them in sweet odours
Woman's scent, which damps in a secret way
So do I care
My hands, in strength, touch you
With the gentleness that a man touches
In love, to a new way of pamper
To open you to expectancy of penetration
Touching lips, first high, then low to wet
Lifting you to a tongue's sensation

Then do we love
In a given way of sacrifice, in offering
That I lie to crush the petals
To arouse the scent of flowers and passion
And you straddle, eyes closed, feeling... Feeling
Understanding my entry with a sigh

I watch in love, see my own nature rejoice
To a stiff rod of salutation
In rigid reception as you bathe me, feel the wash
And you shout, voice me your passion
Till we share the same announcement
That the orchid and rose
Damp themselves in the dew of a sweetest love

Now have we loved...

RON S KING

What Is Love?

WHAT IS LOVE

Should you, in some sweet moment's time
Enjoy merry thoughts of love's existence
Then have you not had experience, the climb
Of feeling's high, dear emotion's insistence

Love's sweetness is not for sour mind grips
Cushioned with dream's pillow of respectability
For, feelings are an allowance of soft-kissed lips
The sugar's coat, a drift of emotion's instability

Know that joyous love is not of intellect's rule
That logician's sense, that harsh ruled gladness
Precious is love's joy, which plays the fool
Love...Which gives sensation of a merry madness

Ask not of interest, what means are love's intent
Know that love is all of joys' true merriment.

RON S KING

What Sweet Words

What sweet words to love have dictation's flavour
That salivate the tongue in merry sweetening
How does one speak, or write of smitten savour
In descriptive meet of heart's amorous greeting

What joy is lip's service to sensation's satisfaction
That vocabulary is master to such tendering diction
Yet does the lover know a mind is pure distraction
And words are flow of love's current contradiction

Love is not for mind's commit, the sparked electrics
What words have such height of precious feeling
And softened pen have darling's feel of magic tricks
Communicates the upward swift of emotion's ceiling

Can words of love be in dictation's written mood
When love is all in dearest heart's sweet attitude

RON S KING