

Anthology of amethyste



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

summary

Sheep

Darsi

Calmed down

Dance in the dark

Humanity

Waiting

I do

Jasmine

The boy in the bus

I miss you

New worlds

Ocean

Almond seed

Picking up seashells

Nude

Violets

I miss you

Jasmine

Sheep

It all began with clouds in the sky.
We used to call them sheep, horses..
Me and my friend,
Every other object.
Same sync.
How would I walk?
When there was no friction?
It was an awkward tense.

Darsi

I do not like sex much these days
My body itches
But you set me in the mood
My sweet heaven
You get my bitch neurons activated
And I want to make love to you for hours
I get lazy to take off my pants with other guys

Come and do me
Once
Twice
Forever
Oh stay forever inside me

I have made love to your photo
All these months
But tonight you were real
Oh
Your kiss sweeter than honey
I did not want it to end

I love you
I am yours.

Calmed down

I am calmed down this morning
Like a little baby after drinking milk from its mother breasts
It is all because I met you yesterday
It was a moment of silence and relax
A sweet island out of this gray blurr
I am going through these days
And you made me write again
I feel calm this morning
With your presence
With its exquisite allure.

Dance in the dark

No matter what I did

I wanted to dance in the dark.

Humanity

Humanity might get wiped out of the surface of earth.

And nature wouldn't care.

It is in its kind to go.

Undisturbed!

Uncaring!

For the infant that helplessly relies on her.

For nature nothing ever begins.

Ever ends!

Ever exists!

Waiting

check the phone
No message from you
And I wait
I wait
For a vibe
For some color
On these deserted days of mine.

I do

I remember how we kissed
down there in the street
I remember I did bite your lip
and I lightly touched your dick.

Jasmine

Every night I go to the window to look at
The little bud that grows each day.
Today it's white like silk.
Jasmine is expecting to bloom.
I can not wait for daylight.
In the morning, I look to see if it's awake.
The bloom gives a small tremble of joy.
It knows I dreamt, wrapped in silk sheets.
The white Goddess flower opens wide.
I am softly hugged by its fragrance.

The boy in the bus

I was standing in the end of the bus;
Sitting on my chair amidst people;
Then a boy entered in the bus;
He was out of the blue;
Light blue jeans.
Light shirt;
An enhanced belt;
All the focus in this boy was in his belt;
All I could think,
In my head,
At the moment,
Was to remove that belt;
And I said to myself,
This boy really must be gracious,
Out of the blue,
In the middle of the fog.
...Without a word or a look at me;
I just want to remove that belt now;
And have him hard;
A blue perfume, strong;

I miss you

I had a secret to share with you
How you would smile
And say
You silly
But you are not
The cold death took over you
And I talk to the wall.

New worlds

I want a new world today
I want to see and explore it
As I have fun
In the discovery Tm.

Ocean

Amethyste & Jimusic

I wear my
bath costume
And I surf by the ocean

Devoted
I never
miss a day.

He, in his
everyday dream
Hovers over
the beach

Moved by
her daily dedication
Wishing he
could surf.

Almond seed

Seeing the almond seed,
How it had grown.
What it looked at her?
A little leg...
She would feel surprised.
Before just an object and now?
It was a living being!
Either it had always been a living being?
Either it was not a living being now?
She gazed and gazed at the little leg,
It was a matter of time.
It would become a greenish silhouette,
In flocks and branches.

Picking up seashells

Now I am taking a walk along the shore;
I can see the blue sky and the sun
Painting a golden haze over the water;
I can smell the fresh air;
It is always different when you smell along the shore;
The sand is smooth and I can sense it
Cuddling my feet;
There is a Tip Toe ? Sand Affair
As I walk and leave footprints behind me;
I see a seashell;
I bend and pick it up;
It is white with some creamy lines;
I enjoy its smooth surface,
In the tip of my finger;
I am taking it with me today;
In fact I am here just for them;
They are small,
They are elegant,
They come once in a while with the tide
And I enjoy picking them up;
In fact there are times,
I wait for days to pick one of them;
It takes long,
But when I have the seashell in my hand
I enjoy it;
It is like sniffing the perfume,
I enjoy most
Or splashing earth color in the palette;
Some days,
I wait for days,
To pick up a seashell
But when I do, it is worth the time;

Nude

She left home early;
After two hours,
She had to go to the studio
Of her friend, who was a painter
And who was going to make a portrait of her;
She thought:
There was sunlight
And it was the perfect day to lay on the beach
Which was much nearby her house;
As soon as she arrived there
She took off all her clothes
And nude laid on the sand;
Her full breasts and pubic hair
Glittered under the sunshine;
One passerby,
That was walking nearby,
Stopped as soon as he saw her;
He went to a place nearby,
A quiet corner
Where his looks would not disturb her
And sat in order to look at her;
Two men that were laying on the beach nearby.
Somehow altered the tones.
And speed of their conversation.
And time after time took a look,
At her blossomed body;
Quietly and gently not to disturb her;
The same with two men,
That were standing at the shore;
Time after time they would turn their heads
And admire the nude that was standing,
Still enjoying the rays of the sun;
As time went by,

A lot of people that were passing by,
Would slightly turn their heads
And look at her breasts,
Her pubic hair,
Her thighs;
It all went on for two hours.
And then she began to wear her clothes.
And headed to the studio of her friend;
She had promised to pose nude for him.
And she was getting a bit late this time;
She walked for twenty minutes.
And then as soon as she entered
She took off her clothes.
Leaving them at the chair.
And lay on the bed;
Her friend in appetite and content
Just as before a good meal
Began his drawing;

Violets

I read your poem
I got my satisfaction
I gathered some humid leafs
And violets
Blossoming there in your head.

I miss you

I can not think of you without a smile

I wait for your call

But in vain

You are nowhere to be found.

Jasmine

Jasmine is a little heavenly creature
It has got a softness in the hand,
That charms at any cost
Those little beautiful white angles,
In the little white flowers,
A cuddling architecture.
And then as you put it on
And expect an white angel...
Cuddling!
And long legged,
You sense that dark wood,
That comes from the depths of earth.
As of petrichor,
Trunks,
In the depths of the forest.
It would be amazing to be like jasmine.
A dual entity.
Smoking and evaporating from one world to another.