

Anthology of domdom_lynn

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



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The Magic We Could Make

I crave everything about you.

From the soft touch of your lips to the rough texture of your fingers dancing on my skin.

Oh, the magic we could make.

Your blue eyes are always intimidating and callous.

But I love when they explore my naked body.

Yes, I feel self-conscious but your attention is worth much more than my comfort.

Oh, the magic we could make.

And your smile seems to light up even the darkest days.

Making me forget about all my problems.

Making me feel whole again.

Oh, the magic we could make.

Your lips are my biggest weakness as I imagine them wreaking havoc on my body.

I want them everywhere on my skin,

leaving behind deep red shadows.

Marking me as yours.

I want them hungry for the sweet, musky taste of me,

lapping up my juices in an almost desperate manner.

Bringing so much pleasure...

I want them begging me for mercy and taking control all at the same time.

How I love them so,

they're the finishing touch on the masterpiece that is you.

Oh, the magic we could make.

Your hands drive me crazy
as I imagine them gripping me and never letting me go.

My soft flesh molding into the rough pads of your palm,
turning into liquid lava under you.

Massaging me in places only lovers should know about.

Oh, the magic we could make.

But you don't see me the way I see you,
you don't feel drunk when you're with me even though I can get intoxicated just by looking at you.
I wish I was the girl of your dreams, but I know that's something I'll never be,
but still, I love you so deeply.

Oh, the magic we COULD make.

Not Your Lover

I am your slave,
you coax me with hot demands and assault me with quick hands,
leaving marks and bruises that are just mere memories of the nights before.
Blemishes that dance on my skin, aching for your lips to be back on them.

I am your playground,
waiting eagerly for the next game that you will taunt me with.
The next adventure that will consume my whole body,
making me almost powerless beneath your rough touch.

I am your doll,
only being picked up and played with when it's convenient for you
Something so delicate that you handle so harshly.
Easily manipulated by the flick of your tongue.

All these things that I am to you, but a lover is not one.

You don't go out of your way to show me how much you love me.
No, instead you make me wait up for you every night just so you can pleasure your own
earthly desires.
So you can murmur crude things in my ear as you thrust into my tight, wet sex.
Making me whimper and wiggle underneath you, begging you not stop.
My words almost a plea because the emptiness within me disappears when you fill me up.

I'll forever be at an emotional war when it comes to you.
Because although I hate everything about you,
I crave your touch like a child craves candy.

Without you, I feel nothing.

Want

Everything about you drives me mad.

Your lips, your hands, your touch.

Something so soft and so subtle at first, but quickly turns into something we both can't control.

Short, quick pants.

Slick, wet skin.

Swollen, sore lips.

These things only come when I'm intertwined with you.

So much lust and sexual frustration built up.

Like a volcano moments away from erupting.

When we finally collide it's almost too intense to handle.

I feel everything all at once and become so overwhelmed.

But I would never tell you to stop.

I want you to bathe me in bruises that come from your teeth.

Letting everyone know I belong to you.

Leaving a summary of the night before on my neck.

I want you to torture me with your tongue.

Lapping me up so painfully slow that my whole body aches.

My whimpers humming in your ears like a song you've memorized by heart.

Only causing you to lick my wet sex even slower, so it will be repeated.

I want you to have your way with me.

Biting, nipping, grabbing, and smacking me in places that only you see.

Pulling my hair and telling me what a naughty girl I am.

But most of all, I want you to love me the way I love you.

Nothing More

I want nothing more than to run my fingers down your back.
Outlining every curve, indent, and muscle until I have you burned into my memory

I want nothing more than to feel your lips on my lips and your skin
on my skin.
Red-hot passion scorching every part of me that you touch leaving behind
bruises that are mere whispers of the night before.
Whispers that haunt me but I would not be myself without.

I want nothing more than to be able to say no to you,
but I can't.

You have somehow become my master that my people have fought so hard
to rid ourselves of.
But I can't rid myself of you or those lips that assault me.
See, the pleasure that they bring outweighs the pain.

And for some twisted reason, I don't mind
I don't mind the pain you cause me or the complex
self-hatred you make me feel.

Instead, I obey every word you utter in my direction.
Not out of fear, but love.
I love you more than I have ever loved myself and because
of this, I will always be your slave.

The Moon

I watched the moonlight dance across the water as I sat at the edge of the bridge contemplating on whether I should end my life. My breath came in short, ragged pants as I lean forward-ever so slightly- to get a better look at the moon's reflection that seemed to be untouched by the restless river. The sight was so peaceful that for just a brief moment I found myself daydreaming about what it would be like to actually BE the moon. Was it ever sad? Did it ever feel unwanted or unloved? *No*, I finally decided, *it didn't. It's too perfect to be sad.* I sat there a little while longer before deciding that tonight wasn't the night to jump. The moon was too pretty tonight to be paired with such a tragedy. *Maybe tomorrow* I thought.... *Maybe tomorrow.*

The Garden

I am like your garden,
nurtured by the sinful things you make me do.

My flower grows from lust and blooms
from sex.

My body wraps around you like a vine,
thick and unmoving but can snap under the right touch.

My moans can't be controlled
due to your skilled tongue.

Destroying my body and pride with each agonizingly
slow lick to my sanctuary.

Causing me to unfold before you like a rose in bloom begging
to be touched by the gardener's hands.

But sadly,
Although you're the reason I flourish,
you're also the reason I wilt.

A Letter To My First Love

Dear K,

I hate you. I hate you not because of who you are, but because of what you make me feel.

You make my heart hurt in ways I never thought it could.

I feel this deep, heavy pain in the middle of my chest like there's an anchor where my heart should be.

I've never wanted to love someone as much as I wanted to love you.

You were like a warm breeze on a hot day.

A tad uncomfortable, but still refreshing.

Although we've never even shared a kiss when people ask me about my first love you're always the first image that dances into my mind.

Your big, blue eyes that make me tremble with just a glance.

Your smile that is so bright I can see my future in it.

Your lips that I want so badly pressed against any part of my skin,
searing me like fire.

Your hands, that are big enough to hold the world, but somehow still manage to fumble my heart.

All these thoughts of you come to my mind when I think about love.

And it saddens me to think that someone I think so highly of doesn't even take the time to wish me a happy birthday.

This year I didn't wish you a happy birthday and I'm not sure what's worse; you not noticing or the deep pull I had within me that so badly and desperately wanted to do so.

See, the problem is that I put so much of my time into molding myself into your "dream girl" that I forgot to mold myself into the woman I wanted to be.

I STILL lay awake some nights and think about what we could have been if I were only a few pounds lighter or if my skin tone was the color you wanted it to be.

But this poem isn't for you...

It's for me because I am sick and tired of being strangled by the ghost of your memory.

I'm tired of torturing myself with the words that you never said to me but I wanted so badly to hear.

This is goodbye.

Too Serious

I always tell myself when I start talking to a boy that I'm not looking for anything "too serious".

And at the moment, these words hold truth and roll off my tongue like butter.

But then...

But then, I meet a beautiful, wild-eyed boy whose smile is as big as the sky and as bright as the stars.

A boy with such unearthly beauty that you have no other choice but to believe he may actually be an angel.

So perfect that even his flaws are heavenly.

*A boy who knows how to touch me in such a way that it sears my skin, proving that he is too evil to be heaven-sent
Too greedy with his fingertips and lips.
Grabbing all of me as if I were a hostage trying to escape...*

Foolish boy, I would never leave.

*A boy who shakes me from the inside, out
Not the outside, in.*

A boy who makes my heart as wild as a million-horse-stampede even when we are enjoying the sound of silence together.

Unfortunately, he isn't looking for anything "too serious" either.

*With a heart that
seems to be harder to tame than his lust-filled hands.*

So, I just lay there in the eerily dark silence with him.

With a million things I want to say, but I don't.

Keeping the feelings that are clawing at my throat,

begging to escape at bay

because neither one of us are looking for anything

"too serious"

Because I rather have his presence with an aching heart

than to risk losing him forever.

And it's all because I'm not looking for anything "too serious".

Late Night Thoughts

Her porcelain skin and long brown hair are hypnotizing to any man.
Her eyes so big and blue you could drown in them if you look too long.
Her body curves perfectly in all the right places,
she's almost too perfect to touch.

Almost.

Her lips so full and sensual, leaving deep, purple bruises on your neck.
Sometimes... I wonder how it would feel to be the one leaving those same bruises
dancing along your skin.

If it was MY body you found pleasure in instead of hers.

Then I remember that nothing about me appeals to you.

My skin far too brown for your liking it's like God has punished me with the Sun.

My hair isn't long and soft,
No, unlike hers I have deep, black curls that coil so tight to my head I resemble Medusa.
I have what some might call "black girl magic", but can't seem to cast my spell on you.

You're the only one who can make me feel shameful about my ethnicity
and I hate you for that.

I hate you for not wanting me the way I want you.
I hate you for leading me on for so many years.

I would have given you the world...
and I still would.
You would just have to say the words.
Even if they were only whispers in the shadows.
So low that they were almost inaudible.

**I would still let you have your way with me,
as long as you told me you loved me.**

**Allowing you to vandalize my body just so I could hear you murmur how good I feel around
you.**

How tight I am or how good I taste.

I crave these fantasies more than a slave craves freedom.

Belong

I am so quick to give my all
to one person that I lose sight of myself.
I twist lust into love
and want into caring until the only thing
I am left with is a broken heart,
and a fucked up head.

I crave the touch of another person
like an addict craves their next hit.
I feign for the security that their arms bring me
because it lets me know I am somewhere I belong.

And that is the only thing I have ever wanted.... is to belong.

To My Mother, My Wondering Angel

You are the strongest, most beautiful woman I know.

Since birth you have been my first love.

You are my guardian angel in the flesh, but somewhere along the line your wings were clipped.

You fell. Hit the ground so hard you suffered amnesia and forgot about the woman you were before.

Now you're just a hallow shell.

The real you lost in a sea of self-doubt and drugs.

**You are still the closest thing to perfection this world will know,
But I no longer see my mother when I look at you.**

**I hope one day you realize that I would give my life just to add time to yours.
When I look at you, I know God exist.**

You are more than this addiction.

You are more than this person you allow yourself to turn into.

You are more than this lifestyle you live,

And you are so much more than anything I will ever deserve.

No matter what you do or where you're at, my love will never cease for you.

You will always be superwoman to me.

I miss you.

dancing with the devil

It all starts with a whisper of lips brushing
against your skin.

The heat that flows through your body as someone takes your soft, sensitive flesh between their
lips...

and then, their teeth.

In that moment all logic seems to disappear as your true carnal side takes over.

Biting and pulling and spanking.

Leaving traces of themselves all over you.

haunting you.

"Remember me forever." screams the bruises on your neck.

"You'll never get over me." whispers the handprints on your ass.

Silhouettes of the secrets from the night before, dance on your skin.

taunting you.

Tempting you with one more dance.

One more kiss.

One more touch.

Oh, how fun dancing with the devil can be.

Eating Frozen Grapes While Sad

Why am I eating frozen grapes while I'm sad you ask?

It's cause of a wild-eyed boy who took my heart by accident.

Looking back, I never recall him asking for it... then again, I don't recall giving it to him either.

I do remember the look in his big brown eyes though,
and the taste of his kiss.

I remember the long nights that never turned into days.

I remember the way his hand felt caressing my face.

I remember how high we got each other without ever really trying.

I remember the laughs we shared.

I remember the love that grew between us

so quiet and shy, lurking in the corners of our hearts but never leaving its place of comfortability.

Never allowing itself to fully be shown in something more than a glance... a kiss.... a smile.

I remember all the things I wanted to say to him but didn't.

And that is why I am eating frozen grapes while I'm sad.

The Shadow

the shadow of you dances in the corners of my mind.
twisting and turning its way to the parts of my memory I rather not re-visit.
all the nights together.
all the love that quietly grew between us.
all the passion that we set ablaze like the morning sun every time we touched.
we had something that burned like a thousand flames....
but it took only one sharp breath to blow out.

the shadow of you taunts me with teasing hands.
fulfilling every fantasy in my head while I wished so badly that they would come to life.
I close my eyes and can almost feel
your touch...
your lips...
your teeth...
the burning in my cheeks is almost as bad as the pulsing between my legs.
how I crave you so badly on nights I know I cannot have you.

but,

the shadow of you is always here to keep me company.