

POEMS

A Friend

A friend who'll always get you off because he wants your nut
A friend who when invited to will gladly lick your butt
A friend who tells you what he needs
A friend who's always there
A friend who meets your snuggling needs
A friend with really nice hair
A friend who in the presence of you can safely pee or fart
A friend who in the absence of there's a tugging at your heart
A friend to share a routine with
A friend you think is hot
A friend to share a lifetime with
A friend you kiss a lot
A friend whose nurturing picks you up when you are down and
out
"Man's best friend with benefits" is an apt name without doubt

Dog Sex Mattress

Here lies the mattress—
Dog Sex Mattress—
Where a human and a dog,
Not one time,
Not a couple of times,
Not even a few times,
But a lot of times,
Had really enjoyable sex with each other.
One of them was a female human and the other was a male dog
But this didn't stop either of them from having sex with each
other.

Sometimes he would lick her vagina and she would cum.
Sometimes she would give him a handjob and he would cum
Though they usually did this on the floor, not the mattress.
Sometimes they would make out while she fingered her vagina.
Sometimes she would give his big red penis a blowjob after she
had given him a handjob,
Though this usually occurred where the handjob had occurred,
Which was not usually on the mattress.
One time they had sex for two entire hours of licking and kissing
and humping;
Some of this had occurred on the mattress,
Or while hanging halfway or three quarters of the way off of the
mattress,
Though most of it had incidentally occurred in the kitchen.
From another perspective
Dog Sex Mattress could be called Human Sex Mattress
Or Bestiality Mattress, or other names like that.

Food Court Meal

Today I had to run an errand,
And in the afternoon I found myself in a food court.
I ordered a burger made of fake meat for lunch.
I sat down at a little one- or two-person table,
Unwrapped the burger, and started examining
Which parts I would pick off to give to you:
The parts with more of the meat, even if it is fake;
The parts with no slivers of onions.
Then I remembered that you were not here with me.
It made me appreciate how much I like to share a meal with you.

Afterglow

The dapple sunlight falling on your fur
when we go out to pee
after we have had sex
(which was a lot of fun,
thank you,)
makes you appear
angelic.
You really look,
in that second,
beyond that which should be possible.

10 Years

“Where do you see yourself in ten years?” I don’t think I would have thought to say that I would be lying comfortably on my back on the floor in the dark, butt ass naked so that it is quite apparent that the floor under me is coated with dog hair, my feet and calves in the bathroom on the glossy wood floor while the rest of my body from there up lies on the carpet of the hall, and looming immensely down from above me and deigning again to masterfully make out with my small and tipsy face is a one hundred and twenty pound Casanova of the studliest of studly dogs who is, as I once heard it put, “my love, my moon or more.” (It was a less flattering meaning there ultimately, in the original context, though I take the good poetry and apply it here instead to an unapologetically giddy whale of a season of our shared life, me and him.) It’s hard to believe that he is not the same dog who I felt such a life devotion to ten years prior—though, in my defense, I do not really feel either that I was the same human then as I am now today with the advantage of now having had ten more years to develop maturity and cultivate something that in some fields at least might convincingly approximate wisdom. I would never imagine that I would have such a rapport, such moves, as I do with this unabashedly self-pleased canine, and that he would have such a rapport and such moves to use on me and get me to go along with his desires and pleasures which unfailingly rub off and become my desires and pleasures too. How rich I have become getting to partake in the pleasures afforded not just my own animal genus’s birthright of occupations and pensive mutterings, but his joyful genus’s antics and revels as well. Where do I see myself in ten years? I don’t think I would have thought to say heaven.