

An Ode to Love and Lust

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Just for fun, a poem about choosing the right man

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I loved you from the very start I'll love you 'til the end You'll always have a hold of my heart You'll always be my friend I don't want you throw it all away Unless you feel you must But I know you feel that come what may You'll never be able to trust I know you think you're not a man 'Cause you think I've been untrue But you cannot give me what he can It's the same for him and you You think I'm selfish, full of greed When I go to him and his bed But I have this hunger I must feed Or I may as well be dead You're so clever and funny and bright You fill me with love and pride We have something here that's worth a fight But you're not that good a ride You used to arouse me but not any more You used to fuck me silly To be honest, in bed, you're a bit of a bore And you've got a little willy He's handsome and pretty and tall and lean But he's dull and a little bit thick But God he is a sex machine With a gorgeous, big, fat dick He knows how to please me, to make me cum But he really thinks he's it He's not very funny and a little bit dumb But at least he can find my clit I was worried about being left on the shelf But the truth, as this poem explains Is that I'm much better off by myself With a dildo plugged into the mains