

His Ass Is Calling

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A little true jocularity of a poem for a laugh!

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I hear footsteps but no one is saying hello to me; Then I listen very carefully and what could it be? The sound of his ass cheeks rubbing up against his pants; Holy crap it's turning me on, putting me into a trace! He's done it once before and I can hear he's not alone; His horny ass is thinking of me and has called me on his phone. I must be on his speed dial maybe even number one; His butt has a mind of its own and is calling me for fun. In his back pocket pressing up against those globes; What it really wants only me and heaven knows. When he bends over those sweet melons must hit the button; Then they are calling me to give up all my special loving. A lady cock is what they seek and they just love mine; Listening to him walk along, oh my his ass is so fine! Maybe he should get on cam just so I can see; That his derriere is still perfect and as pretty as can be. It tickles me to no end that his bottom knows what is best; When it wants to be done right it knows I'm better than the rest. I listen a little longer as I wildly giggle to myself; He's probably at work stocking up those empty shelves. Sexy stud muffin I love how your ass always wants me; What will happen in the future we'll just have to wait and see? In the meantime lock down your keyboard or your ass is going to call; That beefy, muscular, posterior of yours knows I love it the best of all!