

Thoughts On Alone

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Published on Lush Stories on 24 Nov 2012

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/thoughts-on-alone.aspx>

Most of the time I'm happy living alone. But sometimes I think It'd be nice to come home To someone who cared. Someone to cuddle To love and to hold To nurse when she's sick And to warm when she's cold. To stroke till she 'd purr Like a nice kitty cat Or we'd sit at the table And just have a long chat. We'd stand at the sink And wash dishes together And look out the window And remark on the weather. To be friendly with And occasionally read to. And often we'd talk, And sometimes we'd argue. And sometimes we'd go To bed just to sleep. But others we'd fuck (I'd go in hard and deep) And sometimes we'd be tender And slowly make love With my member inside her As snug as a glove. But I come back to earth And know this is a must: I can't ask for those things Till I re-learn how to trust.