

be kind to strangers

evidently my filing system isn't sophisticated enough
to answer these kinds of questions,
but where did adam's very first ejaculation
get spurting?
back before there was eve,
did adam lie there on his back, all hot and sexy
and sexed-up, and did he
tug gently on his big beautiful barely-used-at-all
dick until he spurting cum, and it went
all over his taut sexy chest and belly?
or did adam's very first ejaculation
happen while he was asleep,
while he was having this nebulous
murky kind of dream,
and when he woke up, his big smooth
dick was hard as a rock, and he
was spurting a little geyser of cum
all over himself?
back before there was eve,
i wonder: where DID adam spurt
his cum?
sweet sexy horned-up adam,
all sexed-up and his big dick
turgid and shapely and
just meant for gripping,
just the right shape and
texture, and form,
adam standing there in
the forest
tugging on it gently
and that rush of orgasmo-heat-
pleasure that jolted through
him while his dick
was spurting cum,
was that where the very
first adam ejaculation went?
onto the surface of
the mossy ground in the middle
of the hot sunny woods?
the sun beams on adam's sexy
naked shoulders,
cream-colored droplets on the
tops of his feet.

**

i've checked my filing
system several times,
but it's just not
sophisticated enough
to provide that kind
of information. where
oh where
DID adam spurt his

first blobs of cum? where
did they go? what did
they smell like, all gooey
and musky and male.
adam's nose quivering,
that look of sweet
puzzlement in
his sad sexy eyes.

the innocence of atlantic sledgehammers

tongues of fire in the land of daydreams,
as two sexy naked big-dicked teenage boys
play with each other's big hard dicks
until they both spurt
big gooey globs of cum all over
each other's taut tight firm young bellies.
"ummm," they both say,
as they lick their full pink lips
and watch the goo run down
toward pubic hair
and dick shaft
and tight tender balls.
"i have dreamed of this kind of love,"
says
one of the two sexy naked big-dicked teenage boys.
"and it was precisely this kind of messy," says the other.
and then it's off to
the shower with them,
the slow gentle washing of each other's backs,
watery plumes of
shampoo
bubbles
turning from blue to soft frothy
green.

twisted hair

the man known as Augustus the Good
put pic-nic tables in all the parks,
and as a result was eternally revered, and even
became known as Augustus the God.

**

many years later, when children were advised
of these facts,
they seemed mildly amused, nothing more.

**

even their parents seemed to have forgotten
Augustus the God, and
the significance of all those pic-nic tables.

**

nobody much went on pic-nics anymore, anyway.

**

but big strapping big-dicked boys,
when they hit the age when fucking was really
the only thing on their minds,
sometimes did use the pic-nic tables
for fucking. spread-eagle on these
Augustan tables, they
took turns fucking and
being fucked by each
other, geysers of
cum, orgiastic
ecstasy.

**

well,
that sorta put the zing back into
pic-nic tables.

**

and Augustus, too.

**

as you might
well
imagine.

peripheral satellite cop

the conquistador swing of matador dick,
the punctured bull pumping blood onto the sand,
the white sun blazing in the opalescent
sky -- this is the dream of the
sexy sophomore college boy
as he lies on his back naked in
his bed, his big dick hard as a rock,
lifting his sheet above his
hot flat belly.

**

the roommate who is watching the
sleeping matador dreamer
is wearing
only tight white underpants.
his own big hard dick is sticking out of
the stretched-open fly of
those tight white underpants.

**

the matador dreamer
wakes up,
sees his roommate staring
down at him.

"i thought i told you
to stop doing that,"
says the matador dreamer.

"indeed you did tell me
to stop doing that," says
the roommate.

**

both sexy sophomore boys,
the matador dreamer and
his roommate,
stare into each other's
eyes through softly filtered
light.

**

"so what were you
dreaming about tonight?" says
the roommate to
the sexy sophomore college boy
who had been dreaming about
a sexy big-dicked matador and a
punctured and thrashing
blood-pumping bull.

"nothin," says the matador dreamer.

"that so?" says the roommate.

"yep," says the matador dreamer. "anyways,
i can't remember."

**

they can both smell a lie.
it sticks in the room like the
aroma of hot cum.

**

nobody says anything.

**

then, as they've done before,
in past episodes
of a
similar nature,
they pull the
top sheet off of the matador
dreamer.
the matador dreamer's dick is
still hard, thick,
pulsing.
his roommate starts
masturbating.
the matador dreamer
starts masturbating,
too.
soon, they both spurt cum.
all the cum, both the
roommate's and the
matador dreamer's,
goes right onto the matador
dreamer's taut flat
sexy belly, as if lured there
by the willing texture of
the smooth young flesh.
then, the roommate climbs
into his own bunk,
the top bunk. the
matador dreamer remains in his own
bed on
the bottom. there's a moment
of mutual understanding while the matador
dreamer wipes the cum off
his belly with a soft smooth
towel. soon, both
boys are
are snoring like those big meat saws
in a butcher shop, all primed up and
ready,
to split a carcass in half.