

RSVP: Poems

by

Robin Glasser

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R.S.V.P

night falls
you drop in
for a drink
morning finds me
supine
upon a bed
not dead
in limbo I dwell
neither heaven nor hell
can quell
the overwhelming thirst
my urge to drink
obliterates
my need to think
sinking into depthless sleep
dreams drop into chasms long
dawn discovers me in your lair
vulnerability cloaks my skin as
once again
your fangs descend
branding me with a ravening kiss
I waft on waves of erotic bliss
at dusk we venture to woo our prey
victims of lust we'll lead astray
when we drop in for a drink

Egypt

Hieroglyphics of love undecipherable

skin slick with silk

aaah there's the rub

of fawn-eyed damsels

dressed in flimsy

their lacy endeavors

shroud undermined treasure

nubile naivety languidly daring

the hard beat of man

to pulsate impassioned

thighs whisper at parting

aaah revealing

pleats unfolding

heat emoting

a danted inferno

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smoldering shuddering

convulsed in ecstasy

aaah the mystery

Twisted Fate

A special kind of breed is she
her long black hair a-flowin'
and when I see her on the street
she gets my juices goin'

Her sensuous body, precious pert nose
cause me to tingle right down to my toes.

I yearn to lick her everywhere;
cuddle her like a teddy bear.

O to make this creature mine
and keep her with me throughout time.

But fate has played a trick on me
and what I want can never be.

I curse Mother Nature—She's no diplomat!
Cuz I am a dog in love with a cat!

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About the Author

Robin Glasser is the author of *My Life as a Concubine*, from Phaze Books.