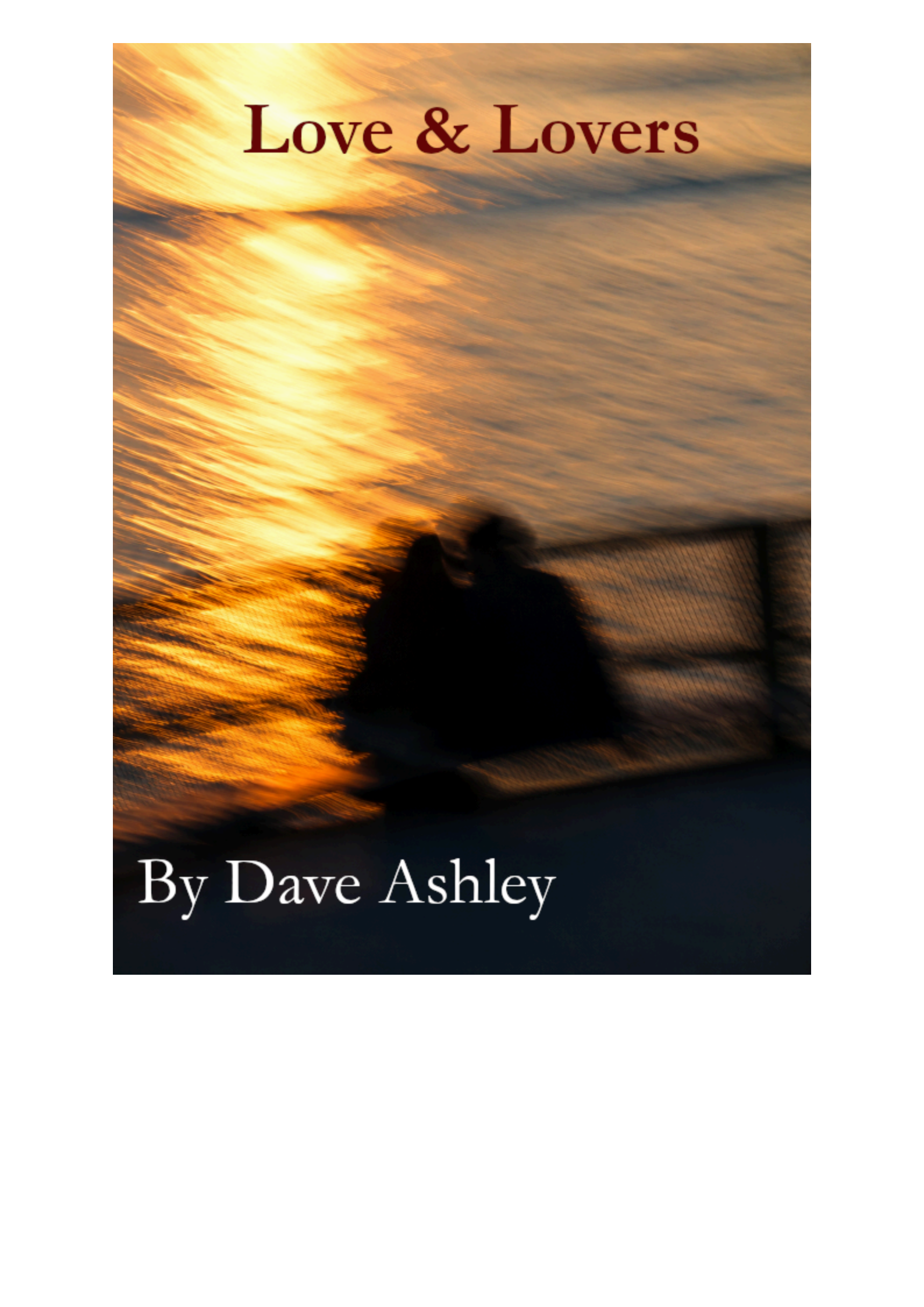


The background of the entire page is a romantic sunset scene. The sky is filled with vibrant orange and yellow clouds, with the sun's glow creating a bright, hazy center. In the lower right, a couple is silhouetted against the bright light, sitting closely together on a beach. The overall mood is warm, intimate, and romantic.

Love & Lovers

By Dave Ashley

Love and Lovers

This collection is a lot of my chosen love poems. I write a lot of romantic poetry as the idea and feelings which are in this subject are wonderful and positive. I think there should be a lot more love in the world and write about it.... Consistently.

Acknowledgements

Front cover originally <https://www.instagram.com/zynp.sahinnn> though I have changed it slightly. Zeynep Şahin has a beautiful way of taking photos and this resonated with me. Huge thanks to family and friends for all their undying support, but also a huge thanks to Swarthmore college and the writing group there (they are lovely friendly peeps)

Wildest dreams

No, never in my wildest dreams
did I think I would be as happy as this
that wondrous moment, a gentle kiss
a time where every loving deed means.
But no, never in my wildest dreams.

A lover's touch, those seconds of bliss
what could ever be truly amiss?
Lustfully enjoying whatever we please.
But no, never in my wildest dreams.

Happiness bestowed in a salacious tryst
which I could not at all rightly resist
as fingers trace and tongues tease.
But no, never in my wildest dreams.

Eventually when we reminisce
about each moment, a passionate wish
a smiling seductions that reigns supreme.
Now always in my wildest dreams.

Deliriously happy

Is it complete madness to be deliriously happy?

No reason at all for that smile to widen,
an inner peace which suffuses everything
with a love and respect for the world around.

Aura of benevolence beholding oneself,
yourself, myself, and everyone. Embraced
by a virtuosity of veritable heartfelt love,
for everybody, every human.

Forget for the moments the pain and suffering,
the plights, the darkness of the human condition,
but marvel in the light. Marvel at friendship,
marvel at love for family, friends and lovers,
or even marvel at the love for strangers.

I'm glad to be deliriously happy.

Desire

Desire dealt in silken word
where deed is written on flesh in tongue
finding shelter in hollows
wet with wanting and beset with consuming
howls and moans. Silenced
by bitten lips.
Stifling the sounds into a whisper.
Teeth replace tongue as gentle
bites linger on skin,
playfully teasing,
under the cover of night,
where all delights are permissible.

You for evermore

You bore witness to all of my intent
seductive saturation of feelings
true and unencumbered, unhindered by
a cathartic sea overwhelming sense,
stimulating sensations and passions.
Wanting you, just you, always you to kiss,
to hold, to make love too, no one ever
else. This I pledge with all my beating heart,
which only beats for your love and your kisses.

You are the sun, the open blue sky,
the wreathes of cotton clouds,
my tranquillity and my bustle.
You are my love for evermore.

Affection by the sea

They laughed without a care
weathered hand holding weathered hand,
looking out to sea with genuine affection.

The close proximity being enough
nothing more just closeness,
a hairs breadth apart in distance
physical perhaps but closer still
in love. Always in love.

The sun tantalised their faces
a serene smile returning a serene smile
looking out to sea with genuine affection.
The company of each other being enough
no one else mattered at the moment
just the sea, and them in attendance
knowing in their hearts they'll always be
in love. Always in love.

Love eternal

In vivid relief I look towards the dawning sun
that blooms over the horizon
cascading its rays in silent wonder
illuminating the world in golden grandeur.

Warmth flowing from its visage
filling me with hope and happiness.

Another day, another chance of solace
holding you, holding onto happiness
and breathing you deep.

Holding the scent inside as gentle as a caress,
mining the quarry of contentment
to fill myself with your love
and to give love eternal.

Kisses that linger ghostly

Kisses that linger ghostly, a figment blessed
as I sit here contemplating you
waiting for that sweet time to anew.

When together we can in passions undress
enjoying kisses that linger ghostly, a figment blessed.

Everything open, nothing to falsely construe
a casual caress with feeling honest and true
Nothing but sensuality to only express
through kisses that linger ghostly, a figment blessed.

Intimacy embraced ecstasy naught subdues
the rhapsody of pleasure I'll never eschew
In your arms I would forever confess
I love the kisses that linger ghostly, a figment blessed.

A lingering kiss

A lingering kiss, the momentary goodbye
filled with promises of more good times
our love truly is delightfully defined.

Lifted into an embrace where emotions try
to bubble, effervesce and continually shine.

A lingering kiss, the momentary goodbye
filled with promises of more good times.

Never apart in our hearts, feelings underlie
every pledge of affection as love combines
and raises our passion which seeks to drive.

A lingering kiss, the momentary goodbye
filled with promises of more good times
our love truly is delightfully defined.

Gazing Deep

An eternity spent just gazing deep
into the rock pools of your eyes
mystery and danger, a magnificent surprise,
lulling me into a wondrous sleep.
An eternity spent just gazing deep.

Settled under sheets as time always flies
love itself again consistently reprised
the moments of loving we always seek
and an eternity spent just gazing deep.

Vampiric Lover

Intolerantly dine upon my skin
famished feast with fevered tongue
a buffet lavished for you to begin
until your gluttony is done.

Take me whole inside you now
brimming full but needing more
ushering intemperance that you'll allow
as you hungrily beg and implore.

Eat, gorge and sate your appetite
I'm all yours for your delectation
awaiting as your humble acolyte
carrying out anything for your persuasion.

Your intentions I seek to always fulfil
in love or lust, to satisfy any thrill.

Eyes

Radiant pools glisten
reflecting notes
patterned by affection.

Drawing me in deep
then deeper still
intoxicated, subsumed.

Beguiled happily
as emotions flash
fiery passionate flares.

Warming me through
evoking a longing,
a needing.

Gazing builds want,
as I fall
into sweet desperation.

For that soft kiss
lips brush lips

open eyes close.

Let me take you

Let me take you, tease, wrap you up in need
feel my mouth open and teeth draw down
nibbling, tongue flicking, pressure pounds,
hands tied to bedposts, only moaning intercedes.
Let me take you, tease, wrap you up in need.

Lips touch lips in a passionate waterfall sound
that intoxicates the senses, in sensation drowns,
fingers nails drag, then up to the bindings freed.
Let me take you, tease, wrap you up in need.

Sweet torturous pleasures, eroticism crowned
playful wanting as appetites loudly announce,
time for the crescendo which is guaranteed.
Let me take you, tease, wrap you up in need.

Twilight together

In twilight with sinners sinning on skin
awestruck in deeds of debauchery deep
of tongue and touch, tracing begins
fingernails digging in passionate heat.
Shades saturating sublimely on skin
a daring depravity of fervent insanity
surmounting all reason as kisses begin
whispers of love laced with profanities.
Pearls of sweat bead on shadowy skin
achieving a glint in dalliance repose
consuming ourselves wholly therein
erotically joined how hearts enclosed.
A beautiful wonder of twilight attentions
decadent divinity without any pretensions.

The taste I like so much

That tantalising taste which I like so much
nothing could ever come close to honeyed sips
delicate nectar sweet petals full and blushed
kissed, regaling sighs sought from lingering lips.
Softness saturating with minute ministrations
traipsing off tongue in a heavenly ordeal,
a torturous culmination of sensual implications
bringing you close to a climactic appeal.
A gasp, a guttural moan, a swear laden scream
asking to be bitten, pleading for more,
the crescendo just reaching its peak in extreme,
falling into the sensations you erotically adore.
Blissful, resting, a momentary reprieve
until "Its time for my sating" I say with a heave.

Waiting for you

Without you my heart echoes alone
waiting for the next moments of joy
not dessicated and dry as a preverbal bone
trying to be tough with aspects of coy.
Though secretly wanting what I miss
to feel the touch of your skin so close
sealed romantically in a subtle kiss
is one of the moments I treasure most.
Yet, we wait and count the long days
which life directs us to endure
until the halcyon hours where lovers play,
adoration caresses beyond adore.
Waiting, just waiting for that next embrace,
for those minutes of courting grace.

To be here for you

I'll salve away the blues
not for any other reason
but just to be here for you

They batter you in waves
their onslaught stemmed
I'll salve away the blues.

If only with you in my arms
not wanting anything in return
and not for any other reason.

Just for whatever you want
just you, for your feelings
but just to be here for you.

Conversations at midnight

Moonlight through window dapples soft skin
we talk from twilight through to breaking dawn,
an honesty of talk from lover's tongue spins
stories evocative with shared secrets borne.

The weaving of wonder in welcome bestows
sentiment silkily in silvery strand threads
those torrid tales which glimmer and glow
we laugh being trapped in those glorious webs.

Rapture of capture with more stories told
intrinsically garnished with a measure of glee
conversing as images become true and bold
an amazing fascination bound whimsically.

The late hour discussions that reinforces
that these are the favourite of all our discourses.

When you are you

How can I hate you? When you are you.

Not someone despicable, clothed in nightmare
psychotic, dribbling mess who'd eat my face
and my kidneys... whilst singing and dancing.

How can I hate you? When you are you.

Not a ruptured thing who hates life,
maybe swears a bit but don't we all,
apparently, and sometimes laugh to yourself.

How could I hate you? When you are you.

And have been all your life, you do it well,
not pretending to be someone else, authentic
in your own skin, which I'm glad is your own.

How could I hate you? When you are you.

In your arms

Enchanted by your silken voice
siren like suffuses in sensuality
senses succumbing to you whims
basking in that eventuality.

Where love blossoms, never recants
or diminishes at first morning light
feelings deep within expanding
putting all those wrongs to right.

Yet, always shadows seek to shade
bringing derision in their wake
But nothing could vanquish what I feel
and this is their mistake.

Pure, unadulterated, a passion great
in your arms, love dictates.

You are the sea

I fall to foam in your arms, losing self
combining, becoming one, together.
Surging, flowing in forces powerful
and unending. Just the passionate touch
of a million senses cascading through,
filling sensation with true concordance
as we belong to each other wholly.

I fall to foam in your arms, losing self,
but finding form with you and you alone.
Saturated in splendour and lifted
up into the sky, upon cresting waves
of joy, feeling every emotion granted.
Wanting to be submerged in your warm depths
again, drowning deep, becoming each other.

Foxy

I don't mind getting entirely mucky
covered in jam I don't feel yucky,
or swinging from the chandeliers
with legs wrapped around my ears.
To experiment and look quite brave
keeping that spark alive that you crave
I guess it is but is this really fun
to have a fox tail hanging out my bum.
You wanted to roleplay I brought dice
but you wanted a fox man to entice.
Ears placed, fox anal plug surprise
brought a few tears to my eyes.
Thank you and I'm not at all a worry
your new experiments are me as a furry.

Consent given

Consent given in tonight's passion provision

where tongue teases in tantalising touch

bringing a fission, an erotic powerful punch,

eyes burning as fleshly resolve stiffens.

Consent given in tonight's passion provision.

Knotted together in a lust filled rush

where fingers lead with a linger brush

breath unsteady but with defined definition.

Consent given in tonight's passion provision.

Joined with a thrust as rhythm adjusts

backs arch in displays with cheeks flushed

until the end of a loud climatic collision.

Consent given in tonight's passion provision.

Seductions

I exist, as existence does warrant
to give you bold audacious smiles,
tantalising teasing you in torrents
where emotions flair and I beguile.

Whispers whispered in hushed hushes
breathed delicately into your waiting ear
lingering lusts in colourful blushes
banishing any unwarranted fears.

Seductions sweet in tempered touch
where words and thoughts belie the deed
invoking inspirational delights as such
where torturous temptation is the creed.

Trapped in a silken debauched woven web
laughing and cavorting as we climb into bed.

Intoxicate

That crisp moment where the senses lie
enrapture, exhilarate and overwhelm
intoxicate intrigues each breath laden sigh.

Together entwined, laying side by side
falling into the deep soporific realm
that crisp moment where the senses lie.

Smiles captivate with enthralled guise
causing hearts to stir and hand held
intoxicate intrigues each breath laden sigh.

The world melts away in our lovestruck eyes
mesmerized, enchanted in ourselves compelled
that crisp moment where the senses lie.

No other response could we at all dignify
devotion laden caress empowering spell
that intoxicate intrigues each breath laden sigh.

As new love blossoms and intensifies
longing fingers, the flame never to quell

that crisp moment where the senses lie
intoxicate intrigues each breath laden sigh.

Igniting the spark

A whisper in the dark ignites the spark
into a flaming lustful conflagration,
soft bites cresting the back leaving marks
whittling away the semblance of patience.
Satin skin against skin, wet with intention
beaded with jewels sparkling bright
perspired before the hints of perspiration,
coupled through a passionate night.
Word and deed become one in themselves
bodies arch with sensations electric fire
nerves tingling with each touch that swell
where lovers caress and a pinnacle acquired.
Kisses of longing eternally satisfied
they gaze lovingly deep into each others' eyes.

I have fallen so deep

I worry. I must confess, its not a jest

I'd lose a peach, a very delicate touch,

whom I love, and uncontested express

every delight I feel, so incredibly much.

Powerless to let those emotions roam free

thoughts of you saturate sensual senses

filling my soul, a lover's rapturous decree

euphoric ecstasy without false pretences.

Each day delirious in a shroud of splendour

a torch bright burning in rhapsodic bliss,

total immersion, my heart surrendered

where all I yearn for is just one more kiss.

I have fallen so deep and in love so true

that the stars just shine for me and you.

I dream of you

I dream often of silken waves of bed linen
cascading over over us as we caress and cuddle
Giggling and laughing, under cotton we huddle.

Hoping for hours to be forever brimming
with happiness without any terrible trouble,
I dream often of silken waves of bed linen
cascading over over us as we caress and cuddle.

Joyous and silly in your arms still clinging
gazing deep in your eye as we start to snuggle
I dream often of silken waves of bed linen
cascading over over us as we caress and cuddle
Giggling and laughing, under cotton we huddle.

Waking up with you

That moment when waking, looking at you,
peace leaves and hearts are set to simmer fast
waking, a kiss, light as a butterfly,
our deep love tethered to one another.
The turbulent seas of passion roiling
with kisses becoming fervent, longing,
wanting and needing the sexual solace.
Two entwined as one, glowing together
where nothing in the world matters at all,
for that brief moment the world stops spinning
and there is just you and me, joined and one.

Let me take you by the hand

Let me take you by the hand
and offer any help you need
I'm not the fiend that you believe
a person who tries to understand.
Let me take you by the hand.

Corrupt? No, not at all, please,

perhaps someone like to tease

in words definitely, should I expand?

Let me take you by the hand.

Into a mire? Oh no, Indeed!

Surely you jest, lets just proceed

through experiences with lust fanned.

Let me take you by the hand.

Sting on skin

Kisses corrupts steadfast resolve
melting resoluteness under tongue
innocence replaced and dissolves
as bonds are bound not to be undone.

Caress of leather that seeks to bite
tied, trussed, with whispered breath
essence extolled esoteric delight
the power dynamic playfully assessed.

Sting on skin as fingernails drag
tracing patterns from nape the way down
delicious devilry dominantly brags
a pinnacle pending with moaning sounds.

Bodies finally reaching those dizzying heights
bonds are broken and with love to entice.

Shared Delights

Everything melts into pools of intimacy
candles flicker illuminating shared delights
where through the dark our love recites.
It's not the ecstasy of sex in torrid totality
everything melts into pools of intimacy.

Days full of longing until those hungry nights
passions burn hot in the stories we write
over our flesh in throes of velvet sensuality,
everything melts into pools of intimacy.

Collapsing, spent in an afterglow light
caresses and cuddles, the lover's rites
sighed affirmations of romantic sagacity.
Everything melts into pools of intimacy.

Reaching the heights

Soothe my simpering skin with your desires
tongue tracing patterns in taut relief
amorous intention often conspires
faith in ourselves becomes seasoned belief.

Reaching the heights of hallowed havens
our names called in fervent fevered fashion
making substance of our delicate flirtations
culmination of needing a release of passion.

Collapsing spent into soft welcomed embrace
a sanctity serene laced with honeyed words
gentle kisses sought and playful fingers trace
as we recharge those wanton amorous reserves.

Through the night until the dawn breaking
a rapturous passion fulfilled of our making.