Long Lives Cee Cee's Essence of Sweet Inspiration

by Ronald Lee Smith
December 21, 2012
Non-fiction

LONG LIVES

1 Kelley Drive
Coal Township, PA
17866-1021

CEECEE'S

c/o Mrs. Annette Mowe
616 Margareta Street
Braddock, Pa 15104

ESSENCE

OF

SWEET

INSPIRATION...

by

RONALD LEE SMITH

This anthology is the result of a man whose passions for a woman leads to an unrequited love due to circumstances beyond their control, but it doesn't deter him from expressing himself. In fact, it inspires him to keep seeking to GET FREE, BE FREE, and STAY FREE in all aspects of his life, despite where he's been relegated to spend the rest of his natural life....
Ronald Lee Smith, AP-5080
1 Kelley Drive
Coal Township, PA 17866-1021

December 23, 2012

Prisons Foundation
PO Box 58043
Washington, DC 20037

Dear Prison Foundation:

I came across your request for manuscripts in this month's issue of GRATERFRIENDS, which is exactly what those of us who have manuscripts in need of publishing need. After all, we all can use an outlet for expressing ourselves in a more positive manner.

Enclosed is my manuscript, "LONG LIVES CEECEE'S ESSENCE OF SWEET INSPIRATION...". I've also enclosed the required SASE, to make it convenient for you to inform me of your receipt of my manuscript.

Thank you for your time, consideration, and dedication to this mission you all have taken. God bless you all, and may all of your blessings be in abundance now, and always.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]

Ronald Lee Smith
TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE

1. A Case For Our Passion
2. IMPRESSIONABLE SMILE
3. Affection Affliction
4. Seductively Awaken
5. Ardent Dream
6. I've Been Moved
7. Doesn't Take Much
8. This Man Wonders
9. Modest Woman
10. ESCAPING
11. CLAIRE! CLAIRE! CLAIRE!

12. Too, Too Sweet Misery
13. SADLY
14. Piercing Bluish Gray Eyes
15. Nooo...NOT WRONG AT ALL!!!
16. Blown Mind
17. WOW!
18. Don't Be Afraid
19. ALL I CAN
20. VIBRANT ORCHID
21. WASH AWAY

22. Am I Not...
23. SELF REVELATION
24. I CAN'T
25. Sustain
26. See Yourself
27. Come True
28. FLAMING BALL OF CONFUSION
29. THINKING SOUL
30. VISIONS—TRUEER LIES
31. VISIONS—continued

32. A Spectacular Phenomenon
33. BE MORE CAREFUL
34. Penetrating Stare
35. Smug Perseverance
36. Awesome Woman
37. Valentine's Day Dream
38. First and Last Thoughts
39. TWISTING MY HEART/TURNED MY MIND
40. APPRECIATED ADVERSITIES
41. NO MORE!
PREFACE

When one finds himself in a situation with the potential to be both life giving and life taking; he'll normally take the side of life giving. NOT ME! Before I met CeeCee/SWEET INSPIRATION, my emotional, mental, spiritual, and physical/sexual lives were in a shambles. Nothing was looked at from an optimist's paradigm, until I saw CeeCee across a counter, looking quite irresistible under dire circumstances and my life hasn't and won't ever be the same.

It's common practice for a convict to cut himself off from the world, while feeling anything other than pity and hatred for his captors, and those affiliated with them. Some of us never-ever shake those heart debilitating emotions, even after we're set free.

Then there are those of us who are blessed with the ability to recognize how wonderful life can be when you free your mind, and your heart from the real, and/or made up hurts and hatreds and become one with the Universe and those people and things within it. But joy starts within yourself. Sometimes it takes someone, or something dramatic to occur for you to realize it.

I guess you can say that CeeCee/SWEET INSPIRATION became that dramatic occurrence in my ambiguous life, then became and remains my "LIFE'S BREATH" and the muse I allow to share in my joy, and now I can't take a breath without taking one for her, too. For to be blessed by her mega-watt Super Model smile under any circumstance was/is wild and wonderful.

I never questioned my feelings and thoughts about her, even when she'd say, or do something to piss me off. I'd yearn for everything about her, from the tip of her cute nose to her cute toes, despite how dangerous it was and still is for us. Yet, I pursued and continue to pursue her with the fervor of a leopard after its prey, following the natural calling of my soul's hunger, and listening attentively to my heart's instinctive mind.

Thank God I have! For, I wouldn't have discovered her inner beauty. She possesses an essence that'll propel me to be creative in many forms for many years to come, even if she and I should never enjoy one another in the many beautiful ways a man and woman are meant to.

She became my greatest muse. Not just in my once defunct writings, but in my ambivalent life period. This chapbook is because of her caring, kind, and understanding ways, along with that subtle sexiness that sends hot chills throughout my strong body.

CeeCee/SWEET INSPIRATION beholds an intoxicating effervescence like Hot Toddies on a below zero degree winter evening.

I must say that this is untamed and glorious territory for her, and me, an ex-drug dealer, and now convicted murderer, to be able to feel worthy and accepted, and feel life again because I've had the blessing of encountering this intelligent, gorgeous woman. All the trials and tribulations I've endured and overcome seem to have been tests of my faith, but I have much faith and I believe in the Great Spirit of the Universe that moves and moves through all things. That includes CeeCee/SWEET INSPIRATION. Who'll long live in all my lives.
"A Case for Our Passion"

Can our bright minds, our pure hearts, our old/young souls continue to come together, forming a sultry embrace, while our gleeful sighs escape our spirits' soft, succulent lips, as our exotic dreams caress each other, with cloaking erotic desires strengthening our hovering needs and screaming wants, letting our lustful bodies relish satisfaction, as our gleaming eyes lock, cherishing beauty and detesting life's goodness and love's greatness in our glowing presence, all at once, with our yet to be seen...broad joy, induced grins remaining hidden and forbidden in "HATERS"
weak minds and miserable hearts...

For to those foolish fools, our destined, enraptured immixing is a heinous crime, so we can only bide our time, planning to make our worlds shudder in ecstasy, as our routines breathe hot and heavy, as our hopes sweat profusely, while parallel wishes grip tighter in the throes of commingling and our infectious smiles give compliments, appreciating our two different existences secretly kissing fervently, so we can make...

A Case for Our Passion.
"IMPRESSIONABLE SMILE"

Seeing your impressionable smile sends a
Warming chill through my body,

It's unfamiliar to my once torn up heart,
Making my mind too busy with sensuous thoughts

Yet and still, I find my hot soul anxious and afraid
To embrace your sweet everything without being GODLY.

For it's your impressionable smile,
and all of your fineness...

my wild spirits...
Soar for so, so fondly.
"Affection Affliction"

How come we find ourselves around those people we deem perfect for us, to us, and with us, but we dare not allow ourselves to take the initiative and express just how we feel, how we think?

It's surely not our fear of rejection, or is it?

At least that's not my problem, though, I must admit that there are forces at work that can be deadly if I was to express too much of myself to that woman, who smells and smiles so wonderful all the time. She has great curves, gorgeous gray eyes and a magnificent disposition. She definitely incites my fantasy world to full arousal.

Yes, it's enough to send my seeking heart on a flight of pure ecstasy, while pleasure comforts my lonely soul.

Anyway, it's another case of me wanting what I can't have, or what is taboo, as I put myself through dilemmas that are stimulating and depressing all at once. Ironically, it's enough to keep me alive, keep me hoping for that day when I see, smell, taste, touch, and hear that BEAUTIFUL CREATURE/CEE CEE and be able to have her in every way there is for a man to have a woman, and a woman to have a man.

At least that's where I'm at and coming from. Afflicted with a need for affection from an incredible woman, but will it be at the cost of my own inevitable execution?
"Seductively Awaken"

Seductively taken from my fitful sleep because

My emotional intelligence has...

Induced my mental intelligence to force my too cooperative

Subconscious to play an...

Array of dreams, flashing beautiful, erotic scenes of

You being affectionate, caring, and...

Gorgeous, while being passionate, uninhibited and

Unlimited in pleasing your own sweet sensuality...

That has awakened my slumbering, unmoving sexuality

To meet a pulsating reality unequalled and beyond...

All comparisons, while being too eager to be guided into

Depths of warm, wet softness, giving/getting pleasures...

Unselfishly desiring and wanting to know all

SIGHTS, SMELLS, SOUNDS, TASTE, and TOUCHES...

Which eventually leads to my being seductively awakened

Many more times to have...

Exciting, explicit, exotic sleepless, decadent nights.

Mmmmmmm!
"ARDENT DREAM"

Your Sultry Beauty wraps itself
   around all of me,
   as a lover's warm embrace,
   treating me to soft, brown hair,
   amazing, smoky, blue eyes,
   in a delicate, kind face,
vivacious curves, luscious 38's, nice booty,
   and firm thighs that rattle my nerves...
Your Sultry Beauty induces a pulse pounding,
blood pumping, unbelievable seduction of my
   affection afflicted inflamed heart,
   fantasy filled mind,
   and unconquerable soul.
DAMN! CEECEE, I feel so whole...
Your Sultry Beauty solicits from moist lips
Ecstasy's spiritual groans, only to awaken me...
   from my ardent dream of gorgeous you,
   cherishing your haughty fineness with a
   whispered sensuous cry, a loud satisfied moan,
   Searching for FINE-ASS YOU,
   only to find myself smiling,
   wiping away happy tears,
   and still all alone.
"I've Been Moved!"

I've been moved to...speak aloud when I see your prominent smile, it lights up my mind with vivid visions brightening up your day, like a rainbow lights up a darkened, clouded sky, it's inspirational, and makes me naturally high.

I've been moved...to see your incomparable intelligence, feel your infectious ambition, and hear your whispering sensuality, all 3 keeps me grounded in a poignant reality.

I've been moved...to admire your soft lips, kissing them, while caressing your silky, sun massaged skin as I yearn for/pray for that day to follow slaves' famous/infamous North Star, following it to FREEDOM and to wherever you are.
"Doesn't Take Much"

An Impeccable, Incredible,
Insatiable Hunger For
Your Gorgeous Heart,
Your Keen Mind,
Your Sultry Body,
Your Pure Soul,
Your Indomitable Spirit,
Enraptures My Inauspicious Existence!

It Doesn't Take Much To Make Me Happy,
But I Always Yearn For More Of It,
When I'm Near Beautiful, Vivacious YOU!
"This Man Wonders"

Strong, loud, flapping noises are winged thoughts of Queen Cee Cee,

Casting THIS MAN to WONDER about

her desires, her pleasures, her passions,

Casting...THIS MAN to WONDER about

her precious heart of gold, and can he fully caress away

past hurts to accept unconditional understanding?

Casting...THIS MAN to WONDER about

her seductive perfume, her sexy lips touching his, with urgency,

while her painted nails rake his strong back,

Casting... THIS MAN to WONDER about

kissing her eagerly between pretty thighs

making her squirm, wriggle, hump, pump, and grind

into his hungry mouth, his face, cheering on his serpent like tongue and

Ecstasy's soul turning, corrupting pleasures...

Expressing her body pulsating, spirit dancing thrills

in melodic groans, moans, and whimper, whispering soft, but aloud,

"SMITH!SMITH!SMITH!"

Casting...THIS MAN to WONDER about

if Queen Cee Cee WONDERS about

THIS MAN, who is her #1 FAN?
"Modest Woman"

Surface beauty for many leads to...
their snooty, stuck up attitudes,
but not yours, Modest Woman,
it possesses a cheerful, indelible essence,
exuding an enticing presence.
Gorgeous, gray eyes hold caring ways,
inducing precious images of you throughout
my long dragging days and long cold nights...

AAAHHH---YES! YES! YES!

Visions relieve hard times, helping when
I'm composing poems with reason and rhyme.
Modest Woman, it's a crime having to be careful
in how we speak, hiding our strong adoration,
my desire, and want for your beauty,
how it makes me weak.

Modest Woman, smelling of sweet, exotic perfume,
it's no---secret you can liven up any room.
Your incredible modesty is refreshing...
a realness to squash a heart's gloom,
all awhile Modest Woman,
my mind can't help, but zoom.
"ESCAPING"

In my vivid, fertile mind,
sumptuous scenes of awesome you,
bounce with unbelievable me...ESCAPING!
Our bodies fit perfectly as we slow dance
on warm sandy beaches in Brazil,
to a sun's burnt orange radiance,
rhythmically setting over an...
arresting, luscious, green horizon,
seducing our souls existence into ESCAPING!
Escaping inside Ecstasy's world of unquestionable...
blind faith, powerful love, and sultry lust,
making our own fantanstic Black & White Power
...helping us disappear from a world of---
foul thinking people who can only be tragic.
so, ESCAPING together will be magic.
"CLAIRE! CLAIRE! CLAIRE!"

CLAIRE! CLAIRE! CLAIRE!
I love how your beautiful name feels when it starts at the back of my
throat, excite my taste buds and roll off my tongue, past my succulent
lips to burst into the foul air of captivity.
CLAIRE! CLAIRE! CLAIRE!
Comes out because it needs to be said, needs to be heard, while savoring
its silky smooth feel and sound when I'm fantasizing about making love
for her, to her, and with her, especially at the height of ecstasy's
excellent performance, "CLAIRE! CLAIRE! CLAIRE!", is shouted in loud,
lust filled, breathless whispers when pleasure's thrills embrace me
tightly.
CLAIRE! CLAIRE! CLAIRE!
You're embedded in my mind and heart, while hugging my soul, dancing with
my indomitable spirit until I can't help, but reach through visible, steel
bars, over razor wired topped fences, around wooden guard towers, across
distances short and long separating us, and connect with you spiritually.
Damn, it's a challenging torture being so close, yet so far apart.
CLAIRE! CLAIRE! CLAIRE!
You leave me with great exhilarations, expectations and unconditional
adorations leaving indelible impressions.
These to you, are my truest confessions.
I desire and want you...
for your heart, mind, body, and soul have become my obsessions.
"Too, Too Sweet Misery"

SHHHHHH...

Listen, it's Sweet Misery!
Can you also, hear it screaming as it
Looms vividly in a too, too wide open mind?

It's singing of sadness,
It's laughing about heartache
In a too, too big soul,

While hugging too, too tight to an
Unsexed body to overwhelm
A too, too dull spirit and making...

Incomparable demands on a too, too once vain existence,
You've now made whole.
Listen, it's Sweet Misery...Dying!

SHHHHHH...
"SADLY"

When I hear your scintillating voice,
I rush...so I can see, "FINE ASS YOU!"
Sadly I ache horribly to, but can't get close,
can't touch and smell your "OH SO!"
enticing perfume and speak in depth too, about...

How much my Like for you SOARS,
How much my Adoration for you ROCKETS
How much my Admiration for you ZOOMS.

I can't speak because you've
penetrated my frozen heart with a thrilling smile,

lighting your exotic, pretty face as
your piercing eyes, so beautiful, enraptures
my troubled soul, while staring into mine,

sending waves of burning, thrilling chills through
my cold blooded veins, only to incite
my waning manhood to its perfected hardness,
causing me to perspire, and passion's pride to flow swiftly.

I remain helpless to curtail my growing obsession,

my spirits' eternal fire because
it's powerful hope you always inspire,

but SADLY, CeeCee...it's my
insatiable desire for all of you,

that may never transpire.
"Piercing Bluish Gray Eyes"

I KNOWN!!!

I KNOW!!!

When my stare met and held yours,
Inspiration huggedy heart tight,
Then kissed my soul with its endless...
Burning, white hot, incomparable passion.

No one nor nothing will be an
Obstruction in my quest to
Capture your brilliant...
Piercing Bluish Gray Eyes
in my mind's pen,
writing a legacy

Inspired by you, CREECEE,
Beautiful, Sweet Gift of God,
A legacy that'll never end,
For it's all my life with you,
I will spend.
"NOOO...NOT WRONG AT ALL!!!

We're not wrong, to need your gorgeous, shining eyes peering into my whiskey colored eyes, sending our flexible minds and conforming hearts into an extraordinary, surreal experience.

NOOO...NOT WRONG AT ALL!!!

We're not wrong, to yearn for each's feathery touch, in the many ways, shapes and forms existing so we can desire intimacy with a respectful, considerate friend, unselfish lover, straight up partner, and overall spectacular people. US!

NOOO...NOT WRONG AT ALL!!!

We're not wrong, to be blown away by how fine, intelligent and funny we are, which makes up our essence imbuing others with AWE. We see ourselves as a fantasy, a fantastic duo never/ever encountered, known, or imagined without flaw.

NOOO...NOT WRONG AT ALL!!!

We're not wrong, to hope, pray for an everlasting, genuine alliance with our hearts, their substance never, ever losing their luster, their ability to keep us strong, positive, and proud, while we encounter faith challenges in ourselves, asking GOD to keep you, me, us in his Fabulous Blessings, allowing our souls to shout out loud that we're not...

WRONG AT ALL!!!
"Blown Mind"

Through a steel door I slowly come,
full of despair, wrought with depression,
there you stand, provocative under dim lights,
amongst convicted souls trying to be men.
Your generous smile gives me a sweet impression,
as our seductive laughter seduces our sensuality,
while we explore each other's mind,
only to enlighten one another with witty banter,
embracing an incomparable sensation knowing we've...
come together to be wide open for
FRIENDSHIP'S own, much yearned for celebration.
I saunter away with thoughts of you, me, us...
dancing in my blown mind, with great elation,
as your kind smile gives me a sweet revelation.

I THANK GOD!

For you are,
to me...

his greatest creation.
"WOW!"

Caring Woman, you can empower an imagination's boldness in an environment infested with big egos, but small minds. Yet, fools wallow in their woes, bitching, whining like pimp abused hoes...WOW!

Compassionate Lady, you can inspire an insatiable need for a closeness promising to be WHITE HOT, but in captivity, and having to exist in exclusivity, there can only be a much needed, limited, humane activity...WOW!

Sexy Female, you can arouse a once dead asleep sexuality like no girl/woman ever has before. So much so, salacious fantasies of sensuous you makes a man act like a whore...WOW!

Inspiring Muse, you can excite all senses, incite them to leap razor wired topped fences because a strong desire won't allow for one's heart to end, to be through, not without trying to get next to FINE-ASS YOU...WOW!
"Don't Be Afraid"

Your need for passion, want of sincerity are real,

hiding them, oppressing them, suppressing them...

isn't the way to deal.

Your body, heart, mind, and soul,

they're not out to steal, only to

give tender love and happiness they'll instill.

So to yourself you must be true, must be real.

seeing there's no choice, there's emptiness to fill,

if you don't, then it's your slumbering zest for life

you'll surely kill.

You having everything together is GOD'S WILL...

so don't be afraid of letting them in,

don't be afraid of the way you feel!
"ALL I CAN"

In the wee hours of morning, all I can see is you.

A graceful, gorgeous white swan gliding upon a crystal clear lake,
that's my soul blanketed by a sun's warm, comforting radiance.
All I can hear is your soft voice harmonizing with your jovial laugh
Producing sweet music, arousing my ears to be attentive when it's
indelible sounds elicited from you, precious Patricia.
All I can smell is your fabulous perfume, seducing my nose,
Opening it to all of your enticing aromas,
Natural and man made.
All I can taste is both sets of your soft, supple lips,
Kissing my plump, succulent lips, soliciting whispers from you about
Having unmatched happiness keeping your heart smiling.
All I can feel is your unique presence covering me, being warm and secure
Like Grandma's quilts in winter, protecting me from a brisk, cold evil
Seeping through cracks and cannies of this mad world.
All I can...
See,
Hear,
Smell,
Taste,
Feel is you, My Sweet Inspiration.
"VIBRANT ORCHID"

Vibrant as a Black Orchid,
enthusiastic with life's breath,
fragranted to arouse all senses...
in a once cold hearted man,
stirring in a happiness to
eradicate an enraged soul,
only to instill a bone thrilling desire.

Your sweet voice,
soft like an orchid's petals
compliments your seductive walk,
great sense of humor,
easy, friendly smile that passionately
bear hugs your fantastic energy,
further confirming how gorgeous you are.

Like a vibrant Black Orchid,
your beauty is deep and profound,
for it's not a true measure for its depth,
how far down it goes,
I do know...when gazing
upon your vivacious fineness,
I feel no more woes.
"WASH AWAY"

DESPAIR COMES UPON ME LIKE A WINDSWEPT FIRE
ONTO A DRY FOREST FLOOR IN MID SUMMER...
PAIN SEARS LIKE A HOT KNIFE IN MY BELLY,
CONFUSION ROCKETS IN MY
CLOUD NINE, BLOWN MIND...
LIKE AN OUT OF CONTROL JET,
ONLY TO EXPLODE IN MID FLIGHT!
DAMN! SELF DOUBT RUNS AMUCK,
SCORCHING, ANGRY TEARS BURST FROM HARD EYES
LIKE MAD RAIN FROM BLACK CLOUDS, GRAY SKIES,
SUDDENLY YOUR SEDUCTIVE ESSENCE KISSES MY CRYING HEART,
BEAUTIFUL, PRECIOUS SELF ESTEEM COMES BACK TO ME,
SMILING SWEETLY, WARMING...
LIKE A CHOCOLATE MARTINI.
DESPAIR, PAIN, CONFUSION, AND ANGRY TEARS WASH AWAY
LIKE DIRTY, POLLUTED WATER DOWN A FAST STREAM,
TAKING WITH IT AN EAR PIERCING,
ALL ENCOMPASSING...
MISERY FILLED SCREAM.
"Am I Not..."

Am I not a man...

with needful feelings glowing in his heart's eyes...

upon seeing beauty caressing a cheerful, sumptuous CeeCee, smelling of an exotic perfume, causing my enraptured soul to feel like dancing with forbidden taboos when she prances by?

Must I suppress desires CeeCee's induced due to her erotic presence, when salacious fantasies of her symbolically spring upright?

For goodness sake, CeeCee propels my lust...for life's pleasures.

Upon seeing beauty cuddling vivacious, sensuous her, I'm reminded of how precious a woman's touch is, can be.

Blatant, feminine wiles I can't and won't resist, for CeeCee's gold medal winning smile tells me how intelligent, how clever...

females are/can be in getting their needs pleased.

Am I not a man...

aching to hear, to see, to smell, to taste, to touch, to savor the very essence of CeeCee's deep mind, delicate heart, and magnificent body?

On this I shall pray!

For it's her glowing mystique keeping me looking forward to loving CeeCee, and be unrestricted in every possible way.

AM I NOT A MAN?
"SELF REVELATION"

A much needed and understood self revelation
...are unkind in life's education,
an illusion for inclusion
coming, coming, coming...
disguised as witty conversation.
It's surely relative to evil's degradation
desirous tolerance, making it truly challenging
to accept silly motherhumpers' attempts
at manipulation, who readily speed to
spread vicious rumors/truths...
For your/our tailor made humiliation
forcing us to squash an overpowering urge for
retaliation against their affiliation with
fools who plot your/our character decimation.
Thus, one must keep making a right preparation,
since there will be strong exhilaration in the...
ultimate victory celebration requiring an
intense concentration for the idiots' evisceration,
while "FREEDOM RINGS" with sinful jubilation,
knowing a much needed and understood...
SELF REVELATION IS UNKIND IN LIFE'S EDUCATION.
"I CAN'T"

I can't stop a thought for you that's filling my mind
    Like Dom Perignon filling a stem.
I can't stop a need for you encasing my body,
    Like a sheath encasing a mighty sword.
I can't stop a want for you holding my soul,
    Like a proud father holding his boy child.
I can't stop a love for you beating in my heart,
    Like a Humming bird its wings.
    I CAN'T STOP! I CAN'T STOP! I CAN'T STOP! I CAN'T STOP!

For to stop,
    My mind would be incapable of thought.
For to stop,
    My body would be severed in half.
For to stop,
    My soul would die from malnutrition.
For to stop,
    My heart would implode with empty sadness.
    For you are my existence's nutrition,
    Who brings my mind, body, soul, and heart to fruition.
"Sustain"

It's been a true challenge to sustain an endless need for...

your heart,

your mind,

your body,

your soul...

They're what I adore about you, cherish,

while sustaining yearnings to gratify

your passions,

your feelings,

your thoughts

your spirits...

Knowing my deep, secret love for you causes joy and pain,

but it's helping maintain in my

dizzy heart,

busy brain...

Being in love with you is a

worthy challenge to

entertain,

and sustain.
"See Yourself"

Ask yourself why I've been moved by you?
   It's something Beautiful Woman,
   something I can't answer cogerently,
   but just...
   Feel yourself coursing through my veins,
   Hear yourself laughing melodically in my ears,
   Envision yourself gently rocking my heart,
   As I feel you so alive in my bones,
   As I hear you so lovingly in my mind,
   As I imagine you affectionately embracing my existence.
   Then, you too, Beautiful Woman, can understand my
   Appreciation for you and why my soul beholds...
   You as Nature's Masterpiece.
   Then you too, can see yourself,
   As all of me sees precious you, Beautiful Woman.
"Come True..."

Our give and take of...
feelings, desires, experiences, ideas
have constituted our emotional, intimate affair.
From our beginnings you've intrigued me,
causing my unharnessed thoughts,
my uninhibited feelings to go deeper...
Enabling me to vividly see,
to attentively hear your...
magnificent effervescence,
Instilling a depthless yearning within me
to forever embrace all of you
in my too brave heart,
Embed all of you
in my active mind,
until infinity becomes a second.
You've always been my favorite dream,
now it's blowing me away...
to have you come true.
"FLAMING BALL OF CONFUSION!!!"

Mind's feelings crosses Heart's thoughts,

Body, soul and spirit black-out,

engulfed in unmerciful pestilence,

Creating a Flaming Ball Of Confusion,

Threatening a whole existence,

Bumping hard into volatile despair,

Banging against mindless frustration,

Falling down Love's marble stairs,

Busting up on Understanding's cement floor,

Resulting in Anguish's resounding, deafening roar.

Mind's feelings crosses Heart's thoughts,

Caring helps quell a...

...Flaming Ball Of Confusion!

Yet, Caring is an unwelcomed illusion

Trapped within Desire's disillusion.

Another basis for Reality's rude intrusion,

There's no excuse for exclusion.

Only a recurring, forceful inclusion...

...of a Flaming Ball Of Confusion.
"THINKING SOUL"

My soul is always...

THINKING! THINKING! THINKING!

Thinking of not ever leaving you,
Feeling incomplete, nor unsatisfied.
To do so would be an unspeakable crime,
Begging to be punished without mercy.
For you're that perfect, perfect woman,
I bow down to, bow down before without
A cloaking shame while your beauty
Opens my heart,
Opens my mind,
Opens my body,
Allowing my Soul's thoughts
To flow free...
Through Earth, exposing themselves—
For what they are and
For all they are worth.

THINKING! THINKING! THINKING!

Is my Soul being obsessed with you,
Precious, Sweet CeeCee.
"Vision's Truer Lies"

Visions consume a wide open mind, producing fantasies of you being sexy in your subtle, but effective, seductive way of seducing a man whose body was once lustless.

Visions show you wearing cherry-red, lace panties as you sit in the middle of a huge, round waterbed, covered with a canary yellow satin sheet. I'm crawling towards you, but it seems like miles are between us. Small waves roll, and they gently lift you, causing your perfect breast to slightly jiggle and bounce.

Visions allow me to be a voyeur. I watch you pinch, tweak and caress your luscious ta-tas and nipples, bringing them to an excited erectness, and they're an enticing contrast against your alabaster, soft skin, and your "Red or Alive" painted fingernails. Your right hand moves down your belly, then creeps inside your cherry-red, lace panties. The moment you touch your poonanee, your head rolls and your back arches. Your fingers slowly manipulate your poonanee and clitoris, and lust takes ahold of you, within moments, ecstasy hugs you in its selfish euphoria, while you continue to thoroughly let your fingers do and go where only you know they can to make you go off like an erotic bomb, embraced in ecstasy's unmerciful pleasure dome...and all a while you unleash an awesome, boiling passion deep within both of us, displayed in our sultry kiss, and our loud moans as I remove those cherry-red lace panties, while kissing my way down your lotioned scented neck, and supple titties with their hard, splendid nipples aching for me to suckle, and tenderly bite. I savor their deliciousness mixed with the strawberry sweetness of your dancing tongue as we kiss with a fervent urgency.
VISIONS TRUER LIES—continued

Visions show me tracing your navel with my nose. Down I go to your oval shaped, silky soft, amber pubis, inhaling your fired up poonanee's thrilling scent before kissing your puffy, warm pussy lips, loving their inspiring moistness kissing me back with a needing, wanting passion. They part, anxious for my darting tongue to slip, and slide deeply between their softness, then slither deeper, deeper, and deeper inside your quivering, wet, hot cunt.

UP-DOWN, IN-OUT my stiff tongue goes, probing for and finding your turgid clit. I suck it with and insatiable hunger, catching it between my thick lips and race my serpent-like taster over and around it, making you sing ecstasy's erotic song of an oncoming, powerful orgasm. Desperately you squeeze my smooth, bald head with your pretty, manicured hands and pull my face tighter into your wanton gooood pussy, grinding hard, then you squeeze my head between your trembling thighs, their smoothness belies the threat of my smothering, then I hear you whispering, yelling and moaning in pure bliss. My name, along with satisfied desire's welcomed cries are harmonious as Visions expose both of our truer lies.
"A Spectacular Phenomenon?"

God graces me daily with vivid images of your sweet, affectionate smile. I feel you all over me, around me, and in me, flowing like a majestic waterfall, constant in my mended spirits, giving me hot thrills, shivers of raw pleasure, giddy with immeasurable delight, while a happy morning pulls me fully awake to greet a blessing that's incredible you.

A Spectacular Phenomenon? YES...YOU ARE!

I've become lost within emotional admiration and adoration of your impacting beauty, inciting my insatiable hunger for your pure essence, as an endless, unequivocal fineness emanates from your... compassionate heart, glowing with confidence within your glistening, pearl gray eyes, only to complement a natural comeliness spotlighting your unmistakable intelligence, sense of humor, and curvaceous sexiness.

A Spectacular Phenomenon? YES...YOU ARE!

Precious CeeCee, seeing you is comparable to viewing a rare, red diamond, set in a platinum band, breath taking, while emitting a radiant presence elevating my newly built heart. So today, tomorrow, and for always, when mile high, mile wide grins grace your gorgeous face, grins perhaps you just can't explain. It's at those times I'm desiring you, and grinning broadly, too.

A Spectacular Phenomenon? YES...YOU ARE!
"BE MORE CAREFUL"

Hear her great laugh display a fineness  
and unmistakable man eater skills,  
Sho-nuff, it's CeeCee's sense of self worth  
causing deep in the spine thrills,  
yes...I must be more careful!  
She's got a passion for life,  
new things, novel situations,  
am I wrong to use her as my muse...  
when I'm delving into poem creations?  
yes...I must be more careful!  
For my obsession with her has me...  
undeniably fearful; therefore,  
I tell myself time and time again,  
yes...I must be more careful!
"Blue Eyes"

Erotic charm in pretty, pale blue eyes,
holds a bold heart's desire...
One can't help, but stare as an
obsession for inner beauty...
Imbues a needful man with a sensation
beyond physical, thrilling pleasures...
Incredible Woman emanates a sensuous presence
far, far, far more than divine...
Every fiber of him yearns——
hungering mightily to...
hold her loveliness,
kiss her essence,
and worship her existence,
while staring intently into those...
so, so pretty pale blue eyes,
to be enraptured by love's achings...
desirous to be freed deep within all of her!
"Smug Perseverance"

With an uncanny urgency being missed,
a blooming relationship refuses to be dis-missed
by...hearts handcuffed, shackled with obsession,
an uncompromising want not allowed to be expressed,
but we're not stressed.
Our minds burst with vivid, colorful,
romantic thoughts, erotic visions of an inspiring,
togetherness, like a full moon and fireworks...
on the 4th. of July.
Still it's God, in Jesus, name we must rely.
For our bodies tingle with insatiable desire to be...
caressed, held desperately tight, kissed passionately
and just right,
to nurture once tortured souls, who now are at peace
with spirits in another life who were bad, who were ugly.
We are a perfect fit, it's real snug, and our non-stop...
perseverance allows us to be oh so, so snug.
Awesome Woman...

You touch me with mighty, powerful love,
With a great gentleness blowing soothingly in my now
Persuasive mind, grasping my too sensitive heart,
With care causing hated jealousy to resign.

Awesome Woman...

You sweetly rock my sex starving body,
Roll my hot spirited soul with your
Mighty powerful love remaining its goal,
All along keeping me from a loveless hole.

Awesome Woman...

You've made me cheat, lie and steal
To stare into your enrapturing gray eyes,
like a hungering man stares at a meal.

That's just how I feel.

Awesome Woman...

You have a mighty powerful love
I can't and won't let go.
Without it, without you,
I am, I know, less than ZERO!
"VALENTINE'S DAY DREAM"

Beautiful gray eyes sparkle with gleaming love covered in a shimmering lust. You rush into my arms, we kiss with an urgent must. Slowly I undress you, feeling our bodies desired heat, along with our happy hearts' rapid beat, as atop our bed we fall with its cherry red satin sheet. I kiss your honey flavored neck, then tenderly down to your sweet, succulent, breast, relishing how you whisper, "BABY, YOU'RE THE BEST!"

Your firm, plump nipples I gingerly suck, gently bite, eliciting from you a groan, a moan, a loud whimper of pure delight. On I go down your smooth stomach, leaving wet kisses as your poonanee's aroma excites me, for its scintillating scent and decadent taste is what I've been missing. Truly craving, especially knowing your happiness is my perfect raving. I'm filled with glee as your poonanee kisses me back passionately. For now I know it's ready to hug, to squeeze ecstasy. Time don't need to be wastin', in between your creamy, soft thighs, my bald head you're desperately embracin'. Valentine's Day Dream, I'm not chasin'...

For it's only your Gooooood POONANEE

In my fantasies I'm tastin'!
"First and Last Thoughts"

My first thoughts when I awake in morning's glow and my last thoughts when I sleep in night's shadow, are...sizzling, provocative thoughts of you, CeeCee.

Thoughts spiriting me through tiresome routines, strengthening my desires and wants for complete freedom and happiness with you being everything, when we're ...Coming For Each Other, To Each Other, and With Each Other, knowing freedom's duty is to be uncompromising and far, far, far, beyond reproach of people dwelling in their abyss of misery's putrid sadness.

Burning, seductive first and last thoughts of you, CeeCee, are thoughts showing me that we must see our smiling faces, feel them warming our tap dancing minds, prancing together as we absorb their power and groove with all life's promises made to our souls.

Our energies can then relish an undeniable fact about a true, unconditional love of God, and ourselves, will endure to run, run, run, much, much, much deeper than anyone, or anything we'll ever know, or could imagine, or could ever have with others in this lifetime.

These are my first and last passionate, productive thoughts of you when I bask in morning's glow and before I rest in night's long shadow.
"TWISTING MY HEART/TURNED MY MIND"

Your amazing looks twisted the
strings of my heart,
and turned my mind,
for your piercing eyes are witchcraft,
For when you glance at me...
I'm cast under your spell and
my soul will burn with insatiable desire
until the ashes of its spirits...
are blown away by your
heart warming sighs of satisfaction.
"Appreciated Adversities?!"

My greatest growth has come through adversities within myself, concerning you, Sweet Cee Cee, me, and us together, with an awesome essence of peace continuing to overpower my very existence with...

A soulful ease of a ghetto wind blowing a pigeon's abandoned feather over an open field littered with trash in Spring's arms, capturing me within my wholehearted love, need, and want, which churns for you, Sweet Cee Cee. Churning with an admiration matched by an unparalleled Realistic Appreciation.

A Realistic Appreciation...

A Husband can have for a Wife because of Adversities...
A Friend can have for a Friend because of Adversities...
A Lover can have for a Lover because of Adversities...
A Partner can have for a Partner because of Adversities...
A Warrior can have for a Warrior because of Adversities...

Now, I can have a greater appreciation for you, Sweet Cee Cee due to our own Adversities. Very, very much...Appreciated Adversities.
"NO MORE!"

Peridot is her birthstone,
signifying an ability to break
ever spells cast upon my once...
scarred, sinful soul.
An infectious joy is her cure,
keeping me whole in an...
oppressed world of barred in woe,
so it's her easy smile propelling my once...
flightless, cold heart to soar
from the deadly reach of Satan's sick whores,
imbuing my once...
savage mind to
SHOUT WITH CONFIDENCE.

NO MORE! NO MORE! NO MORE!