

Identity

Sun
Skin
Passion
Lust
Desire
Encompassing
Everything
Sex is my god
Blasphemy is not releasing yourself to orgasm
Giving liberation to
The demanding little death
Seeing a woman
The roundness of the breasts
Her rolling buttocks
The silky skin of the belly
That is true pleasure
A simple release
A simple desire
A single desire
To see
To taste
To insert the six inches
Between my legs
In between theirs
Not necessary
But an added desire
Simple
But anything but
Their needs are different
Their needs are difficult
To ascertain
Not ever matching my own
Or discouraged or threatened by
Others
I want to look past what others expect
Of me
Of marriage
Of monogamy
Of my own selfishness
But still
It must be reciprocated
By those others
Otherwise

How can I allow it?
Though
How can I resist it?
It is not temptation
Temptation implies sin
What I feel is not sin
But simple omnipresent desire
Sun and wind and snow and rain
It's always there
It always has been
I find myself watching women pass by
Realizing that I'd fuck them all
Nearly all
Save those
That have no respect for themselves
Or the body that was given to them
First thoughts upon passing
Curvature of the breasts
Softness of the belly
Suppleness of the face
Movement of the body
It's primal
Who needs a name?
When an uncomplicated fuck will do?
Momentary possession
Of her
Of me
A union
Fuck and move on
Give and receive
Pleasure
That's all I want
It's all I need
It's trivial
It is simplicity
Why can't I achieve it?
It has nothing to do with loyalty
It has everything to do with my identity
My self
My entire being
Desires only to touch
To taste
To experience
The women around me
Is it wrong?
Is it bad to want to turn into an animal

To rut like we were created to do?
Or does rising up above it
As society says
Above that baseness
Lessens the need?
No
Do the denial of those desires
Cause civilization
Society
To rear its ugly head?
I pray not
I want to be more than that
More than husband
Friend
I want to be a lover of theirs
Not their only one
One of many
I want to be
Demanded upon to place it between their legs
Whatever that it is
Tongue or digits or cock
I want them to take their pleasure
From me
On me
Use me
It's what I was placed here for
I want to be an object to them
As they are an object to me
Because
Until the minds have met and spoken
That's all anyone is to another
An object of first impressions
I am
A solitary cock with an ever present need
Never satisfied for more than a quarter day
Scratching for any purchase
Demanding release
By hand or cunt or mouth or ass
Manual or labored
A Joining
It needs to be done
I acknowledge that
I am the baseness
That threatens the moral majority
And
This is why I cannot be satisfied