

My Tossing Dreams

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Dream that made love with me when I was still drowsy on the bed



Published on  
**Booksie**

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*I woke up when the crimson streaks in the sky still looked so lazy,  
The night seemed fading, the dawn felt drowsy;  
My dreams --- I disappointed â himâ , still tossing in my brain,  
The bed still untamed with emotions, scattered senses censored burden.  
My dreams still in lust with me, kissing my lips leaping my heart,  
I made love with â himâ , transmitting hormones, just could not stay apart.*

*Iâ s dreaming castles in the air, kissing my emotions and ecstasy  
I was building up my lost desires, adoring my occult fantasy.  
The clamour and the commotion that perturbed the vents of my vein,  
That sucked my faculty emoted, and left me numb in sweet pain.  
My eyes with ado of dreams that I lost,  
I sat up in silence, the dreams, â heâ still tossed.*

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Generated: 2015-01-27 20:31:37