

# The Art of Love-making

By : Shadows of Memories

the pleasure of exploring the body and soul gives birth to a pair of fond lovers..



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*On my chest I carry two worlds  
One love - one heart - one soul unfurls  
As I undress, my loops shadow over  
My shoulders, breasts, chest they hover  
I am hungry and thirsty to embrace you aligned  
My eyes glittered as you held me entwined  
My lips searched for yours, firm and strong  
Your fingers stroke me, and you never went wrong  
Your warmth, your heat, your heart sheathed upon  
I breathed out high, I was aroused, and my nerves were on  
You caressed my supple skin, its dark tone delight  
Your eyes pierced mine, you held my neck tight  
You kissed me deep, inside, within, through out  
I was into the trans, with pleasure and pout  
You touched my curves, you curved my shapes  
The brown became dark, like the colour of grapes  
Your strong chest bruised and hairy cheeks too  
Agonised adoration and affection grew  
I scratched your neck; I scratched your back,  
My claws clasped you, railing on the tracks  
Your arms swelled up, my bust too did  
We sweat in pleasure, the pain was sweet  
We couldn't resist anymore, the clock ticked lone,  
You made love through, I started to moan.*

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*And born was love, our fighting love,*

*You better stay beside, better be my half.*

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