

Baboons

Mogg Morgan

Sidling backwards
on hand and knee
sex a flag
enough to make
Arjuna
change his gender
like baboons we tumble
biting nape's of neck
cock swollen like fire
your sex red
beautiful pale buttocks
nestle seductively
in groin's crook
smooth skin strokes
fine hair where leg
and abdomen meet
wriggling,
my tip-tup finds a glide
wet with moisture
wet too with wanting
teats that hand like dumplings
lifted back
nipple nestling gently
tickling the palms of hands
my hand stroking you
stoking you with my sex
moving
through the groove
tickled
by mounds of hair



I am drawn inside
twist and rich saliva flows
from mouth to mouth
deeper we go
reaching for the secret key
fondling it lovingly
you grasp me within
my centre is in you
bodies floating everywhere
desire mounting
upwards from within
something bursting forth
pulsations coming
flesh with flesh
fluids merging
flesh without flesh
fluids merging
moments of pleasure
and we are again Baboons

