



Scarlet Silk

A COLLECTION OF POEMS
ON LUST

Michael Ace

SCARLET LETTERS

ACEworld

Michael Ace

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DEDICATION

Dedicated to my lovers

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CONTENTS

DEDICATION	4
PEN-IS	7
THAT'S HOW WE MAKE A BOND	8
MAGIC MOMENT	9
HOW TO MAKE LOVE	10
PUSSY CAT	11
LOLLYPOP	12
FLESH TO FLESH	13
LOGIC	14
11:59	15
ROSE	16
TO MY UNBORN CHILD	17
CLITORIS	18
TONIGHT	19
WAR, BEFORE ME	20

*“The things we do for love
We must do for lust”*

...Micheal Ace, 2017

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PEN-IS

*This is not me
But the silly thing my pen-is
This is how I lose my sense
In lust for sex*

*This song is solemn
Like a poisoned epistle
But when it drives deeper
Into the heaven you call soul
 You shall scream in a nude blue
 Singing my names with a melody
 That has no courtesy for shame*

*Then I will loosen your breastcup
Leaving those sweet balls dancing
To the rhythmic tune of my bang
Honey, i am never a spoilt brat
And sex ain't for the losers
But things we do for love
We must do for lust*

*This is not me
But the silly thing my pen-is
This is how I lose my sense
In lust for sex*

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THAT'S HOW WE MAKE A BOND

Break this veil

Set me a table of lust

Pour your urge into a cup

Let it overflow

Bring your acid

Let me spill my water

Let's make a sweet war

And set chemistry on fire

Flaunt your waist

Leave it in my court

Let me make the judgment

A sentence of fun

Catch a glimpse

But lose your sight

It's not for us to see

It's all a moment to feel

Sing me a dirty song

Let me feel the raging pulse

The time can wait

I put the world on pause

I have the kick

You have the net

Loose it all for me

That's how we make a bond

MAGIC MOMENT

Shake your bum
 Twerk
And
 Wiggle

Let me dance reggae
 Let me dance blues
 Upon your waist
 Upon your boobs
 Open up your legs
 Soft and sweet
 You can be the star
And I, can be the moon

Flaunt your waist
 Solve
My
 Riddle

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HOW TO MAKE LOVE

*This
Is
How
To
Make
Love*

*Let darkness gulp the night to brim
And let every moment become blue*

*Light her eyes with an unclad flame
Make her burn and burn
And born, again
Until she let out a white secret*

*Then make history on her skin
Drive down to where she calls home
Suck the soft pebbles off her shore*

*And paddle in, gently, then harder
Your canoe*

*This
Is
How
To
Make
Love*

PUSSY CAT

*Me: Pussy cat! Pussy cat!!
Where have you been?*

*Pussy cat: I have been with Jeffrey
Eating his dick*

*Jeffrey would never flirt
He would never raise a skirt
He would never calm his muscles
Upon the softness of a woman's breast
Jeffrey would never fuck
He would rather calm his urge
By the caress of his own hands
He would never smack an ass
Leaving the duo to do the bounce*

*But now that he has tasted lust
Upon the home between a woman's leg
Upon the fat and thick nipples
Upon the soft and tender lips
Now that he can unhook a bra
Faster than finding the book of psalm
Now that he can pull off a pant
Easier than scribbling a simple verse
Do we say Jeffrey has lost his mind?*

*Now that every woman comes around
Watering him to make them wet
Now that every little girl looks afar
Waiting to be healed on his bed
Do we say Jeffrey's life is ruined?
Do we see his shadow in hell?
Can we bring him before the gods
To condemn him for living, alive?*

*Do we call Jeffrey an ass
For feeding every pussycat?*

LOLLYPOP

*Smooth sail
Sticky-white rain
Rough ride down her
Knocks hard and harder
She wants to lick the writer
She's driving me to my climax*

*Drain these bottles all upon me
Let me make one more blink
Then my sanity shudders.
Pull my lollypop out.
Go pants down.
Down down.*

L
O
L
L

*Pretty suck.
Tongue so soft.
Paving way tonight.
Turning left, diving right.
Shawty's heart beating faster
Thighs wider, screaming louder*

Y
P
O
P

*Come nearer, taste my lollypop
I will teach you how to moan
We must not lose the moon
While we count the stars
Tonight, let me rule
This hour is ours*

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FLESH TO FLESH

*The path that leads to heaven
Is narrow
But fat
And soft
I bury my eyes in this road
Like we lose our skin to earth
So you may sing a wet song
And a dirty verse
And I, melt to the taste of your juicy voice*

*Let me begin from your lips
Down to those thick black nipples*

*Let me draw a map around your navel
And build a home for my tongue on your clit*

*Let my gun slip out of his dorm
Then we shall have a feast of bullet*

*By the time we reach the other side
You shall have a brilliant testimony
Of healing
Of sweats
And breath
Of a man who walks from flesh to flesh
And make it home to his own heaven*

*Let me give you what your fingers won't do
Let me write a dawn to your moon*

LOGIC

Question...

*The broken heart of a girl is **P**, and the healing balm of a boy is **Q**. Hence, find the sum of **P** and **Q** using the truth table. Leaving your answer in the ratio of True and False.*

Answer...

*If **P** = her broken heart
& **Q** = his healing balm*

Then,

P	Q	P ∨ Q
T	T	T
T	F	T
F	T	T
F	F	F

***Note:** 'T' represents True, 'F' represents False and '∨' represents sum*

Given the final value of True : False as 3:1, then...

*The boy can hide the sun between his lips
And wear the light upon his eyelids
So when he speaks light into her soul
She shall become a symbol of hope
Then his hands shall run through her skin
Into her mouth
Into her bra
Into her panties
And into her mind
She will then begin to moan
Mourning her scars
And her broken heart
Mourning her tears into a white skies*

*If you search the wor(l)d, and you find no healing
Try logic, try lust.*

11:59

(Lynda lives in the next room)

Hello Lynda

Hi

*You know...
Before the moon learns
The language of defeat
And the birds understand
The proverb of the wind
Let me break your shackle
And sing you a victory song*

What does that mean?

*Your body
Is a replica of seashore
With countless pores
That men call stars
I am but a galaxy
Let me own you up tonight*

*I don't understand
What are you taking about?*

*Never mind dear
You will understand this poetry
When your skin melts
Into the caress of cold
When your footpath
Yearns to become a road*

Last seen at 11:59pm

(2:30 AM)

*Hi
Micheal!
Alright, I understand you now
Please come over*

Last seen at 11:59pm

ROSE

Dear rose!

*I will ask my mother
Why everything you touch dies*

*Because yesterday was fire
But now, we are soft fumes
Naked, in each other's arms*

*I longed for your depth
Every time desert came my way
But lust came so fast
And left like a slim bubble*

*Dear rose
I have found a hibiscus
Which grows beside a lily
I found a brighter petal
Remember my father grows flowers*

*So if you ever give birth to a virgin
Tell her rose was beautiful
Rose was bae
Tell her rose was a heroine
Until she began to sleep, leaving her doors open
Tell her, everything good does fade*

TO MY UNBORN CHILD

*Mother said I am a warrior
Father was never
A coward*

*So
You'll be a boy
But, paint life in your own image
And never let them take your life
In the sermon of a better paradise
Find your lust a beautiful maiden
Search her body for your heaven
See if there is rainbow on her lips*

(Your father failed, you may fail too)

*Check her hips if they are wonder
Then make her loosen her buttons
Remember the things word can do
So write her an enchanting poetry
Until she begins to lose her tongue
To the soft songs lost maiden sing
But do not forget
That*

*You may
Find it too difficult
Putting your ways together*

CLITORIS

*I have always asked father
How much it costs to make a woman
But he always wears a smile
That belongs to someone else's face
He'll say
"I do not know for I'm still paying"*

*I have always asked mother
That what is the value of love?
But she'd search silence for an answer
And say something
That has the voice of God
But the skin of lust*

*So before I bury my loneliness
Inside the crust of my broken past
And wear the samples of new dawn
Before I bid my singleness
A farewell that only comes at funerals
And leave for where men don't die*

*I will read about her clitoris
For from there springs her river of fun
I will learn the chronicles of lust
And study the language of women
When their flesh calls for bone
I will visit her and write my clit-stories*

TONIGHT

*Smiles hidden between my lips
A nation is up between my legs
Treasures hang around her hips
Magnet is knitted into my hands*

*I will begin with a solemn song
Then stretch my hands to her tits
I will squeeze and palm them soft
Then run my tongue over her skin*

*Her heart will rock in rough kick
And I shall drive her off her cloth
I'll be running a relay on her track
And my prick is the baton tonight*

*She will sing the song mothers sing
When they open themselves to war
I will drive deep till her tongue twists
To the lasting taste of charming fun*

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WAR, BEFORE ME

*If you do not find me
In the paradise of my poetry
And in the solace of my own art*

*I am
Here*

*And war is sitting right before me
With her thighs miles apart
But, I love what I see*

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Credit: Google

*If you do not find me
In the paradise of my poetry
And in the solace of my own art*

*I am
Here*

*And war is sitting right before me
With her thighs miles apart
But, I love what I see*

Oyedokun Micheal Adedotun Ace widely known as Micheal Ace is a poet, essayist and fiction/nonfiction writer from Osun State, Nigeria. His literary works have appeared on both local and foreign blogs and journals including ACEworld, WRR, Lunar Review, AFAS Review etc. His poem "DO NOT COME HOME" was picked as one of the best poems from around the world in 2016.

He is the author of "SERMON FROM A STAMMERER", a collection of poems, and some other hit poems like 'Aweru and its sequels', 'Six Six-feet', 'Three virgin sisters', 'Song of life' etc.

Micheal Ace is currently the Vice president, World Union of Poets, Nigeria. He is a poet who never stops learning and exploring. He believes so much in his own quote...

"The world is too complex for a pen to remain idle"

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