

Even

Haiku

Are

Poetry

(Anthology)

Fucking Poetry

Fucking Poetry is the pen name of an Australian poet. He writes romantic and erotic poetry. Words that heal and hurt.

You can read more of his work at

www.fuckingpoetry.com

[His books are available on Amazon](#)

Listen to him read his poetry on Soundcloud
at:

www.soundcloud.com/fucking-poetry

For updates, or to contact the author you can
find him on:

Twitter at [@fuckingpoetry](#)

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This book is dedicated to every writer, poet,
or artist who ever used social media to reach
out with their words and work.

You
Make
Art.

Shout it to the sky.

Is it poetry?
If it hurt, it might have been.
That is how you tell.

A haiku is sharp;
Coordinates to your pain.
Shows you where it hurts.

We are made of ash.
It's what we make, not made of.
That is why we shine.

It won't suck itself.
Life, that is. It takes effort
to really fuck it.

I won't lie to you,
Some words are going to hurt,
(or the true ones will)

When my heart is full?
It's not a lift or car park.
There is room for you.

Don't wear it for him,
(unless it is for you too)
Priorities, right?

The clothes don't matter.
Uncovering each other?
That is what we need.

I won't eat your heart,
that's not the part I'm after.
(I might lick your brain)

She asked me to read
with passion, not pretension.
Which is in your heart?

My name nor my face;
You need only read my words.
They are (all,) my love.

Long, slow enticement.
Seductive artist: Those words!
Hey, nice shoes. Wanna fuck?

I don't understand.
What are you trying to say?
Why pretend it's over?

I don't understand.
What are you trying to say?
Why pretend? It's over.

Your back speaks volumes,
but only on one topic:
How far 'til the end.

Please don't look at me.
(If I felt worthy of me,
I'd want you to look)

My lips and my tongue,
where they and your body met:
Are you undone yet?

Undress me in darkness,
Release your eyes and mind.
See me with your hands.

With a sexy smile,
Seduce you into what you
Already wanted.

I recall your kiss,
But all that we ever have
is our memories.

Outstretched hand's desire;
The pause before an answer?
Anticipation.

I know you're waiting,
patiently hating delay.
Kneel, stay, with me.

The boldness of skin,
Standing proudly in the light.
Let my eyes drink you.

I have a secret:
But that is not what you are.
You are worn proudly.

i wish you'd take me
places in my body and mind
i can't find myself

Tie body and mind,
make me helpless, take me please.
Love me on my knees.

There's not long enough
for the things I'd do to you.
So let's get started.

Tell me pretty lies.
When your hand's between my thighs,
I'll believe them all.

I remember this:
darkness and your greedy kiss;
I was left alone..

I recall that kiss.
Our thoughts and our memories:
All we truly own..

The memory mine,
In a way you never were.
Leave only footprints.

I know you are hurt.
But we are more than our pain,
or we'd better be.

Press me down, crush me.
It helps me to bear myself
when I hold you up.

Sit between my thighs.
Lean back, my lips on your neck.
My hands roam freely.

In my dream you felt,
ran my fingers through your cares,
shared a moment's calm.

After long silence:
Anticipation broken
by intimate voice.

No words can cut me:
I have answers for your words.
Not for your silence.

Sometimes when we fuck,
I pretend that you love me.
It is how I feel.

regret is a hand
reaching into the darkness
seeking absent you

Young again - more than
burgers and wine in the park,
fucking in the car.

Ah, cunnilingus.
You just fit in a haiku.
Just like my tongue fits.

Seasons

Heart scorched by summer:
You offered your cunt to him,
Gave me dust and lies.

Autumn heart falling:
I hope he gave you herpes
AFTER our last fuck.

Frozen winter heart:
I stay warm with my dreams
that you die in fire.

They say spring is hope.
I hope the bones of our love
Will lie forgotten

I remember now.
Why we don't speak. When we do,
I remember then.

i'm empty today
don't say anything

The heart makes of me
The greatest of fools: a fool
Yearning for greatness.

Each detail I learn;
Each new subtlety I find:
I use to please you.

What if you hurt me?
Would that bring fire to my skin?
At least I'd feel you.

It's not worth the risk.
Deleted before sending:
Things that stay unsaid.

Sentinel of dreams:
kind thumb wipes fears from your eyes,
whisper you to sleep.

It's my spark of dark.
I knew you could see it too.
It's what called to you.

Gently trace your face,
(and begin within your lace),
It's our tête-à-taste.

The breath of summer,
and tears of spring departing.
You are everywhere.

Blue is a colour,
or a state of mind (or heart)
One of these suits you.

Oh! Please be gentle,
My skin agonised pleasure
As I come in you.

I feel so alone,
even as I come in you.
This isn't a good sign.

I hope you go far.
I mean it, get the fuck out.
Learn to read a room.

Right, a day to face.
Fuck that, back to nice soft bed,
Who wants to come with?

FUCKING POETRY



SO FUCKING
ROMANTIC

So Fucking Romantic

An anthology of romantic, passionate and erotic poetry. At times soft and subtle, at others brutally honest, these poems range across the spectrum of desire. Gentle, wistful loss and deep dedication sit on the same pages as complex, consuming, dominating passion.

Themes of love, loss and desire mix with deep, dark needs, longing, loneliness, connection and isolation: poems to be whispered to your lover and poems to be whispered to yourself.

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