

Black Countess

"Brunette In Black Stockings"

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Lonely stranger Â–
The Goddess of imperious pleasure
She was sitting at the next table
Hidden behind the velvet of shadows and cigarette
Smoke

Her crossed legs in black stockings
Peerless feet in stiletto heels shoes
Brightly painted toenails
Drew a picture of unreal dreams

And I was there
In my mind I pulled off fine nylon from these slender
Legs
Sniffing their scent
Kissing the soft skin

While she was sipping vintage wine
Smoking a light cigarette
Until she noticed my close attention
So evidently paid to her

And then I saw her speaking eyes
So mysterious and promising
I heard a whisper of her sensible lips
Offering to follow her

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