Lusting For Affection

Vehemence

He was a young man, his life just begun
but never felt young
His parents hurt him, and stole his childhood
beat it out of his young mind
Dad was a veteran and alcoholic
and so violent
Mother just sat there watching the TV
her only words hate
she paid no notice to him
he couldn't love her
if she died he wouldn't care
So now he's so cold with no emotion
And no one matters
All that he can feel, merely physical
he thinks that is emotion(He feels nothing)Day to day lusting after flesh
Feeling satisfied with penetrationAll the girls in his mind
Fantasy merely postpones his wrath
Acting out, soon follows
Walking dead women waiting to dieFingernails embedded deep into flesh
Straddling his body gyrating slowly
Soft hair flows over ripe breasts swaying gently
Her screams of ecstasy, not fear this timeDigging through her garbage, searching for something
Picking through remnants of her daily patternsDiscarded tampon, telephone bill stub, last night's dinner
His heart growing fonder with every load he takesDreaming of what is to come for this girl
Her broken ripped flesh, swollen on his penisUpon his discovery of her depressive state of existence.....her sorrow
His attention to her growing stronger, more obsessive.....she's hisHis collection now nearing completion
He knows everything
His parents are blamed, his misperception
They created his problems
His mind is feeble, like a rape-machine
Sex is what drives him
His first is special, and so beautiful
She doesn't know what's coming.....

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