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This book is dedicated to all those who may have forgotten what love is all about. For those who don't know try to get some understanding, get back to the basics of love. Love does exist you just have to put it into motion. Just like anything else you have to practice it so you can become an expert of what kind of love you want in YOUR life!

Keep in mind that the things I write that are sexual are meant for those who are in a marriage, not for a casual sex partner.

Thank you, God my father for this gift and the opportunity to share what you have given me to share with others. To my children, family and friends who have shown their support. To my friend "Dion" who has inspired and brought strength to my life, heart, mind and spirit, God gave you a gift as well I hope you continue to use it, Thank you.

Thank you to my fans(especially my Face Book friends and family) that read my poetry and show me love...May these words be a blessing to your heart, mind and spirit in some way...God Bless...MUAH!

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(Note)

I heard the stories from some of my friends and some random women who have the kind of men in their lives that make them feel the way I describe in some of my poetry pieces. Personally I don't know what real love is like at least not as a receiver. This may sound crazy, but no man I've been in a relationship with has ever been in love with me and if he was he didn't show it nor did he express it ...ok maybe one, crazy huh?

I have had the pleasure of experiencing a feeling of love or maybe it was just lust, however if it was love it's been one side, and the lust well you already know. I'm patiently waiting on having the whole pie not just a corner. I would someday like to know what it feels like, you know for a man who loves me the same way if not more that I love him, during the relationship

and at the time that I'm loving him. I want him to feel me like I feel him. They say that being in love is close to having that fairy tale that's never ending. I've also heard that the way a man loves a woman is like a beautiful song he wrote out himself like Johnny Gill singing "Lady Dejour" or Shalamar "This Ring" now that's a beautiful way of expressing how you feel about someone, that Ole' School Love.

I almost gave up on this thing called love and what that meant, but my heart wouldn't allow it and God didn't write my life to end up that way. I have had the opportunity to experience some love which comes from God and the only man in human form that God has placed in my life to feed my need and fulfill some of my desires mentally and emotionally he has also inspired me in a huge way so that I may write some of these words that I say, but not even he is in love with me, however for what he has

shown me I thank him. I desire for the man God sends my way to feel me in every way imaginable. I desire the happiness that comes with having a relationship of my very own. Remember this; in life we don't want someone who's perfect; we want someone who perfectly fits in our life.

“Feel Me Like He Does”

If you could feel me like he does then you could understand his kind of love, my heart spills over he fills me with mental stimulation, sometimes even erotic sensations, with no hesitation, leaves no sexual frustration, but that's not all, we kiss sometimes against the bedroom wall, an explosion he creates the neighbors can't watch what's about to take place, I'm good to him like his favorite chocolate cake...no one could bake but me, I fulfill his every need.

If he could feel me like I fill him he would understand why he sees me staring every now and then, I have to catch myself because I like the way he makes me melt, that's not his intention he has no idea what I'm feeling he's just feeding my mental, pouring out into discussions that lead to laughter and

joyful interruptions. I'm tickled so I giggle; he laughs, his eyes smile, so we continue to just hang out for a little while. You could imagine that he's not one but three, how could ONE man satisfy ONE woman so intensely, oh but he does and he does it well, see he consulted with God found me and has allowed me to exhale, to breathe and I breathe freely, his understands he gets me!

“Flawless”

Whatever your flaws are could eventually make you stronger! In this life we don't want someone perfect we want the one who perfectly fits with who we are as a person, a companion, a lover, a husband, a friend, a wife, a business partner, a spiritual partner, one who strengthens us adds to many parts of us even the imperfect parts...so when your evaluating who you are remember there's a lot more GREATNESS to who you are as man then you may think!

“Go Slow”

Let's go slow turn the lights down real low, remove my thong with your lips, slowly touching me with your finger tips, go slow so we can both enjoy how you go low, take our time and enjoy what's mine...I mean ours, we've been going at it for more than two hours, go slow so WE can make these sheets nice and wet... focus because WE are the important subject, this is something WE won't forget or regret...this moment is about us the goal is for each of us to cum, so go slow allow me to fantasize about how much WE like this remember the last time WE made love...

“I’m His Forever”

He holds me like I'm his forever, I embrace it because he's mine
and I would never, let him go, God opened the door...

...the door that sent me straight to him, he looks at me like I'm his
wind and his breath of fresh air, it's funny sometimes I can't help
but stare, for he's the most beautiful man I have ever known
sometimes I think "did God send me a clone"

He holds me like I'm his forever, I sometimes awake to the
aroma of us together, there's a beautiful essences of us that blow
through anytime and whenever, he sends me flowers as if I'm
dying he shows me love without even trying, it's effortless the
ways this man loves me, sometimes I cry silently, not tears of pain
but tears of joy this love he gives is what I rejoice, I can hear his
voice in my ear softly saying "I love you my dear and I'll never

leave you lonely I've found you and your mines to keep.” I can't help but to watch when you sleep when you softly breathe I put my face right next to yours, this part of my life is what I have been praying for.” To hold you close because you are my forever, you're my wind that gives me life, and right now all I want is to make you my wife, God lead me right to you and there's nothing about your love that makes me confused I was born to love you.

He holds me like I'm his forever, when will this end, NEVER!

“He Is”

He is my everything, he doesn't just send me love every now and then, he sends me a text, saying "Kisses baby" and "God Bless" BTW "I'm thinking of you so don't stress" he never just says what he thinks I want to hear, gives it to me straight sometimes he whispers it in my ear, he believes in who I am, focuses on making me a better woman, he reminds me of my faith in God making sure I don't let down my guard unless it's for him... my sex is not first on his list, he's attentive to our spiritual kiss, our relationship with God, he inspires me to stand strong, so I don't fall for anything, he went out and bought a ring, he proposed and I accepted...he's been a awesome blessing...he never keeps me guessing, so I'm not neglecting what I have in him, he sends me flowers, I run his bath, we sit, talk and laugh and laugh, he holds

me close when I need him the most, comforts my soul when I feel alone, he's been, the man I love over and over again, he's in it to win...He is a real man's ***Twin!***

“He Loves Me” NOT!

Does he love me yea cause I'm hot, he loves me probably not...he lusts for me 'cause I got thick thighs and pretty hips, his lust is powerful and he's licking them Jay-z lips...He loves me probably not...he loves the image of how he hits all the right spots...He loves me while I ride it real quick he imagines I'll be riding his oversized d***...does he love me probably not...

If he loved me I wouldn't have to open my own door, pull out my own chair or except that his eyes roam and he gives another woman my stares, my attention oh and not to mention he slipped her a note didn't bother to help me with my coat...

If he loved me he'd greet me with a kiss saying baby I'm home and oh how I've missed the smell of your sweet scent that was a long two week business trip, wait is that lipstick not my color wow so you know what this means...yea he's got another lover...

Does he love me yea cause I'm hot, he loves me probably not...he lusts for me 'cause I got thick thighs and pretty hips, his lust is powerful and he's licking them Jay-z lips...He loves me probably not...he loves how I can lick him in places while he makes these strange sex faces, as he grips the sheets and body embraces I ride like this is the Olympics my stride is smooth like at the horse races, but time wise I can go longer without a pause or a sip of water my fluids aren't low, I take my time dip it slow head down I go low...

If he loved me he'd be here instead he's out and I'm home cleaning the house, wow I just found some strange underwear, not mine I wear dainty panties you know boy shorts or a thong these are some woman's manly looking drawls, if he loved me his brief case wouldn't be locked considering he's not a lawyer or even a cop he's a janitor, but he's always on a

business trip I should throw it and say it ripped, if he loved me he would come home at night I do mean before ten not after midnight, if he loved me he wouldn't smell like her perfume, I didn't know they still made that scent called "Dune" If he loved me he'd be here arms wrapped around me holding me tight instead he calls saying "I won't be home tonight" "I missed my flight"(mans voice)...if he loved me I wouldn't have to wonder, snoop, or discover, truth be told this should have been over so I'm sending him on to be with his lover, I'm packing his bags and saying good-bye this has all been one big lie if he loved me I wouldn't have to ask why?

If I loved me I wouldn't have given him my body and so much of my time.

“Her Eyes”

Behind her eyes is the strength you can't understand, in front of her is a man that stands strong and tall, he is her guard. He keeps her safe even when he's in another place time stands still, in his eyes she gets lost in space, lost in her own thoughts of him, she's kissing at the wind, her eyes are closed she feels the breeze reminded of how he put her mind at ease he aims to please her , see because behind her eyes he sees her love he understands what she's thinking of before she says it, even when he's away only he can understand her pain, he knows what her past life was like that's not a factor because he plans to make her his wife, he plans to stand strong by her side holding her close when things aren't quite right.

Behind her eyes is a fragile woman, but she still stands strong because they depend on her, he helps to keep her together,

he carries her when the time is needed. He lays a brick for the house of love and they proceed to feel the breeze as one, with the change of weather behind her eyes all you see is HIS LOVE!

(Note)

On isle five at the grocery store and this man with huge biceps and a calming scent walks up and says “Excuse me pretty lady would you happen to know what isle the olives were on?” At first I wasn’t sure if he was speaking to me, I’m thinking “I don’t work here”, but I turn and politely say “I believe there on isle nine”, he says “thank you pretty lady” and he proceeds to isle nine, as he walks away, I smile all big blushing even. Wow! Is all I could think as I glanced back and watched him? I thought to myself, now if I could have him for one night my body would be so pleased with me.

I wasn’t trying to look past how his physical and his “Sean Jean” scent, “Unforgiveable” that’s my favorite fragrance was turning me on. I wasn’t interested in knowing if he was intelligent or funny at that moment, I didn’t care about

any of that. I'm not interested in having a serious relationship I just wanted to know if he was good in bed if he could put it down, lay his pipe just right. I'm horny haven't had any in two years the way I see it I'm long overdue and he will do just fine.

Now I'm standing here in the grocery store having this conversation with myself in the mean time I haven't given the man my number, I don't know his name, his age, if he's single, married or taken, but I know I wouldn't mind him laying me down. I decided that this is just to be a fantasy moment, once I leave this isle he will have to be forgotten. I had to contain myself but all I could think is "if only for one night" that would make me feel real good, it's been awhile since I had some well it's been two years four months and eighteen days to be exact "damn!" "If only for one Night"

I proceed to the checkout stand with my garlic bread, bottle of white wine, and shrimp pasta, this is going to be my dinner for tonight, checkout number three is ten items or less so I decide to go there. There are two customers ahead of me so I unzip my purse and pull out my wallet and just as I look up, two check stands over there he is staring right at me smiling. I'm thinking "he's so tempting and looks so yummy", private thought; "I could have him over for dessert, wow he just looks like he would taste so good and sweet" "can I help you" (my thoughts were interrupted by the cashier). Oh I'm sorry as I put my things on the counter, she checks me out and I proceed to the exit door.

I had to say a prayer for my body to get rid of the sexual thoughts of this fine stranger. Sometimes you just got to pray and be strong call on God if you have to. I thought I know God would forgive me however it just wasn't worth the risk I know I

*want more from a man. My body was calling him, but I couldn't
give into the temptation!*

“If only for one night”

If for only one night let me touch, love and caress your body parts, If for only one night can this love last until our beating hearts stand still, oh if for only one night you could touch the inside of those places you watch as I make my sexual faces, you hold the key, touching each wall until I can't breathe or just breath heavily, if for only one night you could take my breath away leaving me speechless, making love until the break of day.

If for only one night you would tell me you'll never leave me, opening my heart leaving my soul and spirit free...If only for one night you could make love to me...my body mind and spirit would be pleased! Can you give my body the pleasure of your length I saw what it measured and the thickness of you. If only for one night just show me what you can do what your capable of I

just need your sex don't need your love, if only for this one night
if you give it to me good I won't put up a fight just give it to me
right as I know you can. I see you're packed from the way you
stand the way you swag; this is something I have to have. If only
for one night let me touch you in all the places my hands can
reach my body can teach...just this one night!

“You love me”

If you love me why would you slash my tires cry and tell me you were just upset, why would you slap my face and act as if I just continuously take from you and never give, if you love me why would you go behind my back sleep with my best friend then try to pretend that it never happened, but you say “you never want this end”, if you love me I wouldn't have to ask, you would have no problem giving me your last, the past would be just that, you wouldn't keep bringing up this or that, the money would be ours, sometimes the gift would be just flowers, if you love me I wouldn't be writing this piece I wouldn't feel this incomplete or weak crying so much I can hardly speak, if you loved me my heart wouldn't feel like you didn't care to please, I'm displeased so I seek what I need from another, but I have to heal from this you are now a distant lover one who pretended to love me, who cheated me, deceived me, right now I only believe in

God and me, I cry if you loved me you would have been the one
to dry my eyes, but instead you continued on with the lies.

“I’m yours”

My cup is yours to fill, my heart is yours to love, my glass is yours to taste from, my lips are yours to kiss, my voice says come and listen, my ears pay close attention, my hands are yours to caress, my eyes say come and undress, my tongue is yours to lick, my mouth is for your cheek, my body is yours and it craves, my juices flow and your amazing, my breast are yours to touch...I’m yours in many ways, let me change the course and say I need your love for many days, not just sexually I’m yours so lay next to me, to just look at me, read to me, be silent with me, I’m yours from Sunday through Saturday 365 days a year, I’m yours not just to listen but to always hear, I’m yours for an eternity so I need you to come lay close to me...I’m yours to cook for, I’m yours for you I adore, I need more than just sexual food, I need your love to endure...I’m yours for always and forever and it

gives my soul great pleasure...I'm yours always right down to
those last days!

(Note)

It's 2:30pm and I'm sitting at my desk waiting for the time to pass so I can be done with work for the day. My sales team has come in second place in the nation for the past two years and I have to get our numbers up so we can be number one this year. I'm typing up a memo to send out to all my co-workers and my sales team, about a meeting they must attend on Friday regarding the submission of our annual sales and or top sellers.

A few moments into typing my mind drifts off into another place and I start thinking about "Dion" wow "Dion" my thoughts get lost in him and I focus on his lips and how nice they would be if I could just kiss his lips right now, but he's out of town on business so that isn't possible. I try to straighten up and focus on work just to drift off again...I start thinking about

the \$56.89 light bill that is due I can't remember if I paid it. Let me get my check book and see if I already wrote out a check for it... (Another thought) hum I wonder if "Dion" will be coming back soon I could use a little candle light time with him, just laughing and maybe even some kissing in between the laughs. Ok get yourself together girl you have to finish this memo before four o'clock. Ok so (typing) "This is to remind you of the meeting on Friday regarding our annual sales and our top sellers" (lost in thought again) "Did I call "Dion" today wait let me check my phone, is it on?

He might try to call me oh shoot my ringer is on silent, what if he needs me to pick him up from the train station." Ok, finally memo finished let me send this right now, (lost in thought again) I remember the last time "Dion" and I hung out we had a great time, we were up all night watching movies, talking and laughing he was drinking some Patron

*he fixed me a glass of the same so I got a little tipsy. Ok,
message sent, finally that's done, shoot that was getting in the
way of my personal thoughts. Well time to go home I'm done for
the day. (Cell phone rings) oh it's a call from "Dion" finally!
Hey baby just leaving work how was your day, sorry I got so
busy I didn't have time to call you today it's good to hear your
voice, (lost in thought) did I send that memo out? Shoot!*

“Imagine This”

Imagine the lights are dim low and all you see is my curvy glow,
your touching my body real slow moving closer to me my mind is
free I had a long day, I couldn't wait for this moment so we can
play, you can touch, so I can love, I want to touch, I want your
tongue...licking the middle of my back, watch when I go down as
you ass smack, I've got skills so I'll be gentle yes I'm holding you
against your will you've captured my mental, I'm sentimental but
I made love to your mental, you don't mind cause I give you
chills, this love making is no cheap thrill...so I imagine as I attack
your lips and put your hands on my hips as we kiss...I like this

Imagine me laying my naked body on your back moist and wet
imagine what's next we've been blessed to have one another
imagine I'm your wife you can this for life, for love, for a happily

ever after our love is all that matters...imagine this your forever
mine and I'm forever yours!

“In His Eyes”

In his love I noticed that his eyes staring at me every time when he sees me he acts kind ‘a shy, but it's no surprise I'm use to this kind ‘a reaction, I've even had some that were near fatal because of the attraction, I don't claim to be more than what God made me to be, but it's something in his eyes that makes him believe, for me it's hard to conceive I'm not conceded, though I am a true believer that God gave me a gift sometimes it starts in the swaying of my hips only to me it's just a walk for in his eye's parts of me talk he can hear what some can only see, pay close attention and he'll make you believe, for in his eye's he's fallen in love, but with what...my voice is silent and my smile is soft but quiet, this man believes I could cause a riot, I believe that in his eye's he would like to be where ever my body lies!

“These Jeans”

I'm wearing these jeans you know the ones you like...my bottom (apple) sits in just right the pockets bulge and you indulge in my many curves, my *Baby Phat* cause you got it like that...when I walk or should I say glide in your direction I can see my silhouette, your reflection is just that and you have and e***** no that's a collection of my many womanly ways you've learned to understand that it's not just in the curve of my dance...it doesn't even start in these jean...it starts when you glance and smile with those bedroom eyes...I get close as you put on your favorite song the one that goes "T-shirt and My Panties on"...I won't strip, but on this night we can make love just let me ride 'til the morning sun comes up...let's have a little fun...these jeans fitting just right faded dark blue, made to cause a rise in you, my face presses against your cheeks and as the wind blows I felt your hands reach down softly caressing my thighs...

“It’s just Him”

It's his eye's that make me see the beauty in me, it's his love that inspires the joy you see, it's his arms wrapped around me that make me feel secure, it's his happiness that assures, it's his words of encouragement that has created the woman you know, he's not just asking or telling me to go with the flow he's a direct representation of the man God has created, not just some being who wants to lay me down and get naked, he's conditioned himself to know how to love for his past he blames no one, it's his way of holding my hand that says he will forever be my man...the beauty in me the joy you see, his arms wrapped securely around me, the happiness he assures, the words he encourages endures, the love we make, the ways we celebrate, it's his strength that has allowed us to build up, not hoping or wishing this isn't just good luck, it's his faith, love, and understanding of our God that brought us together so I stand to give him a round of applause!

“Just the sex”

Am I who you want, or is it that my sex is that good, are you who I want or is it that your f*** style is real hood, are we just pleasing to one another because we've been sexually deprived, it seems you showed up right on time, is this a moment where you realize the sex is all you have to make me smile, but you opened my eyes, a reminder that I need more, so once we are done dripping sexual sweat, we can depart with no regret you gave me what I need I gave you what you want, no need to pretend or put up a front, we both know that this has to end but damn we were good too bad we can't do this again and again and again, see that would just confuse the situation eventually emotions would come into play, we might fall in love and that's not what you want me I'm open as long as you can mentally provide what my heart wants, desires and needs.

“His Kiss”

I never would have imagined that his kiss would be like this...soft and gentle, the way he presses those thick juicy wet lips passionately on mine I start to reminisce about the many times I've been kissed and none of them before has caused the explosion like his kiss I feel a tickle as he starts to nibble on my earlobe just another place that will soon explode, his kiss follows with such passion I've found myself continuously asking...his lips don't just embrace my lips they find other places sometimes close to my hips, his kiss is worth me waiting for and in a few moments he'll walk through my door...he'll continue to explore touching some places he's already touch, and kissing the places he missed so much...

“Know what you want”

The man that she wants doesn't want her, he's everything she needs and feel she deserves, the man he is comes with no hurt, he's loving, loyal, kind, and he spoils, the man she wants doesn't want her...tells her he's not what she deserves, she doesn't want to hear that "he can't be hers"...The woman he wants doesn't want him her beauty exceeds all of them, she's loving and loyal and she spoils, her swag isn't just in the curve of her ass, she elegant, beautiful she's a lady with class...and if you ask she just might give you her last, he doesn't want to hear that “she's not ready for this”

The man she wants doesn't want her; the woman he wants doesn't want him...

“Loving You”

Loving you I thought would be easy because I'm so easy to love, we seem to fit like hand in glove, loving you I believed would be continuously filled with passion because I opened up and our love doesn't just stand still, loving you I thought would last a life time because I love believing your heart would always be mine, loving you in this world not many choices of good men are there to choose from, but we found each other and I'm not trying to run, loving me isn't easy but I'm so easy to love complication only comes when communication is not done.

Loving me turned out not to be the only one you wanted to love, loving me is easy but you're not ready, loving me is what I need from the one whose mind is steady...Loving you hasn't been easy but I'm so easy to love we laugh and talk enjoying life

having so much fun, loving me is easy because I'm so easy to
love, loving you is what I thought you needed but now it's done.

(Note)

I wanted him so bad sexually, mentally, and spiritually. I wanted my friend to want me as much as I wanted him. In my eyes he has the attributes that a woman desires in a man. He carries himself with class and he doesn't demand. We've been friends for more than three years and I've been waiting for two out of those three for him to say something. He's single and I'm single, well so I had to ask him one day "what is it about me that you don't want?" I was shocked by the answer and I knew I was taking a risk asking this question. He said "what! I do want you I just don't want you to fall short of what God has planned for you". Well that just made him more desirable and more attractive, now I'm more turned on and I want him even more.

That's crazy, why is it that we always want what we think we can't have.

Part of the problem is I've never met a man whose interest in me was more than just about the sex. Of course I thought maybe he wasn't attracted to me, but that would be crazy my ass is fine. I respect him and I realized that he brightened a light that was a little dim within me. Later after that conversation I thought about what I really wanted as far as a relationship goes.

His statements and advice made me re-evaluate who I am as a woman and as a woman of God who is fighting while traveling on this journey. He had a point he said "I need to stay focused" so I thought if I truly want a man of his caliber or better I need to stay true to God first then he will come. This is going to sound crazy, but for a moment I felt like EVE

pressuring ADAM into eating from the tree, haha. I had to take a step back and remember who I am and what I want and what I really believe in. Thanks to a friend I took a moment to do just that. I want more from him than just a sexual relationship; I want more than for us just to be friends.

“More than friends”

Over and over again I try to tell myself that we could never be more than friends, but all the while inside I knew this was real the way he made me feel...

I mean the way you feel on me and how your touching my body like I'm a Goddess I am your Queen you treat me to the finer things, you share in and make all my dreams become a reality...the way your touching my soul you're the driver, but God is in control so slow your role friends is where we started let's see where we begin I don't want this moment to be a pointless end...lovers we can't be not until God says let it be...we've pretended that we could only be friends, the truth is we blend well together let's talk about ending this never, and let's never talk about being apart, you now hold the only key to my heart so

where do we start is the subject, I don't want to be one of your rejects no disrespect, we started has friends, but I want to be more than just lovers, this isn't something I just discovered I've always known I'm the one you call home with you I never feel alone even when your gone...More than friends is where we should start with God's blessings if it doesn't work out friends is where we part.

“Morning Sex”

...and he's stroking her with a smooth groove, he's got her moist with his smooth moves, see she likes morning sex, cause he's nice thick and stretched, very bendy but hard, and she likes when he let's down his guard that's when he's more relaxed and it makes it easy to treat him like her favorite snack, devouring him like it's her last and only bite, this morning sex is worth putting up a fight, he's sucking the back of her neck, this is something she's never felt, her emotions grow and intensifies, from the anger to her sexual cries she realizes that for forty years she's been deprived, sex isn't overrated it's just been hidden from her life blinded to her eyes, this morning sex is surreal with no regret, he's giving her everything her body desires he's touched each part, and now he's gotten her started, he has awakened that sexual beast, and now

all she wants to do is feast, the air is crisp flowing through a cracked window, it's quiet all you hear are the sounds of a birds whistle as the winds blow, he's blowing in her ear softly and all she can hear are the moans that she makes daddy it's yours, this is love making blended with morning sex, she's now relaxed and begging dripping with sexual sweat...

“My Fragrance”

It's three in the afternoon and I'm late for a meeting, let me shower because sexually I got greedy, decided to walk so I could feel the breeze I'll enjoy the day because this morning my husband took my breath away, I noticed people staring, as I walk by the afternoons breeze blows my fragrance directly into their glaring and staring eyes, "His scent still" lingers he left this morning leaving a smile on my face, can't buy this in stores it's an individual's taste, a different aroma...each time it's a different scent one that “Sean John” can't duplicate it's risky this scent gives you a different look it's a complex ingredient this scent changes each time; add a smile, with sparkling eyes, not just a walk, but a stride, feeling light with the wind blowing through

your dress...hair is perfect no longer looking a mess, body's is no longer in distress. This fragrance is one that can't be duplicated Get to the office and close the door no appointments 'til about four still time to calm my scent of my husband's love making that's perfect. My fragrance fills the room my smile still fixed on my face; my stride still working the place as I precede...this fragrance is all I need.

“My Man”

I can't lose him he's my breath of fresh air, my strength when I'm weak, my voice when I can't speak he feeds me full fills my every need, he's my eyes when I can't see, he's loving me, in ways I have desired, he's the one who helps to inspire anything I do, he makes me feel secure I'm never insecure or unsure...with him, some people can't comprehend but this is my man, and he will take a stand he won't just fall for anything...he's like the changing of the weather from summer to spring, he's my night fall his love says it all, with him I can let down my guard so there's no wall...there's no battle between the two of us, it's him and me against the world...others try, but he has a woman and I have a man I don't want a boy, he's not looking for a girl-toy. I'm his pearl he's my rock nothing or no one can stop what we've built or

got, don't get me wrong sometimes he makes me mad, but we make up, then we make love and it's never enough we always want more, he's my love, my love maker, he's my lips when I need a demonstration...kiss me once then once again he's my lover and my friend... he's my breath of fresh air, my strength when I'm weak, my voice when I can't speak he feeds me full fills my every need, he's my eyes when I can't see, he's loving me, in ways I have desired, he's the one who helps to inspire...he's the man who moves me higher and ten years later he still inspires!

“My Simple Sweet”

He is a simple sweet sometimes he's my complex treat, he has an exciting strength no I'm not talking about the way his hands grip, I'm talking about the way he rests his head on my lap taking a moment to rub my back, speaking his mind as he caresses my behind, he has a soothing sound not just when he speaks, but sometimes when he makes me laugh, his voice can go from quiet to LOUD, respects me even when I'm not around...he's my simple sweet ...

He is a simple sweet he's silent even when he speaks he makes me think about the woman I am and the man who loves me, it's his simple love that inspires me to want more, not just from him, but from myself it's not money or wealth that I speak of it's the treasure that's priceless the keeps me up, it's HIS SIMPLE LOVE.

“Never Let Go”

There are days when we don't talk, but I can still hear his baritone voice with soft whispers of many conversations, there are times when we miss seeing one another, but I can still smell the scent of his cologne lingering, there are times when we don't touch and I can still feel his juicy moist lips pressed against the different parts of my body, I remember the times when he stared into my eyes just to remind me of how much he loves me and I can't help but to smile, there are times when I just sit still so I can feel his energy circulating my room and embracing my soul, this is the man that I will never let go!

Sometimes I take a moment and stare off into another place, remembering the last time he took me on a date, it was

simple and sweet just he and I walking on the beach, watching the sunrise as we talk nothing to over the top just simple conversation like what happened on the news today, I ask how was his day, sometimes we discuss four play, but this is our space this is our time no matter where we are we tend to shine.

There are moments when all we can do is text he sends me flowers in a sweet message, there are moments when I miss his laughter, but I can imagine the sound in my ear of the jokes he told when he was here, we laugh together, there are moments when I miss his touch but I remind myself that I'm fortunate to have his love, no one can compare there is none, this is why I still love this man I will never let go, this kind of love only comes once, his love feeds and is food for the heart!

There are moments when we don't talk, but I can still hear his baritone voice there are times when we miss one another, but I can still smell his scent, there are times when we don't touch and I can still feel his juicy lips, I remember the times when he stared into my eyes just to remind me of how he loves me, there are times when I just sit still so I can feel his energy embracing my soul, this is the man that I will never let go!

(Note)

She is my best friend and I love her, but this girl has so much man drama that it isn't funny. I came to the conclusion that she is a sex addict she doesn't care if he's married or not, as long as he takes care of her needs is all she wants. Now don't get me wrong I'm not knocking what she does if that's what makes her happy that's between her and God.

We decide to go out and get our party on she's dressed with her sexiest dress showing legs, cleavage and then some, I put on my conservative, but sexy attire showing some cleavage. She's slimmer so that's what she's comfortable wearing I'm thick so I dress differently. Her and I in the club we are familiar faces so people speak as we walk into the bar to grab a drink before checking out who's in the club and what's going on the dance floor. All of a sudden I notice this fine ass man walking

my way, 6'3, brown eyes, caramel brown skin, beautiful smile with drink in hand, wearing a chain for a belt, a nice long sleeve stripped Sean John shirt and some faded baggy jeans with some suede timberlands on, I was like "damn" I turn to my girl and say" look at his fine ass before the night is over I will have his number", she agrees that he's fine. As the night goes on I notice she had disappeared while I on the dance floor I look for her and when I find her she sitting with the fine ass man I talked about earlier chopping it up I get off the dance floor and walk to the table where they sit she introduced me he grabbed my hand and kissed it, I was impressed.

I say a few words and he asked if I would like a drink I say "no thank you" they seems to be engaged in a very intimate conversation or should I say sexual conversation and I didn't really want to be a third wheel so I went back to the dance floor. They continued their conversation, I didn't really care my

thought was if he's interested in her then more power to him and I hope she's enjoying herself.

This is not a competition I never feel the need to compete with another woman for the attention of a man because what I have to offer is different then what she has to offer. Either he wants me or her it's his choice in the beginning, but after that it's my right to choose.

“No Competition”

What one man finds to be beautiful in me another may
find that something beautiful in you

So, why as a woman do you feel the need to compete with me?
This isn't a competition; this isn't a race if you win what's the
prize...a deceptive man in disguise?

My complexion isn't the same as yours I wear my hair
different 'cause I like to explore...the many ways I can change
my womanly flavor...my eyes are brown and yours are black so
why would you stab me the back or back stab me...his love isn't
yours it can't be...he's seeing another just used you for some
secret loving...he accepted your secret garden...don't mean to
disrespect so pardon...my bluntness...you would roll your eyes or

show attitude...its not me it's the man is just giving you the blues...

So, why as a woman would you feel the need to try an out do me...we are different but the same I mean your parents gave you a name...

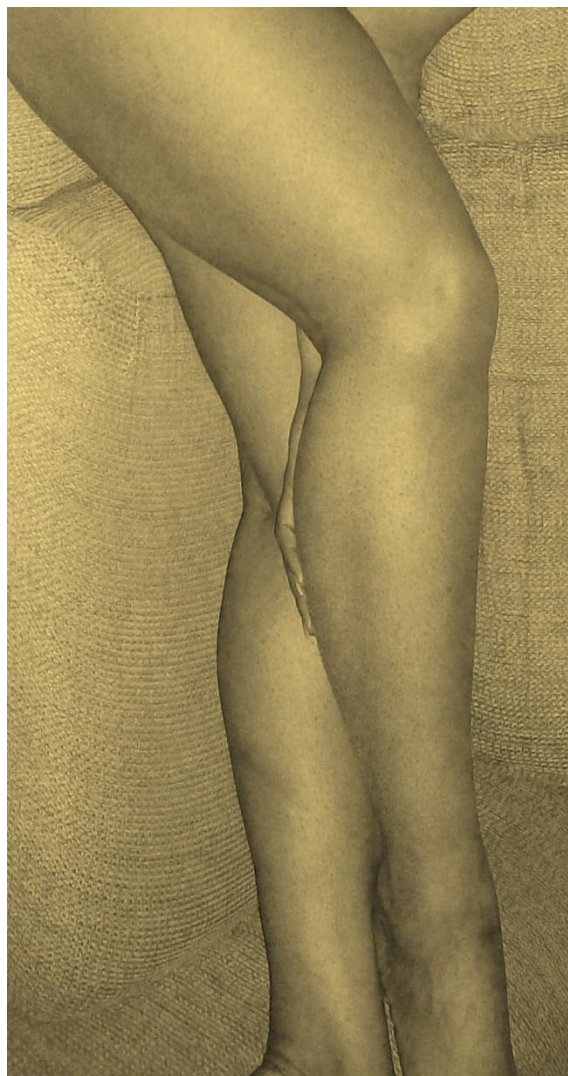
As a woman sometimes you flirt...depending on the man is the value of your worth...for him any woman that shows him the attention she's the one and oh not to mention...if she has a friend that's down...he'll take you both and won't say a word or make a sound...he'll play you both one against the other...he's a player and he's not undercover...

So, why as a woman would you disrespect me I'm not like you and you're not like me...

“Our Love”

You're the most, I'm your best, tell me you love me this isn't a test, bring me flowers, let me give you a kiss, hold me close and don't let go, we stand together fall never, I love you always, Make Love? YES every day, this isn't a bedroom thing, we're all over the place, but it's not a fling not a one night stand, we walk hand in hand, it's not always breezy, but we make it look easy...those around us talk, sometimes it's just in the way we walk...Our LOVE...is what some desire...turn to God he's our higher power, our strength to make it work, sometimes we even flirt...with each other you are mine and I am your lover...it took us a moment just to discover that I was born for you and you were studying me...Our LOVE...we finally came together went through the storm and some troubled weather...just to arrive at this

point, together we stand divided we would fall...by your side I'll
forever be, loving me makes it easy for us to breathe, YOUR
forever is who I will be, no way I would ever leave, we'll never
part...I loved you before met from the heart...look at the stars they
guided you to me...Our LOVE continuously



“Patience”

Only she could see from afar his eye's and love tattooed on her heart, so she waited with anticipation, only he could see from years before that she is am the woman who holds the key to unlocking his hearts door, so he waited on God because he knew with her would have more, the waiting and anticipating both of them together now, and even through the storm it's beautiful weather, even through the heart ache and disappointed they both stayed true to God and are anointed, less stressed from the pressures of life they were meant to be man and wife, to live life and enjoy one another including being great lovers, he was born for her and she was designed for him, both prepared and ready for great love making...patience is a virtue so they say and if you wait on God the love will come your way.

(Note)

He's so sweet, but he's so far away sometimes, he's a business man so he has to take care of business at times in another city. We talk as often as we can to feel close to one another. He even bought me this cute birthday card to make sure I know that he remembered.

I think he likes me but he just won't really say, I understand and it's ok. When we get on the phone we talk about life nothing in particular he tells me how his work day was and I explain how I need to get my hair done and my feet are in need of a pedicure...lol. We engage in a deep discussions about relationship issues, the conversation is all over the place we talk about his friends and mine whose in a good and whose in a bad relationship, all of a sudden he decides to call me by my name, but my name isn't Teresa that's his ex-girlfriend, keep in mind

they broke up six years ago. I'm stunned so I tilt my head to the left as only I know that I am doing this, he tries to bypass the fact that he slipped up, and eventually I address it. I said "What did you call me", in a calm soft voice, he gives some lame excuse saying "well my mother mentioned her today so that stuck in my head" then he tells me "I didn't hear what I know I heard." So now he's trying to make me sound crazy and play on my intellect. I can't believe this shit, but I say ok first time honest mistake "maybe" but a few days later he did it again.

I just said you know what we can't be anything more than just friends. Apparently you haven't gotten over your last and I won't be in a relationship with someone whose still living with their past we could never have a future at least not together. I told him to try and work out those issues and maybe he can move on, but for now I have to move on...we don't talk

anymore but before I ended it I had him SAYING MY NAME!

I'm sure he'll never forget me.

“Say My Name”

Say my name and don't mess this up I'm sexually heated and I need to be filled up, say my name and hold my body tight be gentle, but grip me like this real nicely it's our last night, say my name and whisper all the freaky things you wanna do and I'll let you know if it feels good to you, say my name it's Kottyn just in case you forget, “Ms Becky” is not my name so don't let that slip...don't say anything you might regret, let that be the last time you disrespect, but I bet you won't forget...say my name it turns me on I'm a rider I can last all night LONG!

Remember this will be your last please believe, doggy style I think not, take your time go down on me, say my name get it right your good, but ***THIS IS YOUR LAST NIGHT!***

“She Needs You”

She needs you here with her right now, her thoughts are about how you put it down, the way you caress, and give her body the shakes, never worrying about the time that it takes, you're never too busy to show her how you love, never too busy to slip on the jimmy hat or glove, she remembers the way you kiss she can't help but to reminisce about the how good your love is...and the simple things she miss and how you must miss her...when are you coming home it's been a week and she's alone, and she's lonely for you...no any man will do, her body belongs to you...

She desires to only be with you, your needs fit with hers like a shine to a diamond last time you were together you had her climbing...with the way you kiss her lips...she said “STOP” this is causing too much movement in my hips as she grips the

*sheets...she needs you here to taste your sweet, because she needs
the way you feed, the way you speak, the way you flow...She needs
your love and more!*

“Stand Strong”

I need you to stand strong as a man and as a woman I'm here with you I can't leave your side I am apart of you and you are a part of what makes me who I am, in your moment of weakness, I see the strength in you, the love that lives in your heart, the very love that I have longed for, so I've fallen in love with you even more, you come to me when things are tough, we fight together so we never struggle alone...WE JUST STAND STRONG even in your moment of trials you never let down your guard you manage to make things look easy and your still sweet to me, bringing me flowers just to say you love me, and I run your bath water so you can relax this is team effort because we are under attack, the devil is always working, but WE STAND STRONG in God because it's worth it!

“Teach Me”

Did it every occur to you that I show you love the only way I know how, but if you want me to do it differently just SHOW ME, don't ridicule or put me down, don't belittle me I'm not like you I was raised by a different Kingdom somewhere near another life, I said that to say I'm human to and your suppose to be my wife, but we've lived different lives, I love you and if I could I would rewind stop time my only focus would be you for just a little while others would have no clue, but I know that I love you, so don't emotionally beat me, teach me...Unless you don't want me in that case you should let me go I will bow out gracefully I'll leave walk out your door, real slow because I really don't want to go, but if my loving you makes you so unhappy, I'll do what has to be, no more you and me, sometimes I think I could stay even if you wanted he which would make three, “You, Me and He” but I can't stand the thought of another touching you...so just teach me

the way you want to be loved. Putting me down just makes me want to run, leave you where you stand don't disrespect who I am as man. SHOW ME and you'll soon believe in the way a man should love you is something worth the wait and can be achieved. He's the man you looked past because you couldn't get over your last. Don't cast me out because I'm unaware of the way you want my love to penetrate and stare pierce your soul teach me how you want our love to unfold truth be told your my first, you satisfy my hungry and my thirst your everything a man could want just teach me your needs and wants, I love you so my position is to feed your desires because your soul has a need.

“Beautiful Love”

The Beauty OF LOVE is when Mr. Boss speaks so beautifully of Mrs. Boss how he expresses the kind of woman she is from the sounds of him she handles her biz, the beauty OF LOVE is when NQ speaks about the kind of woman he wants the man in him and how he communicates and talks sometimes taking her for long walks just because, the beauty OF LOVE is when Mrs. Cooper has that look in her eyes the moment when Mr. Cooper takes a moments to surprise or to enjoy their family game time what is there to deny, the beauty OF LOVE is when you watch two people joined in holy matrimony like when Shay and Myk joined together not just as man and wife but partners for life he acknowledges her and she does in return what most can only long for and yearn, the beauty OF LOVE is Sheila knowing how to treat her man showing him love the moment he touches her hand couldn't wait for him to walk in the door just to sit beside her near

the fireplace on the living room floor, the beauty OF LOVE is knowing it exists like when you meet someone and you have that first kiss, you share a moment you know God has ordained, you know in your heart this is the present and it's not the same as all those others in your past you know the beauty in this is that it will last, the beauty OF LOVE is when you hold your child on your lap telling them about life's mishaps holding them close tell them that you love them the most, the beauty OF LOVE is at some point you have it, the worse thing is not knowing what the meaning OF LOVE is!

“Tears of Joy”

The tear I shed is a tear of joy, if you can understand that you understand that you mean more, the smile I smile comes from the thought of you...the way you tilt your head in your silent thoughts, the laugh I laugh comes from the time you walked out the house with tissue stuck to your shoe, these are just some of the things I miss about you, even though you're not here I still love you it's clear, I pray that the next woman whom you grace with your love will understand that you're a man that needs to be loved...she should know that you're the kind of man that most women would die for, the kind that women cry and lie for to have by their side who cares about pride when I have you to dry my eyes...

“This is me”

I am a woman who knows when to be silent, when to be heard, I am a woman who likes to spoil and be spoiled, I am a business minded woman, with goals and a vision that I won't stop fighting for, I love my God, I am a woman who does what she has to so that her man wants for nothing out side of her, I am a passionate, compassionate, caring, strong, woman I don't need a man I desire to be with a man who desires to be with me...my beauty comes from within and pours out for those around me to see, I can be your biggest supporter in whatever you do...I don't share my man and I don't share what belongs to my man...I'm honest and protective, classy is what I am sometimes even when my surroundings say otherwise...I am passive at times but will step upwhen it counts...I love to be complimented but I also appreciate constructive criticism, I evaluate self before I point the finger, I believe in spiritual counseling if needed to make something

work...I'm loyal so I'm the best friend you could have...I love
hard...but once I'm done you may never have what I just describe
from me again.

(Note)

He buys her, whatever her heart desires and she accepts knowing he is not who she wants. She wants what he has to offer in material value. She's not worthy of the man he is and she's not interested in being with him. I don't understand why he doesn't recognize the signs or is it that he's so blind by the sexual activity between the two of them. It's a shame how some men forget to look past the sex or her sexual objects. I hear the cries of those men and about how they can't understand. He does everything for her and she treats him like shit, but he stays with her and she continues to pretend, to be something she's not because if she doesn't she knows that he will stop, buying the things she desires. Somehow it's a challenge for him to be with a woman he has to chase for the smallest amount of affection, just to get a little erection. She's showing you who she really is but you can't get past the sex. Did it ever occur to you that

you're doing everything right giving her what she wants, however the problem isn't you, it's her and although you're giving her what she wants she doesn't really want them from YOU! Did it ever occur to you that she's might be playing you for a fool, no matter all you see is her round apple bottom and you drool. This kind of woman has her eye on a different kind of man, so will you continue to fall or take a stand! You're just around because she's getting what he wants without giving you her heart you say spread and she says how far! Ask yourself is she really the kind of woman you want? In another few years when you've run out things to buy or money to buy them with, she'll find continue to see her lover and you well you'll be scared, for the next woman you'll make it hard, for her to love you, you may take it out on her when she had nothing to do with the pain that was caused by the other woman.

“What Kind of Woman”

There isn't any part of me that he doesn't love, unconditionally or is it that he lusts for me, he has proven that, anytime I worry he picked me up and carried me through, what kind of woman have I been to you, you treat me like I am Queen, but my only concern is the material things and I sometimes don't appreciate it, you send me flowers and all I say is that "Your Late" I didn't even make your plate and you worked hard today nor kiss your lips, you grab my waist and hold my hips, wrapped me up in your love, if I'm not careful you'll be done, I could have taken a moment to run your bath, instead I'm looking for what you have for me, what kind of woman have I been to you, you've held me down like super glue, and not to mention you've been true, faithful, loyal and even attentive, this isn't like any other relationship I've been in...You won't debate or argue if we can't discuss you don't feel the

need to fuss, You've been patient and I've been flakey, making promises that I didn't keep if I'm not careful you'll fall asleep in the arms of another once you're gone I would then discover, the kind of man you've been to me, one that loves unconditionally, I've taken your love for granted, sometimes I'm ashamed and I can't stand it or myself, I believe I want you I know what your love is worth, what kind of woman I am to abuse all you have to offer.

“With a smile on my face”

Woke up this morning and the sheets are wet, I noticed you weren't here, the sun beaming through the window shades, you left leaving a smile on my face, as I lay in bed clutching my pillows, I start to reminisce about the way you held and kissed in that spot just thinking about it gets me hot I'd better stop or I'll be late for work, the thought of you going deep touching me 'til it hurts "so good" yea I like that...I remember that it's thick like wood you do things that he never could...

You left leaving a smile on my face and I love this I can embrace the way you make love to me even when you're not here, mentally your love conquers my fears...

I made it to work so as I sit at my desk working hard as I do, I smile, because once again I'm thinking of you, the other day

when you stopped by with two roses I was surprised and this has been noted, you left a wonderful moment roaming through my mind your love doesn't leave me blind...you are the man that I have dreamed of forever, your love for me is ending, never...you've shown me even when you're not here that you want me it's been a long year...I enjoy the way you kiss I like the expressions you make with your lips, but wait watch my hips this is the motion you cause in me I can't keep still you give my body chills and priceless thrills...

You left leaving a smile on my face and I love this I can embrace the way you make love to me even when you're not here, mentally your love conquers my fears...

“You took my choice”

When did you stop loving me, we sat and talked, but you never shared that thought, was I blind or is it that your just so unkind so selfish that you were only thinking about your feelings, maybe it's because you didn't want to hurt me by keeping these thoughts to yourself, all you did was make things worse, you decided selfishly that you didn't want me to leave, but you knew you had to go, I believed that we would always be together, but you knew that this wouldn't continue, but you continued to put on this charade, so looks like I got played, you took away my choice by choosing to keep quiet about the truth, now my anger level went through the roof, my heart aches because of you, all you had to do was Tell-Me-The-Truth, before it got this far, I ache because I love him still see the love didn't go far...

“You’re the air I need”

Your honesty is like the air you breath, your eyes say you desire to feed my needs, you’re not just handsome, but you are beautiful to me, your love fills my soul with ecstasy, your lips, well when they kiss create a difference in the way I move my hips, your conversation is sensational the things you say give me such a satiable...appetite, the way your jeans sag below your waist just right, I can tell your well hung and can lay down your pipe, your loyalty has opened up a new part of me, the lock is open so you no longer need a key...it's tattooed on your heart and mine, candle light dinner your idea and sometimes mine, your thoughtfulness understands that I don't like wine, champagne will do you choose the bottle your favorite is alright, your hands when they touch has taken time to understand my body so when you lay me down you won't miss any part of Ms.Kottyn...

“His Senses”

If I could breathe life with you every day I would live forever, to taste your every breathe would fill my appetite, to smell your scent brings joy to my air, to see the smile in your eyes creates a sparkle that brightens a room, the way you listen sends a message and I don't ever have to speak, you feed and I eat, you laugh and I breathe I take a breath...I live to teach this love to others, we work well as one not just as friends but also as lovers...

You sense when I'm not happy the way you understand no other could grasp it, you notice when my hair has changed, and you call me these sweet names I'm spoiled and your to blame...

You sense when I'm tired so you run my bath water, sit me down and wash my back, got me feeling like royalty never

met a man like you so I can't believe that you really exist, it becomes real the moment you kiss and touch your senses are more than lust and I love you more.

So...If I could breathe life with you every day I would live forever, to taste your every breathe would fill my appetite, to smell your scent brings joy to my air, to see the smile in your eyes creates a sparkle that brightens a room and no other could compare!

(Note)

It's 2:00am and we are still up talking about everything you can possibly think of, the conversation is always good and very inspiring. He's very intelligent and I love this about him, he reminds me to stay true to who I am as a woman and as a mother. He has no idea how turned on I am by him in so many ways and not sexually but mentally, this man has no idea how many times he's made love to me mentally and emotionally so I'm going to tell him as I have no problem doing. He thinks I'm just talking but keep in mind I've known him for awhile now and we are only just friends I know you readers were thinking something sexual but it's not.

He's the sweetest man I've known, but he's no pushover, if you rub him the wrong way or try to game play he will put you in your place read you your rights. He has the kindest eyes, the

sweetest lips, the most beautiful smile you can't miss it. He stands strong which keeps me strong. He reminds me not to only view things from my eyes he doesn't do any name calling or put me down.

He motivates me through his actions. He remembers more of what I say than I do. He keeps me grounded, we sit up talking and laughing until the sun comes up. He's the first man to ever build me up. He's supportive in what I do I need this man always in my life I may not be her, but someday he'll have a wife! For now he builds me up and I love him for that.

“You build me up”

From the moment we met I was drawn to you it wasn't just sexual it was mental stimulation we've conversed on many levels you advise me not settle...I'm hungry so you feed focusing on what I deserve and need. I love YOUR thoughts, so I listen and you proceed to remind me of the woman God conceived and I believe, with each moment you manage to build me up laying each brick with your gentle touch your love and life you say live and with care and concern I take it all in, I've learned...to hear not just listen You build me up so I pay close attention, men like you don't come along everyday so I'm holding on cause I need you always, you've made additions to my life restructured what I thought was dead inside!

“Remember Me”

When my life is over what will you remember about me? Will you wait 'til I die just to send me flowers, wait 'til they read my obituary to tell me you love me, wait 'til they sing "His Eyes on the Sparrow" and remember that you never called to see how I was doing, will you wait 'til the Pastor asks "does anyone want to speak" then remember the beautiful things about me, the last time you saw my face, if there was sadness in my eyes, but you were so caught up in your own life that you couldn't take a moment of your time to focus in on someone else's needs and sometimes it's not all about you, someday that someone else could be you, don't live your life so selfishly because someday that someone else really could be YOU or ME...



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www.mskottynspetry.com and sign your name leave me a message. Much love to you God Bless and thank you for your support. Remember to put God first and everything else will fall into place.

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