



**Poems of Love
Desire
Deceit**

PETER WINTERS

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Preface to Poems of Love Desire Deceit

In 1983, I started writing poems which reflected my feelings with honesty in a little booklet. In my search for the love of my life: the ONE. The woman I could trust with my soul, emotions, desires and sacred feelings.

In 1987, I met one, a recent divorce. Who inspired me to pen my desires of love, wild romantic fantasy and sexual fulfilment. Some of my poems were silly, whimsical, and raw. Others were romantic declarations of my love for her. I put these poems in a keepsake booklet for her, using a calligraphy style of handwriting. I've also kept my poems on my computer's hard drive in WordPerfect format. Unfortunately, our relationship ended in 1993 for reasons beyond our control.

I kept writing poems in a never-ending quest for genuine and virtuous love without shame exploring darker desires in a Master/slave relationship. You may find them shocking or perhaps as a fantasy based upon the numerous women I have met and had relationships with in my search for the ONE. In 2002, I met a woman from the UK, and our torrid love affair began in person. She inspired me to write several poems for her. Faith interfered in our love affair that lasted for over a year. With much regret from both of us, it was terminated.

Again, I was forced to continue my quest to find that special person. In my quest, I encountered much deceit and betrayal. My poems reflected my pain, sorrow and eternal hope of not giving up to find her. In 2022, I was contacted by a beautiful woman in her late 30s, well-educated, who misled me and failed herself as well as me.

The poems are illustrated with original images and artwork, of women who made a difference in my life for the better or worse.

Despite being much older, my search continues for the ONE, my forever girl in the last phase of my life. Will I ever find her? Who wants to be mine forever as she sees the richness of my soul, can overlook my age and is brave enough to say, "I am yours. Be yourself and love me!"

I dedicated this book to the ONE woman who wants to be my forever girl.

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I. From 1983

A single rose

Fire

My Fantasy Lady

Making Love

Possessed

Searching

Your Call

A single rose



A single rose may be,
symbolizing my love for thee.
For you to touch, to feel and see
it is far from perfect.
But that is the beauty,
it is genuine and always will be.

FIRE



Let your desire light my fire,
you're my woman so don't let others impose.
Kiss me hard kiss me wet,
slide your tongue in deep, explore.
Show me your fire,
Let us go for a wild ride.
Baby, we have nothing to hide,
in my car, in the countryside.
On top of a cliff, beside the river,
on top of my desk or in your fancy bed.
Show me your passion,
go wild, and explore.
We are free to love and to enjoy,
if others watch, let them clap and call for an encore.
Baby, feel my fire my unending desire,
infatuation for you is easy to see you are my love, drive me to ecstasy.
Wrap your legs around me amorously,
kiss me hard kiss me wet.
Let's watch the sunset from your bed,
let me drive you into a frenzy.
Kiss and probe with my tongue ever deeper,
savouring your scent and sultry flavour.
You arch your back, jolt forward,
murmuring joyfully as you want more.
We drive each other wild,
our love is so intense, everything pails by its opulence.

My Fantasy Lady

Whatever happened to my lady?
I wondered while sipping my tea.
Is she frightened away by a preconceived fantasy?
Please don't be!
I'm simply a man, give yourself a chance and see.
I have two arms, two legs, two warm brown eyes,
in a slim 6-foot frame, with gentle hands that can make you feel alive!
I can paint you a sunny landscape with gently rolling hills,
take you on a journey to castles built on peaks.
Walk with you in mysterious forests,
hand in hand exploring places we have never been.
We can laugh, cry, or smile,
and make passionate love under the stars.
Trust yourself as I extend my hand to you,
my unknown friend.
Disappointed you will never be,
if you can open the gates to your heart and mind.

Making Love

I am lusting for you baby,
my heart pounding, my manhood erect.
All I can think of is your soft moistness,
the warmness of your touch.
Baby, your lips touching mine,
the aroma of your sex drives me wild.
I am looking into your beautiful eyes,
I feel I can see your soul,
our movements find a gentle stride,
as we glide toward ecstasy, cum baby! Cum for me!
Our bodies intermingled, united as one
Our souls are so different yet embrace each other in harmony
I want this to last for eternity.
I'm lusting for you, like the first time you touched me.
Our hearts beat to the same beat,
we found in each other compatibility.
Oh, darling! I love you with such lust,
and I'm so glad your passion burns with such delight
Being with you is dynamite!
You pull me towards you with intensity,
as I feel your body trembling, shaking in delirium
and hear you call my name blissfully
I love making you happy, as you fulfill all my fantasies.
As our bodies start to relax we embrace tenderly,
levitating on the delights amour.
You kiss me so softly and whisper your delight
We feel so alive, in the fervour of the night.

Possessed

Some people think I am crazy,
you may even think that I am a fool.
Some people think I am possessed,
you may think I am obsessed.

I am none of the above,
just a person trying to reach out for true love.
My honesty is different,
may scare a lot of callous people away.

I only want one person in this world who understands me,
and knows that honesty is the only way.
Why lie to each other,
build false expectations do you think is the best way?

When you only have to listen to your heart for you to know — honesty is the only way.
If you think I'm crazy, have a good laugh at my expense!
Someday, you will realize I am not crazy or obsessed.
I know who I am what I seek — I only seek the best.

True love for a lifetime, a passion that never ends.
That is the only possession I can give you, my dearest friend.
Can you open up your soul, like the way I have, to let me in?
You say I would like to, but I am so afraid -- what happens if I fail?

If you want true love, you have to try against all odds,
remain dedicated to your aim, and you will not fail.
Because my heart will guide you, and your soul will be clean and refreshed.
Do you still think I am crazy or obsessed?

Searching



I often wished for you to be my side,
strip yourself down to your naked flesh.
Open wide, show me your warm moistness,
reveal to me your desire to please.
Pull me deep, deep inside, squeeze me hold on tight,
I want to feel your love only from the inside.

I heard too many empty words, broken promises from now on,
I just want to feel happiness and cleanse my soul of the past.
Press your firm nipples into my craving mouth,
let me lick, suckle, and bite, and submit to my delight.
Imprint your body into mine,
let yourself be the only one in my mind.

I want you to be my slave of love,
my beaming starlight in the darkest night.
My oasis of delight in the blazing sun,
my energy, source of hope, my life.
Take my hand, place it deep inside,
so I can feel all your heat day and night.

Suckle my cock with all your might,
taste my taste in your mouth.
Long for every drop, swallow my liquid love,
give me the joys of love and life.
Be the woman, my center of sensation,
be my slave of love, my only true addiction.

Your call

Every time the phone rings, I hope and pray that it's you.

But, it's someone else.

You gave me hope and reinforced my faith,
and now you do not call me, why are you so afraid?
Your wonderful gentle voice was music to my soul,
and taken the pain away.

Your sweet laugh was such a refreshing change.
Am I just dreaming, imagining that you called me in the first place?

Are you a creation of my mind -- a mirage?

I pray that you are for real,
and can understand my tortured soul.

Please, do not be so afraid,
do not let my honesty frighten you away!

Please, do not be a cruel hoax in my quest for love!

Please, reveal yourself to me, at the other end of the line!

Do you feel that I would betray your trust,
can't you see all I seek is pure love?

Love is based only on honesty, integrity, and mutual respect.

Is that so hard to take?

Can't you feel the honesty and the warmth I radiate?

Trust your heart, be brave! You are needed so much!

I ask you, why are you so afraid?

All I can do is wait and believe in the faith,
that gave you an urge to call me in the first place.

I wait, and wait, with impatience, and pray when I hear my phone ring.

Please let it be you on the line!

II. From 1987

A Mirage

Spring is in the air

Your eyes

A Mirage



The ice flowers were slowly melting on the window pane in the fresh morning light.

A gentle hand touched me, and I felt the warmness of her touch tingling in delight.

I turned to her, glancing into her eyes my thoughts raced at the speed of light.

Embracing her, I just knew she was what I needed for the rest of my life.

Erotic, a deeply passionate soul, she would be an intoxicating wife.

Smiling at me with those sensual lips made me wonder

Is she real? -- or just another mirage.

Suddenly, I opened my eyes.

It was only a dream.

A mirage.

Spring is in the air

My spirit longs for love.

Seeing you and feeling your touch.

The warmth radiates from deep within.

Igniting my passion as I caress your skin

We kiss, teasing and probing our senses reeling.

Ascertaining blissful harmony, the joy of the certain ecstasy.

Hearts pounding, our thirst for pleasure unyielding, bodies vibrating.

Eyes dilating, sultry muskiness permeating, lustful moaning fill the fresh air.

Engulfed in each other's collapsing bodies, savouring this sensation, absorbing lust.

Your eyes

Your eyes reflect deep love and kindness,
your touch, warmth and tenderness.
Looking into your eyes, I feel relaxed and so happy
touching your soft skin assured and delighted.
Your voice gently resonates with fondness,
your presence turns my days bright with sunshine,
even when it's pouring outside.
Baby, I feel the glow inside feels so good to be alive!
Your silky hair brushes against my skin,
and your fresh bouquet lingers in my senses.
We smile and embrace,
holding each other, never wanting to let go.
You make all the difference in my life,
please, always remain the way you are.
I am alone now, thousands of miles away,
but when I look at the clear blue sky -- I see your eyes.
I feel your love and embrace as the sun warms my skin.
You are with me deep inside,
always on my mind as you should be.
We will be together soon, and have faith,
darling, how long do I have to wait? -- It feels like an eternity.
Until I can gaze into your beautiful eyes again.
To watch you smile and hear your sweet laugh.
Will you be just as happy with me after this journey till eternity?

III. From 1988

A morning thought

First time lovers

The sizzle of your kiss

A morning thought

I woke up recently, and from the second I was up,
you were the one I was thinking of.
I miss you so much from my life,
I need your presence, your hot moist love in my life.
My desires burn with passion,
I want to feel satisfaction.
To feel your lips, hear your voice, and your touch.
The warmth of your skin craving for me.
Longing to please me deep inside,
as you take me into your mouth and between your hips.
Pushing me deeper into your waiting warm and moist lips
You make my life whole again with your love day and night
Oh, babe, you are such a delight I thank God that you're alive.

First time lovers

You felt my cool hands on your burning flesh,
I felt the sizzle in my fingertips.
Our lips met the first time,
we embraced in a long passionate kiss.
My hands slowly caressed your body with tenderness,
and felt the moistness between your legs.
You pulled me closer, nipples erect,
I felt them pushing against my chest.
Looked into your soul through your eyes,
I saw the flaming passion without any disguise.
You wanted to make love as much as I,
you asked me to teach you what I would like.
I kissed you gently and softly replied,
you smiled, engulfed me with your passionate lips.
Until you felt and tasted my warm bliss,
we embraced each other several times that night.
Our bodies were hot, sweaty, and satisfied,
as we greeted dawn in each other's arms.
I heard you say darling can you teach me more tonight?

The sizzle of your kiss

The sizzle of your kiss,
from your tender lips.
The feel of velvet as I touch your skin,
the heat that arises from deep within.
The desire in your sparkling eyes,
for unspeakable passions throughout the night.
The coldness of steel on your erect nipples.
The sharpness of leather rippling on your skin.
The sting, the glow as it radiates.
The deep sigh as you count,
every lash out loud.
After ten, I stop to see,
for the signs of any liquid diamonds rolling free
You smile at me to continue.
I probe deeply between your legs,
Spreading you open with my fingertips.
Sultry moistness permeates,
and dark pink lips separate.
Engulfing, pulling me deeper as I penetrate.
The sizzle of your kiss,
from your tender lips.
Dark shadows of lovers unite,
in the flickering candlelight.

IV. From 1989

Letting go

Love is

Letting go...

In my pain, I wallow.
How can I feel so low to let you drive me insane?
Why do I feel for you what I do?
Deep inside in my soul,
Wanting to be loved by you.
Only you, by you!
Do I surrender myself to this feeling?
Am I too weak to admit that I love you and need you?
Can I say go?
Would you be in my place?
Could you truly go?
We both die deep inside,
yet we emerge stronger, more determined
To find "US" in someone else.
We fool ourselves once again.
Realizing that this was just a cruel game of life.
In my pain, I wallow, drowning in sorrow.
As I felt LOVE, I let it go.

Love is

Love is a feeling that grabs your soul
Our souls are on fire, burning with passion
Passion that drives us insane with desire
Desire and wanting to give our best
Our best, and questions – Are we doing our best?
Raising doubts, more questions than resolutions
Resolutions that make no sense only to us in our blindness
In our blindness, the feeling is burning bright
Brightness that blinds us in our love
Love that we want to cherish and bonds us
Bonding that enslaves each other
Wondering if are we slaves or our own Master?
Love is a feeling deep within our soul full of brightness
Brightness that enriches and nourishes our hunger
Hunger that drives us to love
Love, our strength, and our weakness
Our destiny of pain and so much joy
The joy that uplifts and pushes us to go on
On to our destiny of being ONE in love
Love is what I feel for you, in your enslavement of me
Your enslavement my total joy and harmony
Harmony in my life that I need
Needed you are, my LOVE

V. From 1990

Silence and distance

Sitting by my desk, I think of you.
The photo of us reminds me of the joys of the past.
Yet, in my soul, there is a lot of turmoil.
I'm confused and ask – why?
There is no reply – just silence and distance.
Am I sad for you, for myself, or for us?
Did I experience another mirage?
The answer lies within your silence and distance.
The pain is real, like the disappointments.
I stare at your photograph.
I close my eyes and feel your touch, hear your whispers.
Opening my eyes – reality dawns upon me with full impact.
I ask – why?
My hopes fade with every passing moment.
Wasted minutes, hours, days, nothing makes sense anymore.
Only the reality – we are apart.
The bubble ruptured, downward spiral of self-destruction began.
We are no longer.
Dreams and hopes died in sorrow due to a lack of commitment from you
I ask – why?
No answers – just silence and distance.

VI. From 1991

Cycles of Love or Life?

You and I

CYCLES of LOVE or of LIFE?



space
sparkle
explosion
brightness
hope
desire
passion
sensuality
lust
love
fulfillment
ecstasy
commitment
harmony
serenity
compassion
longing
realization
betrayal
damnation
unforgiveness
implosion
blackness
space

You and I

You gave me hope and inspiration
Your voice is a tingling sensation
Your heart needs loving affection
You are my dreams and infatuation

I want to be the man you trust
I want to be the hand that you hold onto tight
I want to be the lips that kiss you good morning and good night
I want to be your rock of Gibraltar

You should never be afraid
You can believe in me and my faith
You will discover that I'm very sensual
You can count on that my intentions are factual.

VII. From 1993

The world within

In my loneliness, I merge with you within the universe of my mind
To bask in the warmth of your soul, in the gleaming pure brilliant rays, in a
selfish ecstasy of wanting you.
Rising higher, sinking deeper – there are no dimensions in space, infinite,
immeasurable, untouchable – like you.
Floating, engulfed in your spirit and might, as I'm drawn to you mesmerized,
you are the source of the light
How long will my journey last?
This longing for you and your love is my demise, stupidity, or certainty?
Time whizzing by, clicking, the hands moving fast forward on my clock.
In a mirror floating by, I see myself changing.
Tears roll softly from my eyes as I get older – realizing my mortality my life is
unfulfilled – empty.
A quick flash is my life, in the infinite time and space
Full of heartache as my tears float on by exploding into images of happiness,
worlds unknown to me.
Embracing you, feeling the warmth of your tender skin as I feel your love and
moistness from deep within.
Torrid surreal images of desires swirling around me
Voices, distant echoes reverberating in this cosmic orgasmic ecstasy inside my
world.
Ruthless, loud laughter mocking, mimicking my failures and feelings.
Encouraging soft angelic words urging me on
Reaching, grasping for you, drawn into your seclusion of selective solitude
Desires, fever, intensely compressed, wanting to burst into flames to ignite the
needed passion of yours to glow, emit as my beacon of enlightenment.
Yearning to be engulfed by your love in my perceived world of escapement in
my subconscious world of loneliness within my soul.

VIII. From 1999

Dominator

I am

Time is like love

Waiting

D O M I N A T O R

I am your worst nightmare as you scream.

I am the image you dared to dream.

I am the one you seek.

I am strong and you're the weak.

You are the one who is trembling.

You are the one who is panting.

You are the one who is frail.

You are the one who succumbs to my deviant foreplay.

I am the one who decides what is right.

I am the force used with all his might.

I am the one to shock awakening every nerve.

I am the Master you wish to serve.

You are the lips that need to suckle.

You are the tongue that needs to taste and swallow.

You are the fingers that need fondling.

You are the orifice that needs penetrating.

I am the one who gives permission.

I am the recipient of your absolute submission.

I am the center of your infatuation.

I am the darkness of your imagination.

You are now free to masturbate.

You are the one dripping lubricate.

You are the one who falls to the floor.

You are the one begging for more.

I am the one pulling your chain.

I am the one inflicting pain.

I am the one without affection.

I am the one who ends this session.

I AM



I AM CLOAKED IN MYSTERY
PRINCE OF YOUR DEEPEST DARKEST FANTASY
REJUVENATE MY ANCIENT SOUL WITH YOUR YOUNG FLESH
LET MY DARK SIDE GIVE YOU THE ULTIMATE JOY
LEARN TO PLEASE, NEVER TO QUESTION
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SEE
MY BURNED IN IMAGE IN YOUR FANTASY
OBEY, LET YOUR SENSES GUIDE YOU TO ME
YOU'RE MINE TO FEEL, PROBE, PENETRATE AND EXPLORE
YOUR HANDS ARE ROPED, LEGS SPREAD APART
REVEALING
MOVING IS USELESS
HEAT IS RISING BETWEEN YOUR LEGS
YOUR LIPS ARE SWOLLEN
EXUDING
YOUR SULTRY SCENT PERMEATES
WILL THIS BE AGONY OR ECSTASY?
BLINDFOLDED YOU CAN'T SEE
YOUR ANTICIPATION IS GROWING, HEART IS POUNDING
YOU ARE SOFTLY MOANING
"PLEASE MY MASTER, PLEASE DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO ME
JUST DON'T LET ME WAIT TILL ETERNITY!"
I FORBID YOU TO SPEAK
I WAIT
I WANT TO TEASE YOU EVEN MORE
SEE YOU SQUIRMING IN THE DARKNESS
THE UNKNOWN CAN BE SO INVITING
SEDUCING YOUR SOUL
STIMULATING
I AM

Time is like love



Time just like love

I N F I N I T E & E N D L E S S

There are many worlds in the Universe:

Some are very hidden.

Some are full of joy, others of sorrow.

Some are dark and mysterious.

Some may only appear dark for some,

but to a select few, it encompasses all that is worth living for, bringing immense joy.

Welcome to my world, and if you are brave enough,

it will unfold, and it will be OURS!

OUR world is ruled by passion, and some would say DARKNESS!

OUR world is not just BLACK or WHITE

it is full of colour.

The colour of passion has many shades

mine are vivid and alive!

Waiting

Standing by my window enjoying the warm afternoon sun,
looking straight down from the window of My Masters' garrison
I see the natural grandeur, deep gorges cast in mystery,
over the ancient green ferns and tall pines, from the dawn of history
My eyes seeking the long serpentine trail, suddenly I see movement in the ambient
to my wildest bewilderment
I see a dark figure riding, in front of a small group of mounted knights
approaching slowly, with the same certainty as the coming night
His dark armour reflecting the soft rays of amber sunlight
His home coming is such a welcomed sight
My Lord, My Love, I want to adore you throughout the night
I start to brush my silky long locks longing for his caressing touch
I fling off my clothes standing naked by the window, his approach I watch
Feeling the cool breeze brush against my soft white tender skin,
I feel my pink nipples aroused, tingling
touching myself and feeling the warmth from deep inside,
waiting for the coming fever of the night
I call for my servant, to bring me my scarlet velvet robe,
to light the candles and burn sweet incense to enhance his delight
I loosely pull my robe over my trembling anticipating flesh, grabbing a flaming torch
as I run towards the castle gate swiftly, my heart throbbing my blood
to welcome My Master, My love, My Dark Prince of the night.

IX. From 2000

Flames

In the Desert

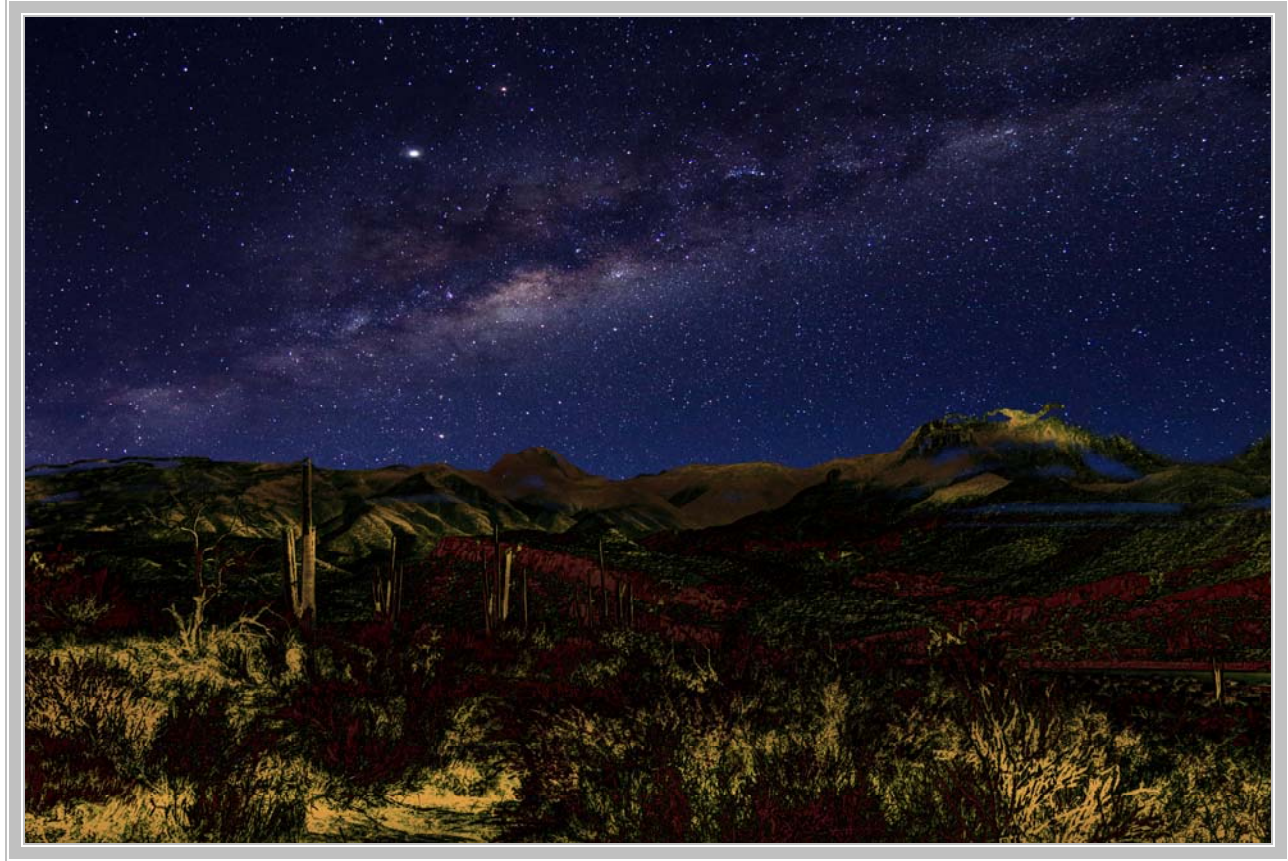
Vampire

Your eyes (looking back)

Flames

you're blinded, can not see
you're gagged, can not speak
you're on your back, spread apart and tied
you're naked and can only hear as you agonize over your faith silently
you feel my presence near you
you hear as I strike a match
you hear the sizzle of the flame
you smell the odour of the burning wax
you flinch your body nervously
you anticipate my actions
you can't fathom my devilish smile
you feel the cold steel on your erect nipples instead
you feel the pinching sting as they are compressed
you feel the sharp pain as I pull the clamps towards me
you gather your strength to endure
your pain is amplified burning, stinging sensations of hot wax drips slowly
your love is tested over and over again will you endure can you outlast
you're lubricating as I spread your vulva slowly
your clit is trembling
you feel the heat from the flames,
you now wince as torrid thoughts flash in your brain
your body spasms uncontrollably
you are not sure if this will be agony or ecstasy...

In the Desert



Out in the desert by moonlight,
the sky is black and mysterious.
Like my soul, it is mischievous.
The wind is cool and breezy,
caressing our bodies ever so gently.
Your movements are rhythmic frenzy,
your passionate embrace is a sensual ecstasy.
Our fingers probe and explore,
under the stars, our bodies glowing.
Our tongues licking and swirling,
our lips teasing and tasting.
You're in a frenzy as you arch your back in sheer delight
I feel trembling waves from deep inside
You moan louder, letting devilish deep sighs
pulling me closer as we collapse, basking in the moonlight
Savouring our actions, whispering our cravings,
we flame our passions several times during the night

Vampire

Her cape is black, contrasting her delicate skin.
Which I love caressing until feeling it trembling.

Her eyes always sparkling.
Reflecting, passion, and fire from within.

Movements, a delicate ecstasy, always ready to engulf me
In her smile, there is delicious wickedness
Sweet-tasting lip, whispering quietly
Sensitive fingertips touching so adoringly

She is my dark angel of delight during the day, mesmerizing vampire of the night.
With her luscious nakedness, slowly spreading herself revealing.
My fingers probing, my tongue tasting, savouring, penetrating.
As my enchanting vampire is sucking her daily share of love from me.

Your eyes (looking back)

When you look into the mirror and see your eyes,
look deeply into your soul through my eyes.
You should be seeing a beautiful soul during the day or in starlight,
but reality kicks in, and what you see is emptiness and lack of light.
You speak of being the center of someone's life,
of their passion, yet your words are hollow.
While preaching understanding, you are phony and shallow.
I gave you tender loving care and showed my need,
you soaked it in, in your craving and in your greed.
You discovered that my passion was so intense and bright,
you ignored the need to feed the source of the light.
You expect emotional strength and benevolence,
while showing insensitive silence and ignorance.
Now you judge me as arrogant, a devil and a serpent,
yet fail to see that the monster is not in me time for you to repent.
My soul is clear, true to my faith, and will endure,
my actions speak of a genuine man.
Someday, you will realize what you gave up and failed to recognize,
in your search, you will never find one who is more honest without any disguise.
The truth will haunt you, the need will agonize you,
you will cry, begging, please come back: I need you!
Every time you look into the mirror and see your eyes,
you will see me looking back at you through your unreceptive eyes.

X. From 2001

Ember

I am you

My Flower

My Love

October 23

Tears of joy

Raven

Wished for

Youth

Ember



I was sitting by my fireplace,
observing the dance of the flames.
Feeling the heat on my skin,
I think about deceit and pain.
Staring at the dancing flames,
asking them to burn my pain.
Cleanse my soul, let me burn,
what's the difference if I'm dead?
Without you, my love, I am dead,
I miss you so much if only you knew.
I let out a deep sigh,
I think about my love and cry.
I see the embers glow, flames dance,
whispering to me.
I feel the heat of embers and the glow
I endure in my soul the blow.
Ripping me apart piece by piece,
why did you do this to me?
Sitting by my fireplace, I gently weep,
the tears evaporating in the heat.
I feel betrayed as I reach for an ember with my bare hand,
I feel no pain as I burn and feel the relief.
Then I realize I am no longer alive
without your love, I just died.

I am you

I am you,
you are me,
We are you and me
till destiny.
When you feel warm inside
you are feeling my love
day and night
When you feel scared
I am with you, so you know
I am you,
you are me
We are one, as one can be!

My flower



My sweet flower swings and sways in the gentle breeze.
Rhythmic movements are graceful and mesmerizing.
Ever so distant, unable to touch to enjoy her fragrance.
In this surreal world of ours, I see her vividly.
My tiny dancer of Technicolor dreams.
Dreams that make our lives richer, inspiring us to achieve the impossible.
My sweet flower is fragile yet strong
Growing from a seed implanted in her soul
Maturing and will bloom beautifully
As she discovers herself, her true need
The day will come as years flash by
My sweet flower will swing and sway gently in the breeze
Her fragrance and tender beauty will make my life fulfilled.

My love



If my love would be a rose
it would be wild and growing free
on a steep hill, off the beaten path
Surrounded by lots of thorns, in it's untamed beauty
The color would be white,
the symbol of pure love and its lasting tranquility
It would bloom throughout the year
For you to touch, feel, and to see,
to enjoy its fragrance and its beauty.

If my love were a river,
it would start as a little stream from the peak of a tall mountain.
With long cascades and narrow falls,
sparkling clear and refreshing.
As it rushes into the green meadows,
its torrid currents would slow down.
Gently turning around natural obstacles,
ever-widening as it flows.
Unstoppable in its mighty force,
it would sweep you off your feet, not to drown you.
Only take you gently on its journey to discover unknown territory
together with you to its final destiny.

My love is like a rose that has thorns and a special beauty
My love is like a river that is unstoppable and not shallow.
My love is far from perfect, but it is real and has substance.
My love is not hidden, you can engulf yourself in it and enjoy it.
My love is very much like time it is infinite and endless...

October 23

October 23 was the day I died,
right before your stunning blue eyes.
As I touched and caressed your lovely face gently,
wanting you exclusively.
You killed me instantly — I felt the pain of rejection
you deceived me and tortured my soul.
Sighting excuses – my age, looks, all which you knew ahead.
Before I drove over a thousand miles, you told me,
you wanted to be my slave, my love, my wife – thus my life!
You played a cruel devious, emotional game.
As I desired to listen to your heartbeat
to hear it, I drove a thousand miles full of hope.
The beat that I wanted to hear and longed for.
A beat that was true, trusting, loving all-encompassing,
as you told me would be waiting for me.
You didn't have to say the word of not wanting me,
you couldn't even hug me.
My soul was torn as I left and drove another thousand miles,
my tears flowed.
Taking turns at breakneck speeds, hoping to slide, roll, and die,
being impaled on jagged rocks of the Rockies
My tears flowed, blinded by the snow and blazing sun, I wanted to die.
Yet GOD didn't allow me to die in my agony.
A day will come when you remember this day and me,
longing for my tender touch on your delicate skin
My soft voice reverberating my love and commitment will be missed.
Then your pain will echo in your empty soul and you will regret,
it will haunt you for the cruel and vicious game you played.
You will miss me, my slave, my love, my wife.
Repenting and promising will not change the past.
Remember, October 23 is the day I died,
you not only killed me but my love for thee.

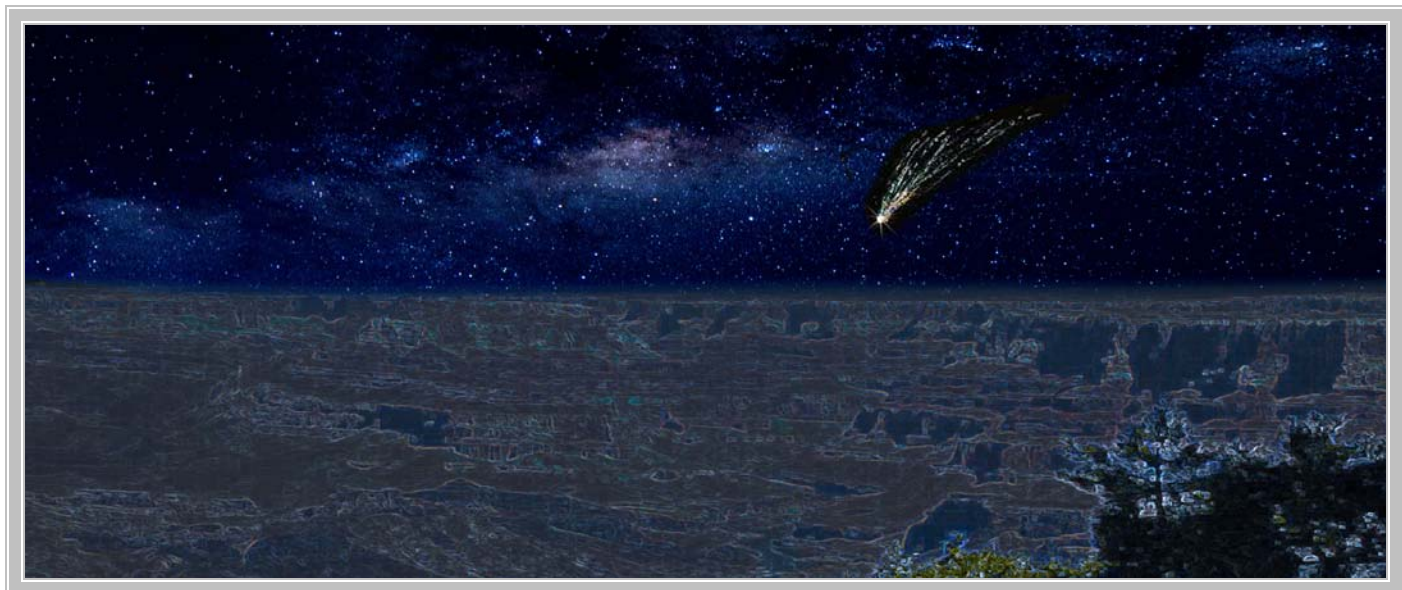
Tears of joy

Never experiencing the tears of joy
Once you told me, "I never cry!"
No one ever saw the beauty within you, your innocence, your passions
No one ever made you feel so alive, so tense, so wanted -- being owned.
From thousands of miles – reaching your soul.
Like the delicate wildflower you are to me,
you turned towards the source of light.
Opening the petals of your soul, encouraging me, enticing me to taste your nectar.
You felt my love shining felt it burning in your heart,
and suddenly, everything became ever so clear.
Pent-up emotions, suppressed feelings, erupting.
Burst of energy you never felt before in your naked soul,
Tears – tears of joy started to flow down your tender delicate cheeks
Reaching your slightly parted lips.
Salty, yet sweet – like your innocence to me
My love taught you to cry.

My tender flower with your sweet dew
Overwhelmed, confused, and scared from the intensity
Lost in the discovery of your emerging feelings of womanhood
Suddenly clamped shut, suppressing your feelings for me.
Citing our age difference, lack of forming commitment, fleeing.
As if running from your destiny,
You're marked with your tears for the rest of your life,
I am the one who taught you how to cry.
The joys of intense feelings
Droplets of liquid diamonds sparkling on your soft, radiant skin
Reflecting the colors of love,
the many splendour shades will burn deeply.
Reminding you of the joys that you're capable of giving
To an old fool like me for loving you tenderly with such intensity
My sweet wildflower, the day will come when you want to come back to me.
Because you truly miss being my property.

Wanting to lay by my feet, basking in my shadow
Being whipped to burn and mark your velvety naked skin
Intensifying your love and desire to please me.
To thank me for accepting you into my world, teaching and moulding you.
Saving your nectar for my lips alone.
A soft sigh from your parting lips, tasting your salty tears
Longing to engulf and to taste even more.

Raven



In the cool air of the dark night
A lonely raven takes flight
Soaring higher and higher, casting eerie shadows by the moonlight
Circling and circling so aimlessly
Then suddenly plunges into a deep dive
Gathering speed with fury
Disappearing into the mysterious canyons below me
Glancing up into the dark sky
I see a shooting star streaking by
I see the universe looking back at me
The stars are like a million sets of eyes
Yet I feel alone, no one to share my feelings or love
My soul reaches for you thousands of miles from me
As I wonder will you ever be near me
My tears roll softly off my cheeks
Missing you so intensively, as I realize that will never be
In the cool air of the dark night
As I roam around so aimlessly, crying silently
Broken, without hope of receiving your love and hugs
I realize life is not worth living without you by my side
As I step closer to the edge of the deep canyon
I glance once more at the sky above
Take a final step into the eternal void, falling silently
I realize the raven was me, in his flight to his destiny
The shooting star was my soul,
in his final path, lighting the dark sky in agony.

Wished for

Many times throughout my life, I wished for Thee
Fighting my dark side and temptations to divert from my path
I prayed, cursed, and hoped that one day I find Thee
Before it is too late, enduring loneliness, pain and agony continuously
While on my path, I continued relentlessly
My tortured soul driving me towards Thee unknowingly
Feeling deserted and misunderstood until one day, you came to me
From a momentary lapse from your solitude,
You questioned my intentions as I was about to deviate
questioning my faith in love and my true beliefs
You stopped me from entering the darker side,
yet leaving me alone in my path
Now the agony is unbearable, or was it just deceit
For me to suffer without you in my life
Once again, I find myself wishing for Thee all day and all night
Traveling alone the darker side is once again calling me
If I can't have Thee, there is no point in hope
With my last breath, I wish for Thee to come and rescue me.

Youth

The efflorescence of youth has a sweet taste.
So tempting, deliciously so.
The fragrance and its innocence are guarded with sharp thorns,
which can rip apart your soul and heart.
It has a fatal sting your transience will be obvious.
Time, if nothing else will impose its cruel realities as days fade away.
Yet, to spend those days in love
will rejuvenate, electrify your senses, inflame your passion.
When we are in our youth, we waste the time of our lives so carelessly,
wishing and daydreaming it away,
Not realizing just how precious our love would be,
turn a blind eye to, cast away the rare opportunity that comes our way.
Confusing insight, with haste as only a phase,
doubting and questioning love and its existence.
Our own worthiness, readiness, purpose for being
craving understanding, illumination for nature's ambiguity.
We never asked to be, yet we are
lacking the wisdom to see that all answers lie deep within.
In our youth, we often fail as we get older, it dawns upon us,
love, in its own simplicity, is the key to this mystery.
Unconditional love will accept you, will guide you gently
nurturing, tender, affection filled.
Giving you the power to excel, it is brilliant, so opulent,
accepting it, savouring it.
Cherishing those few rare oh, so precious moments,
will last you a lifetime and will take your breath away.

XI. From 2002

How can you?

Make a difference in your life

Wondering

Your smile

How can you?



You will be grilled many times,
How can you love a man like him?
How can you submit to all his sexual whims?
How can you degrade or even humiliate yourself?
Why do you give your body, heart, mind and soul openly?
What in hell do you honestly see in him?
I cannot answer on your behalf,
I leave that up to your judgment.
All I ask is to speak about how I make you feel,
abused or alive.
Do I make all the difference in your life?

Make a difference in your life

How can I make a difference in your life?
I ask this important question of myself day and night!
How can I take your pains and disappointments away?
How can I make you feel that you are not alone in your plight?
I truly do not know the answers, but I will try.
I will love you for who you are
I will help you to rebuild your life
I give you support and security and will listen with an open mind
That is how I will make a difference in your life!
I will hold you tenderly while you cry.
I will dry your tears with soft kisses.
I will give you a reason to smile.
Now I ask you not to worry, drop your anxiety
Relax and open your heart and soul tenderly,
Let me in ever so gently guide me lovingly.
Let my passion and sensuality free you from your past
Let my love shine for thee until eternity.
My love for you will rebuild and make a difference in your life.

Wondering



Like the moth to the glowing fire, you're drawn to me.
Tempting your faith in your reach for the source of enlightenment.
My passion burns deep, engulfing you day and night.
The forbidden is no more, to your delight.
You feel the heat inside.
You can't stop thinking of me.
Is he real? Wondering, while oozing in your moistness.
Gently touching yourself in your glowing ecstasy.
Deep pulses rock you from within.
You open your glazed eyes and realize that I am not a dream.
But very much real and alive.

Your smile

Oh, that smile of yours, that sexy, bright smile of yours.
Drives me wild with thoughts that we both would enjoy.

Oh, that enchanting smile of yours.

Gives me the energy to go on in my quest.

To find you and only give you my very best

Oh, that smile of yours, that sexy, bright smile of yours.

Gives me sunshine on my darkest days.

The hope of finding true love, a reason to be alive.

Oh, that smile of yours is the ONE I need for the rest of my life.

XII. From 2003

Butterfly

My beautiful butterfly

My Slave

Source of light

Valentine's day wish

Butterfly

Sitting by my desk looking at your photograph
memories of you, us – flashback.

Your smile, touch, and aroma drove me wild

As I wonder when will you be back?

My sweet butterfly: fragile, pretty

Spread your wings and fly to me.

Dark pleasures are yours to gain.

Submit to our needs, lust, and pain

Bring a smile to my face once again

Without you, I'm only half alive

All I can do is to stare at your photograph.

My beautiful butterfly



For years, I searched high and low
for my beautiful butterfly.
One day, you flew into my life
my sexy, beautiful butterfly.
We laughed, hoped, and dreamed
with our dark desires freed from within.
I captured your soul and love
you gave me your body and heart.
To possess you for the rest of my life
our ultimate goal was within our sight.
Self-doubt's ruined your path
I have to admit that I was weak.
Should have given you more time to commit
I regret the day I let you fly away in the blue sky.
my sexy, beautiful butterfly.
Knowing you cried shed many tears
your pain affected me as well
You'll never know how much it hurt
leaving a deep void in my soul.
That is why I kept your memory alive
wished often for you to be on my side.
My sexy, beautiful butterfly.
I'll never see your beautiful fluttering wings
hear your whisper or your cry.
When I look up into the blue sky
fantasize of having you by my side.
Old, alone with our shattered dream.
Shed rivers of tears as I silently cry,
for my beautiful butterfly.

My slave

I honestly miss the woman, my slave from my life
it is so lonely at night.
Being lonely during the day is terrible in so many ways.
I truly feel as if I am dying inside,
without my slave, my woman by my side.
It sounds poetic in many ways, my soul always is.
Most of the time falling on deaf ears.
When will I be happy smiling like I want to,
when will I be thrilled holding you?
All I know is that I am tired, so tired of living like this,
knowing that I am only a shadow of myself as I exist.
I need to see, feel, and hear my slave by my feet
as she submits to me and pleases just as I wish.
Make me smile and feel happy that YOU exist.

Source of light



In the dark, forbidden path of my imagination
I saw the light
A tiny speckle of flickering light
I was hoping I would be alright
Advancing relentlessly, I heard distant laughter
Felt howling wind, lightning flashed by
Splitting the dark, humid air with its fury
The air resonating, echoing
I heard that laughter again heard screams of agony
Calling me by my name
As I approached the source of light
The closer I got, the chillier I felt,
Cold sweat from my forehead started to drip
I was in fear of my life
Continued to advance, I had to find out
Was this my destiny waiting for me by the weak little light
Surrounded by steep gorges, mystifying boulders, and jagged rocks
A flash of bluish-maroon light filled the atmosphere
Felt almost paralyzed but determined to continue
Despite the display flaming of hellish colors
I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked around: there was no one
Heard my name again clearly, deep chilling voice, with its vicious laughter closer
Forced to crawl due to the rough terrain towards the source of that light
I saw a face reflecting off the rocks, with lips whispering my name
I saw the source of my light clearly, and I realized
it was the devil I saw with my eyes, smiling at me!

Valentine's day wish



I wish I could send you flowers on Valentine's day
I wish I could hug you and kiss you not just today, but every day
I wish I could love you, make every day of yours feel like Valentine's day
I wish you would love me, and that would make me happy every day.

XIII. From 2004

Four Seasons of my life

Mountain

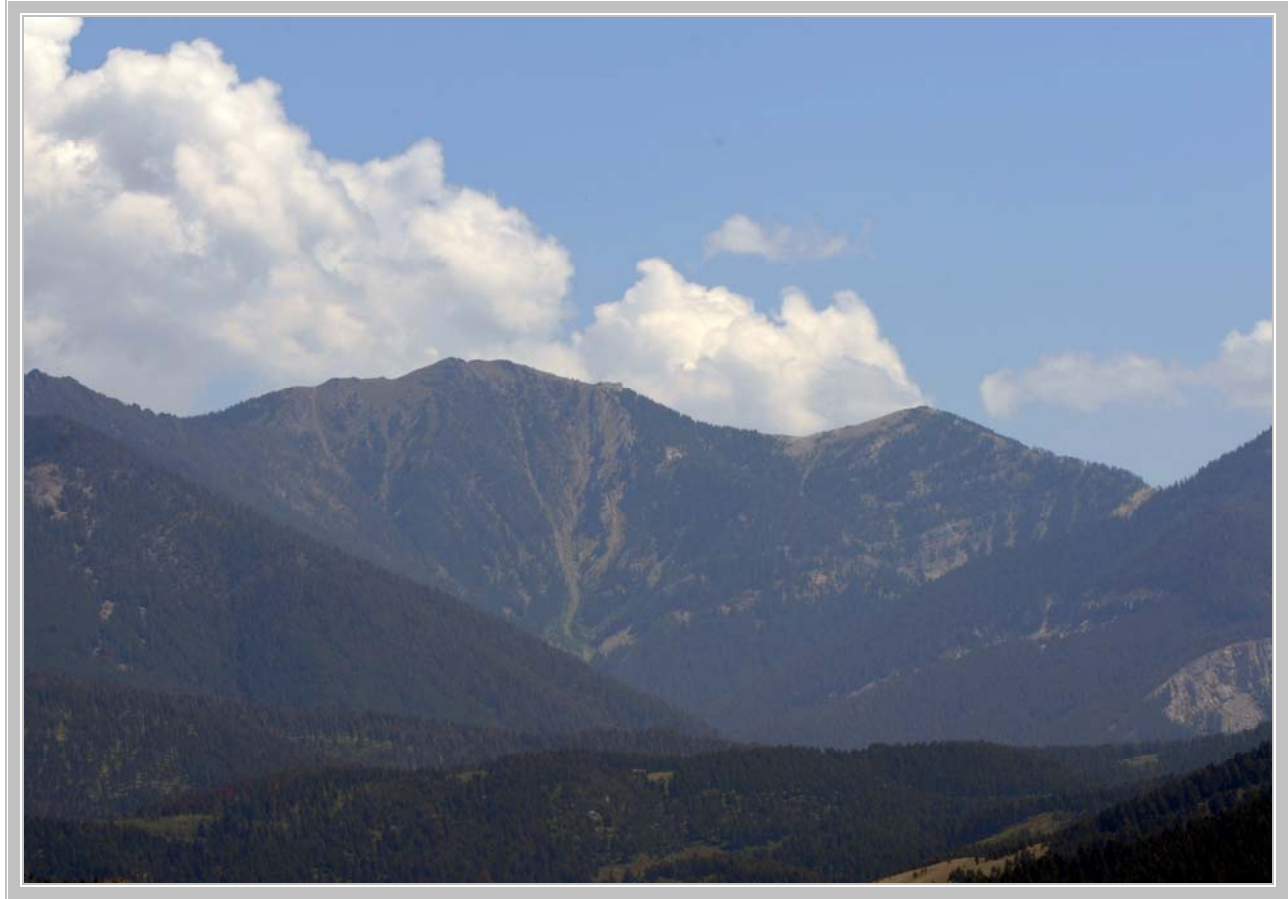
Possible

Four seasons of my life



In the Spring phase of my life, I was innocent, naïve, and with inspiration.
By the time Summer rolled around, I had lost some of my naivety.
Experiences taught me about love, the joys, and the sorrow.
Deceit and hope intermingled with my unyielding drive.
I loved openly, lost so many times graciously.
Driven by passion, some said by lust as if made a deal with the devil.
True desires dictating, heart breaks dominating.
Then I felt the early frost of Fall,
the chill of Winter slowly approaching.
My quest was unfilled, still alone in my path.
Sunshine suddenly broke through, and I felt the warmth.
Autumn showed her true colors, reflecting my earlier desires.
Golden and hazel in color, her touch enhanced my soul.
I look forward now to enjoying the remaining days of my life.
My forever girl will keep me warm during my days and nights
as we head towards the Winter season of my life.

Mountain



Like the proverbial mountain just off the horizon in your dreams,
weathered, alone, proud I stand.

Eroding as time passes by, from the elements around me
from the internal loneliness inside of me.

Awaiting to be discovered by the ONE who is unafraid of challenge.
The ONE who feels the warmth and security of the core of my soul.
Wild, defiant, rebellious, mysterious yet gentle, tender, soothing and
reassuring.

The panorama unfolds as you reach the peak.
The horizon seems endless, full of hope, desires,
Feel the gentle wind caress your tender skin lovingly
whispering sweetly in your ears, feeling my breath upon your breasts.

Becoming one, merging into the mountain is coveted intensively
by the ONE who understands magnificence at the core of my soul
not seen or discovered by others before you.

Unlike the mountain, I stand in front of you in reality.

Possible



Whatever my destiny may be,
I pray to GOD that you will be with me.
That your smile will give me the courage to go on,
Despite all difficulties that we may come upon.
Your affection will warm my heart,
you are my guiding light in the dark.
To be needed and wanted are great feelings,
to be loved for your soul is very appealing.
Do not be afraid of my love for you,
I will always be there for you.
Even thousands of miles apart,
you are always in my heart.
Accept the exclusive gift that I can give,
It is only my soul, but you can keep it.
It is filled with passion, lust, and sensuality,
it is erotic, mysterious, and far from perfect, but that is the beauty.
It is wild yet tame, sensitive, and it may sound insane,
integrity, sincerity and honesty are my only aim.
You see, my love, I only want to fill your young heart,
with feelings, you can cherish the most, even if we are apart.
Forget all the disappointments from your past,
trust and believe in today that my love will last.
I would like to see you glow with feelings from within,
loving you, and you loving me is not as impossible as it may seem.
It is possible to share, to love each other and to dream.

XIII. From 2023

Remember me

Transformation

Remember me

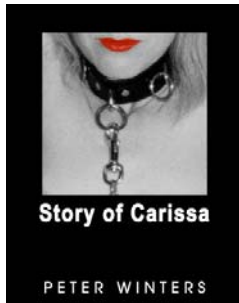
When you're alone, abandoned,
remember I wanted to be at your side.
When you're in pain and suffering,
remember what I was offering.
You didn't seek my love or care, only pain,
remember I offered salvation and redemption instead.
You cast me aside, ignored my feelings,
and went out of your way to hurt me instead.
You were mistaken, you didn't hurt me
instead, you only hurt yourself.
I forgave all your sins against me,
only asked you to repent.
Remember, I embraced you in my soul,
offering something you never had.
Your forever home in my heart,
to sooth your life failures away.
I wanted your smile to return to be my girl,
but now it will never be by abandoning me.
When you see blue skies,
I will be smiling for you.
The sun's warmness on your tender skin
will be my embrace of you 'till eternity.
When you feel raindrops on your skin,
my tears will wash and cleanse your soul.
It wasn't love I gave you.
It was purer than that: my trust.
Remember me for what we could have been,
and realize that it is not too late for us to be happy 'till eternity!
Remember who you are to me.
Come to your forever home and be with me!

Transformation

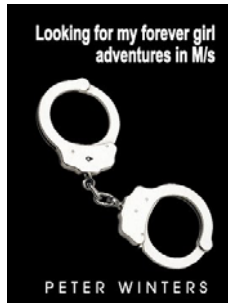
My soul is in turmoil and agony,
realizing that you and I will never be.
Killing me from deep inside, ripping my soul apart.
I agonize day and night
until nothing good is left in me.
I feel pain no more
as dark shadows enter the void.
My feelings change: I'm heartless and cold,
I was driven to this by your insensitivity.
Now, I will soar like the vampire, I can be
no more love from me.
Only take, use and destroy,
like it was done to me.
Your lack of faith in me,
not only killed me but has transformed me.

Books by Peter Winters

You can read them on Wattpad for free, the following books
<https://www.wattpad.com/user/PeterWinters007>



Abridged version

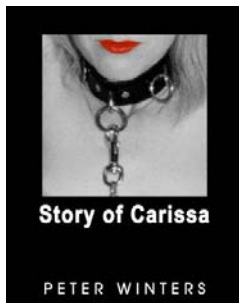


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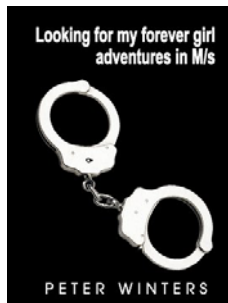


PETER WINTERS
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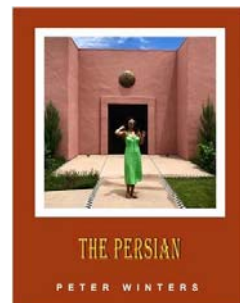
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My poems reflect a never-ending quest for genuine and virtuous love without shame exploring darker desires in a Master/slave relationship. You may find them shocking or perhaps as a fantasy based upon the numerous women I have met and had relationships with in my search for the ONE.

The poems are illustrated with original images and artwork, of women who made a difference in my life for the better or worse.

PETER WINTERS