OnlyFans Girls

“Who am I to judge another”

This poem is for adults only. If you are underage, please stop, leave and read something else

Longing, love, infatuation
Urge, seduction, rage, flirtation
Lust and passion, thirst and draw
Got no heart to call them ‘whore’

Red-light district on your screen
Any fantasy and dream
Horny boys and lustful men
Dropping by, time and again

Wenches, ladies of the night
Concubines of delight
Hussies, bimbos, floozies, tarts
After pockets, lonely hearts

Craving, bait, seduction, quest
OnlyFans girls are the best
Draw thy in, to suck you dry
To last penny, then ‘goodbye’

Real names not allowed
Moms and dads, they wouldn’t be proud
Kids, psy trauma, hard to quell
Tough decisions, O.F. belle

Liberation this is not
Fruits the feminism brought
Cast your stone, the one sans sin
Mores in rapid tailspin

Some trend-setters, some are dumb
All the same, make you come
Looky-looky, cannot touch
Heads are spinning oh so much

Butterflies, they don’t live long
Made the money and then gone
Men, like moths, fly into fire

Quest, arousal, desire

Girls belonging to no one
Wife material there’s none
We crave beauty and appeal
Plastic bodies that aren’t real

Ride, the service, have it off
Carnal knowledge you can’t scoff
Facts of life and do it all
Feigning love and have a ball

Some earn millions, others none
Gamble instincts, everyone
Ancient sirens – modern times
Working girls commit no crimes

Quasi-love from COVID days
Started then, forever stays
Scarlet letter? There’s none
Give up money, you can’t run

Nothing pays like OnlyFans
Endless lustful caravans
Office work is not for them
Life of bang is pure gem

Minds are screwed, ’cause sex is drug
Morals don’t pay bills, a shrug
Purring cats, the sharpest claws
Laws of nature – strongest laws

Men at fault as much as dames
Watchers played in mind games
No one dates these nutty days
Sow your wild oats new ways

Mistress, dancer, temptress, jade
Cool cats caught in lustful trade
Geisha, maid, a piece of ass
Babes of pleasure are top brass

Find the rich and have them chained
Life as is, can’t be explained
Social network, widest fame

Walk no street but play the game

Having beauty in your arms
Just a dream, enchantment, charms
Salt of life – the sex is sweet
An illusion is complete

Women’s power, men have none
Age corruption, lots of fun
Play is old, backdrop is new
Glance, get glued, to pay and view

Boon, damnation – who would know?
OnlyFans – unending show
Basic instinct is unfurled
And so it goes, our crazy world

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