

WHEN PASSION WAKES ME IN THE NIGHT

My Love, when passion wakes me in the night,
Your every pose a pleasure deep suggests,
Though countless joys are spread before my sight,
I treasure most your softly-swelling breasts.

Lush symmetry, so feminine in form,
I cup with loving hands and gently kiss,
Those Lilith-scented fruits, so smooth and warm,
With gently-pillowed cheek, I lie in bliss.

One breast-tip soon beneath my touch does rise,
The other one I woo with tender lips,
Until, at last, you turn with trembling sighs,
And offer me the warmth of rounded hips.

My pleasure in your breasts, Love, does not cloy,
But calls me to a deeper, sweeter joy.