

WITH DOG AND DAME

AN OCTOBER IDYLL

The ways are golden with the leaves
That Autumn blows about the air,
The trees sing anthems of despair,
And my fair mistress binds the sheaves
Of yellow hair more loose, and weaves
More subtly bars of song, that bear
Bright children of love debonair,
And laughter lightly comes, and reaves
The garland from our sorrow's brow,
Life rises up, is girt with song,
Joy fills the cup, that flashes clear.
The year may fade in whispers now,
Shadow and silence now may throng
The seasons—we are happy here.

Autumn is on us as we lie
In creamy clouds of latticed light
That hint at darkness, but descry
A rosy flicker through the night,
My mistress, my great Dane, and I.

We linger in the dusk—her head
Lolls on the pillow, and my eyes
Catch rapture, as upon the bed
He licks her lazy lips, and tries
To tempt her tongue. My fires are fed.

Her heavy dropping breasts entice
My teeth to jewel them with blood,
Her hand prepares the sacrifice
She would desire of me, the flood
That wells from shrines of Paradise.

Her other hand is mischievous
To bid the monster Dane grow mad,
His red-haw gaze grows mutinous,
Her eyes have lost the calm they had,
My body grows all amorous.

My tongue within her mouth excites
Her dirtiest lust, her vilest dream;
His greedy mouth her bosom bites;
He cannot hold, his eyeballs gleam;
He burns to consummate the rites.

I yield him place: his ravening teeth
Cling hard to her—he buries him

Insane and furious in the sheath
She opens for him—wide and dim
My mouth is amorous beneath.

Her lips devour me, and I rave
With pleasure to discern the love
They twain exert, my lips who lave
With doubled dew distilled above ;
To dog and woman I'm a slave,

Nor move, though now essays the Dane
To cool his weapon in my mouth ;
Her lust bestrides me, and is fain
To quench in his sweet sweat her drouth
Her finger probes my bowel again.

All three enjoy once more, and I
Am ready ever to renew
These bestial orgie-nights, whereby
Loose woman's love is spiced, as dew
On tender spray of spring doth lie.

Like the cold moon to earth and sun
My mistress lingers in eclipse,
We wake her passion, either one
Licking each pouting pair of lips
Till new sweet streams of nectar run.

'Tis Autumn, and the dying breeze
Murmurs 'embrace'; the moon replies
'Embrace'; the sougning of the trees
Calls us to linger loverwise,
And drain our passion to the lees.

'Tis Autumn. The belated dove
Calls through the beeches, that bestir
Themselves to kiss the skies above,
As I will kiss with him and her.
Leave us, sweet Autumn, to our love.