

## AD LUCIUM

The Lampsacene is girt with golden dress ;  
His courts gleam ever with forbidden light ;  
I only bring no gift to him to-night,  
Being the mockery of his rod's distress.  
While satyrs woo, and fauns, and nymphs give ear,  
I burn unslaked, my Lucius is unkind,  
He dare not guess, I dare not speak my mind,  
Nor feed upon his lips, nor call him dear,  
Nor may I clasp him, lissome and divine,  
Nor suck our passion from his eager verge,  
Nor pleasure in his quick embraces prove ;  
I faint for love, come aid me sparkling wine,  
That my unquenchable desire may urge  
In Lucius' fiery heart responsive love.

O fervent and sweet to my bosom  
Past woman, I'll clasp thee and cling  
Till the buds of desire break to blossom  
And my kisses surprise thee and sting ;  
Till my hand and my mouth are united  
In caresses that shake thee and smite,  
While the stars hide their lustre affrighted  
In measureless night.

I will neither delay nor dissemble  
But utter my love in thine ear  
Though my voice and my countenance tremble  
With a passion past pity and fear ;  
I will speak from my heart till thou listen  
With the soft sound of wings of a dove,  
Till thine eyes answer back till they glisten  
O Lucius, love !

I will touch thee but once with a finger,  
But thy vitals shall shudder and smart,  
And the smile through thy sorrow shall linger,  
And the touch shall pierce through to thine heart ;  
Thy lips a denial shall fashion,  
Thou shalt tremble and fear to confess,  
Till thou suddenly break into passion  
With yes, love, and yes.

I will kiss thee and fondle and woo thee  
And mingle my lips into thine  
That shall tingle and thrill through and through thee  
As the draught of the flame of a wine ;  
I will drink of the fount of our pleasure  
Licking round and about and above  
Till its streams pour me out their full measure,  
O Lucius, love !

Thou shalt clasp me and clamber above me  
And press me with eager desire,  
Thou shalt kiss me and clip me and love me  
With a love beyond infinite fire,  
Thou shalt pierce to the portals of passion  
And satiate thy longing and lust  
In the fearless Athenian fashion,  
A rose amid dust.

We will taste all delights and caresses  
And know all the secrets of joy,  
From the love-look that chastity blesses  
To the lusts that deceive and destroy;  
We will live in the light of sweet glances,  
By day and by night we will move  
To the music of manifold dances,  
O Lucius, love!