

THE SUMMIT OF THE AMOROUS MOUNTAIN

TO love you, Love, is all my happiness ;
 To kill you with my kisses ; to devour
 Your whole ripe beauty in the perfect hour
That mingles us in one supreme caress ;
To drink the purple of your thighs ; to press
 Your beating bosom like a living flower ;
 To die in your embraces, in the shower
That dews like death your swooning loveliness

To know you love me ; that your body leaps
 With the quick passion of your soul ; to know
 Your fragrant kisses sting my spirit so ;
To be one soul where Satan smiles and sleeps ;—
 Ah ! in the very triumph-hour of Hell
 Satan himself remembers whence he fell !