

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!