

NECROPHILIA

Void of the ecstasies of Art
It were in life to have lain by thee,
And felt thy kisses rain on me,
And the hot beating of thy heart,

When thy warm sweat should leave me cold,
And my worn soul find out no bliss
In the obscenities I kiss,
And the things shameful that I hold.

My nostrils sniff the luxury
Of flesh decaying, bowels torn
Of festive worms, like Venus, born
Of entrails foaming like the sea.

Yea, thou art dead. Thy buttocks now
Are swan-soft, and thou sweatest not;
And hast a strange desire begot
In me, to lick thy bloody brow;

To gnaw thy hollow cheeks, and pull
Thy lustful tongue from out it's sheath;
To wallow in the bowels of death,
And rip thy belly, and fill full

My hands with all putridities ;
To chew thy dainty testicles ;
To revel with the worms in Hell's
Delight in such obscenities ;

To pour within thine heart the seed
Mingled with poisonous discharge
From a swollen gland, inflamed and large
With gonorrhoea's delicious breed ;

To probe thy belly, and to drink
The godless fluids, and the pool
Of rank putrescence from the stool
Thy hanged corpse gave, whose luscious stink

Excites these songs sublime. The rod
Gains new desire ; dive, howl, cling, suck,
Rave, shriek, and chew ; excite the fuck,
Hold me, I come ! I'm dead ! My God !