

*Competition*

*betwixt*

*colin leslie dean & William Shakespeare*

*poems by c dean*

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia  
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# Preface

*Oh dark haired dun complexioned lady  
which songs do thee prefer  
the dithyrambic rhapsodies of spontaneous  
outpourings in multitudinous melodies or  
the cleaver dicky songs contrived in  
monotonous metronomic beats  
doth thou prefer the Dionysian to the  
Apollonian  
emotion to intellect  
subjective feelings to objective description  
which lover would thee take  
passions fire hot blood desire or  
cold clever words lacking emotions fire  
to thy bed which one would thee take*

## *Sonnet 127*

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were it bore not beauty's name:  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slandered with a bastard shame,  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy bower,  
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem,  
 At such who not born fair no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem,  
 Yet so they mourn becoming of their woe,  
 That every tongue says beauty should look so

would that I could kiss thy lips for eternity  
 run my fingers through the hair black of  
 thee feel the quiverings of the dun  
 complexioned flesh of thee join my mouth  
 to thy mouth suck in thy breath passionately  
 tongue to tongue absorbed in the half closed  
 eyes of thee that my mind explodes into a  
 million stars and a million nightingales in my  
 ears sing of thee

## *Sonnet 128*

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,  
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips which should that harvest reap,  
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.  
 To be so tickled they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more blest than living lips,  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss

lay thy languid neck upon my lap that I may  
 kiss its pulsating vein to run my tongue along  
 thy flesh to hear thy lusts refrain give me thy  
 lips that I may kiss suck from thee thy heated  
 breath give me thy face that I may in its sight  
 gain paradise

## *Sonnet 129*

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action, and till action, lust  
 Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
 Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight,  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
 Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad.  
 Mad in pursuit and in possession so,  
 Had, having, and in quest, to have extreme,  
 A bliss in proof and proved, a very woe,  
 Before a joy proposed behind a dream.  
 All this the world well knows yet none knows well,  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

that I could lick the twin paps of thee twin  
 red flowers-like run my tongues tip o'er the  
 jelly-like bosoms of thee from throat to feet  
 to nibble the trembling flesh of thee oh to  
 become drunk in delirium on the sighs of  
 thee

## *Sonnet 130*

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,  
 Coral is far more red, than her lips red,  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun:  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head:  
 I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks,  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight,  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know,  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,  
 My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.  
 And yet by heaven I think my love as rare,  
 As any she belied with false compare.

to hear the beatings of thy heart as thy  
 thighs to my lapping tongue do part to  
 luxuriate in thy rapturous sighs as thy lips  
 to my tongue pout out butterfly-like  
 fluttering to beat time with the tongues tip  
 of I

## *Sonnet 131*

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan;  
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to my self alone.  
 And to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck do witness bear  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander as I think proceeds.

along thy neck I shall dab out the love of I  
 with sweet kisses from I kiss along the  
 trembling veins of thy in thy soft buttock  
 cheeks shall dig the nails of I oh to hear the  
 murmuring sigh of thy love for I



## *Sonnet 132*

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
 O let it then as well beseem thy heart  
 To mourn for me since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

that I could lie upon thy soft jelly-like  
 breasts and die of bliss to feel in thy smooth  
 flesh my completeness that I could eat thy  
 flesh like some soft ripe peach to be drunk  
 on the scent of thy flesh to dive into thy  
 love-hole and swim around within its  
 aqueous bounteousness for thee to place thy  
 mouth o'er mine that in such bliss to dissolve  
 into tremulous mist

## *Sonnet 133*

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me;  
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
 Me from my self thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engrossed,  
 Of him, my self, and thee I am forsaken,  
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed:  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail,  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard,  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol.  
 And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

to hear the pulsations of thy heart like  
 fluttering butterfly wings as to my cat-like  
 lapping the trembling lips of thee part as on  
 thy lips my teeth do clasp oh to run my  
 fingers along thy flesh to feel the veins 'neath  
 throb at the heated touch of the flesh of I

## *Sonnet 134*

So now I have confessed that he is thine,  
 And I my self am mortgaged to thy will,  
 My self I'll forfeit, so that other mine,  
 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind,  
 He learned but surety-like to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fist doth bind.  
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
 Him have I lost, thou hast both him and me,  
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

that I may clasp my eyes upon the beauty of  
 thee run them up o'er the body of thee from  
 hair black to hair black of the cunny of thee  
 to bask in rapture on the ravishing sight of  
 the lips of thee trembling in anticipation for  
 the kiss from me

## *Sonnet 135*

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,  
 And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in over-plus,  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
 The sea all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store,  
 So thou being rich in will add to thy will  
 One will of mine to make thy large will more.  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,  
 Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

to clasp thy breasts in my hands and squeeze  
 with soft touch to feel their milky softness  
 'neath my heated flesh to o'er them caresses  
 and on them to softly press to feel thy heart  
 neath thy bosom sweet to beat and for  
 eternity in my hands for them to keep

## *Sonnet 136*

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will',  
 And will thy soul knows is admitted there,  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit sweet fulfil.  
 'Will', will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with case we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckoned none.  
 Then in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy store's account I one must be,  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lov'st me for my name is Will.

come to me my love and give me thy eyes  
 upon which for me to gaze that I may drop  
 into like into two limpid pools to be  
 drowned in thy beauteous sight that I may  
 gaze into and see me reflected as thee

## *Sonnet 137*

Thou blind fool Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold and see not what they see?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchored in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

come to me my love and spread well thy  
 thighs that I may gaze upon the sight they  
 behold to run my eyes o'er up thy silvery slit  
 that I may into thy love-hole furtively peek to  
 drink up thy love juice with the sight of I to  
 see the quavering of thy soft hooded bud to  
 breathe in the perfume of the wetness of thy  
 love

## *Sonnet 138*

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutored youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue,  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed:  
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love, loves not to have years told.  
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

oh that I could be absorbed into the flesh of  
 thee fused as one to thee that thee and me  
 became just we no thee or me just we for  
 eternity what bliss oh what sublimity one  
 flesh one we no I nor me or thee to be  
 absorbed what ecstasy

## *Sonnet 139*

O call not me to justify the wrong,  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart,  
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue,  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art,  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might  
 Is more than my o'erpressed defence can bide?  
 Let me excuse thee, ah my love well knows,  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
 Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

would that thee would squat down my love  
 that thy skirt rise up and thy panties I do see  
 to see the white cloth clutch the bulge of thy  
 cunny black hairs peeking out along the  
 panty seam oh my love give me such delight  
 that I from such a sight reach ecstasies height  
 send pulsations trembling through my cock  
 oh beauteous love thee sends me into raptures  
 at the beauty of that sight



## *Sonnet 140*

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain:  
 Lest sorrow lend me words and words express,  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet love to tell me so,  
 As testy sick men when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know.  
 For if I should despair I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee,  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

o'er thee I shall cover with kisses thee like the  
 kisses the mother to her baby into rapturous  
 bliss will be swept thee and me on oblivions  
 sea bliss for thee and me 'gainst our breasts  
 pressed to we shall thunder the hearts of we  
 as lips meet and eyes languid close forever we

## *Sonnet 141*

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.  
 Nor are mine cars with thy tongue's tune delighted,  
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

that I could sweep thee up in the arms of me  
 that thee would lean thy lips down to me that  
 I could envelope myself in the  
 incomprehensibility beauty of thee feel the  
 murmur of a million tingles 'neath the flesh  
 of me oh my love my divinity vouchsafe to  
 me the wishes of me and bring forth the  
 dreams of me

## *Sonnet 142*

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving,  
 O but with mine, compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving,  
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,  
 And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robbed others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee as thou lov'st those,  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee,  
 Root pity in thy heart that when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example mayst thou be denied.

that thee would spread about me the black  
 tresses of thee fragrant like the breath of a  
 thousand love-birds that my veins would  
 flutter 'neath that canopy of scent that thy  
 fragrant net would sends thru me  
 multitudinous raptures such that my heart  
 beats with dithyrambic melodies

## *Sonnet 143*

Lo as a careful huswife runs to catch,  
 One of her feathered creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay:  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent,  
 To follow that which flies before her face:  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;  
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind,  
 But if thou catch thy hope turn back to me:  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.  
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,  
 If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

nestle 'gainst me my love with my arms  
 wound round thee ivy-like such that I fill  
 myself up o'er satiated in the loveliness of  
 thee bend thy eyes o'er me that thee may  
 drink the ambrosia of my love and see the  
 fire of my desire flickering in the eyes of me

## *Sonnet 144*

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still,  
 The better angel is a man right fair:  
 The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.  
 To win me soon to hell my female evil,  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil:  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turned fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,  
 But being both from me both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell.  
 Yet this shall I ne'er know but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

that thee would bend thy arse to me that thy  
 bottoms cheeks rounded and smooth I could  
 see the cunny bulge 'neath that mount of  
 flesh twixt that flesh are all my Elysiums over  
 bounteous beauty oh that I could look upon  
 that sight for eternity and bathe my self in  
 the luscious pulsations of my flesh thee  
 would give life to me oh my divinity

## *Sonnet 145*

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
 Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate',  
 To me that languished for her sake:  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,  
 Was used in giving gentle doom:  
 And taught it thus anew to greet:  
 'I hate' she altered with an end,  
 That followed it as gentle day,  
 Doth follow night who like a fiend  
 From heaven to hell is flown away.  
 'I hate', from hate away she threw,  
 And saved my life saying 'not you'.

give me thy lips that I may kiss and bask in  
 the radiance of the ineffable splendor of thy  
 beauty to hear the wild beating of thy heart  
 to warm in the effulgence of thy smile oh  
 that I would be crushed in thy arms like a  
 flower such that in the heated paroxysms of  
 our ardor the shuddering of our vein sets us  
 aflame

## *Sonnet 146*

Poor soul the centre of my sinful earth,  
 My sinful earth these rebel powers array,  
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms inheritors of this excess  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
 Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more,  
 So shall thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

lay thy languid body next to mine that I may  
 caress thy undulating flesh the curvaceous  
 lines of thy limbs breathe in the perfume of  
 thy mouth that into quivering pulsations  
 sends my veins and thru my flesh fever like  
 desires rains oh that I could drink from thy  
 mouth all my dreams and immerse myself  
 into thy fathomless depths beneath the  
 flutterings of the eye lids thee

## *Sonnet 147*

My love is as a fever longing still,  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please:  
 My reason the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest,  
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly expressed.  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

that I may hold thy rounded buttock cheeks  
 and press thy groin to the groin of I to feel  
 thy cunny tighten round the cock of I as to  
 thy mouth I clasp the mouth of I and breathe  
 in the love cries of thine to feel thy love  
 juices wash o'er the balls of I as in loves  
 dance dance thee and I



## *Sonnet 148*

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight,  
 Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote,  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
 How can it? O how can love's eye be true,  
 That is so vexed with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then though I mistake my view,  
 The sun it self sees not, till heaven clears.  
 O cunning love, with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

oh that my tongue could probe thy moisty  
 slit lick round those love hungry lips to press  
 unsparingly my mouth 'gainst that pink wetty  
 flesh to feel the shuddering of those lips as  
 on them my mouth hungerly slips I crave thy  
 lips thy mouth thy eyes thy throbbing sighs  
 oh by love these thought thru my flesh  
 shivers send give kiss to my kiss in  
 tumultuous bliss

## *Sonnet 149*

Canst thou O cruel, say I love thee not,  
 When I against my self with thee partake?  
 Do I not think on thee when I forgot  
 Am of my self, all-tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend,  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon,  
 Nay if thou lour'st on me do I not spend  
 Revenge upon my self with present moan?  
 What merit do I in my self respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Comanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
 But love hate on for now I know thy mind,  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind

to suck from thy love-hole that pink  
 porphyry bowl that sweet nectar that is food  
 for my soul to be drunk into insensibility in  
 deliriums bliss as thee cover me in those lips  
 tight like the mother to her babe take me up  
 into thy arms and burn me up in thy dewy  
 eyes oh to kiss to kiss into intoxication into  
 madness thee sends me of the thoughts of  
 thee

## *Sonnet 150*

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway,  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
 O though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.  
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

bend o'er me thy love juice dripping cleft that  
 I can drown in that slippery dew place thy  
 pouting butterfly wing cunt o'er my chest  
 that the heat shall burn into my flesh give me  
 thy mouth that I may suck thy sighs as on my  
 cock thee rides with desire let me see thy eyes  
 afire let each to each gaze into each others  
 eyes oh burn me up like the moth to the  
 flame in thy heated glow let me expire

## *Sonnet 151*

Love is too young to know what conscience is,  
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
 Then gentle cheater urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
 For thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason,  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may,  
 Triumph in love, flesh stays no farther reason,  
 But rising at thy name doth point out thee,  
 As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it that I call,  
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall

come beloved bend thy languorous form o'er  
 that I may slip my cock into thy wet puffy  
 cleft and grab thy silken arse cheeks in my  
 tight grip bite thy neck as into thy velvety  
 glove I do ram oh beloved heave thy arse  
 back to impale onto my prick oh to feel that  
 velvety wet cleft tight around my knob to feel  
 the snake-like rippling of thy clefts muscles  
 along my cocks shaft to hear my sighs for  
 thee as thy tits jiggle to my heaving thrusts

## *Sonnet 152*

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn to me love swearing,  
 In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing:  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty? I am perjured most,  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee:  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost.  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness:  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,  
 And to enlighten thee gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see.  
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured I,  
 To swear against the truth so foul a be.

That I may wrap thee up in the arms and legs  
 of I cover thy flesh with the flesh of I  
 bosoms to chest pillowed warmed by the  
 warmth of thy cunnies hot glow oh how I  
 would love thee with frenzied kisses I would  
 tap out my love for thee o'er the quivering  
 flesh of thee oh that I could envelop thee in  
 me and immolated be by the mutual love of  
 we