

## WITH DOG AND DAME

### AN OCTOBER IDYLL

The ways are golden with the leaves  
That Autumn blows about the air,  
The trees sing anthems of despair,  
And my fair mistress binds the sheaves  
Of yellow hair more loose, and weaves  
More subtly bars of song, that bear  
Bright children of love debonair,  
And laughter lightly comes, and reaves  
The garland from our sorrow's brow,  
Life rises up, is girt with song,  
Joy fills the cup, that flashes clear.  
The year may fade in whispers now,  
Shadow and silence now may throng  
The seasons—we are happy here.

Autumn is on us as we lie  
In creamy clouds of latticed light  
That hint at darkness, but descry  
A rosy flicker through the night,  
My mistress, my great Dane, and I.

We linger in the dusk—her head  
Lolls on the pillow, and my eyes  
Catch rapture, as upon the bed  
He licks her lazy lips, and tries  
To tempt her tongue. My fires are fed.

Her heavy dropping breasts entice  
My teeth to jewel them with blood,  
Her hand prepares the sacrifice  
She would desire of me, the flood  
That wells from shrines of Paradise.

Her other hand is mischievous  
To bid the monster Dane grow mad,  
His red-haw gaze grows mutinous,  
Her eyes have lost the calm they had,  
My body grows all amorous.

My tongue within her mouth excites  
Her dirtiest lust, her vilest dream;  
His greedy mouth her bosom bites;  
He cannot hold, his eyeballs gleam;  
He burns to consummate the rites.

I yield him place: his ravening teeth  
Cling hard to her—he buries him

Insane and furious in the sheath  
She opens for him—wide and dim  
My mouth is amorous beneath.

Her lips devour me, and I rave  
With pleasure to discern the love  
They twain exert, my lips who lave  
With doubled dew distilled above ;  
To dog and woman I'm a slave,

Nor move, though now essays the Dane  
To cool his weapon in my mouth ;  
Her lust bestrides me, and is fain  
To quench in his sweet sweat her drouth  
Her finger probes my bowel again.

All three enjoy once more, and I  
Am ready ever to renew  
These bestial orgie-nights, whereby  
Loose woman's love is spiced, as dew  
On tender spray of spring doth lie.

Like the cold moon to earth and sun  
My mistress lingers in eclipse,  
We wake her passion, either one  
Licking each pouting pair of lips  
Till new sweet streams of nectar run.

'Tis Autumn, and the dying breeze  
Murmurs 'embrace'; the moon replies  
'Embrace'; the souging of the trees  
Calls us to linger loverwise,  
And drain our passion to the lees.

'Tis Autumn. The belated dove  
Calls through the beeches, that bestir  
Themselves to kiss the skies above,  
As I will kiss with him and her.  
Leave us, sweet Autumn, to our love.