

## MATHILDE

O large lips opening outward like a flower  
To breathe upon my face that clings to thee!  
O wanton breasts that heave deliciously  
And tempt my eager teeth! Oh cruel power  
Of wide deep thighs that make me furious  
As they enclasp me and swing to and fro  
With passion that grows pale and drives the flow  
Of the fast fragrant blood of both of us  
Into the awful link that knits us close  
With chain electric! O have mercy yet  
In drawing out my life in this desire  
To consummate this moment all the gross  
Lusts of to-night, and pay the sudden debt  
That with strong water shall put out our fire!