

A BALLAD  
OF PASSIVE PAEDERASTY

Of man's delight and man's desire  
In one thing is no weariness—  
To feel the fury of the fire,  
And writhe within the close caress  
Of fierce embrace, and wanton kiss,  
And final nuptial done aright,  
How sweet a passion, shame, is this,  
A strong man's love is my delight!

Free women cast a lustful eye  
On my gigantic charms, and seek  
By word and touch with me to lie,  
And vainly proffer cunt and cheek;  
Then, angry, they miscall me weak,  
Till one, divining me aright,  
Points to her buttocks, whispers "Greek!"—  
A strong man's love is my delight!

Boys tempt my lips to wanton use,  
And show their tongues, and smile awry,  
And wonder why I should refuse  
To feel their buttocks on the sly,  
And kiss their genitals, and cry:  
'Ah! Ganymede, grant me one night!'  
This is the one sweet mystery:  
A strong man's love is my delight!

To feel him clamber on me, laid  
Prone on the couch of lust and shame,  
To feel him force me like a maid  
And his great sword within me flame,  
His breath as hot and quick as fame;  
To kiss him and to clasp him tight;  
This is my joy without a name,  
A strong man's love is my delight.

To feel again his love grow grand  
Touched by the langour of my kiss;  
To suck the hot blood from my gland  
Mingled with fierce spunk that doth hiss,  
And boils in sudden spurted bliss;  
Ah! God! the long-drawn lusty fight!  
Grant me eternity of this!  
A strong man's love is my delight!

ENVOI

Husband, come early to my bed,  
And stay beyond the dawn of light  
In mighty deeds of lustihead.  
A strong man's love is my delight!