

‘EREBUS’

Something of monstrous in our love, our bed,
Soothes me with strong desire,
Strong but availing nothing—black and red
Thy body gleams, as fire
Thy great eyes burn, thy lips respire
It seems unnatural breath within their tomb.
Ah! the red portals of thy dusky womb,
Wherein my loves expire,
'Twixt thy black breasts to rise, kissed hard by thee
Till joy flows full once more, salt river to sweet sea.

Fairer than roses are thy swarthy cheeks,
Thine hair more sharp than gold;
Purple is warmer than mere red, when seeks
My love thy lips to hold.
Ah Queen! that other's breasts are cold
Being of wafted snowflakes beside thine;
Her breasts give milk as thine the fiercest wine;
Her ivory thighs enfold
Limbs not so amorous as these that lie
By the dark limbs, and lust for their imperial dye.

Thy mouth takes me within its eager lips ;
 My mouth thirsts, drinking long
Deep from the fount of love, whence out there slips
 An eager purple tongue,
 Sweet as the taste of summer song
From thrush's tender throat, a tongue that tires
My thirsty lips with its insatiate fires,
 While swart limbs soft and strong
Grip my hot head, while thy lips kiss away
With blood and foam the life from him thou wouldst not slay.