

HAVE PITY ON ME, LOVE

Have pity on me, Love, my need is great!
This narrow bed! The touch of breast and hips!
I need thee, though the Moon has closed the Gate,
Release from torment lies between thy lips.

Soft, willing lips that suck my soul away,
Warm tongue, whose touch doth turn my flesh to fire.
'Till pulsing, throbbing ecstasy holds sway,
Then gratitude succeeds fulfilled desire.

Forgive me, Sweet, accept it as a sign,
Of Man's impatience, Natures sage bequest,
Though this deep pleasure, this sweet gift of thine,
That gives me balm does not put thee at rest.

No passion moves thee in this way to please,
'Tis Love, alone, provides so sweet an ease.