**Priapus poems:**

Religious ladies, please don’t look:

Shield you eyes from shameless verses.

They don’t give a damn; they head right

For it. In the know, these ladies.

They took look on cocks with pleasure.

Just don’t get caught. I won’t exact a tax

In cudgel blows nor slash you with my axe:

My foot long pole will leave you so well cleft

Your asshole won’t have any wrinkles left.

Girl, watch your cunt; boy, keep your ass from grief.

Another threat awaits the bearded thief.

My cock’s great size results in one delight:

I’ve never fucked a girl who wasn’t tight.

If boy, or man, or woman steals I hump

(in converse order) pussy, head, and rump.

The bailiff of a fertile garden plot

Appointed this my designated spot.

You’ll pay the price, thief, even if you squeal,

“For just one fucking cabbage?” “That’s the deal.”

I could simply die, Priapus,

From the shame of talking dirty,

But when you expose your naked

Balls to me (you shameless godhead),

*Cock* and *cunt* are standard usage.

“Scythed god whose part is greater than the whole,

which way, Priapus, if the spring’s my goal?”

“Right through the vineyard. If you steal a grape,

you’ll need that spring to get your mouth in shape.”

You’ll get fucked, thief, for the first time.

If you’re caught again, you suck me.

Should you try a third incursion,

Just to suffer both together,

You’ll give fuck and suck in sequence.

Whatever it is, I shouldn’t hesitate

Since I’m cocksure enough to tell you straight.

I want your ass, you want to pluck my fruit;

If I get what I want, you’ll get your loot.

Don’t assume each threat is uttered

As a joke or witticism.

Every thief I catch will three and

Four times serve me with a blow job.

That that part of me is dripping

For which I am called Priapus

Isn’t due to dew or frost.

No, it drips spontaneously

When I think of kinky wenches.

Don’t pretend I didn’t warn you:

In a thief and out a faggot.

You who avoid my manhood

Modestly avert your glances:

Oh, come on—you’re scare to look, but

In your guts you know you want it.

If your mouth’s all set for fig fruit

And you’re set to grab a handful,

Look at me, thief, and consider

How you’ll leave my cock beshitted.