**ODE TO HARVEST OF AMOUR.**

If I Might Avec Moi Tender Hand Of Love.

With Ernest Gentle Amour Care So Cultivate.

In Thee Fertile Seed Sprout Bloom Blossom Flower Of The Dove.

That I Thee Might Soar

In Precious Flight Of Lovers Fate.

Say Pray Thee Twine Combine With Me.

In Blessed Vines Of True Ardor.

Bear Rich Lovers Passion Fruit De Intimate Harmony.

With Succulent Precious Taste Of Rare Eros Fervor.

Mix. Mingle. Meld. Merge. Fuse. Blend.

Our Venus Cupid Aphrodite Treasure Of

Heart Body Mind Soul.

Fill Romance Cornucopia With Bounty Of No End.

As So Heralded By Those Peitho Suadela Anteros

Sacred Love God Bards Of Old.

Then I Might True Full Harvest Nirvana Alms Of La Vie.

What With Grace Of Being E'er Perchance Propagate Eternal Dance.

De Möbius Forms Of Boundless Entropy.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/6/16.

Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.

Once Again To All My True Loves.

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