

of Marie and of Maleore  
 findeth of ladies goodly store  
 whose beauty did in nothing err.  
 If to me there shall appear  
 than a rose more sweetly known,  
 more silently than a flower,  
 my lady naked in her hair—  
 i for those ladies nothing care  
 nor any lady dead and gone.)

Each tapering breast is firm and smooth  
 that in a lovely fashion doth  
 from my lady's body grow;  
 as morning may a lily know,  
 her petaled flesh doth entertain  
 the adroit blood's mysterious skein  
 (but like some passionate earlier  
 flower, the snow will oft utter,  
 whereof the year has perfect bliss—  
 for each breast a blossom is,  
 which being a little while caressed  
 its fragrance makes the lover blest.)  
 Her waist is a most tiny hinge  
 of flesh, a winsome thing and strange;  
 apt in my hand warmly to lie  
 it is a throbbing neck whereby  
 to grasp the belly's ample vase  
 (that urgent urn which doth amass  
 for whoso drinks, a dizzier wine  
 than should the grapes of heaven combine  
 with earth's madness)—'tis a gate  
 unto a palace intricate  
 (whereof the luscious pillars rise  
 which are her large and shapely thighs)  
 in whose dome the trembling bliss  
 of a kingdom wholly is.

Beneath her thighs such legs are seen  
 as were the pride of the world's queen:  
 each is a verb, miraculous  
 inflected oral devious,  
 beneath the body's breathing noun  
 (moreover the delicious frown  
 of the grave great sensual knees  
 well might any monarch please.)  
 Each ankle is divinely shy;