

she, straddling my lap,
 hinges (where with I tongue each eager pap)
 and, reaching down, by merely fingertips
 the hungry Visitor steers to love's lips
 Whom (justly as she now begins to sit,
 almost by almost giving her sweet weight)
 O, how those hot thighs juicily embrace!
 and (instant by deep instant) as her face
 watches, scarcely alive, that magic Feast
 greedily disappearing least by least—
 through what a dizzily palpitating host
 (sharp inch by inch) swoons sternly my huge Guest!
 until (quite when our touching bellies dream)
 unvisibly love's furthest secrets rhyme.