Enchantment, Kneading With Honey

O never a breath to hold me
Silent is the unstrung harps (in play)
The laying of wedding sheets down
Envy the masters of my passions
Shape me,
I am as wet as a widow's eye
A youth before my sight
Lays naked through this earth
So with nature's gentle bosoms forgot
Our age like winters bare
Sisters, brothers of heavenly touch
Flatter to passing fairs
Gather their scarlet ornaments
As passions likewise lent me
Put a curse upon our bones
And indeed beneath the shoulders
Crossing the running rivers
The oak tree stands withered these years
I am naked here to suckle from nature
And shade from males obscenity
I dance the sickles hour
O how like glorys calm me
Its kindness, reads my eyes
Hence these years
Yet us then rejoice hereafter
Notorious brides of scorn
Decorate them with awe
Bekiss the discord breed
And tend to its virginity
Feed the invert with decay
For its humour shines kindly