

# 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 glory's 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