

Tomek Ziętek, Your Kiss

Your kiss, beloved, was to me
As if all flowers of Araby

And every fresh and fragrant rose
That ever blew, shall blow, or blows

Had all her sweetness taken up
And poured into one perfect cup
For me to drain...
Kiss me again!

Had all her sweetness taken up
And poured into one perfect cup
For me to drain...
Kiss me again