

praising heaven

lover, the love i love lives to love you
minus your love thy love would surely rot-
with you- i'm inspired by your loveliness, and pampered by
your doveness so i get ahead.

thy love and life are free of strife and enjoying your sun
with no one else would i rather encurl to tour the world and
and enjoy one another.

i've appraised,- now your praises i sing...
i'd be a mere man, but your love has molded me as a man
amongst men so now i'm envied in my statue.

the ballad of your beauty abounds and giftingly grounds me...
my woman of wealth who's worth is unmeasurable, and treasured,-
i honor your heaven—

Wm. Drey

observing the story she told

the doveness of her ivory began to dance,
a heavenful gyration of curveous hips,
in my dreams i've kissed your lips,
assured in your sexiness, you made your buttocks bounce,
the slight shimmie of your breasts was purely pleasure adance
to pronounce,-
fair ivory angel with whom i'd take the chance.

adorablly craved in your poetry,
praises of poetry depict you goddessly,
you danced a dance that spun a spell of infatuation,
sexily sassful to polish your occupation,-
dear ivory dove parlaying in her stance—

Wm. Irving