

Her to Him

As gallant as Art she is!, do not fear —
Companion to what pleasures thou most of all —
How not!, I see thou incline — and not fall
For nothing in the world, I will be there!,
Opposing thou not — may God take us there!
Where (we find) est end & arms blossomed ripe, fall
To caress thou faults silk-gentle, they fall
By the wayside nonbetraying our years —
At — near sensibility of hearts kiss
As soft silk Nectar up / on thy tongue
Enjoys her more than an allurement & please
To fancy her Famous, and bid Life bliss —
Not just a firmament of Heavens make due,
For better being of Man!, she bids ease — Wm. Irving

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