

The Imperfect Enjoyment

Naked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
I fill'd with Love, and she all over Charms,
Both equally inspir'd with eager fire,
Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;
With *Arms, Legs, Lips*, close clinging to embrace,
She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her *Face*.
The nimble *Tongue* (*Love's* lesser Lightning) plaid
Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd
Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw
The *All dissolving Thunderbolt* below.
My flutt'ring *Soul*, sprung with the pointed Kiss,
Hangs hov'ring o're her *Balmy Lips* of Bliss.
But whilst her busie hand, wou'd guide that part,
Which shou'd convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*,
In Liquid *Raptures*, I dissolve all o're,
Melt into Sperm, and spend at every Pore:
A touch from any part of her had done 't;
Her Hand, her Foot, her very Look's a *Cunt*.
Smiling, she Chides in a kind murm'ring *Noise*,
And from her *Body* wips the Clammy Joys;
When with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring o're
My panting Breast, and is there then no more?
She cries. All this to Love and Rapture's due
Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too?
But I the most forlorn, lost Man alive,
To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,
I Sigh alas! and Kiss, but cannot *Swive*.
Eager desire confound my first intent,
Succeeding shames does more success prevent,
And Rage at last confirms me Impotent;
Even her fair Hand, which might bid heat return
To frozen Age, and make cold *Hermits* burn;
Applied to my dead *Cinder* warms no more,
Than Fire to Ashes could past Flames restore:
Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
A wishing, weak unmoving Lump I lie;
This *Dart* of Love, whose piercing point oft try'd
With *Virgin blood*, *Ten Thousand Maids* has dy'd:
Which *Nature* still directed with such *Art*,

That it through every *Cunt* reacht ev'ry Heart.
Stiffly resolv'd, twou'd carelessly invade
Woman or *Boy*, nor ought its fury staid,
Where e're it pierc'd, a *Cunt* it found or made.
Now languid lies in this unhappy hour,
Shrunk up and Sapless, like a wither'd Flower.
Thou treacherous, base deserter of my flame,
False to my Passion, fatal to my Fame;
By what mistaken *Magick* dost thou prove,
So true to Lewdness, so untrue to Love?
What *Oyster*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, common *Whore*,
Didst thou e're fail in all thy Life before?
When *Vice*, *Disease* and *Scandal*, lead the way,
With what officious haste does thou obey:
Like a Rude roaring *Hector* in the Streets,
That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets:
But if his King or Country claim his Aid,
The *Rascal Villain* shrinks and hides his Head
Even so thy Brutal Valor is displaid,
Breaks every *Stew*, does each small *Whore invade*,
But if great *Love*, the onset does command,
Base Recreant, to thy *Prince*, thou darst not stand.
Worst part of me, and henceforth hated most,
Through all the *Town*, the common *Fucking Post*;
On whom each *Whore*, relieves her tingling *Cunt*,
As *Hogs*, on *Gates* do rub themselves and grunt.
May'st thou to rav'nous *Shankers*, be a *Prey*,
Or in consuming *Weepings* waste away.
May *Stranguaries*, and *Stone*, thy *Days* attend,
Mayst thou ne're *Piss*, who didst refuse to spend,
When all my Joys did on False thee depend.
And may *Ten Thousand* abler *Pricks* agree,
To do the wrong'd *Corinna*, right for thee.