

## XIV

& what shall I say of your holy derrière?  
A finely sculpted shrine of driving lust.  
Poets sing & rave about their ladies now long dust.  
Of these I mention ancients & a host

Of new, who crafted verse of their *femme fatales*:  
Shakespeare, Petrarch, Dante, Catullus,  
Byron, Berryman, Neruda to name a few,  
But none can write the things I say of you.

You work your end for my good ends.  
You ply your pleasure deep into my pain  
To prove divinity is only masked in flesh  
& walks on legs that heal the eyes of men.

Your body's but a blessed sight to tease  
The devils out of hell; heaven's angels seize.