

BEAUTIE:

a hyper-hormoned homily to the great goddess

**A man is but a humble beast
Yet whun mine eyes 'er glorie see
This sanctus of my heart doth melt
Into ecstasies of grate power.**

**A whomum is more than a honeyed feast
Yet whun mine lips on 'er bodice dwell
What thrombulations assail mine castle gates!
Yea, I must forsake all vows und pretext
Simply to gaze at 'er holied space!**

**Surely this Benedictus is a Blessing
And many have worshipped upon thee
Under hallowed altars, bright stars,
and silken sheets.**

**Lighting a candle as we move closer
I smile then touch thee -**

Dominei Benedictus et Semplice!

- T Newfields

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