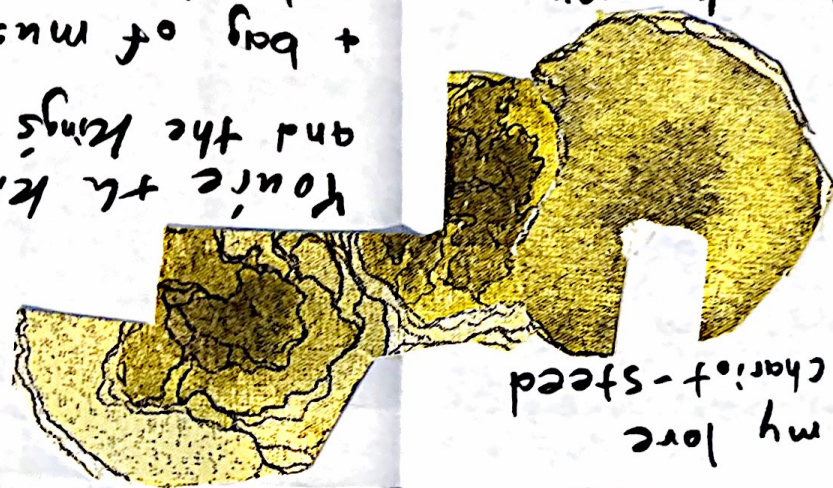


Look,
look again, more so
Look,
beautiful

+ bag of musk
and wine

You're the king
and the kings' lust



O my love
A chariot-steed

I'll make you
golden studs
to stud your neck

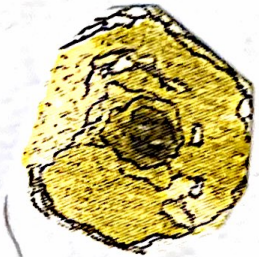
Lay with me
here spread
the leaves of our
house
cedar for the beam
of your bed

Our beams are
cedar
cypress
our walls



willow bends
our necks above
to a rose gold
ceiling

den in me



me than thou the
tents we'll th flock

I've done
so much for others
and kept none
for myself

for thee
the curtains

Come
Den in thee
me in thee

An apple tongue-sweet
A brilliant rose
among
thorns



Me his thee

Thee fragrant
after
we hath come