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And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more belov'd than day.
But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,
That beauteous Boy, to linger here ?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild--
Has he no friend, no loving mother near ?

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

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AFFECTED NYMPH

Lifting that basket from your head
(basket that brimmed with strawberries once)
you're just a bit too nonchalant
O nymph, who might be more well-bred.

Raking the ashes of strawberries
has drawn the curtain from the bed
where the stream of bygone days flowed by
until it suddenly ran dry.

Nymph whose wild thighs tamed me,
Who clasped me like a statue,
I raced to you like waves that crash
and drown when they reach the bottom.

(All who come to drink, my doe,
on their knees before you first must go).

Schoolgirlish nymph of the woods
inviting me in for a snack
so that I might leisurely
nibble your wild strawberries,
entreat the brambles of these woods
to lift up your jet-black apron.

The fire crackles once more:
you've proved yourself a real girlscout;
down on my knees, I stoke your flame
and drink at the stream where once I came.

Raymond Radiguet.

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SUMMER HEAT [Note: 'Eros' = the Greek god of love, youngest of

all the gods and commonly depicted as a beautiful boy]

Sun burning down on back and loins, penetrating the skin,
bathing their flanks in sweat,
Where they lie naked on the warm ground,
and the ferns arch over them,
Out in the woods, and the sweet scent of fir-needles
Blends with the fragrant nearness of their bodies;

In-armed together, murmuring, talking,
Drunk with the wine of Eros' lips,
Hourlong, while the great wind rushes in the branches,
And the blue above lies deep beyond the fern-fronds and fir-tips;

Till, with the midday sun, fierce scorching, smiting,
Up from the woodland lair they leap, and smite,
And strike with wands, and wrestle, and bruise each other,
In savage play and amorous despite.

Edward Carpenter.

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And oh! to follow that white clue,
I felt I fain would scamper too.
  'Teeh-hee! run here. Eeh! ee! Look there!'
And oh! so playsome, oh! so fair.

William Barnes.

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When the boys walked in the streets their shoes purred on the asphalt,
And the corners were bright as butterflies.

When the girls walked in the streets their legs shone in shop-windows,
And cinema-queues trembled with love.

When the boys and girls walked in the streets
It was like a cathedral decked with worshippers.

And when the boys and girls went back to school
All the clocks of the town wrung their rusted hands.

Julian Mitchell.

[NOTE: Would it be too daring to suggest that the original end-lines about 'bells' and 'clocks' might have been originally written as "All the _men_ of the town choked with their _pining_" and "All the _men_ of the town wrung their _wasted_ hands." ? And that these were then changed to something less compromising (but perhaps more poetic, it has to be admitted) for publication ?]

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'queer' (inc. paedophile) poetry. Anyone interested ?
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