



# Magnificence

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Sentinel of the Palace of Pearls,  
What forests of men could such a one as I  
Journey through to find such magnificence  
In such a form as this?

Strong and proud,  
With head lifted high,  
A framework of pumping life force  
Webs thine splendour with  
Throbbing, so deep and powerful  
And fine in smooth, pulsing girth.

He stands,  
Able, unadorned Samson with a single eye fully opened,  
And the strength to topple temples of goddesses  
Who would defy his sacred presence!  
Their walls are opened unto him,  
Their inner sanctums laid bare and glistening  
In the glory of his extreme majesty.

He rises,  
From depths of men to heights of gods,  
His base shrouded in the mists of feral masculinity,  
His sword strong and ready to slice the Vestals' purity in twain.

Ah, God who dwells beneath robes of dignity,  
Hear the cry of this needful worshipper!  
Unsheath mountainous glory  
And let the handmaidens feast their eyes  
Upon thine victorious loins!

Oh, for the arrogance of thine power

To seek sanctuary within mine pure, wet mouth!  
How I long for the dignity of thine royal presence  
To enter mine glittering gates with rainbow drops,  
And deposit treasures within mine body.

Magnificent Master of all I possess,  
Let me purvey a place to rest thine majestic head,  
And leave thine wonders secretly  
Within mine jewel chamber.

For all I seek is to behold thine magnificence  
Within mine own body,  
And in royal turn,  
Let it seek to invade mine own temple  
With singing, molten ropes of pearl.

My God! For thee, I am laid bare,  
And thine servant humbly prostrates herself  
For thine majestic entry.

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