ANONYMOUS – Your Love, Dear Man  
  
  
**Your Love, Dear Man**  
Your love, dear man, is as lovely to me

As sweet soothing oil to the limbs of the restless,  
  
As clean ritual robes to the flesh of gods,

As fragrance of incense to one coming home

Hot from the smells of the street.  
  
It is like nipple-berries ripe in the hand,

Like the tang of grainmeal mingled with beer,

Like wine to the palate when taken with white bread.  
  
While unhurried days come and go,

Let us turn to each other in quiet affection,

Walk in peace to the edge of old age.

And I shall be with you each unhurried day,

A woman given her one wish; to see

For a lifetime the face of her Lord.  
  
*Translation: John L. FOSTER*