

*Ah, Sweet love,*

*Too prodigious Time's circuit  
Since last our asignation  
And it's forbidden fruit  
—The dearest hours of my life*



*I beseech thee, by the ardor of my love,  
To hear me fully out,  
In my dark-dire request:*



*Dear angelic Eidolon,  
—Diaphonous, irredescent, celestial.*

*Pray—*

- Forget past paramours,*
- Uncouth, uncivil, unworthy of you,*
- And in like old obligations*
- Renounce as dreamed of phantoms.*



*But let us at nine in gymnasium meet  
Chimichaunga Riders vs. Ghetto.*

*Then, when vanquished enemy  
Is no more than moribund memory  
And throngs of onlookers all depart,  
Three alone shall be,  
We two, and intimate revelry.*