

Sonnet Nought

by Iain James Robb

Miraculous tarantulas, and octopii, have many limbs akimbo,
Two have you: and they are better than be kept in zoo.
Thine eyne are like the marbles that my youth had held in limbo,
'Cept even better yet, for they are fairly lashed and greeny-blue.
Your breasts are like pneumatic pillows: lo! they billow ripples,
That the bedsheets pillow, full of fresher elegance than milk:
And flowers that are flush, are never pinker than your nipples.
I am much entranced by ways you comb before thy mirror,
And even if you put finger in nose, it would look beauteous:
Lovely finger, lovely nose, and lovable all o'er: yea, by Thor!
Love has been your elegance, under which love is dutious,
 To my beloved ye; if you be lovéd more to be,
 Let it be by no other one than me:
 For I am fresh with jealousy , if you go with all

ilk.

