

RE: Game Instructions

Derrick Allison  
416330  
10274 Boyer Rd  
Carson City, MI  
48811-9746

Dennis Sobin, Director  
% Prison Foundation  
2512 Virginia Ave., NW #58043  
Washington, DC 20037

November 21, 2016

Attention: Mr. D. Sobin,

I have invented three professional games. I've been attempting to get the attention of the open market, talent scouts, or inventors. I have an idea: Publish the incomplete instructions and strategy manuals, just to whet the appetites of the public. They'll have to come to me for the complete package, which I'll sell through another source. My question to you is, will you publish the 3 game instruction manuals as a single unit, because two of them consists of less than 25 pages, unless I revise. Together there are over 50 pages plus, graphs, and draw-

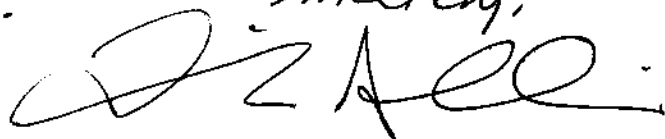
ings. I will blot out sufficient info. to prevent copying and infringement. Name of games are: Chase (board game), Chariots (card game), and Sniper (geometric targets game). In fact, the instruction and strategy manuals are all that is needed for Sniper (I provide everything needed on paper), and Chase (can be played with Checkers, until I get a Toy Broker to manufacture its own unique pieces via toy market).

Please instruct me on how to submit such, if you will publish it according to the same rules of submission as given in your correspondence to me, regarding combining two or more manuscripts (in this case, instruction manuals). I would like to submit this as 2, say, "Parts free Games" instruction manual (3-in-1).

What do you say, sir? Please write. Thank you! And thank you again for your time enduring this lengthy submission, questions, and inquiries.

P.S. Enclosed S.A.S.E.

Sincerely,



RE: The Song of Adam

DERRICK ALLISON  
416330  
10274 Boyer Rd  
Carson City, MI  
48811-9746

Prisons Foundation  
2512 Virginia Ave., NW #58043  
Washington, DC 20037

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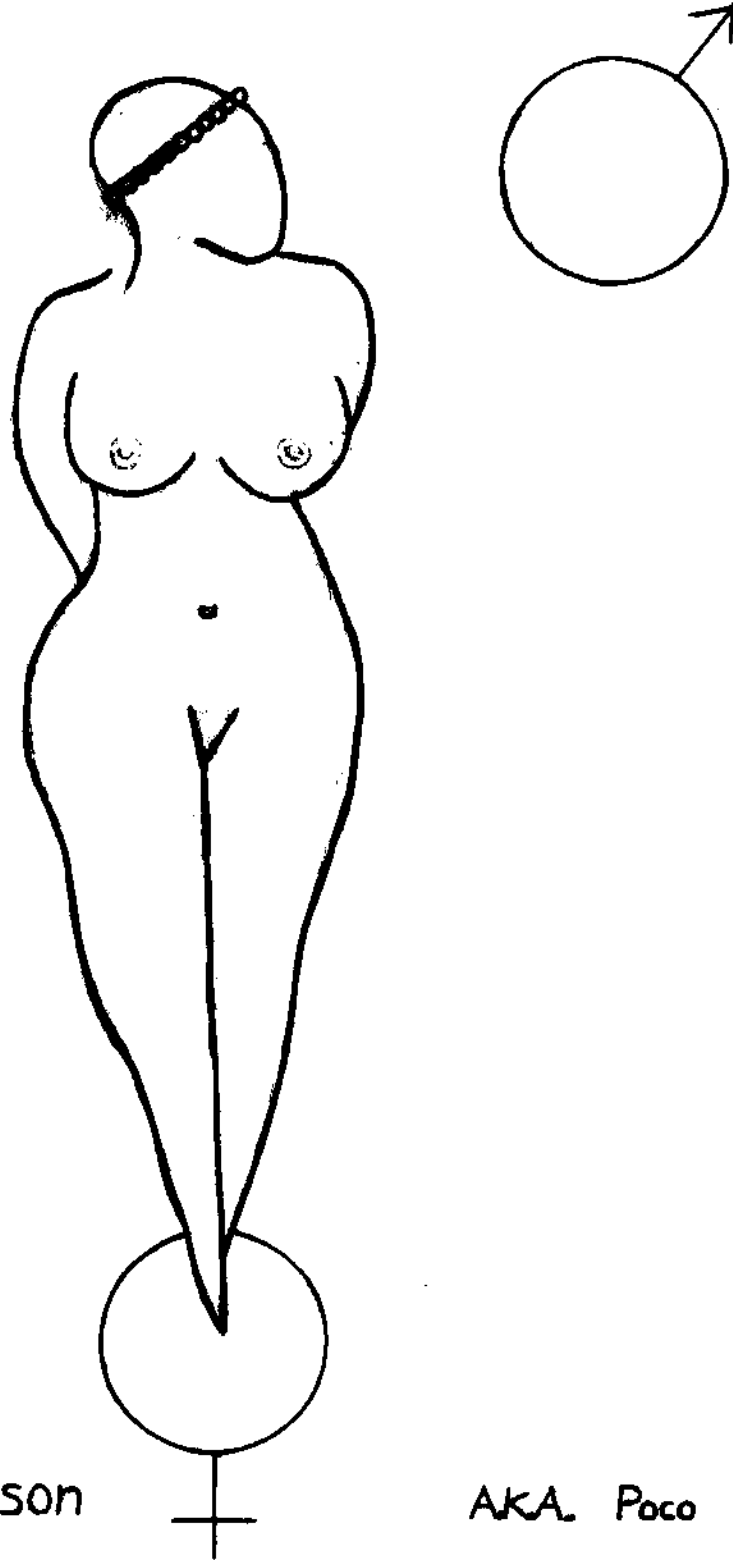
Attention: Denis Sobin,

Thank you for your time and correspondence. Enclosed is my unpublished work "The Song of Adam (30 pages), and an S.A.S.E. Of course I'm requesting publication, and I understand the terms of the P.F. publication process. Please excuse the crudeness of this writ. I have no typewriter, nor time to effect a better copy.

Question: You say I can publish one book per year, free. Can I send you another after New Years 2017 for free publication, or 12 months after publication of this one? Question: Can anyone use, sale, or publish my works without my permission? Seeing my copyright is not registered.

No sincerely,  
No D.A.C.

# THE SONG OF ADAM



Derrick L. Allison

AKA. Poco 2016

The Song of Adam  
by Derrick "Poco" Allison

Type: Poetry/Prose (Fiction)

Contents: The Song of Adam (Part 1), The Ode of Eve (Part 2), The compliments of Adam and Eve (Part 3).

The song of Adam, Parts 1-3, is purely how I have imagined the first man and his woman resurrected in the art of poetry, prose, and savoir faire. This is not merely a fresh, new expression of the Shulamite and the King (The Song of Songs). To reach out to one-another from eternity with a love that never dies is the ultimate compliment and expression of everlasting love. My goal was to capture, or set free the heart and soul of such love between man and woman, from its birth in the Garden, to its resurrection in Paradise.

*D. Allison*

November 21, 2016

Derrick Allison #416330  
10274 Boyer Rd  
Carson City, MI  
48811-9746

Derrick Allison  
9658 Grayfield  
Redford, MI  
48239

## The Song of Adam



Poco

1) In the beginning I was alone. 2) No orchid so rare could sate my passion, no beast on earth would suffice. 3) The sun ceased not from kissing me black, yet I was ~~frigid and desolate~~ frigid and desolate beneath the hosts of heaven, famished in the midst of the land of plenty, in the garden of delights my soul waxed cold. 4) Looking for love, I mounted the pillars of eagles. With the fleetest of antelopes I raced. I swam amongst the pods of behemoths, and from the abundance of heaven and earth I attained purity as I immersed myself in every pleasure. 5) I was naught, but a beast without you, yet found I no place amongst them, neither could I express myself for lack of my kind in all the world. 6) I searched the herds, the schools and the flocks. I inquired of you on the mount, and pleaded from the watery abyss. From the depths above, to the core beneath, no secrets were withheld. Neither were you there. 7) Inwardly I turned, in search of thee. 8) I found no rest in the bosom of Morpheus. 9) I dreamed of you, sensual, wild, provocative images more graceful than dancing gazelles, more finely adorned than the birth of spring in the valleys. 10) As you were, a tower of exquisite femininity, the express image of virtuous elegance

incarnate. 11) I envisioned you standing in stark contrast to my masculinity, my opposite, yet without opposition, the perfect compliment. 12) You parted the clouds, and caused the darkness to flee. 13) I would have died without you. I would have gone the way of the comet, but the intensity of your seduction beckoned me from within. 14) I was on the threshold of insanity, then came the manifestation that solemn day. 15) Like the larva from the cocoon, I awakened to behold the completion of my creation. 16) You were the pinnacle of love, the zenith of desire that set my soul afire, the sum of my essentials, the missing factor of the equation. 17) When I first layed eyes on your nakedness, it was as pure as the stroke of a lightning bolt, stunning, and awesome. 18) Woman, you blew my mind! 19) The affect was instantaneous. Time stopped, and all of creation gasped with anticipation at the sight of that magnificent spectacle. 20) The first time we served love, I remember, our bodies lithe, and rythmic in motion, reaching mythical Cresendos, oh! so divine. 21) Born again of this baptism in the flame of [redacted] fire, [redacted] forged on the anvil of life beneath the hammer

of love, the marriage of soulmates now complete, man and woman inseparable. 22) You slayed the beast I was, and healed the man I am; yet for the love of a woman, a man will strut like a cock, pant like a dog, and roar like a lion. 23) Men are driven mad by your estrogenous libido, so be careful my sweet, hot are the flames of emotions. 24) Beware Oh man, the rose bears thorns for those who are brutish. 25) Man has waged many wars, and great are his armaments, and battlements. But one tear drop of a woman can raze nations. And for a taste of her flesh, kings will raise kingdoms. 26) In muscle, steel, and the spirit of steeds men find strength, and do glory. But a woman who knows her potentials can subdue many men with little more than a movement of her hips, her lips, and her eyes. 27) A man who dominates women is afraid of them. But he is a woman's best friend who empowers them. Yet man is so stricken by the power of women he has sought out many schemes. Through fashion and adornment we gaze upon her sex. She veils her glory lest we be driven to the brink of madness. 28) We take her like



booty, and we are taken like slaves. Oppressive and brutal, we have harmed you my dove, for fear, lest we be consumed, and reduced to porridge and ashes, our minds utterly forsaken. 29) We have fallen from grace, sullied our image, and abused [REDACTED] the virtues of our power, authority, and dominion. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] The lusts of our flesh is without discipline. *Elysium is lost.* 30) Forgive us, Oh woman. Please have mercy on our haughty heads. When we are weak, you must be strong. 31) Like nocturnal creatures drawn to the beautiful but lethal incandescence of a flame of fire, we often meet haphazardly, the mutual dissolution of us both. 32) Yet to be absent from your presense, to abstain from the fruit of your sex, is a noble discipline, the stuff of sages, and holy men. While common mortals suffer love-sick desires to gorge themselves on your delicacies. 33) Oh sweet effluvia, how we long to slake from your fount. 34) About you woman, I could fill volumes with wisdom, and graves with corpses. 35) To you we come to sustain our seed, for you are the crucible of life in whom every man-child is found out. 36) So what, we ask, are the secrets of life and death? Can a man

be born again? 37) Yes! We return to the womb, to the [REDACTED] ebb and flow tides of her inner sea, to the depths of her femininity. 38) Like Salmon swimming upstream we battle the powers of the elements, gaunt lets of beasts with talons slashing at our life force, and dynamic currents that resist our will to be one with you, to undulate in the hot blood of your vessel. 39) To be blessed by the song of your voice, and anointed by the radiance of your presence, I have come, to edify the spirit of woman, the apex of your entity. 40) But the offspring of apes have no understanding. For it is not in the succulence of her thighs, or in the fatness of her breasts that boys become men. 41) A boy is only a fraction of a man. A man without a woman is only half of a whole. 42) Men have accomplished mighty deeds in heaven, and on earth, but no man can find in another man his need for a woman. No man can usurp her throne of glory. 43) The softness of gold [REDACTED] adorns the strength of steel. But gold [REDACTED] alone makes poor weapons, and iron is of no value to beauty. So it is for a woman at a man's duty, and a man in a woman's

place. 44) What is a diamond to a woman who outshines the  heavenly stones of fire, eclipsing all of their brilliance. 45) Man takes for granted many things: In what mine can he dig for a woman? Can he sift her from a stream? Can he craft her from clay, stone, or wood? Can he weave her on a loom, or fish her from the sea? Can he form a loaf and raise her from a hearth? Can he draw from his substance a clot, and breathe life into the ore? 46) Beauty fades, and passion wanders, but a graceful woman is a mother lode of riches.

47) Men search for the mysteries of the universe. They have breached the limits of the laws. For Atlantis, El Dorado, and King Solomon's mines they search. For life in the cosmos they  pray.

48) They carve up the earth for jewels, and level the mountains for precious metals. For the tree of life, and the fountain of youth they hunger, and thirst. 49) Still, no endeavor excels our quest for a beautiful woman. 50) In the company of elders she is the center stone. In the congregation of the wise, she is the tempering flame of iron men, and a catalyst amid fools. 51) Where man is the head of the body, she is the sinew of the

muscle upholding the horns of his power. 52) In the heart of every man is the spirit of the hunter, and woman, the prey of his sport. His aim, to conquer her private parts. 53) He will dissolve your constitution with his wiles, and penetrate your garden with his virility. He will slay you and hang your heart upon his lodgepole. 54) And the woman has perfected her game as well, to subdue kings and their kingdoms, to establish her Queendom. 55) Yes, you took me from the very beginning. I followed you to death. 56) We've idolized and enslaved one another. 57) We hurt for love, and love until it hurts. 58) This fascination with love keeps us in one another's arms, and at one another's throats. 59) Love is fleeting, and so rare in its purest form. Blessed are they that find it, yes, like wild honey, and the gold of Eden. 60) Blessed are they that keep love's flame intense, that all lovers may abide in its light, for selfishness is the great defilement of true love. 61) Therefore, I'll cleanse and purify myself before I speak, for to be praised I praise you not. 62) These compliments are my oblations, the reflections of your inspiration. 63) Men pride themselves in inventions,

in abilities, in exhaltations. But it is in our edification of womanhood we find our greatest expressions of manhood. (64) A fool believes his dominance is superior, but the wise man is made all the wiser by his woman, the aura of his countenance, her comeliness, on the right hand of his renown. (65) In the viscerals of many men are many mighty deeds. (66) In the bosom of one good woman is many men. (67) Oh woman, receive the medicine of my words as leaves ~~from the tree of life~~ from the tree of life. (68) Your eyes have seen many suns. Your hands are strong from servitude. Your heart is a granite millstone that grinds the grains of wisdom extra-fine. (69) The ages have not worn you away. Your preeminence is adamant. (70) Since ancient times, man has not ceased to worship the female deity. (71) You weaken the knees of the strong, and they bow down. (72) Such is the power of your alchemy, brass is turned to butter, and stone into spirit. (73) You bend the bow of Cupid, and pierce me through with the flaming arrows of eros. (74) You serve the dainties of my fancy, and the delicacies of my desires. (75) Your feet are my fetish. To kiss your

behind would be a great honor. 76) The way you woo man, starry-eyed and surreal, you ignite the man in me, the man I've always wanted to be. 77) The dog, which has no understanding, cocks his head. But you are my kind, without comparison, my best friend, and most intimate companion in whom I delight. 78) See, you know my deepest secrets, and the innermost fabric of my being. 79) Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh, you possess the keys to my tabernacle. 80) You are the angel of my lordship. 81) I called you woman, the wonder of man. 82) From the matrix of my design, [REDACTED] intricately and meticulously wrought, you are the immaculate Madonna, a masterpiece of art embodied, and quickened by the very breath of poetry. 83) You captured my essence, and amplified my potentials. You knew exactly what I needed. 84) The splendor of your virtues held me spellbound. 85) Your mind is a constellation, a symphony of brilliance. 86) We are binary stars in the pool of eternity, [REDACTED] the prodigies of Olympians. How Venus does blush with envy. 87) You deck your life with romance, and don the elixirs of love to make subjects of princes,



in the land of giants by laws written in the  
 stones of men. 97) With shrewdness and tact  
 you bear the diadems of dignity as vestments  
 of power and authority. 98) Who disrespects  
 a virtuous woman curses their own head, ████████  
 Indeed, the measure of a man is measured by  
 his honor thereof. 99) Oh woman, by the gods  
 we must praise you. Never forsake the sin-  
 cerity of a man's heart. Allow him to express  
 himself. Crush not his words, nor cast them  
 back in his face as shards. 100) You were born  
 to be praised, so count yourself worthy of a  
 man's duties. 101) Whoever you are, whatever  
 path you have chosen, you are a woman, and  
 that is sufficient. Use it as it were the seal  
 of a rite of passage, from virginity, to elderly.  
 102) We've had our battles over the centuries.  
 We've lived and died by one another's hands, by  
 one another's words, and in one another's arms.  
 103) So beware, the subtleties of serpents  
 dwell in many words, when the tongue is laced  
 with the venom of Taipans. But a woman's  
 love charms the hissing of divers dragons. 104)  
 Most certainly I am deeply in love. The strong  
 are broken by the weak as the ████████ viscerals



are coaxed by much honey. 105) A whore is a woman who lacks the more refined virtues, but she is still a woman, with a mouth to feed, and a roof to bear. 106) Can she wield a sword, or usurp a man's dominion? Oh but she does have what every man wants, and men are snared like flies in her web. When the craving is sated, we despise her. 107) We run and hide behind our fig leaves to cover-up our nakedness, lest we bear the label of the defiled. 108) Like fish loosed from a hook in the jaw, we will bite again one day. 109) So we cannot judge and condemn any woman, seeing that her glory is our glory, and her shame is our shame. 110) It is not the craft of my fair lady the trump of Queens. Of the wonder of the wonder of man, who can cease from wondering. 111) Men have indulged in many sciences, but of the magic of woman who knows? 112) What man is not touched by her sexuality, when even women themselves are enthralled by the behest of her rising. 113) And yet she was created from the masterpiece of me. 114) Maestro! Maestro! cried the sons of the morning, when you were brought forth, born of the spirit,

wisdom, a virtuosa of life, love, and harmony.  
115) *Encore! Encore!* What more can I say.  
If I must do another thing, what could I but  
sacrifice, and do obeisance at your feet.  
116) The word I have spoken is the spirit of  
Agape. Of yours I ████████ am possessed. Of  
mine I offer oblations. 117) You are wisdom,  
the essence of my existence. 118) You have  
quickenened me, alive, and given me reason and  
purpose for being. 119) I love you woman,  
from eternity.

Adam

## The Ode of Eve

Poco 1

1 From my man I was taken. From his matrix  
I was wrought. But I am not,<sup>2</sup> I was cleaved  
from his lower parts; cast from his dust. But  
I am not.<sup>3</sup> He was the first fruits of our kind.  
So of mankind I am known. But I am not.<sup>4</sup> I  
am woman. The wonder of man. Naked I came  
into this world, enshrouded only in my own  
glory, and as ripe as a fruit bearing succu-  
lent, in full blossom.<sup>5</sup> I awakened beneath the  
light of life, as black as the earth I am, as  
dark as the cradle of heaven. This was my  
first expression of me, while my eyes simul-  
taneously beheld his glory, in no contrast  
to mine, save his manhood.<sup>6</sup> For an eternity  
it seemed, I lay there in the garden green.  
He stood over me, towering like a mighty  
tree with the sunbeams flashing through  
his boughs, while his head eclipsed it, he  
wore it as it were his gleaming garment, his  
gloriotte, the light of his countenance. His  
eyes were full of wild fire, and when we met  
what thoughts I cannot express but to say,  
flowing, as it were a stream of pure water.  
<sup>8</sup> Of course we were breathless, and speechless,  
as our eyes searched one another, beholding  
one another's nakedness. Then he reached for  
me, offering me his right hand.

<sup>9</sup> When we touched it was electric, magnetic, and immediately we bonded.<sup>10</sup> He lifted me up and looked down upon me. His strength and his libido was so powerful, sensual, sexual. His aura so holy.<sup>11</sup> We began measuring and comparing ourselves to one another as he circled me slowly, searching me, touching me here and there as I followed him with my eyes.<sup>12</sup> Then he spoke to me, "woman" he called me. I'll never forget those first words, my love. Words of power and authority. I was yours the moment you declared me, She who woos man. With that, we were married in an instant. My lord and I in the garden of delights.<sup>13</sup> You took me before you even knew me. Before you even touched me my heart was yours, and yours mine.<sup>14</sup> You lead me to the falls, and we bathed in the bubbling springs. With aloe and yucca we anointed one another. Your hands strong and supple upon me raised goose pimples on my skin.<sup>15</sup> You excite me lord. My blood runs hot with passion.<sup>16</sup> You anointed my feet with oil and kissed my soles.<sup>17</sup> I'll never forget how all the birds and beasts and creeping things gathered to watch us. You had names for them all; funny names that befitted their natures.

<sup>18</sup> Strangely it seemed the whole world was waiting on, even depending on us. Then you kissed me with those lips, so lush and full as you drew me close to you until our hearts hammered against one another and our bodies tingled and throbbed. <sup>19</sup> It felt like my feet had let go of the earth, and my mind had left my body, ascending. That first embrace was almost too much for me. It was beautiful but frightening. I had never before felt such a rush of power and ecstasy. <sup>20</sup> In my girlish innocence I did not know what to do. I saw your manhood ready, ready to explore me, to join us one flesh, one spirit, one heart-beat. <sup>21</sup> But I am woman. And so to your shock I giggled, turned, and ran through the bamboo canes. <sup>22</sup> Surely my lord, my love you didn't think it would be that easy. I was a virgin after all. No man had ever plumbed the depths of my inner sea, my voluptuous femininity. <sup>23</sup> I left you bewildered. I couldn't help but laugh at you. That face. Your boyish wonder and confusion tickled me. <sup>24</sup> There you stood, a giant of a man chiseled from a granite quarry, carved from an ebony trunk, looking like I had just taken your most cherished toy from you. How could I but squeal with glee.

<sup>25</sup> You knew at that moment this was my game. Those ivory teeth flashed when you smiled. Your laughter was hearty and thundering with the base of maturity.<sup>26</sup> Then you dashed through the forest in pursuit of me, game on!<sup>27</sup> We had a wonderful run, testing ourselves, our strengths, and our wits. But this was not a game of conquest and competition.<sup>28</sup> We were alive, and life was fresh and new to us. Our minds were so filled with wonder, I was far too excited for mere coitus.<sup>29</sup> Everything around us, the sights, the sounds, the smells were so strange and beautiful.<sup>30</sup> But there was nothing like you in all of creation to compare. The rippling mass of Tarus nor the savage grace of Leo could hold a flame to your image.<sup>31</sup> You are lord of the titans. It always amazed me how you could run, swim, and fly with them. And when you spoke the behemoth obeyed, and leviathan wagged his tail.<sup>32</sup> You are the anointed landlord of the earth. Your dominion is known even in the heavens.<sup>33</sup> Surely I am yours. And you are to me the root of my fruitful tree.<sup>34</sup> Your heart is a sandlewood box of precious jewels.<sup>35</sup> Every hair of your body is a finger that touches me. There are no secret places. You explore them all.

<sup>36</sup> My man is a mountain of heart. You are the great black bovine that grazes the grasses on my hills and plains. <sup>37</sup> My heart leaps like an antelope when you are near. <sup>38</sup> You make my aquifers swell. I'm bubbling over with love. You make me wet with delight. <sup>39</sup> For wit and intelligence there are no rivals amongst men. <sup>40</sup> Sometimes I feel like a child next to you. Then you fall into my arms, and lay on my lap your head. Like a lion cub you cuddle. Like a baby you suckle. <sup>41</sup> from my bosom. But I know within you is a bear. When it comes to defending your beloved you are as fearsome as an angry god. <sup>42</sup> Our children climb you as if you were some mighty oak. The people eat <sup>43</sup> from you as from the olive and the fig. You are wise. They come up to learn from you. You go down to lift them up. <sup>44</sup> You are gold to the poor, and counsel for the rich; <sup>45</sup> the mentor and comforter of Job. Indeed you are the father of them all, and my beloved husband. I am the wife of your youth, <sup>46</sup> and the mother of all the children of men. You dip in the pond of my navel, and slake at the fount of my lips. <sup>47</sup> What in the world have you like me? And who?

<sup>48</sup>Your flesh is my flesh and your blood is my blood. Here I am, part of you, parted from you, and endowed with all that we need to compliment one another. <sup>49</sup>You are the sower, I am the earth. Fruitful will be our seed. Golden will be our harvest. <sup>50</sup>Still our hearts are always hungry and thirsty for more. We were empty cups into which life poured out its oblations to, the overflowing of all its abundance. Remember the cool of the day when our hearts were still, oh how we would talk for hours, for days, for years never tiring of one another's words. <sup>51</sup>From the depths of our souls we draw. Deeply we drank from one another's hands. <sup>52</sup>When our flesh was calm I searched my heart for reflections of my identity. <sup>53</sup>Your eyes are pools of still waters, stirred by the image of me in you I have found. <sup>54</sup>Every day and every night we lay beneath the stars I realized it all belongs to us, as we to one another. <sup>55</sup>I am woman. My lord is the master of the household. <sup>56</sup>I am the glory of my man. I know the secrets of his heart. I am the master of his strength. <sup>57</sup>Neither beneath him, nor behind him, but in a man's heart is a woman's place. <sup>58</sup>There I am Queen, on my throne.



<sup>59</sup> Over the years I've learned I had to be more than just pretty. I had to be wise to hold such an exhalted position. <sup>60</sup> My man's strength would challenge me. His wisdom would that I hold my own in this life of labors and trials. <sup>61</sup> Beasts are mates for life, but our love surpasses death. Beasts are driven by the nature of their flesh, but there is a spirit of love in man. <sup>62</sup> In the beginning all we had was love for one another. It was the apex <sup>63</sup> virtue of our emotions, and our possessions. We had never known an ill feeling, nor had any foot of bitterness sprang up between us. It is the days of our innocence I cherish, and the glory of our destiny I long for. You are and always shall be my shining star, my provider, and my protector; the ideal and perfect man. <sup>66</sup> When you grow old in years I will love you to death and beyond the grave. <sup>67</sup> When you are not by my side my pillow is cold, and my flesh is dry. I cannot make love to a shadow. I am a woman. I need my man. <sup>68</sup> If you should leave me I would mourn my own death. <sup>69</sup> Your breath is in my nostrils. Your sweat glistens like dew on my breasts. Your life force is in my loins.

<sup>70</sup> Whatever edifies we shall ascend together,  
 Whatever befalls us I shall bear with you,  
 As whatever we do we do together, for we  
 can do nothing without one another. <sup>71</sup> I  
 cannot call you down from heaven. I can-  
 not form you from the dust of the earth.  
 I am not the One. <sup>72</sup> The ape is not of our  
 kind, nor are we of their origin. The beast  
 is surely no match for me, or thee. <sup>73</sup> Your  
 wisdom and intelligence alone surpasses the  
 collective matter of all their masses. <sup>74</sup> Whom  
 can I call upon; which amongst them can  
 know me as you do, and you as I. <sup>75</sup> They are  
 children without depth of understanding.  
 You are man, and your dominion is over them  
 all. I am woman, who upholds the horns of  
 your power. <sup>76</sup> I silence the screaming eagle.  
 I subdue the strength of the lioness. I roar  
 with fierce indignation. Hear me! <sup>77</sup> For many  
 women will come. And many hungry lips will  
 desire to taste the red wine of your love, and  
 taste the wrath of my scorn. <sup>78</sup> He is my man.  
<sup>79</sup> Daughters of men, sisters, and kin; a bull has  
 many heifers, and a buck many does, but I  
 woo the heart of this one. This tower of po-  
 wer; this bushy haired, bronze skinned, bar-  
 rel chest hulk breeds only with the alpha heifa.

<sup>80</sup> He is the first fruit of the progeny of the Olympians, in the flesh. The best of the best. The highest standard, and the hallmark of design. He is the perfect man.<sup>81</sup> Now ladies, when you land a man like this you'll understand there will be times when the sweet elixir of love will run with the bitter gall of jealousy and scorn.<sup>82</sup> A sow bear is a formidable force when fighting for her cubs. Likewise, a strong woman will fight like a wild bitch for her man.<sup>83</sup> Don't let the sweet face fool you, baby. I am the original woman, at the top of my game.<sup>84</sup> And so I will have my share of men over the centuries who will try to grasp my reins, and put a bit in my mouth, or a yoke on my neck, and saddle my gorgeous lady hump.<sup>85</sup> They shall stand and fall between the walls of a tsunami and the fury of Krakatoa.<sup>86</sup> Woe unto you who arouses the wrath of the King, or to snatch a lamb from the flocks of the Chief Shepard.<sup>87</sup> I am a virtuous woman. You will learn from the wisdom of my  tongue, or the rod of my right hand.<sup>88</sup> My love is one. You are my brothers, and my neighbors; all of you my sons.<sup>90</sup> Of the original man I am the finishing touch of the master's plan.

<sup>91</sup> Of all things, does a man share his loincloth?  
 But I am his woman, the strength of his own  
 phallic libido.<sup>92</sup> And so about you my dear,  
 I could go on. The stars would fade by the  
 time I've just begun.<sup>93</sup> Not by idolatry shall I  
 provoke that hand of providence, or the gods  
 to envy. But I shall praise you.<sup>94</sup> Your strength  
 is your weakness, and your weakness is your  
 strength.<sup>95</sup> Your attributes go into every male  
 child that breech the womb. Though your sons  
 have not always honored your daughters; like  
 the heavens that declare the glory of God, we  
 are a strong voice, and a witness for or aga-  
 inst them.<sup>96</sup> Indeed your weakness for the  
 weaker vessel has proven to be our strength.  
 Our glory fades not.<sup>97</sup> Even under the cruel lash  
 of drudgery, exploitation, abuse, and domina-  
 tion ████ we shine.<sup>98</sup> Of all the virtues the great-  
 est is love, and we have loved you man.<sup>99</sup> And  
 though I know many men and women have  
 spoken those words throughout the eons of  
 time, they have not all lived to fulfill them  
 in a single vessel.<sup>100</sup> When I first layed eyes on  
 you, and we kissed, I believed it was forever,  
 because love never dies.<sup>101</sup> Men and women become  
 crippled and paralyzed from injuries to their  
 souls, or defects in their character, and so

## Poco II

lose their ability to love continuously, consistently, efficiently, and effectively.<sup>102</sup> We need a restoration of our paradise lost, and a revival of the heart that hungers and thirsts for Agape.<sup>103</sup> "I love you forever" finds its greatest fulfillment only in our resurrection.<sup>104</sup> And so wisdom has again made me alive, and restored my soul, and healed my iniquities that I may traverse the corridors of time to declare unto you again, you are my adoni, meleki, and my aw-dawm.<sup>105</sup> I love you from eternity, and forever more.<sup>106</sup> I am your woman.

Eve

## Poco 1 The Compliments of Adam & Eve

A: Let us lay in the garden of Paradise my love.

E: Let us lay in the love never lost.

A: Your skin is like fine liquor, smooth and intoxicating.

E: I am drunk on your words, my love.

A: If you were a bottle of wine I would be drunk every day.

E: I have taken my fill of your compliments. I am high on your oblations. But tell me more.

A: Your lips wet my thirsty soul.

E: Your fingers peel the grapes of my heart.

A: Can you love me more than I do you.

E: I live for it. I would die if I could not.

A: I like the way your flesh trembles when you walk

E: Then I will shake the earth for you!

A: Your hair is a blossoming black orchid.

E: Your beard is like the finest wool against my skin.

A: Your skin is as soft as chamois, as buttery as kid.

E: The scent of the forest and fields is yours.

A: The subtle hint of fresh milk is on your breath.

E: Your observations delight me. Your words are like fine delicacies, and chocolates.

A: I would butter the bread of your heart with the gold of the shepherds, and stoke the hearth of your loins with the timber of my substance.

## Poco 2

- E: You tickle me with such words. They are as provocative as nakedness itself.
- A: There is no garment woven or cut that can match the beauty of your flesh.
- E: And no stone of the mountain or mass of a tree can compare to your masculinity.
- A: You would out-do me with compliments. But you are my woman, and my glory. What could be better?
- E: Nevertheless, you are my man. I know none other.
- A: If I kiss you a thousand times will you grow weary?
- E: If you kiss me ten thousand times it is only a foretaste of the feast to come.
- A: Your lips are like rainbow trout leaping above the crystal streams of your mouth.
- E: Your eyes are like two good friends entering the ██████████ threshold of my temple.
- A: I am in pain, and I love it.
- E: It is painfully sweet to be in such love.
- A: You are a ripe peach, your sweetness runs down my chin.
- E: You have bitten me. It is delightful.
- A: But your temple is only part of the whole. At the heart of you are great mysteries. And I wonder.
- E: I am that part of you.
- A: I am a baby in your arms. What is this power you have over me?

Poco 3

E: I am wax beneath your flame. Together we burn with vehement incandescence.

A: Your mind is an enigma.

E: Then you must discover it.

A: Your nature wooed me like a blossom draws a bee.

E: Then you must eat of my bread, and drink the nectar of my love.

A: Even honey and good wine can make a man sick, but of you there is never enough. You remain a rare delicacy.

E: True. There is none like me. And I am all yours.

A: What more could a man ask for.

E: But you are my gift; My birthday prize all wrapped up in love and glittering character.

A: No. You are my gift. The amplification of man. The perfect compliment.

E: But I would be soil without seed without thee. A dark, barren landscape without form, and void.

A: There is no earth without you, where then would I plant my seed?

E: Then we are one.

A: We are one.

E: Will you love me tomorrow as today?

A: As sure as tomorrow will be for eternity itself.

E: But I am flesh, not spirit.



## Poco 4

A: Yes, and yours is mine, As we bear the image of one, so we shall bear the image of the other.

E: You are wise. Am I not the weaker vessel.

A: Character is not made of flesh my love. The matrix of integrity is the strength of character. A strong woman is a woman of great character. And many men have not excelled many women in that, not even in all the brawniness of their vessels.

E: You are wise. Tell me the secret of women.

A: You are tactful, witty, and clever. You know that you've got me there. I can only laugh with embarrassment.

E: Discovery is the spice of life.

A: You have well seasoned mine.

E: You are the salt that preserves us.

A: You are the vessel in which we are preserved.

E: You will not be outdone by my praises of you.

A: My love, you have already won.

E: Then I will take you as the ultimate prize.

A: In that case I too am awarded with you.

E: You are impossible, I say with great joy.

A: I am the man, and still you seek the last word.

E: You are man. I am woman. You are the first. I am the last.

A: Shall not the first be last and the last be first?

E: We are one. Let us touch and agree, in love...

A&E: We are one, in love, together, forever. Amen.