

# Flower of Love

Claude McKay

The perfume of your body dulls my sense.

I want nor wine nor weed; your breath alone  
Suffices. In this moment rare and tense

I worship at your breast. The flower is blown,  
5 The saffron petals tempt my amorous mouth,

The yellow heart is radiant now with dew  
Soft-scented, redolent of my loved South;

O flower of love! I give myself to you.  
Uncovered on your couch of figured green,

10 Here let us linger indivisible.

The portals of your sanctuary unseen

Receive my offering, yielding unto me.

Oh, with our love the night is warm and deep!

The air is sweet, my flower, and sweet the flute  
15 Whose music lulls our burning brain to sleep,  
While we lie loving, passionate and mute.