Albion
in female form
salutes the alien Exodus

staring so hard—
warms his nostalgia
on her belligerent innocence

- - The maidenhead
drooping her lid
and pouting of her breast

- - forewarns
his amity
- - - - -
Amorphous meeting
in the month of May
- - - - -

This Hebrew
culled by Cupid on a thorn
of the rose
lays siege
to the thick hedgerows
where she blows
on Christian Sundays
She
simpering in her
ideological pink
He
loaded with Mosaic
passions that amass
like money

implores her to take pity
upon him
and come and be a 'lady in the City'