

# The Sexuality of Bereavement

## My Dying Bride

I soothe I lend a gracious ear  
Your sobbing, somehow sexual  
Come to my bosom. The help I bring  
Is all my pleasure you lonely, dear thing Oh, cruel love, when held by you  
My sanity does fly You lie there mourning with looks of desire  
T is beauty when you cry Drink my grieving love  
Desire and wine go well  
Sleep, I'll watch over you  
Relief? Time will tell

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