

Herein lies the very beginning of my epic poem, *The Book of Love*. I will keep adding to it in time.

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## **The Book of Love**

**a poem**

**by**

**Jack Soffel**

*for Koko*

"And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,"

--Edgar Allan Poe

**Dedication:**

And now outside among the granite stone  
Wherein your ashes lie at the chapel  
Of light and chimes in Oakland's peaceful glen,  
The sun beams strong and breezes grace the palms.  
The birds sing songs above light traffic noise.  
This is our cemetery of Life and Love,  
One neighborhood we visited in mirth  
As we nurtured our True Love into being.  
I rollick in our Love continuing.  
It never dies. The sun upon my skin  
Reminds me of your deep Love of the sun.  
I feel you here right with me, feel you smile.  
We are the children playing in the sun.  
I meditate and Love the beauteous day.  
You are the sunlight nourishing my being.  
You give me Love and sacred sustenance.  
I carry on with poetic intent.  
I kneel and kiss you in your rose's folds.  
You give me Love and heart inspiration.  
I set these lines in true initiation.  
*The Book of Love* is coming at our hand.  
I Love you infinite-fold, I take a stand  
And weave the layers of existence deep  
Into a fabric of pentameter.  
I Love you, Koko! Thus begins the quest,  
Unfolding through our book, *The Book of Love*.

Many wrote *The Book of Love*,  
And many write it still,  
And many write *The Book of Love*  
In future times they will.

## **Adorations: To the Creatrix of the Universe, the Goddess, the God, and to the Goddess of Love**

Dear Stich-Tche-Nako, weaver of all time,  
Grandmother Spider, Creatrix of the universe,  
The one who from vast darkness wove a kink,  
To wrinkle warp and woof ejaculate,  
To spin the mighty web of existence,  
Myriad worlds and dimensions  
Seen and unseen by human eye and lens,  
Atomic interstices infinite  
And deep space giant rocks beyond minds' grasp,  
The worlds of the Faerie and the Sprite,  
The places of consciousness beyond death,  
The orchestral complexity of thought,  
And endless biologic formations.  
You, Stich-Tche-Nako, you have made all this,  
Each thought, each twist and turn of being alive,  
Each run-on line, each poem, every book.  
You are the grand Creatrix of our life.  
I give you thanks and praise for this, my life,  
That I should be so finely fortunate  
To have this life existing here and now.  
Dear Stich-Tche-Nako, thank you for this life,  
And thank you for the crafting of this poem.  
In the beginning so shall you construct  
All that will pass, the mountains and the seas,  
The stories and the poems that lilt and wave  
From oblivion to oblivion,  
From here to there and there to back again.

Great Goddess of the Earth, I call on you!  
You are the center of this shining poem!  
It's all for you, the reason that I write,



My Goddess, Nature, sacred source of life!  
With humble praise and raw ecstatic lust,  
My Love for you pours outward in a gush.  
You are the Earth and all its bounteous fruit.  
Your hair is all the branches of all trees,  
Alive and shimmering with leaves of green  
And turning leaves of red and shedding brown  
That fall and crumble, nourishing the ground  
With new made dust and dirt in which to grow  
Thick meaty roots of hardness shooting up  
Into the light of day to form new trunks  
That spring into a web of fresh branches  
Which give a budding life to pure green leaves.  
My Goddess, you are flowers and lush grass,  
The twirling nested spirals of fresh folds,  
The meaty soft and brightly colored stars  
Of deep sweet red evolving into black,  
Like sun-striped skies' intensive glow at dusk,  
The colors of the heart, the hues of Love.

The Goddess of the Earth is full and strong.  
She marches through the wood with oaken thigh,  
And rivers flow unceasing from her womb  
To splash and lap the Earth perpetually.  
The Goddess steps into the lea flowered.  
Imbrued with waves of light, her body glows,  
Her hair a network nest of greening vines.  
Her serpent skin shimmers a glossy black  
Shot through with rainbow streaks and lightning jags  
And spots and splotches shifting in the sun,  
Of blue and green and red, of tan and brown,  
Of orange, lemon yellow, milky white  
In spattered speckles like the midnight sky  
Aspray with stars and starlight in its ink.

A cosmic abstract painting is her flesh.  
All things unto her, all things unto her.

Her consort is the horned man of the wood  
Who treads the Earth on feet of cloven hooves  
In drumming raps of intricate display  
Upon the earth, the thumping of tough toes  
The pulse of time, of action, life's movement.  
He dances for the Goddess of the Earth.  
He flows through time with energy of lust.  
His penis is erect, he wants to fuck.  
He comes to her in adoration, Love.  
He kneels to her in worship of her being,  
And she Loves him, decides to let him in.  
He holds her by the knees, kisses her thighs.  
He kisses and he licks her open cunt.  
She moans in ecstasy and draws him up,  
Puts his penis inside her vagina.  
They lie upon the ground and fuck and rut  
And writhe in carnal pleasure in the grass.  
The very Earth it shudders with the waves  
Of their erotic orgasms of Love.  
They marry, God and Goddess of the Earth,  
And live a thriving Loving life of growth.  
Green tendrils birth and shoot out to the sun.  
Thick meaty roots claw down through wetted soil.  
The Goddess and the God embrace and smile  
And slither through a fecund life of joy  
That rocks all times throughout the fruited lands  
And gushes from the mountain greenery.  
She Loves his cock, he comes in her wet mouth  
As her vagina presses to his mouth  
Awrithe with coming, gushing fluid in.  
He drinks her come and thrills in their Loving.

They are the God and Goddess of the world.

Goddess of Love! Goddess of heart's core!  
You swoop upon the Lovers of the world  
Within your pulsing heart of blood red Love,  
Your golden scepter reaching out to beam  
Naturalizing rays of ecstasy,  
The truest energy of Love's essence,  
To course through bodies of initiates,  
The ones who in devotion to True Love  
Stand bound to Love throughout their whirling lives,  
The ones who join in sacred hearted touch,  
Their bodies coupled naturally in Love.  
Pure Loving ones who choose to live in braid  
Are Loving Gods and Goddesses themselves.  
Each mortal who Loves truly is a God,  
A Goddess who is herself the Goddess of Love.

And Tiger is my true Goddess of Love,  
The woman who came to me in my life,  
Awakening in me Infinite Love.  
Like Buddha in her pure simplicity,  
She cracked the bitter shell shielding my heart  
And poured in flowing streams of rainbow Love.  
And I will never be the same again.  
I'm marked with Love to live and die with Love.  
I feel it in my heart, supernal Love  
That rolls and glows with warming residence.  
To you, my Tiger, Goddess of Love,  
I write with Love's inspired heart-drenched shout!  
I can't describe the fathomlessness of  
The Love that pours from my heart out to you.  
My heart just bounds in joyousness when I  
Remember our creating Infinite Love,

Its vision in the blackness of our eyes,  
Our polyester, cotton, flesh on flesh  
Embraces through our meeting night to dawn  
Into spawned morning's beautiful sunshine.

Great Bastet, gorgeous and glorious Goddess of cats!  
Sweet Bastet, gorgeous and glorious Goddess of Love!  
Sweet pawer giving pleasure in firm pats,  
The sinewed arm and dominative nails  
Commanding power harsh from Nature's throne,  
You are the fierce powerful warrior,  
Definitive defender of domain  
With claws that cut and slice and rip and rend  
When necessary to beward the realm.  
Adored Bastet, you are born of the sun!  
You are the sun's full flare of fire,  
And in the eye of vast intelligence  
Your darkness floods the world with Love's goo.  
The wolves run wild and make Love in the wood  
Beneath the pearly piercing silver moon.  
The flowers shoot and flourish to the sky  
Of bright light blue and skating white-gray clouds,  
Where Ra's white roiling supersphere of power  
Blares blazing floods of glare upon the skins  
Of humans, plants, and animals of Earth.  
Bastet, Goddess of cats, protectoress,  
The happy and Loving Goddess of joy,  
Bestowing gifts of music, dancing, Love,  
Bastet, I adore you! Goddess supreme!  
You are a wonder of the universe,  
Your slick smooth cat stealth integral to life.  
You radiate with ultimate cat beauty!  
Dear Bastet, Bast! Goddess of Love and cats,  
You are the black panther who walks the Earth.

You are the panther of the midnight sky  
All when the moon is clear silver liquid,  
Her brightness piercing pearly with white light.  
And you, Bastet, are mingled with the sun,  
A fire tiger one with blinding sun  
Who graces Earth each day with giving light  
To lumen what in darkness hides in sight  
And gives a charge of warmth and living power,  
Food for the plants, food for the animals.  
Bastet! Loving Goddess of cats and Love,  
Thank you for your graces and abundance!

Dear Goddess of Love, wild in forest grove,  
Your worshippers come congregate to play  
And pet each others' bodies in the sun.  
Sacred Nymphs of Nature, tree and stream  
Abundant with their beings in a flood,  
To forest glen they gather for some fun  
And there find Satyrs horny and erect  
Romping from the trees in happy lust  
And frolicking upon the wonted green.  
The Nymphs likewise choose to be sexual  
In a magnificent coming of Love,  
Their exquisitely gorgeous smooth bodies  
Contrasting with the Satyrs' "wood and fur."  
The groups, they form in Loving chains of sex,  
Nymphs and Satyrs pleasuring each other,  
Their kisses flowing in an endless stream  
Upon their lips and bodies thrillingly.  
Embracing in a warm erotic crush  
They generate a Love of cosmic sway  
That powers glee throughout the universe.  
And groups of male Satyrs form with each other  
To Love their hairy bodies and their cocks.

Their fleshy penises swelled hard and smooth  
Glide into their Lovers' mucussy asses.  
In orgasm the pearly semen spouts  
While Satyrs fucked come in shuddering waves  
Of deifying anal orgasms.  
And groups of Nymphs enlace together too,  
To celebrate powerful female Love  
Within exclusive Goddess-held domains  
Only for women, Goddesses of Earth.  
And in their circles of woman Loving  
They generate immense wellsprings of Love,  
Thick meshworks of organic ecstasy  
That flash and soak into the Earth's fabric  
To save the Earth from evil and peril.  
The orgiastic revelry flows on  
Throughout the sex-ecstatic length of day  
Beneath the Loving particles of light  
Emitted in full force by sun's fierce heart,  
And in the dappled shade of leafy trees  
That stand along the fringes of the clear,  
Groups form to fuck and lick their cunts and cocks,  
Sweet skin upon the tongue while they who're licked  
Feel pleasures of the Goddess realm in sex,  
Elation in their genitals intense  
And causing absolute physical joy.  
They groan and come and coo in coming bliss,  
Their fluids dribble out then gush in streams,  
The jets that splash and warm enraptured flesh.  
This is a ritual of pure Loving  
Within the sharing group's felicity.

And in that group two Lovers meet in Love,  
They fall in Love inside each others' eyes,  
A Nymph and Satyr who in eyes' blackness

Swim deep to weave the fabrics of their beings.  
They recognize each other as The One,  
True soul mates who independently feel  
The other is the True Love of their life.  
And in the grassy glen they lay and make  
A Loving bed of compressed green stalks,  
And there they slide into embraces soft,  
And Loving kisses mesh their tongues and lips  
So sweetly slick they thrill the flesh to joy.  
And with their hands they play all-Lovingly  
With each others' naked bared genitals.  
They run their fingers softly through the hair  
And touch the spots where pleasure courses in  
Orgasmic waves in flux, pushing to come.  
And in the natural matrix of the Earth  
Their fluids spurt and nourish Nature's ground.  
This is the ritual most sacred to  
The true immaculate Goddess of Love.

And these two Lovers of the natural world,  
Two Lovers of the forest clear and good,  
Reflect true Loving in the human world,  
When two such meet in passion's certainty,  
Just as myself and Tiger did in time.  
I was her Stealth. I Loved her boundlessly,  
And thrillingly she eagerly Loved me.  
Fully engaged in True Love's adoring,  
Our days and nights were filled with magic Love.  
In blissful Love we dreamed of growing old  
While making Love together every day.  
And though death took my Tiger from me fast,  
Destroying those dreamed possibilities,  
They yet remain in some reality  
Existing on another line of time.

Dear Goddess of Love, I, Stealth Stations, kneel  
Down to your towering bright beam of being,  
Your radiating self that is True Love,  
Who chose me to be your sacred consort.  
Goddess of Love I kneel to you and kiss  
Your center core in Love's adoration.  
My Goddess hero, Goddess of True Love,  
Thank you for giving me True Love in life,  
For showing me celestial delight  
That epic is among our deepest dreams.  
Goddess of Love, I offer you in joy  
This magic epic poem I write for you  
Until my body passes beyond death.  
Goddess of Love, I form this book for you.  
This is Love's bounding poem, *The Book of Love*.

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