

55th

So by the book you're fifty-five.
I think you look like porno live.

The massive axis of your shoulders
Draws gasps of fear from all beholders.
The hairy barrel of your chest
Renders your nudity well-dressed.
The ill intention in your eye
Makes love abide and virtue fly.

Too smooth of grip to bruise a grape,
Too strong for lions to escape,
Oh be you glad and be you merry,
My beautiful voluptuary.