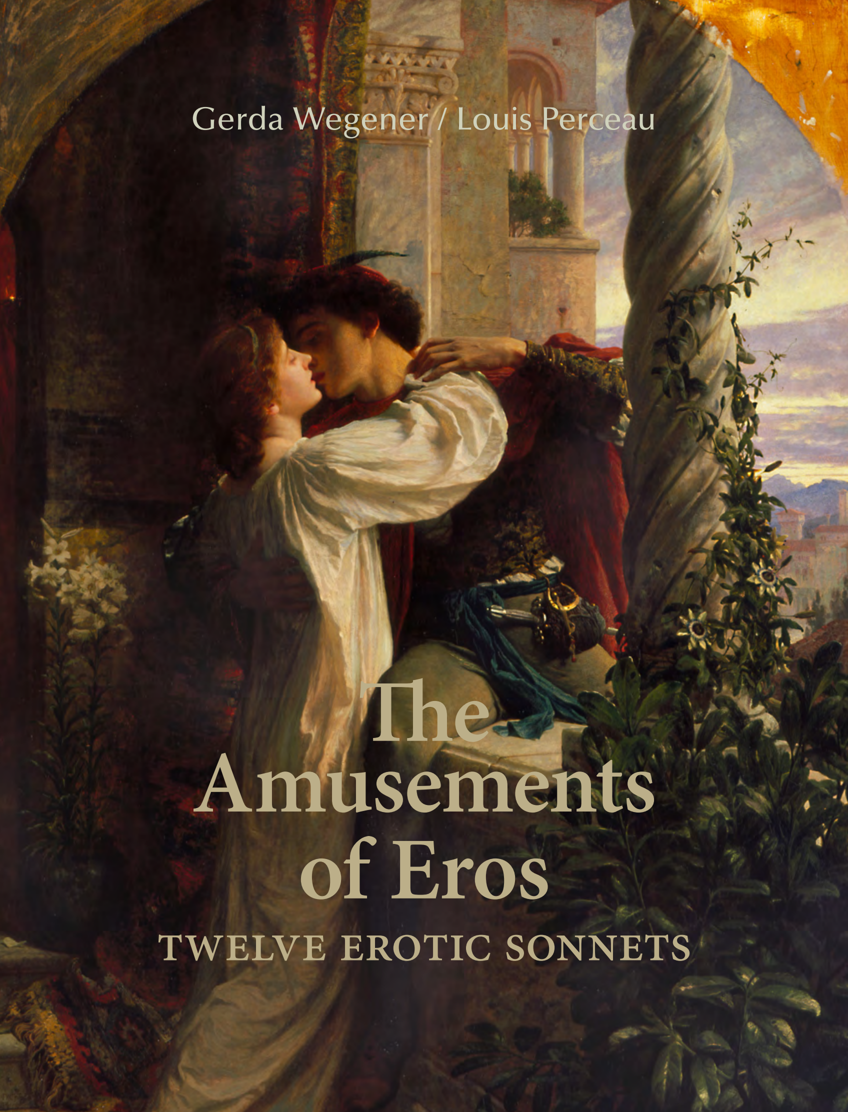


Gerda Wegener / Louis Perceau

The Amusements of Eros

TWELVE EROTIC SONNETS

Vertiges
JEAN YVES COLLETTE ÉDITEUR

Frank Bernard Dicksee (1853-1928),
Représentation de la scène célèbre du balcon de Roméo et Juliette (1884),
collection du Musée d’art de Southampton, Angleterre.

Louis Perceau (1883-1942),
photo d’identité (avant 1914).

THE AMUSEMENTS OF EROS

TWELVE EROTIC SONNETS

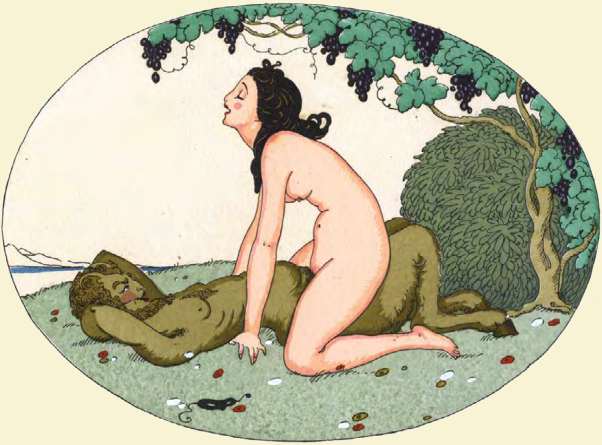
Pasroral Dream

In the corner of the park a nymph lies hidden
Enjoying an enchanted rest in a shaded corner.
Zoe, to escape the heat of the hot summer sun,
Lies under a sheltering bush, stretched out nonchalantly.

Upon the flowery grass the nymph leans her head;
Her eyes are closed, her breast gently agitated,
Upon her lips is a smile of pleasure,
She dreams of lascivious tenderness.

Awakening, zephyr wanders through shady paths,
And gently lifts the gauzy linen
To touch the rose aflame;

And Zoe, succumbing to sensual desire,
Dreams that the satyr expertly maneuvers himself,
Finding and playing her source of pleasure.



Léda misunderstood

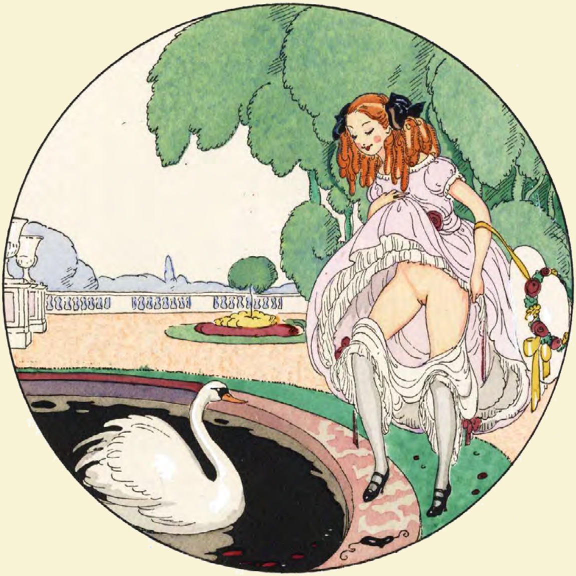
Hortense lifts her crinoline skirt
And lets fall her flimsy pantaloons;

She desires to become one with all
The great white swans whose beaks beckon.

At the edge of the pool, provocative and inviting,
He offers and encourages his maleness.
She smiles, then shudders, seeing him stretch
His beautiful soft white neck, a living javelin.

Under the strange desire whose ardour obsesses her,
He turns her thoughts to the lover of Leda,
And to the dangers inherent in his nature;

But the great white swan gives a surprised glance
Towards the immature slot with its narrow opening,
And swims away without imagining.



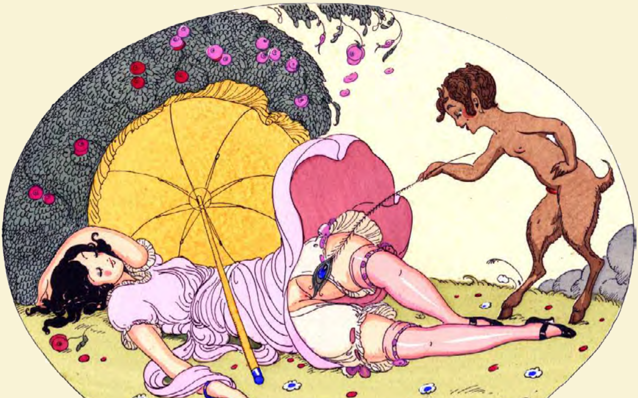
Nymph and satyr

The fecund rays of the Sicilian sun
Ripen black beans among the green vines;
The faun lies still, her eyes half open,
Awaiting the joyous leaps of an unruly nymph.

Far from the dark thicket of its home,
Far from the dark forest and shadowed paths,
For the lascivious faun the young perverse Eros
Offers today an easy and promising prey.

Open and awaiting the expected pleasure,
She embraces the extended offering of the satyr,
And his stiff probe moves and trembles...

Then, her breast full of love's liquor,
Without regard for the faun lying amidst the foam,
She offers a last spasm to the conquering Eros.



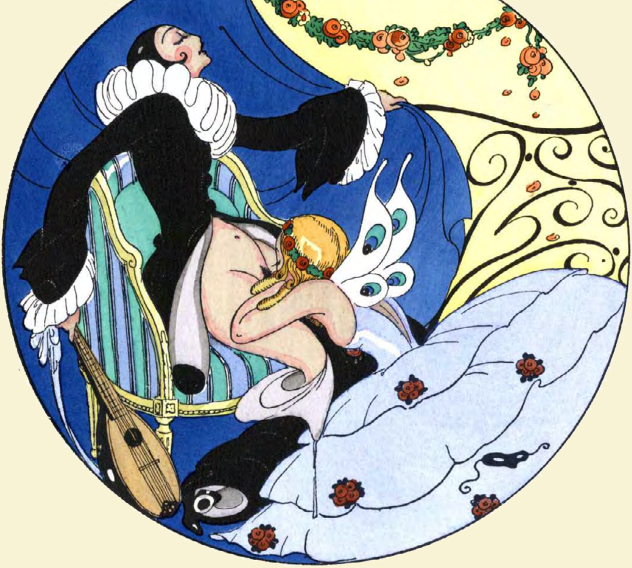
Pierrot's pallor

Pierrot sings his ballad of love
And his tired fingers let fall the instrument;
It sits in the chair, lying limply,
On the balcony bathed by the languorous night.

Between his knees is a dangerous lover,
A butterfly browser sucks greedily,
The pleasure juice spurting suddenly
Under the experienced kisses of a feverish mouth.

For the third time the flood escapes
In long jets loosed, body's lust slaked
In the unquenchable thirst that moves the fiery tongue,

Which in turn makes the bold kisses strive yet more...
That is why Pierrot has a bloodless face
Which eats his two black eyes with their dark rings.



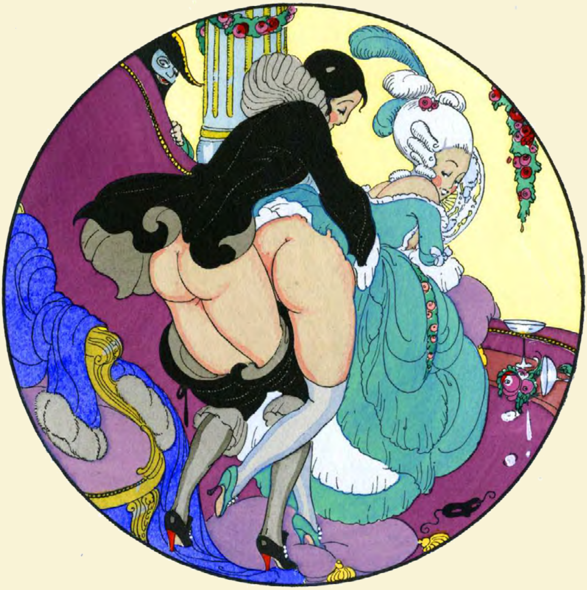
Artemisia's Lodge

Leaning on the balcony of his lodge, Artemisia
Viewing the dancers with dying eyes,
Because it feels the fingers of Pierrot, conquerors,
Up boldly under the thin shirt.

Seeing the beautiful panting and submitted child
The daring gallant gestures of madness,
Reveals much of the attractive charms,
To get faster to the promised land.

Artemisia fell under the furious shock,
Feeling enter a victorious cock
In hot and humid cave adorns a dark foam;

And Pierrot takes its course in this valley slippery,
Without deigning to notice, shiny flash in the darkness,
The lustful gaze of the Lord pants.



Special cabinet

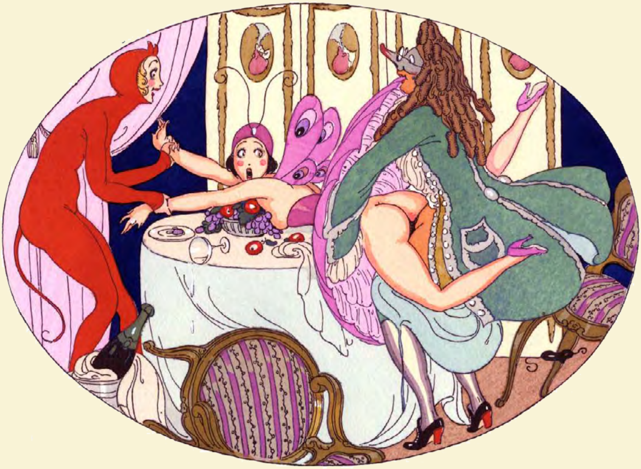
After supper's end, two soft *ingénues,*
A candid Lucifer, a mischievous Butterfly,
Will fill the cynical libertine greybeard
Lustful passions so long contained.

Already the Butterfly, both hands retained
Between nervous fingers the little Imp,
Collapses on his stomach in the middle of the feast,

Offering the old delighted her beautiful naked buttocks.

Faced with such charms spread shamelessly
Bluestem draws a scary sting stiffness
And between one go without any lubrication;

But feeling at ease in the lover Strait
He comes out soon to force a passage
Much less busy, but how much more narrow.



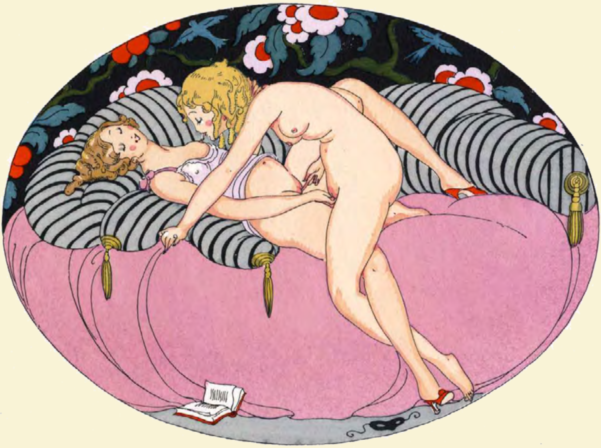
After the ball

Cydalise led the proud Dorimène,
Watched as her tyrannical and powerful desire,
Far from the gilded salons where the ball ending
In a final burst moves and struggles.

Dorimène followed the demon who leads;
Curious, edgy and breast leaping,
She waits, the heart of a growing excitement,
The cult of Sappho tender catechumen.

Cydalise threw her attire in heap
And under the large baskets which are like an arch
She suddenly plunged eagerly tenderly;

But her first kiss only is it hatched
Already Dorimene, love and pressed
Exhales a long sigh and swoons, her eyes closed.



Illusion

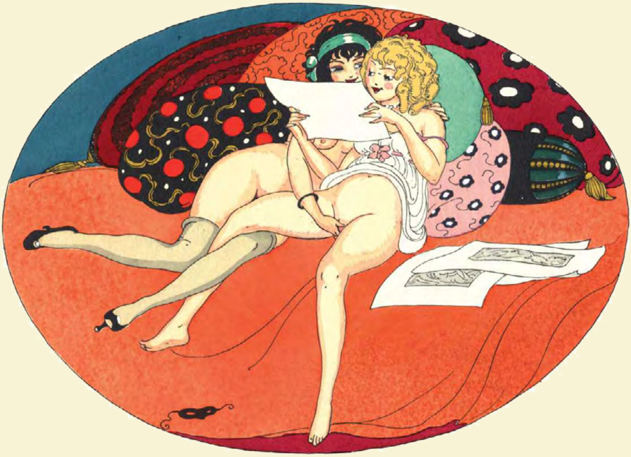
Alone in the big bed widowed tender beloved
That carries her other arm changing whim,

Monique this morning takes silver mirror,
To see *boutonnet* in his embalmed conch.

By Table lascivious immediately inflamed,
She quickly went to the demanding desire,
And the gentle rubbing her diligent finger
The fact of comfortable sigh and coo, swooning.

Under the divine thrill that digs its sides,
Undulating twists her belly and her trembling arms,
Monique does not know she is alone in her bed;

She sees fickle, she also feels,
And dying believing spill into his mouth,
In his last *Encore!* he adds a *Thank you!*



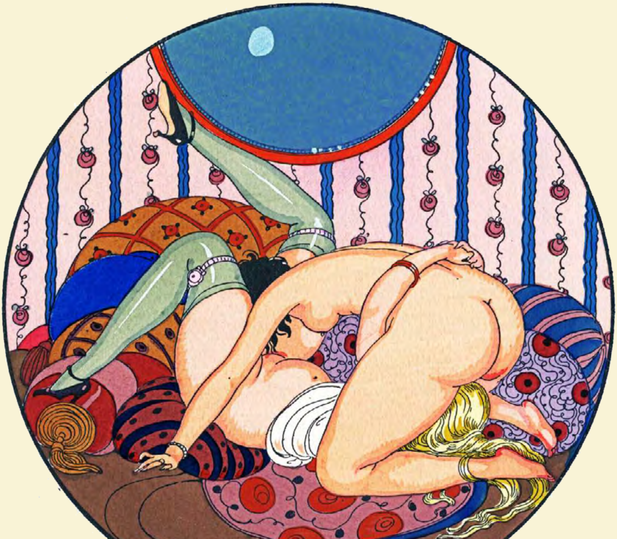
Initiation

The blonde and tender Agnes followed, curious,
The ardent and brown Eva, and the low divan
Which soon sound the commotion in love,
She jumps playing innocent and cheerful.

As it is way too hot, brown, clever,
Agnes ensuring we do not see them,
Soon revealed the most secret charms,
It borders and travels of a vicious hand.

Reach Agnes sighs and ready to play soft,
Because lascivious designs put her burning with fire:
Under the finger complacent awakens the voluptuousness...

Moaning moaning... again... it is the divine moment...
And when succumbs Agnes, Eva, who monitors
Utters a cry of triumph and suddenly enjoys.



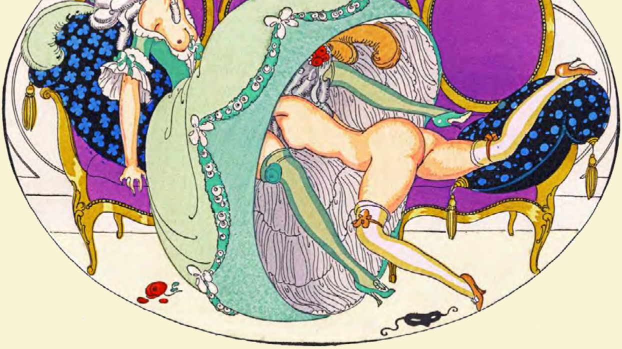
Reciprocity

To the deep sofa where desire nails me,
Your face looks fresh and the gold of your hair;
Down thy lip flower, that tender confessions
Parent at this moment of an adorable pout;

Like mine already, that your index is played
To rosebud or tend all our wishes;
Let's go do agree, darling, because I want
The divine pleasure shakes us all.

But what are you doing, honey? Ah! what happy design!
Ball... ah, yes!... Encor licks Strawberry my breast...
Ball!... As your tongue lascivious and learned!

Suck it... it's so sweet!... As they suck a sweet...
But what? You die already? You leave me alive?
Wait for me! There! I melt... I die! Ah! it's good!



Doloroso

With charming face and caressing lips
Gina crouched and savored a moment
The rustling sweet and exciting breath
Which make him predict emerging pleasures.

Suddenly, on the back to bouncing buttocks,
The rod of Gina falls crackling,
A rushed shots, angry, shredding
The soft satin formerly of dazzling flesh.

Is that it takes a Gina gasped concert
Pain sobs punctuating his pleasure,
For soft love is for her without charms.

Under the cries muffled his flesh finally starts,
And the beautiful face flooded with tears,
Gina pours like water in an endless spasm.

Vertigo

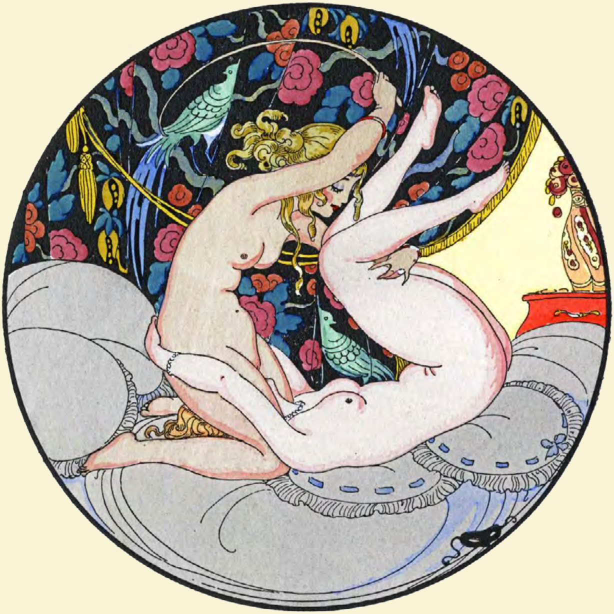
On the scattered cushions in a corner of the room
Two bodies are entwined in a flurry of madness,
Lison's body trembles on her knees,
As Rosa's body writhes and arches.

A long shudder of love courses through each member,
Lips sharing the sound of lubricious gurgling,
And the exhilarating odour exuded by those two jewels
Mingles with the sweet scents of rose and amber.

Sensuality wrings its tireless desire;
Without pausing flesh vibrates with pleasure,

And the slightest breeze ripples their thin garb;

Flames from hell glow in their ravaged eyes,
And the brown foam and the blonde fleece
Extinguish their sighs, their groans, their cries.



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Les Délassements de l'Éros – douze sonnets lascifs,
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