

# Agony Of Pleasure

Robyn Hitchcock

In agony of pleasure  
i crumble to my knees  
i lick your frozen treasure  
you cup my furry bees  
but one bee bubbles over  
your fleshy brimming cup  
it falls into the clover  
and lands all downside up  
it crawls across your stomach  
not far above the food  
that you are still digesting  
inside your large intestine  
and into your hydrangea  
it draws its furry legs  
you're crouching like a stranger  
that aches to lay her eggs  
in ecstasy of pressure  
you quiver in the jam  
while naked angels measure  
a piece of rotting ham  
in symphonies of jelly  
you play with my disease  
while back across your belly  
there crawl dusty bees