

The Initiation Rite of Wood, Whip & Wizard (a freudian trip for girls)

I dreamed I walked free in the wizard's wood
Until a magick spell was cast on me;
As the dark magician bars the pathway,
So by his power, I must his captive be.

Then strips he every garment which I wear,
And to this nakedness I well submit;
Though some small fear, my flesh I free display,
The slit of goblin dew and milk mound tit.

And now the whip, the leather snake's caress,
To flay my flesh, its rawness to deploy;
The skin, once white, is marked with lines of red,
Surrender I in pain unto this joy.

Award no more, the whip is much too tired,
The bonds untied and thighs fall open wide;
Now take your joy, magician, work your will,
Give wand and mouth and mount the devil ride.

My pubes are baptised with my crimson blood,
And your libation pour, enjoy me mad.
The agony and ecstasy are one
And every pain, to me, is joyful glad:
My woman's body has been crucified
To reveal our nakedness, unclad.

Hymen the goddess was born to be ripped,
As lust of joy the virgin must deflower;
The pagan act of real devotion
When womb is flushed in seminal shower.

I have had fuck enough, give food and drink,
And on a bed of feathers let me lie
Till wounds and womb are healed and pain no more,
O wizard, grant me this or I shall die.

—Shri Dadaji Mahendranath