

Beloved Wife,

Praise be to Allah, who has placed man's greatest pleasure in the natural parts of woman, and has destined the natural parts of man to afford the greatest enjoyment to woman.

In kissing you, I have drunk from your mouth like a camel that drinks from the river; your embrace and the freshness of your mouth, give me a langour that goes to my marrow.

Oh woman, Thou art my Idol. It was a fond kiss you gave me. How the remembrance of our love making rushes the blood through my vains and my body is on fire. Have not you brought me the greatest of pleasure and made us one? But not for you I would be a raft upon the sands near the sea unable to forfil my purpose.

The ancient Muslims considered the act of love second in importance to the creation of heaven and earth. They considered union between and woman one of the highest pleasures granted to the human being and a living art worthy of man's best thought and hightest endeavors.

Never will I forget the laughter of our second borned as he took pleasure in watching us in combat, struggling to give each other the enjoyment ordained by the creator himself. Truly All Praise Is due To Allah and his divine wisdom for making the arena of combat which he has furnished with a mouth, a tongue, and two lips which took me to it heart. *The sound of my entrance into this* ~~Marvelous~~ arena gave me a feeling of the initiated let into the inner circle, giving away slowly lest I fall, until I was firm in so the battle could begin in earnest. The

The marks of our battles I carried on my neck for a long time and it was marks of pride of well fought encounters with a worthy opponent. The soldier who went into that arena, stands at attention in honor of the joyful memories. Having searched, found none where he was more at home, and loved to enter.

If it be the Will of Allah then again I shell ride my favorite mount like only one who has been away from the battle to long, and kiss those lips that are like old wine, sweet and tender.

BBP Archival Collection of
Franky Adams Johnson

Sleeping without your warm body next to mine has not diminished the passion
or pleasure of its remembrance, like a painting in a cave it is engraved on
my brain forever.

Good night, Malika