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# Poems 1923-1954



E. E. CUMMINGS

# Poems

1923-1954

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To Marion



# Contents

## Tulips and Chimneys (1923)

### TULIPS

EPITHALAMION 3

OF NICOLETTE 7

#### SONGS

I (thee will i praise between those rivers whose 8

II Always before your voice my soul 9

III Thy fingers make early flowers of 11

IV All in green went my love riding 11

V Doll's boy's asleep 13

VI when god lets my body be 13

PUELLA MEA 14

#### CHANSONS INNOCENTES

I in Just- 21

II hist whist 22

III Tumbling-hair  
picker of buttercups  
violets 23

#### ORIENTALE

I i spoke to thee 23

II lean candles hunger in 24

III my love 25

IV listen 26

V unto thee i 27

VI the emperor 28

#### AMORES

I consider O 31

II there is a 32

III as is the sea marvelous 33

IV if i believe 33

V the glory is fallen out of 35

vi i like	36
vii O Distinct	37
viii your little voice	
Over the wires came leaping	38
LA GUERRE	
I the bigness of cannon	39
II O sweet spontaneous	39
IMPRESSIONS	
I the sky a silver	40
II writhe and	41
III i was considering how	41
IV the hours rise up putting off stars and it is	42
V stinging	43
PORTRAITS	
I the	44
II of evident invisibles	45
III between nose-red gross	46
IV i walked the boulevard	47
V the young	47
VI but the other	49
VII the rose	50
VIII Buffalo Bill's	50
IX spring omnipotent goddess thou dost	51
X somebody knew Lincoln somebody Xerxes	52
POST IMPRESSIONS	
I beyond the brittle towns asleep	53
II the moon is hiding in	54
III into the strenuous briefness	54
IV i am going to utter a tree, Nobody	55
V any man is wonderful	56
VI at the head of this street a gasping organ is waving moth-	56
CHIMNEYS	
SONNETS—REALITIES	
I the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls	58
II goodby Betty, don't remember me	58
III ladies and gentlemen this little girl	59
IV when you rang at Dick Mid's Place	59
V "kitty". sixteen, 5' 1", white, prostitute.	59
VI when thou hast taken thy last applause, and when	60
SONNETS—UNREALITIES	
I it may not always be so; and i say	61
II god gloats upon Her stunning flesh. Upon	61

III it is at moments after i have dreamed	62
IV when citted day with the sonorous homes	62
V a wind has blown the rain away and blown	63
VI a connotation of infinity	63
SONNETS—ACTUALITIES	
I a thing most new complete fragile intense,	64
II my love is building a building	65
III yours is the music for no instrument	65
IV by little accurate saints thickly which tread	66
V notice the convulsed orange inch of moon	67

## ⌘ [AND] (1925)

<i>Dedication</i>	71
-------------------	----

### A

#### POST IMPRESSIONS

I windows go orange in the slowly.	73
II riverly is a flower	74
III the wind is a Lady with	74
IV Take for example this:	75
V Paris: this April sunset completely utters	75
VI I remark this beach has been used too. much Too.	76
VII my smallheaded pearshaped	77
VIII i was sitting in mcorley's. outside it was New	78
IX of this sunset(which is so	79
X SNO	80
XI my eyes are fond of the east side	81
XII suppose	83
XIII the dress was a suspicious madder, importing the cruelty of roses.	83
XIV inthe,exquisite;	84
PORTRAITS	
I being	85
II Babylon slim	85
III ta	86
IV the waddling	86
V raise the shade	88
VI Cleopatra built	88
VII between the breasts	92
VIII when the spent day begins to frail	93
IX impossibly	94

**X**

x here is little Effie's head	95
xi her	96
xii little ladies more	97

**N**

**&: SEVEN POEMS**

I i will be	99
II i'll tell you a dream i had once i was away up in the	100
III Spring is like a perhaps hand	100
IV Who threw the silver dollar up into the tree? I didn't	101
v gee i like to think of dead it means nearer because deeper	101
VI (one!)	103
VII who knows if the moon's	103

**D**

**SONNETS—REALITIES**

I O It's Nice To Get Up In, the slipshod mucous kiss	104
II my strength becoming wistful in a glib	104
III the dirty colours of her kiss have just	105
IV light cursed falling in a singular block	106
v the bed is not very big	106
VI the poem her belly marched through me as	107
VII an amiable putrescence carpenters	108
VIII her careful distinct sex whose sharp lips comb	108
IX irreproachable ladies firmly lewd	109
x nearer: breath of my breath: take not thy tingling	110
xi god pity me whom (god distinctly has)	110
xii even a pencil has fear to	111
xiii unnoticed woman from whose kind large flesh	111
xiv she sits dropping on a caret of clenched arms	112
xv of this wilting wall the colour drub	112
xvi it started when Bill's chip let on to	113
xvii whereas by dark really released, the modern	113
xviii my girl's tall with hard long eyes	114
xix in making Marjorie god hurried	114
xx Dick Mid's large bluish face without eyebrows	114
xxi twentyseven bums give a prostitute the once	115
xxii life boosts herself rapidly at me	116

**SONNETS—ACTUALITIES**

I when my love comes to see me it's	116
II it is funny, you will be dead some day.	117

iii i have loved, let us see if that's all.	117
iv utterly and amusingly i am pash	118
v before the fragile gradual throne of night	118
vi when i have thought of you somewhat too	119
vii autumn is: that between there and here	119
viii fabulous against a, fathoming jelly	120
ix let's live suddenly without thinking	121
x if i should sleep with a lady called death	121
xi my naked lady framed	122
xii i have found what you are like	122
xiii upon the room's silence, i will sew	123
xiv the ivory performing rose	124
xv (the phonograph's voice like a keen spider skipping	124
xvi a blue woman with sticking out breasts hanging	125
xvii let us tremble) a personal radiance sits	126
xviii -G O N splashes-sink	126
xix the mind is its own beautiful prisoner.	127
xx my sonnet is A light goes on in	127
xxi when you went away it was morning	128
xxii you asked me to come: it was raining a little,	128
xxiii and this day it was Spring . . . . us	129
xxiv i like my body when it is with your	129

## XLI POEMS (1925)

### SONGS

i the sky was	133
ii of my	133
iii when life is quite through with	134
iv into the smiting	134
v Where's Madge then,	135
vi after five	136
vii between green mountains	136
viii in the rain-	137
ix Lady of Silence	138
x the hills	138
xi i will wade out till my thighs are steeped in burning flowers	139
xii cruelly, love	139

## CHANSONS INNOCENTES

I why did you go	140
II little tree	141

## PORTRAITS

I conversation with my friend is particularly	142
II one April dusk the	143
III Picasso	144
IV the skinny voice	145
V as usual i did not find him in cafes, the more dissolute	146
VI it's just like a coffin's	146
VII my mind is	148
VIII 5	148
IX at the ferocious phenomenon of 5 o'clock i find myself	149

## LA GUERRE

I earth like a tippy	151
II Humanity i love you	151

## SONNETS

I when learned darkness from our searched world	152
II O Thou to whom the musical white spring	153
III when unto nights of autumn do complain	153
IV this is the garden: colours come and go,	154
V Thou in whose swordgreat story shine the deeds	154
VI when the proficient poison of sure sleep	155
VII and what were roses. Perfume? for i do	155
VIII come nothing to my comparable soul	156
IX when my sensational moments are no more	156
X I have seen her a stealthily frail	157
XI who's most afraid of death? thou art of him	157
XII perhaps it is to feel strike	158
XIII when i am in Boston, i do not speak.	158
XIV will suddenly trees leap from winter and will	159
XV a fragrant sag of fruit distinctly grouped.	159
XVI by god i want above fourteenth	160

## is 5 (1926)

<i>Foreword</i>	163
-----------------	-----

## ONE

## I FIVE AMERICANS

I. Liz	165
II. Mame	165

iii. Gert	166
iv. Marj	166
v. Fran	167
ii POEM, OR BEAUTY HURTS MR. VINAL	167
iii curtains part)	169
iv workingman with hand so hairy-sturdy	169
v yonder deadfromtheneckup graduate of a	170
vi Jimmie's got a goil	
goil,	
Jimmie	170
vii listen my children and you	171
viii even if all desires things moments be	172
ix death is more than	172
x nobody loses all the time	173
xi now dis "daughter" uv eve(who aint precisely slim)sim	174
xii (and i imagine	174
xiii it really must	175
xiv ITEM	175
xv IKEY(GOLDBERG)'S WORTH I'M	176
xvi ?	176
xvii this young question mark man	177
xviii mr youse needn't be so spry	177
xix she being Brand	178
xx slightly before the middle of Congressman Pudd	179
xxi oDE	179
xxii on the Madam's best april the	180
xxiii (as that named Fred	180
xxiv my uncle	181
xxv than(by yon sunset's wintry glow	181
xxvi weazened Irrefutable unastonished	182
xxvii MEMORABILIA	183
xxviii a man who had fallen among thieves	184
xxix this evangelist	185
xxx (ponder,darling,these busted statues	186
xxxi poets yeggs and thirsties	186
xxxii Will i ever forget that precarious moment?	187
xxxiii voices to voices, lip to lip	189
xxxiv life hurl my	190

## TWO

i the season 'tis, my lovely lambs,	191
ii opening of the chambers close	192

iii "next to of course god america i	193
iv it's jolly	193
v look at this)	194
vi first Jock he	194
vii lis	195
viii come, gaze with me upon this dome	195
ix 16 heures	196
x my sweet old etcetera	197
<b>THREE</b>	
i now that fierce few	198
ii Among	
these	
red pieces of	199
iii it is winter a moon in the afternoon	200
iv candles and	201
v will out of the kindness of their hearts a few philosophers tell me	202
vi but observe; although	202
vii sunlight was over	204
<b>FOUR</b>	
i the moon looked into my window	205
ii if being morticed with a dream	205
iii here's a little mouse)and	206
iv but if i should say	207
v in spite of everything	207
vi you are not going to, dear. You are not going to and	208
vii since feeling is first	208
viii some ask praise of their fellows	209
ix supposing i dreamed this)	210
x you are like the snow only	210
xi because	211
xii you being in love	212
xiii Nobody wears a yellow	213
xiv it is so long since my heart has been with yours	213
xv i am a beggar always	214
xvi if within tonight's erect	215
xvii how this uncouth enchanted	215
xviii i go to this window	216
<b>FIVE</b>	
i after all white horses are in bed	217
ii touching you i say (it being Spring	218

	<b>XV</b>
iii along the brittle treacherous bright streets	218
iv our touching hearts slenderly comprehend	219
v if i have made, my lady, intricate	219

## W [ViVa] (1931)

i ,mean-	223
ii oil tel duh woil doi sez	224
iii the surely	224
iv there are 6 doors.	225
v myself,walking in Dragon st	226
vi but mr can you maybe listen there's	226
vii Space being(don't forget to remember)Curved	227
viii (one fine day)	228
ix y is a WELL KNOWN ATHLETE'S BRIDE	228
x thethe	230
xi a mong crum bling people(a)	230
xii poor But TerFLY	232
xiii remarked Robinson Jefferson	232
xiv what time is it i wonder never mind	233
xv well)here's looking at ourselves	234
xvi tell me not how electricity or	235
xvii FULL SPEED ASTERN)	235
xviii "Gay" is the captivating cognomen of a Young Woman of cambridge, mass.	236
xix i will cultivate within	237
xx but granted that it's nothing paradoxically enough beyond mere personal	238
xxi helves surling out of eakspeasies per(reel)hapsingly	238
xxii Lord John Unalive(having a fortune of fiteengrand	239
xxiii buncha hardboil guys frum duh A.C. fulla	239
xxiv from the cognoscenti	240
xxv ohld song	241
xxvi murderfully in midmost o.c.an	241
xxvii the first president to be loved by his	242
xxviii serene immediate silliest and whose	242
xxix in a middle of a room	243
xxx i sing of Olaf glad and big	244
xxxi memory believes	245
xxxii Wing Wong,uninterred at twice	245

xxxiii	innerly	246
xxxiv	don't cries to please my	247
xxxv	what is strictly fiercely and wholly dies	248
xxxvi	sunset)edges become swiftly	248
xxxvii	how	249
xxxviii	n(o)w	
	the	250
xxxix	An(fragrance)Of	251
xl	thou	
	firsting a hugeness of twi	
	-light	251
xli	twi-	
	is -Light bird	252
xlh	structure,miraculous challenge,devout am	252
xlhii	if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have	253
xliv	i'd think "wonder	254
xlv	you	255
xlvi	i met a man under the moon	256
xlvii	when rain whom fear	256
xlviii	come a little further—why be afraid—	257
xlx	a light Out)	
	& first of all foam	258
l	when hair falls off and eyes blur And	258
li	a clown's smirk in the skull of a baboon	259
lih	it)It will it	260
liih	breathe with me this fear	261
liv	if i love You	261
lv	speaking of love(of	262
lvi	lady will you come with me into	262
lvii	somewhere i have never travelled,gladly beyond	263
lviii	is there a flower(whom	263
lix	my darling since	264
lx	because i love you)last night	265
lxi	if you and i awakening	265
lxii	item:is	
	Clumsily with of	266
lxiii	be unto love as rain is unto colour;create	267
lxiv	granted the all	
	saving our young kiss only	268
lxv	but being not amazing:without love	268
lxvi	nothing is more exactly terrible than	269



32	numb(and	297
33	emptied.hills.listen.	298
34	snow)says!Says	298
35	how dark and single,where he ends,the earth	299
36	into a truly	299
37	conceive a man,should he have anything	300
38	SNOW	301
39	move	302
40	as if as	302
41	here's to opening and upward,to leaf and to sap	303
42	out of a supermetamathical subpreincestures	304
43	theys sO alive (who is ?niggers)	305
44		306
45	sometimes in)Spring a someone will lie(glued	307
46	swi( across!gold's	307
47	ondumonde"	308
48	floatfloatloff	309
49	silent unday by silently not night	310
50	much i cannot)	310
51	at dusk just when	311
52	Spring(side	312
53	what a proud dreamhorse pulling(smoothloomingly)through	313
54	Jehovah buried,Satan dead,	314
55	worshipping Same	314
56	this mind made war	315
57	when from a sidewalk out of(blownd never quite to	317
58	love is a place	318
59	(b eLl s? bE	318
60	sh estiff	320
61	love's function is to fabricate unknowness	321
62	we)under)over,the thing of floating Of	321
63	birds( here,inven	322
64	Do.	322

65 if night's mostness(and whom did merely day	323
66 death(having lost)put on his universe	324
67 come(all you mischief-	324
68 be of love(a little)	325
69 reason let others give and realness bring—	325
70 bright	326
71 morsel miraculous and meaningless	326
<i>Terminal Dedication</i>	327

## New Poems [from Collected Poems] (1938)

<i>Introduction</i>	331
1 un	333
2 kind)	333
3 a football with white eyebrows the	334
4 (of Ever-Ever Land i speak	335
5 lucky means finding	336
6 Q:dwo	336
7 &-moon-He-be-hind-a-mills	336
8 this little bride & groom are	337
9 so little he is	338
10 nor woman	
(just as it be	339
11 my specialty is living said	339
12 The Mind's(	339
13 if i	340
14 hanged	341
15 economic secu	341
16 beware beware beware	342
17 only as what(out of a flophouse)floats	342
18 must being shall	343
19 may my heart always be open to little	343
20 the people who	344
21 porky & porkie	344
22 you shall above all things be glad and young.	345

## 50 POEMS (1940)

<i>Dedication</i>	349
1 !blac	351
2 fl	352
3 If you can't eat you got to	353

4	nobody loved this	353
5	am was. are leaves few this. is these a or	354
6	flotsam and jetsam	354
7	moan	355
8	the Noster was a ship of swank	356
9	warped this perhapsy	356
10	spoke joe to jack	357
11	red-rag and pink-flag	357
12	(will you teach a	358
13	proud of his scientific attitude	359
14	the way to hump a cow is not	359
15	mrs	360
16	)when what hugs stopping earth than silent is	361
17	youful	361
18	ecco a letter starting "dearest we"	362
19	there is a here and	362
20	harder perhaps than a newengland bed	363
21	six	364
22	nouns to nouns	365
23	a pretty a day	365
24	these people socalled were not given hearts	366
25	as freedom is a breakfastfood	366
26	wherelings whenlings	367
27	buy me an ounce and i'll sell you a pound.	368
28	there are possibly 2½ or impossibly 3	369
29	anyone lived in a pretty how town	370
30	the silently little blue elephant shyly(he was terri	371
31	not time's how(anchored in what mountaining roots	371
32	newlys of silence	372
33	one slipslouch twi	372
34	my father moved through dooms of love	373
35	you which could grin three smiles into a dead	375
36	i say no world	376
37	these children singing in stone a	377
38	love is the every only god	378
39	denied night's face	379
40	a peopleshaped toomany-ness far too	380
41	up into the silence the green	380
42	love is more thicker than forget	381
43	hate blows a bubble of despair into	381
44	air,	382

45 enters give	382
46 grEEen's d	383
47 (sitting in a tree-)	384
48 mortals)	385
49 i am so glad and very	385
50 what freedom's not some under's mere above	386

## 1 x 1 [One Times One] (1944)

### 1

i nonsun blob a	389
ii neither could say	389
iii it's over a(see just	390
iv of all the blessings which to man	390
v squints a blond	391
vi my(his from daughter's mother's zero mind	392
vii ygUDuh	393
viii applaws)	393
ix a salesman is an it that stinks Excuse	394
x a politician is an arse upon	394
xi mr u will not be missed	394
xii it was a goodly co	395
xiii plato told	396
xiv pity this busy monster,manunkind,	397
xv ("fire stop thief help murder save the world"	397
xvi one's not half two. It's two are halves of one:	398

### x

xvii one(Floatingly)arrive	399
xviii as any(men's hells having wrestled with)	399
xix when you are silent,shining host by guest	400
xx what if a much of a which of a wind	401
xxi dead every enormous piece	401
xxii no man,if men are gods;but if gods must	402
xxiii love is a spring at which	402
xxiv (once like a spark)	403
xxv what over and which under	403
xxvi when god decided to invent	404
xxvii old mr ly	404
xxviii rain or hail	405
xxix let it go—the	406
xxx Hello is what a mirror says	406

XXXI a-	407
XXXII i've come to ask you if there isn't a	407
XXXIII open green those	408
XXXIV nothing false and possible is love	409
XXXV except in your	409
XXXVI true lovers in each happening of their hearts	410
XXXVII we love each other very dearly	
,more	411
XXXVIII yes is a pleasant country:	412
XXXIX all ignorance toboggans into know	412
XL darling!because my blood can sing	413
1	
XLI how	414
XLII might these be thrushes climbing through almost(do they	414
XLIII if(among	415
XLIV these(whom;pretends	416
XLV i think you like"	416
XLVI open your heart:	417
XLVII until and i heard	418
XLVIII so isn't small one littlest why,	419
XLIX trees	
were in(give	419
L which is the very	420
LI "sweet spring is your	420
LII life is more true than reason will deceive	421
LIII o by the by	422
LIV if everything happens that can't be done	422
<i>Dedication</i>	424

## XAIPE (1950)

<i>Dedication</i>	427
1 this(let's remember)day died again and	429
2 hush)	429
3 purer than purest pure	430
4 this out of within itself moo	431
5 swim so now million many worlds in each	431
6 dying is fine)but Death	431
7 we miss you,jack-tactfully you(with one cocked	432
8 o	433
9 possibly thrice we glimpsed-	
more likely twice	434

10 or who and who)	434
11 so many selves(so many fiends and gods	435
12 tw	435
13 chas sing does(who	436
14 out of more find than seeks	436
15 hair your a brook	437
16 if the	437
17 (swooning)a pillar of youngly	438
18 a(ncient)a	439
19 out of the mountain of his soul comes	439
20 goo-dmore-ning(en	440
21 jake hates	
all the girls(the	441
22 when serpents bargain for the right to squirm	441
23 three wealthy sisters swore they'd never part:	442
24 one day a nigger	442
25 pieces(in darker	442
26 who sharpens every dull	443
27 "summer is over	443
28 noone" autumnal this great lady's gaze	444
29 nine birds(rising	445
30 snow means that	445
31 infinite jukethrob smoke & swallow to dis	446
32 blossoming are people	446
33 if a cheerfulest Elephantangelchild should sit	447
34 a thrown a	448
35 light's lives lurch	
a once world quickly from rises	448
36 quick i the death of thing	449
37 F is for foetus(a	449
38 why must itself up every of a park	450
39 open his head,baby	451
40 i'm	451
41 whose are these(wraith a clinging with a wraith)	451
42 neither awake	452
43 o to be in finland	452
44 where's Jack Was	453
45 when your honest redskin toma	453
46 a kike is the most dangerous	454
47 meet mr universe(who clean	454
48 &(all during the	454
49 this is a rubbish of human rind	455

50 no time ago	455
51 who were so dark of heart they might not speak,	456
52 to start,to hesitate,to stop	456
53 mighty guest of merely me	457
54 maybe god	457
55 (fea	458
56 a like a	458
57 (in)c-a-t(mo)	459
58 after screamgroa	459
59 the little horse is newLY	460
60 (nothing whichful about	460
61 if(touched by love's own secret)we,like homing	461
62 in	462
63 honour corruption villainy holiness	463
64 the of an it ignoblest he	463
65 i thank You God for most this amazing	464
66 the great advantage of being alive	464
67 when faces called flowers float out of the ground	465
68 love our so right	465
69 now all the fingers of this tree(darling)have	466
70 blue the triangular why	467
71 luminous tendril of celestial wish	468

# Tulips and Chimneys



# Tulips

## EPITHALAMION

### I.

Thou aged unreluctant earth who dost  
 with quivering continual thighs invite  
 the thrilling rain the slender paramour  
 to toy with thy extraordinary lust,  
 (the sinuous rain which rising from thy bed  
 steals to his wife the sky and hour by hour  
 wholly renews her pale flesh with delight)  
 —immortally whence are the high gods fled?

Speak elm eloquent pandar with thy nod  
 significant to the ecstatic earth  
 in token of his coming whom her soul  
 burns to embrace—and didst thou know the god  
 from but the imprint of whose cloven feet  
 the shrieking dryad sought her leafy goal,  
 at the mere echo of whose shining mirth  
 the furious hearts of mountains ceased to beat?

Wind beautifully who wanderest  
 over smooth pages of forgotten joy  
 proving the peaceful theorems of the flowers  
 —didst e'er depart upon more exquisite quest?  
 and did thy fortunate fingers sometime dwell  
 (within a greener shadow of secret bowers)  
 among the curves of that delicious boy  
 whose serious grace one goddess loved too well?

Chryselephantine Zeus Olympian  
 sceptred colossus of the Pheidian soul  
 whose eagle frights creation, in whose palm  
 Nike presents the crown sweetest to man,  
 whose liliated robe the sun's white hands emboss,  
 betwixt whose absolute feet anoint with calm  
 of intent stars circling the acerb pole  
 poises, smiling, the diadumenos

in whose young chiseled eyes the people saw  
 their once again victorious Pantarkes  
 (whose grace the prince of artists made him bold  
 to imitate between the feet of awe),  
 thunderer whose omnipotent brow showers  
 its curls of unendured eternal gold  
 over the infinite breast in bright degrees,  
 whose pillow is the graces and the hours,

father of gods and men whose subtle throne  
 twain sphinxes bear each with a writhing youth  
 caught to her brazen breasts, whose foot-stool tells  
 how fought the loser of the warlike zone  
 of her that brought forth tall Hippolytus,  
 lord on whose pedestal the deep expels  
 (over Selene's car closing uncouth)  
 of Helios the sweet wheels tremulous—

are there no kings in Argos, that the song  
 is silent, of the steep unspeaking tower  
 within whose brightening strictness Danaë  
 saw the night severed and the glowing throng  
 descend, felt on her flesh the amorous strain  
 of gradual hands and yielding to that fee  
 her eager body's unimmortal flower  
 knew in the darkness a more burning rain?

## 2.

And still the mad magnificent herald Spring  
 assembles beauty from forgetfulness  
 with the wild trump of April: witchery  
 of sound and odour drives the wingless thing  
 man forth into bright air, for now the red  
 leaps in the maple's cheek, and suddenly  
 by shining hordes in sweet unserious dress  
 ascends the golden crocus from the dead.

On dappled dawn forth rides the pungent sun  
 with hooded day preening upon his hand  
 followed by gay untimid final flowers  
 (which dressed in various tremulous armor stun  
 the eyes of ragged earth who sees them pass)  
 while hunted from his kingdom winter cowers,  
 seeing green armies steadily expand  
 hearing the spear-song of the marching grass.

A silver sudden parody of snow  
 tickles the air to golden tears, and hark!  
 the flicker's laughing yet, while on the hills  
 the pines deepen to whispers primeval and throw  
 backward their foreheads to the barbarous bright  
 sky, and suddenly from the valley thrills  
 the unimaginable upward lark  
 and drowns the earth and passes into light

(slowly in life's serene perpetual round  
 a pale world gathers comfort to her soul,  
 hope richly scattered by the abundant sun  
 invades the new mosaic of the ground  
 —let but the incurious curtaining dusk be drawn  
 surpassing nets are sedulously spun  
 to snare the brutal dew,—the authentic scroll  
 of fairie hands and vanishing with dawn).

Spring, that omits no mention of desire  
 in every curved and curling thing, yet holds  
 continuous intercourse—through skies and trees  
 the lilac's smoke the poppy's pompous fire  
 the pansy's purple patience and the grave  
 frailty of daisies—by what rare unease  
 revealed of teasingly transparent folds—  
 with man's poor soul superlatively brave.

Surely from robes of particoloured peace  
 with mouth flower-faint and undiscovered eyes  
 and dim slow perfect body amorous  
 (whiter than lilies which are born and cease  
 for being whiter than this world) exhales  
 the hovering high perfume curious  
 of that one month for whom the whole year dies,  
 risen at length from palpitating veils.

O still miraculous May! O shining girl  
of time untarnished! O small intimate  
gently primeval hands, frivolous feet  
divine! O singular and breathless pearl!  
O indefinable frail ultimate pose!  
O visible beatitude sweet sweet  
intolerable! silence immaculate  
of god's evasive audible great rose!

## 3.

Lover, lead forth thy love unto that bed  
prepared by whitest hands of waiting years,  
curtained with wordless worship absolute,  
unto the certain altar at whose head  
stands that clear candle whose expecting breath  
exults upon the tongue of flame half-mute,  
(haste e'er some thrush with silver several tears  
complete the perfumed paraphrase of death).

Now is the time when all occasional things  
close into silence, only one tree, one  
svelte translation of eternity  
unto the pale meaning of heaven clings,  
(whose million leaves in winsome indolence  
simmer upon thinking twilight momentarily)  
as down the oblivious west's numerous dun  
magnificence conquers magnificence.

In heaven's intolerable athanor  
inimitably tortured the base day  
utters at length her soft intrinsic hour,  
and from those tenuous fires which more and more  
sink and are lost the divine alchemist,  
the magus of creation, lifts a flower—  
whence is the world's insufferable clay  
clothed with incognizable amethyst.

Lady at whose imperishable smile  
the amazed doves flicker upon sunny wings  
as if in terror of eternity,  
(or seeming that they would mistrust a while  
the moving of beauteous dead mouths throughout  
that very proud transparent company  
of quivering ghosts-of-love which scarcely sings  
drifting in slow diaphanous faint rout),

queen in the inconceivable embrace  
of whose tremendous hair that blossom stands  
whereof is most desire, yet less than those  
twain perfect roses whose ambrosial grace,  
goddess, thy crippled thunder-forging groom  
or the loud lord of skipping mænads knows,—  
having Discordia's apple in thy hands,  
which the scared shepherd gave thee for his doom—

O thou within the chancel of whose charms  
the tall boy god of everlasting war  
received the shuddering sacrament of sleep,  
betwixt whose cool incorrigible arms  
impaled upon delicious mystery,  
with gaunt limbs reeking of the whispered deep,  
deliberate groping ocean fondled o'er  
the warm long flower of unchastity,

imperial Cytherea, from frail foam  
sprung with irrevocable nakedness  
to strike the young world into smoking song—  
as the first star perfects the sensual dome  
of darkness, and the sweet strong final bird  
transcends the sight, O thou to whom belong  
the hearts of lovers!—I beseech thee bless  
thy suppliant singer and his wandering word.

## OF NICOLETTE

dreaming in marble all the castle lay  
like some gigantic ghost-flower born of night  
blossoming in white towers to the moon,  
soft sighed the passionate darkness to the tune  
of tiny troubadours, and (phantom-white)  
dumb-blooming boughs let fall their glorious snows,  
and the unearthly sweetness of a rose  
swam upward from the troubled heart of May;

a Winged Passion woke and one by one  
there fell upon the night, like angel's tears,  
the syllables of that mysterious prayer,  
and as an opening lily drowsy-fair  
(when from her couch of poppy petals peers  
the sleepy morning) gently draws apart  
her curtains, and lays bare her trembling heart,  
with beads of dew made jewels by the sun,

so one high shining tower (which as a glass  
 turned light to flame and blazed with snowy fire)  
 unfolding, gave the moon a nymphlike face,  
 a form whose snowy symmetry of grace  
 haunted the limbs as music haunts the lyre,  
 a creature of white hands, who letting fall  
 a thread of lustre from the castle wall  
 glided, a drop of radiance, to the grass—

shunning the sudden moonbeam's treacherous snare  
 she sought the harbouring dark, and (catching up  
 her delicate silk) all white, with shining feet,  
 went forth into the dew: right wildly beat  
 her heart at every kiss of daisy-cup,  
 and from her cheek the beauteous colour went  
 with every bough that reverently bent  
 to touch the yellow wonder of her hair.

## SONGS

### I

(thee will i praise between those rivers whose  
 white voices pass upon forgetting (fail  
 me not) whose courseless waters are a gloat  
 of silver; o'er whose night three willows wail,  
 a slender dimness in the unshapeful hour  
 making dear moan in tones of stroked flower;  
 let not thy lust one threaded moment lose:  
 haste) the very shadowy sheep float  
 free upon terrific pastures pale,

whose tall mysterious shepherd lifts a cheek  
 teartroubled to the momentary wind  
 with guiding smile, lips wisely minced for blown  
 kisses, condemnatory fingers thinned  
 of pity—so he stands counting the moved  
 myriads wonderfully loved,  
 hasten, it is the moment which shall seek  
 blossoms that do learn, scents of not known  
 scents in whose careful eyes are dinned;

and the people of perfect darkness fills  
 his mind who will their hungering whispers hear  
 with weepings soundless, saying of "alas  
 we were chaste on earth we ghosts: hark to the sheer  
 cadence of our gray flesh in the gloom!  
 and still to be immortal is our doom;  
 but a rain frailly raging whom the hills  
 sink into and their sunsets, it shall pass.  
 Our feet tread sleepless meadows sweet with fear")

then be with me: unseriously seem  
 by the perusing greenness of thy thought  
 my golden soul fabulously to glue  
 in a superior terror; be thy taut  
 flesh silver, like the currency of faint  
 cities eternal—e'er the sinless taint  
 of thy long sinful arms about me dream  
 shall my love wholly taste thee as a new  
 wine from steep hills by darkness softly brought—

(be with me in the sacred witchery  
 of almostness which May makes follow soon  
 on the sweet heels of passed afterday,  
 clothe thy soul's coming merely, with a croon  
 of mingling robes musically revealed  
 in rareness: let thy twain eyes deeply wield  
 a noise of petals falling silently  
 through the far-spaced possible nearaway  
 from huge trees drenched by a rounding moon)

## II

Always before your voice my soul  
 half-beautiful and wholly droll  
 is as some smooth and awkward foal,  
 whereof young moons begin  
 the newness of his skin,

so of my stupid sincere youth  
 the exquisite failure uncouth  
 discovers a trembling and smooth  
 Unstrength, against the strong  
 silences of your song;

or as a single lamb whose sheen  
of full unshorned fleece is mean  
beside its lovelier friends, between  
your thoughts more white than wool  
My thought is sorrowful:

but my heart smote in trembling thirds  
of anguish quivers to your words,  
As to a flight of thirty birds  
shakes with a thickening fright  
the sudden fooled light.

it is the autumn of a year:  
When through the thin air stooped with fear,  
across the harvest whitely peer  
empty of surprise  
death's faultless eyes

(whose hand my folded soul shall know  
while on faint hills do frailly go  
The peaceful terrors of the snow,  
and before your dead face  
which sleeps, a dream shall pass)

and these my days their sounds and flowers  
Fall in a pride of petaled hours,  
like flowers at the feet of mowers  
whose bodies strong with love  
through meadows hugely move.

yet what am i that such and such  
mysteries very simply touch  
me, whose heart-wholeness overmuch  
Expects of your hair pale,  
a terror musical?

while in an earthless hour my fond  
soul seriously yearns beyond  
this fern of sunset frond on frond  
opening in a rare  
Slowness of gloried air . . .

The flute of morning stilled in noon—  
 noon the implacable bassoon—  
 now Twilight seeks the thrill of moon,  
 washed with a wild and thin  
 despair of violin

## III

Thy fingers make early flowers of  
 all things.  
 thy hair mostly the hours love:  
 a smoothness which  
 sings, saying  
 (though love be a day)  
 do not fear, we will go amaying.

thy whitest feet crisply are straying.  
 Always  
 thy moist eyes are at kisses playing,  
 whose strangeness much  
 says; singing  
 (though love be a day)  
 for which girl art thou flowers bringing?

To be thy lips is a sweet thing  
 and small.  
 Death, Thee i call rich beyond wishing  
 if this thou catch,  
 else missing.  
 (though love be a day  
 and life be nothing, it shall not stop kissing).

## IV

All in green went my love riding  
 on a great horse of gold  
 into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
 the merry deer ran before.

Fleeter be they than dappled dreams  
 the swift sweet deer  
 the red rare deer.

Four red roebuck at a white water  
 the cruel bugle sang before.

Horn at hip went my love riding  
 riding the echo down  
 into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
 the level meadows ran before.

Softer be they than slippered sleep  
 the lean lithe deer  
 the fleet flown deer.

Four fleet does at a gold valley  
 the famished arrow sang before.

Bow at belt went my love riding  
 riding the mountain down  
 into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
 the sheer peaks ran before.

Paler be they than daunting death  
 the sleek slim deer  
 the tall tense deer.

Four tall stags at a green mountain  
 the lucky hunter sang before.

All in green went my love riding  
 on a great horse of gold  
 into the silver dawn.

four lean hounds crouched low and smiling  
 my heart fell dead before.

## V

Doll's boy 's asleep  
 under a stile  
 he sees eight and twenty  
 ladies in a line

the first lady  
 says to nine ladies  
 his lips drink water  
 but his heart drinks wine

the tenth lady  
 says to nine ladies  
 they must chain his foot  
 for his wrist 's too fine

the nineteenth  
 says to nine ladies  
 you take his mouth  
 for his eyes are mine.

Doll's boy 's asleep  
 under the stile  
 for every mile the feet go  
 the heart goes nine

## VI

when god lets my body be

From each brave eye shall sprout a tree  
 fruit that dangles therefrom

the purpled world will dance upon  
 Between my lips which did sing

a rose shall beget the spring  
 that maidens whom passion wastes

will lay between their little breasts  
 My strong fingers beneath the snow

Into strenuous birds shall go  
my love walking in the grass

their wings will touch with her face  
and all the while shall my heart be

With the bulge and nuzzle of the sea

### P U E L L A M E A

Harun Omar and Master Hafiz  
keep your dead beautiful ladies.  
Mine is a little lovelier  
than any of your ladies were.

In her perfectest array  
my lady, moving in the day,  
is a little stranger thing  
than crisp Sheba with her king  
in the morning wandering.

Through the young and awkward hours  
my lady perfectly moving,  
through the new world scarce astir  
my fragile lady wandering  
in whose perishable poise  
is the mystery of Spring  
(with her beauty more than snow  
dexterous and fugitive  
my very frail lady drifting  
distinctly, moving like a myth  
in the uncertain morning, with  
April feet like sudden flowers  
and all her body filled with May)  
—moving in the unskilful day  
my lady utterly alive,  
to me is a more curious thing  
(a thing more nimble and complete)  
than ever to Judea's king  
were the shapely sharp cunning  
and withal delirious feet  
of the Princess Salome  
carefully dancing in the noise  
of Herod's silence, long ago.

If she a little turn her head  
 i know that i am wholly dead:  
 nor ever did on such a throat  
 the lips of Tristram slowly dote,  
 La beale Isoud whose leman was.  
 And if my lady look at me  
 (with her eyes which like two elves  
 incredibly amuse themselves)  
 with a look of færie,  
 perhaps a little suddenly  
 (as sometimes the improbable  
 beauty of my lady will)  
 —at her glance my spirit shies  
 rearing (as in the miracle  
 of a lady who had eyes  
 which the king's horses might not kill.)

But should my lady smile, it were  
 a flower of so pure surprise  
 (it were so very new a flower,  
 a flower so frail, a flower so glad)  
 as trembling used to yield with dew  
 when the world was young and new  
 (a flower such as the world had  
 in Springtime when the world was mad  
 and Launcelot spoke to Guenever,  
 a flower which most heavy hung  
 with silence when the world was young  
 and Diarmid looked in Grania's eyes.)

But should my lady's beauty play  
 at not speaking (sometimes as  
 it will) the silence of her face  
 doth immediately make  
 in my heart so great a noise,  
 as in the sharp and thirsty blood  
 of Paris would not all the Troys  
 of Helen's beauty: never did  
 Lord Jason (in impossible things  
 victorious impossibly)  
 so wholly burn, to undertake  
 Medea's rescuing eyes; nor he  
 when swooned the white egyptian day  
 who with Egypt's body lay.

Lovely as those ladies were  
mine is a little lovelier.

And if she speak in her frail way,  
it is wholly to bewitch  
my smallest thought with a most swift  
radiance wherein slowly drift  
murmurous things divinely bright;  
it is foolingly to smite  
my spirit with the lithe free twitch  
of scintillant space, with the cool writhe  
of gloom truly which syncopate  
some sunbeam's skilful fingerings;  
it is utterly to lull  
with foliate inscrutable  
sweetness my soul obedient;  
it is to stroke my being with  
numbing forests frolicsome,  
fleetly mystical, aroam  
with keen creatures of idiom  
(beings alert and innocent  
very deftly upon which  
indolent miracles impinge)  
—it is distinctly to confute  
my reason with the deep caress  
of every most shy thing and mute,  
it is to quell me with the twinge  
of all living intense things.

Never my soul so fortunate  
is (past the luck of all dead men  
and loving) as invisibly when  
upon her palpable solitude  
a furtive occult fragrance steals,  
a gesture of immaculate  
perfume—whereby (with fear aglow)  
my soul is wont wholly to know  
the poignant instantaneous fern  
whose scrupulous enchanted fronds  
toward all things intrinsic yearn,  
the immanent subliminal  
fern of her delicious voice

(of her voice which always dwells  
 beside the vivid magical  
 impetuous and utter ponds  
 of dream; and very secret food  
 its leaves inimitable find  
 beyond the white authentic springs,  
 beyond the sweet instinctive wells,  
 which make to flourish the minute  
 spontaneous meadow of her mind)  
 —the vocal fern, always which feels  
 the keen ecstatic actual tread  
 (and thereto perfectly responds)  
 of all things exquisite and dead,  
 all living things and beautiful.

(Caliph and king their ladies had  
 to love them and to make them glad,  
 when the world was young and mad,  
 in the city of Bagdad—  
 mine is a little lovelier  
 than any of those ladies were.)

Her body is most beauteous,  
 being for all things amorous  
 fashioned very curiously  
 of roses and of ivory.  
 The immaculate crisp head  
 is such as only certain dead  
 and careful painters love to use  
 for their youngest angels (whose  
 praising bodies in a row  
 between slow glories fleetly go.)  
 Upon a keen and lovely throat  
 the strangeness of her face doth float,  
 which in eyes and lips consists  
 —always upon the mouth there trysts  
 curvingly a fragile smile  
 which like a flower lieth (while  
 within the eyes is dimly heard  
 a wistful and precarious bird.)  
 Springing from fragrant shoulders small,  
 ardent, and perfectly withal

smooth to stroke and sweet to see  
 as a supple and young tree,  
 her slim lascivious arms alight  
 in skilful wrists which hint at flight  
 —my lady's very singular  
 and slenderest hands moreover are  
 (which as lilies smile and quail)  
 of all things perfect the most frail.

(Whoso rideth in the tale  
 of Chaucer knoweth many a pair  
 of companions blithe and fair;  
 who to walk with Master Gower  
 in Confessio doth prefer  
 shall not lack for beauty there,  
 nor he that will amaying go  
 with my lord Boccaccio—  
 whoso knocketh at the door  
 of Marie and of Maleore  
 findeth of ladies goodly store  
 whose beauty did in nothing err.  
 If to me there shall appear  
 than a rose more sweetly known,  
 more silently than a flower,  
 my lady naked in her hair—  
 i for those ladies nothing care  
 nor any lady dead and gone.)

Each tapering breast is firm and smooth  
 that in a lovely fashion doth  
 from my lady's body grow;  
 as morning may a lily know,  
 her petaled flesh doth entertain  
 the adroit blood's mysterious skein  
 (but like some passionate earlier  
 flower, the snow will oft utter,  
 whereof the year has perfect bliss—  
 for each breast a blossom is,  
 which being a little while caressed  
 its fragrance makes the lover blest.)  
 Her waist is a most tiny hinge  
 of flesh, a winsome thing and strange;

apt in my hand warmly to lie  
 it is a throbbing neck whereby  
 to grasp the belly's ample vase  
 (that urgent urn which doth amass  
 for whoso drinks, a dizzier wine  
 than should the grapes of heaven combine  
 with earth's madness)—'tis a gate  
 unto a palace intricate  
 (whereof the luscious pillars rise  
 which are her large and shapely thighs)  
 in whose dome the trembling bliss  
 of a kingdom wholly is.

Beneath her thighs such legs are seen  
 as were the pride of the world's queen:  
 each is a verb, miraculous  
 inflected oral devious,  
 beneath the body's breathing noun  
 (moreover the delicious frown  
 of the grave great sensual knees  
 well might any monarch please.)  
 Each ankle is divinely shy;  
 as if for fear you would espy  
 the little distinct foot (if whose  
 very minuteness doth abuse  
 reason, why then the artificer  
 did most exquisitely err.)

When the world was like a song  
 heard behind a golden door,  
 poet and sage and caliph had  
 to love them and to make them glad  
 ladies with lithe eyes and long  
 (when the world was like a flower  
 Omar Hafiz and Harun  
 loved their ladies in the moon)  
 —fashioned very curiously  
 of roses and of ivory  
 if naked she appear to me  
 my flesh is an enchanted tree;  
 with her lips' most frail parting  
 my body hears the cry of Spring,  
 and with their frailest syllable  
 its lèaves go crisp with miracle.

Love!—maker of my lady,  
 in that alway beyond this  
 poem or any poem she  
 of whose body words are afraid  
 perfectly beautiful is,  
 forgive these words which i have made.  
 And never boast your dead beauties,  
 you greatest lovers in the world!  
 who with Grania strangely fled,  
 who with Egypt went to bed,  
 whom white-thighed Semiramis  
 put up her mouth to wholly kiss—  
 never boast your dead beauties,  
 mine being unto me sweeter  
 (of whose shy delicious glance  
 things which never more shall be,  
 perfect things of færie,  
 are intense inhabitants;  
 in whose warm superlative  
 body do distinctly live  
 all sweet cities passed away—  
 in her flesh at break of day  
 are the smells of Nineveh,  
 in her eyes when day is gone  
 are the cries of Babylon.)  
 Diarmid Paris and Solomon,  
 Omar Harun and Master Hafiz,  
 to me your ladies are all one—  
 keep your dead beautiful ladies.

Eater of all things lovely—Time!  
 upon whose watering lips the world  
 poises a moment (futile, proud,  
 a costly morsel of sweet tears)  
 gesticulates, and disappears—  
 of all dainties which do crowd  
 gaily upon oblivion  
 sweeter than any there is one;  
 to touch it is the fear of rhyme—  
 in life's very fragile hour  
 (when the world was like a tale

made of laughter and of dew,  
 was a flight, a flower, a flame,  
 was a tendril fleetly curled  
 upon frailness) used to stroll  
 (very slowly) one or two  
 ladies like flowers made,  
 softly used to wholly move  
 slender ladies made of dream  
 (in the lazy world and new  
 sweetly used to laugh and love  
 ladies with crisp eyes and frail,  
 in the city of Bagdad.)

Keep your dead beautiful ladies  
 Harun Omar and Master Hafiz.

## CHANSONS INNOCENTES

### I

in Just-  
 spring when the world is mud-  
 luscious the little  
 lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come  
 running from marbles and  
 piracies and it's  
 spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer  
 old balloonman whistles  
 far and wee  
 and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles  
far  
and  
wee

II

hist whist  
little ghostthings  
tip-toe  
twinkle-toe

little twitchy  
witches and tingling  
goblins  
hob-a-nob hob-a-nob

little hoppy happy  
toad in tweeds  
tweeds  
little itchy mousies

with scuttling  
eyes rustle and run and  
hidehidehide  
whisk

whisk look out for the old woman  
with the wart on her nose  
what she'll do to yer  
nobody knows

for she knows the devil ooch  
the devil ouch  
the devil  
ach the great

green  
dancing  
devil  
devil

devil  
devil

wheeEEE

### III

Tumbling-hair  
                   picker of buttercups  
   violets  
 dandelions  
 And the big bullying daisies  
   through the field wonderful  
 with eyes a little sorry  
 Another comes  
                   also picking flowers

## ORIENTALE

### I

i spoke to thee  
 with a smile and thou didst not  
 answer  
 thy mouth is as  
 a chord of crimson music  
   Come hither  
 O thou, is life not a smile?

i spoke to thee with  
 a song and thou  
 didst not listen  
 thine eyes are as a vase  
 of divine silence  
   Come hither  
 O thou, is life not a song?

i spoke  
 to thee with a soul and  
 thou didst not wonder  
 thy face is as a dream locked  
 in white fragrance  
Come hither
 O thou, is life not love?

i speak to  
 thee with a sword  
 and thou art silent  
 thy breast is as a tomb  
 softer than flowers  
Come hither
 O thou, is love not death?

## II

lean candles hunger in  
 the silence a  
 brown god  
 smiles between greentwittering

smokes from broken eyes  
 a sound  
 of strangling breasts and bestial  
 grovelling

hands rasps the purple  
 dark-  
 ness  
 a

worshipper  
 prostrate within twitching shadow  
 lolls

sobbing

with lust

## III

my love  
 thy hair is one kingdom  
     the king whereof is darkness  
 thy forehead is a flight of flowers

thy head is a quick forest  
     filled with sleeping birds  
 thy breasts are swarms of white bees  
     upon the bough of thy body  
 thy body to me is April  
 in whose armpits is the approach of spring

thy thighs are white horses yoked to a chariot  
     of kings  
 they are the striking of a good minstrel  
 between them is always a pleasant song

my love  
 thy head is a casket  
     of the cool jewel of thy mind  
 the hair of thy head is one warrior  
     innocent of defeat  
 thy hair upon thy shoulders is an army  
     with victory and with trumpets

thy legs are the trees of dreaming  
 whose fruit is the very eatage of forgetfulness

thy lips are satraps in scarlet  
     in whose kiss is the combining of kings  
 thy wrists  
 are holy  
     which are the keepers of the keys of thy blood  
 thy feet upon thy ankles are flowers in vases  
     of silver

in thy beauty is the dilemma of flutes

thy eyes are the betrayal  
 of bells comprehended through incense

## IV

listen

beloved

i dreamed

it appeared that you thought to  
escape me and became a great

lily atilt on

insolent

waters but i was aware of  
fragrance and i came riding upon

a horse of porphyry into the

waters i rode down the red

horse shrieking from splintering

foam caught you clutched you upon my  
mouth

listen

beloved

i dreamed in my dream you had  
desire to thwart me and became

a little bird and hid

in a tree of tall marble

from a great way i distinguished

singing and i came

riding upon a scarlet sunset

trampling the night easily

from the shocked impossible

tower i caught

you strained you

broke you upon my blood

listen

beloved i dreamed

i thought you would have deceived  
me and became a star in the kingdom

of heaven

through day and space i saw you close

your eyes and i came riding

upon a thousand crimson years arched with agony

i reined them in tottering before

the throne and as

they shied at the automaton moon from

the transplendent hand of sombre god

i picked you

as an apple is picked by the little peasants for their girls

## V

unto thee i  
 burn incense  
 the bowl crackles  
 upon the gloom arise purple pencils

fluent spires of fragrance  
 the bowl  
 seethes  
 a flutter of stars

a turbulence of forms  
 delightful with indefinable flowering,  
 the air is  
 deep with desirable flowers

i think  
 thou lovest incense  
 for in the ambiguous faint aspirings  
 the indolent frail ascensions,

of thy smile rises the immaculate  
 sorrow  
 of thy low  
 hair flutter the level litanies

unto thee i burn  
 incense, over the dim smoke  
 straining my lips are vague with  
 ecstasy my palpitating breasts inhale the

slow  
 supple  
 flower  
 of thy beauty, my heart discovers thee

unto  
 whom i  
 burn  
 olbanum

## VI

## I.

the emperor  
 sleeps in a palace of porphyry  
 which was a million years building  
 he takes the air in a howdah  
 of jasper beneath saffron  
 umbrellas  
 upon an elephant  
 twelve feet high  
 behind whose ear  
 sits always a crowned  
 king twir-  
 ling an  
 ancus of  
 ebony  
 the fountains of the emperor's  
 palace run sunlight and  
 moonlight and the emperor's  
 elephant is a thousand years old

the harem of  
 the emperor  
 is carpeted with  
 gold cloth  
 from the  
 ceiling (one  
 diamond timid  
 with nesting incense)  
 fifty  
 marble  
 pillars  
 slipped from immeasurable  
 height, fall, fifty, silent

in the incense is tangled a cool moon

there are thrice-three-hundred  
 doors carved of chalcedony and  
 before every door a naked  
 eunuch watches  
 on their heads turbans of a hundred  
 colours  
 in their hands scimitars like windy torches  
 each  
 is  
 blacker than oblivion

the ladies  
 of the emperor's  
 harem are queens  
 of all the earth and the rings  
 upon their hands are from mines  
 a mile deep  
 but the body of  
 the queen of queens is  
 more transparent  
 than water, she is softer than birds

## 2.

when the emperor is very  
 amorous he reclines upon  
 the couch of couches and  
 beckons with  
 the little  
 finger of his left  
 hand  
 then the  
 thrice-three-hundredth  
 door is opened by the tallest  
 eunuch and the queen  
 of queens comes  
 forth  
 ankles  
 musical with large pearls  
 kingdoms in her ears

at the feet of  
 the emperor a cithern-  
 player squats with  
 quivering gold  
 body  
 behind  
 the emperor ten  
 elected warriors with  
 bodies of lazy jade  
 and twitching  
 eyelids  
 finger  
 their  
 unquiet  
 spears

the queen of queens is dancing

her subtle  
 body weaving  
 insinuating upon the gold cloth  
 incessantly creates patterns of sudden  
 lust  
 her  
 stealing body ex-  
 pending gathering pouring upon itself      stiffenS  
 to a  
 white thorn  
 of desire

the taut neck of the citharede wags  
 in the dust the ghastly warriors  
 amber with lust breathe  
 together      the emperor, exerting  
 himself among his pillows throws  
 jewels at the queen of queens and  
 white money upon her nakedness  
 he  
 nods

                    and all  
 depart through the bruised air aflutter with pearls

3.

they are  
 alone  
 he beckons, she rises she  
 stands  
 a moment  
 in the passion of the fifty  
 pillars  
 listening

while the queens of all the  
 earth writhe upon deep rugs

## A M O R E S

### I

consider O  
 woman this  
 my body.  
 for it has

lain  
 with empty arms  
 upon the giddy hills  
 to dream of you,

approve these  
 firm unsated  
 eyes  
 which have beheld

night's speechless carnival  
 the painting  
 of the dark  
 with meteors

streaming from playful  
 immortal hands  
 the bursting  
 of the wafted stars

(in time to come you shall  
 remember of this night amazing  
 ecstasies slowly,  
 in the gluttoned

heart fleet  
 flower-terrible  
 memories  
 shall

rise, slowly  
 return upon the  
 red elected lips

scaleless visions)

## II

there is a  
 moon sole  
 in the blue  
 night

amorous of waters  
 tremulous,  
 blinded with silence the  
 undulous heaven yearns where

in tense starlessness  
 anoint with ardor  
 the yellow lover

stands in the dumb dark  
 svelte  
 and  
 urgent

(again  
 love i slowly  
 gather  
 of thy languorous mouth the

thrilling  
 flower)

## III

as is the sea marvelous  
 from god's  
 hands which sent her forth  
 to sleep upon the world

and the earth withers  
 the moon crumbles  
 one by one  
 stars flutter into dust

but the sea  
 does not change  
 and she goes forth out of hands and  
 she returns into hands

and is with sleep . . . .

love,  
     the breaking

of your  
           soul  
           upon  
 my lips

## IV

if i believe  
 in death be sure  
 of this  
 it is

because you have loved me,  
 moon and sunset  
 stars and flowers  
 gold crescendo and silver muting

of searides  
 i trusted not,  
                   one night  
 when, in my fingers

drooped your shining body  
 when my heart  
 sang between your perfect  
 breasts

darkness and beauty of stars  
 was on my mouth petals danced  
 against my eyes  
 and down

the singing reaches of  
 my soul  
 spoke  
 the green-

greeting pale-  
 departing irrevocable  
 sea  
 i knew thee death.

and when  
 i have offered up each fragrant  
 night, when all my days  
 shall have before a certain

face become  
 white  
 perfume  
 only,

from the ashes  
 then  
 thou wilt rise and thou  
 wilt come to her and brush

the mischief from her eyes and fold  
 her  
 mouth the new  
 flower with

thy unimaginable  
 wings, where dwells the breath  
 of all persisting stars

## V

the glory is fallen out of  
 the sky the last immortal  
 leaf  
 is

dead and the gold  
 year  
 a formal spasm  
 in the

dust  
 this is the passing of all shining things  
 therefore we also  
 blandly

into receptive  
 earth, O let  
 us  
 descend

take  
 shimmering wind  
 these fragile splendors from  
 us crumple them hide

them in thy breath drive  
 them in nothingness  
 for we  
 would sleep

this is the passing of all shining things  
 no lingering no backward-  
 wondering be unto  
 us O

soul, but straight  
 glad feet fearruining  
 and glorygirded  
 faces

lead us  
into the  
serious  
steep

darkness

## VI

i like  
to think that on  
the flower you gave me when we  
loved

the far-  
departed mouth sweetly-saluted  
lingers.

if one marvel

seeing the hunger of my  
lips for a dead thing,  
i shall instruct  
him silently with becoming

steps to seek  
your face and i  
entreat, by certain foolish perfect  
hours

dead too,  
if that he come receive  
him as your lover sumptuously  
being

kind

because i trust him to  
your grace, and for  
in his own land

he is called death.

## VII

O Distinct  
 Lady of my unkempt adoration  
 if i have made  
 a fragile certain

song under the window of your soul  
 it is not like any songs  
 (the singers the others  
 they have been faithful

to many things and which  
 die  
 i have been sometimes true  
 to Nothing and which lives

they were fond of the handsome  
 moon never spoke ill of the  
 pretty stars and to  
 the serene the complicated

and the obvious  
 they were faithful  
 and which i despise,  
 frankly

admitting i have been true  
 only to the noise of worms.  
 in the eligible day  
 under the unaccountable sun)

Distinct Lady  
 swiftly take  
 my fragile certain song  
 that we may watch together

how behind the doomed  
 exact smile of life's  
 placid obscure palpable  
 carnival where to a normal

melody of probable violins dance  
 the square virtues and the oblong sins  
 perfectly  
 gesticulate the accurate

strenuous lips of incorruptible  
 Nothing under the ample  
 sun, under the insufficient  
 day under the noise of worms

## VIII

your little voice

Over the wires came leaping  
 and i felt suddenly  
 dizzy

With the jostling and shouting of merry flowers  
 wee skipping high-heeled flames  
 courtesied before my eyes

or twinkling over to my side

Looked up

with impertinently exquisite faces  
 floating hands were laid upon me  
 I was whirled and tossed into delicious dancing

up

Up

with the pale important

stars and the Humorous

moon

dear girl

How i was crazy how i cried when i heard

over time

and tide and death

leaping

Sweetly

your voice

## LA GUERRE

## I

the bigness of cannon  
is skilful,

but i have seen  
death's clever enormous voice  
which hides in a fragility  
of poppies . . . .

i say that sometimes  
on these long talkative animals  
are laid fists of huger silence

I have seen all the silence  
filled with vivid noiseless boys

at Roupy  
i have seen  
between barrages,

the night utter ripe unspeaking girls.

## II

O sweet spontaneous  
earth how often have  
the  
doting

fingers of  
prurient philosophers pinched  
and  
poked

thee  
, has the naughty thumb  
of science prodded  
thy

beauty . how  
 often have religions taken  
 thee upon their scraggy knees  
 squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive  
 gods  
 (but  
 true

to the incomparable  
 couch of death thy  
 rhythmic  
 lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)

## IMPRESSIONS

### I

the sky a silver  
 dissonance by the correct  
 fingers of April  
 resolved

into a  
 clutter of trite jewels

now like a moth with stumbling

wings flutters and flops along the  
 grass collides with trees and  
 houses and finally,  
 butts into the river

## II

writhe and  
gape of tortured

perspective  
rasp and graze of splintered

normality  
                  crackle and  
                  sag  
of planes      clamors of  
collision  
collapse      As


peacefully,  
lifted  
into the awful beauty  
  of sunset

  the young city  
putting off dimension with a blush  
enters  
the becoming garden of her agony

## III

i was considering how  
within night's loose  
sack a star's  
nibbling in-

fin  
-i-  
tes-  
i  
-mal-  
ly devours



darkness the  
hungry star  
which  
will e.

-ven  
tu-  
al  
-ly jiggle  
the bait of  
dawn and be jerked

into

eternity. when over my head a  
shooting  
star

Bur s

(t

into a stale shriek  
like an alarm-clock)

#### IV

the hours rise up putting off stars and it is  
dawn  
into the street of the sky light walks scattering poems

on earth a candle is  
extinguished the city  
wakes  
with a song upon her  
mouth having death in her eyes

and it is dawn  
the world  
goes forth to murder dreams . . . .

i see in the street where strong  
men are digging bread  
and i see the brutal faces of  
people contented hideous hopeless cruel happy

and it is day,

in the mirror  
i see a frail  
man  
dreaming  
dreams  
dreams in the mirror

and it  
is dusk      on earth

a candle is lighted  
and it is dark.  
the people are in their houses  
the frail man is in his bed  
the city

sleeps with death upon her mouth having a song in her eyes  
the hours descend,  
putting on stars . . . .

in the street of the sky night walks scattering poems

## V

stinging  
gold swarms  
upon the spires  
silver

                chants the litanies the  
great bells are ringing with rose  
the lewd fat bells  
                                and a tall

wind  
is dragging  
the  
sea

with

dream

-S

## PORTRAITS

## I

the  
nimble  
heat  
had

long on a certain  
taut precarious  
holiday  
frighteningly

performed  
and  
at tremont and bromfield i  
paused a moment because

on the frying  
curb the  
quiet face  
lay

which had been dorothy  
and once  
permitted  
me for

twenty  
iron  
men  
her common purple

soul  
the absurd eyelids sulked  
enormous  
sobs puckered the foolish

breasts the  
 droll  
 mouth  
 wilted

and not old, harry, a  
 woman in the crowd  
 whinnied and a man squeezing her  
 waist said

the cop 's rung for the  
 wagon but as i was  
 lifting the horror  
 of her toylike

head and vainly  
 tried to  
 catch one funny  
 hand opening the hard great

eyes to noone in particular she  
 gasped almost  
 loudly  
 i'm

so  
 drunG

k, dear

## II

of evident invisibles  
 exquisite the hovering

at the dark portals

of hurt girl eyes

sincere with wonder

a poise a wounding  
a beautiful suppression

the accurate boy mouth

now droops the faun head

now the intimate flower dreams

of parted lips  
dim upon the syrinx

### III

between nose-red gross  
walls sprawling with tipsy  
tables the abominable  
floor belches smoky

laughter into the filigree  
frame of a microscopic  
stage whose jouncing curtain. , rises  
upon one startling doll

undressed in unripe green with  
nauseous spiderlegs  
and excremental  
hair and the eyes of the mother of

god who spits seeds of dead  
song about home and love from her  
transfigured face a queer  
pulp of ecstasy

while in the battered  
bodies the odd unlovely  
souls struggle slowly and writhe  
like caught.brave:flies;

## I V

i walked the boulevard

i saw a dirty child  
skating on noisy wheels of joy

pathetic dress fluttering

behind her a mothermonster  
with red grumbling face

cluttered in pursuit

pleasantly elephantine

while nearby the father

a thick cheerful man

with majestic bulbous lips  
and forlorn piggish hands

joked to a girlish whore

with busy rhythmic mouth  
and silly purple eyelids

of how she was with child

## V

the young  
man sitting  
in Dick Mid's Place  
said to Death

teach me of her  
 Thy yonder servant who  
 in Thy very house silently  
 sits looking beyond the

kissing and the striving of  
 that old man who at her  
 redstone mouth renews his  
 childhood

and He  
 said  
 “willingly  
 for the tale is short

it was  
 i think yourself delivered into  
 both my hands herself to  
 always keep”

always?  
 the young  
 man sitting in Dick Mid’s  
 Place

asked  
 “always”  
 Death  
 said

“then as i recollect her  
 girlhood was by the kindly  
 lips and body fatherly of a  
 romantic tired business man

somewhat tweaked and dinted  
 then  
 did my servant  
 become of the company of those

ladies with faces painteaten  
 and bodies lightly  
 desperate certainly wherefrom  
 departed is youth's indispensable

illusion"

## VI

but the other  
 day i was passing a certain  
 gate, rain  
 fell (as it will

in spring)  
 ropes  
 of silver gliding from sunny  
 thunder into freshness

as if god's flowers were  
 pulling upon bells of  
 gold i looked  
 up

and  
 thought to myself Death  
 and will You with  
 elaborate fingers possibly touch

the pink hollyhock existence whose  
 pansy eyes look from morning till  
 night into the street  
 unchangingly the always

old lady always sitting in her  
 gentle window like  
 a reminiscence  
 partaken

softly at whose gate smile  
 always the chosen  
 flowers of reminding

## VII

the rose  
is dying the  
lips of an old man murder

the petals  
hush  
mysteriously  
invisible mourners move  
with prose faces and sobbing, garments  
The symbol of the rose

motionless  
with grieving feet and  
wings  
mounts

against the margins of steep song  
a stallion sweetness , the

lips of an old man murder

the petals.

## VIII

Buffalo Bill 's  
defunct

who used to  
ride a watersmooth-silver

stallion

and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat

Jesus

he was a handsome man

and what i want to know is

how do you like your blueeyed boy

Mister Death

## IX

spring omnipotent goddess thou dost  
 inveigle into crossing sidewalks the  
 unwary june-bug and the frivolous angleworm  
 thou dost persuade to serenade his  
 lady the musical tom-cat, thou stuffest  
 the parks with overgrown pimply  
 cavaliers and gumchewing giggly  
 girls and not content  
 Spring, with this  
 thou hangest canary-birds in parlor windows

spring slattern of seasons you  
 have dirty legs and a muddy  
 petticoat, drowsy is your  
 mouth your eyes are sticky  
 with dreams and you have  
 a sloppy body  
 from being brought to bed of crocuses  
 When you sing in your whiskey-voice  
 the grass

rises on the head of the earth  
 and all the trees are put on edge

spring,  
 of the jostle of  
 thy breasts and the slobber  
 of your thighs  
 i am so very  
                   glad that the soul inside me Hollers  
 for thou comest and your hands  
 are the snow  
 and thy fingers are the rain,  
 and i hear  
 the screech of dissonant  
 flowers, and most of all  
 i hear your stepping  
                   freakish feet  
                   feet incorrigible  
 ragging the world,

## X

somebody knew Lincoln somebody Xerxes

this man: a narrow thudding timeshaped face  
plus innocuous winking hands, carefully  
inhabits number 1 on something street

Spring comes

the lean and definite houses

are troubled. A sharp blue day  
fills with peacefully leaping air  
the minute mind of the world.  
The lean and

definite houses are  
troubled. in the sunset their chimneys converse  
angrily, their  
roofs are nervous with the soft furious  
light, and while fire-escapes and  
roofs and chimneys and while roofs and fire-escapes and  
chimneys and while chimneys and fire-escapes  
and roofs are talking rapidly all together there happens  
Something, and They

cease (and  
one by one are turned suddenly and softly  
into irresponsible toys.)

when this man with

the brittle legs winces  
swiftly out of number 1 someThing  
street and trickles carefully into the park  
sits

Down. pigeons circle  
around and around and around the

irresponsible toys  
 circle wildly in the slow-ly-in creasing fragility  
 —. Dogs  
 bark  
 children  
 play  
 -ing  
     Are

in the beautiful nonsense of twilight

and somebody Napoleon

## POST IMPRESSIONS

### I

beyond the brittle towns asleep  
 i look where stealing needles of foam  
 in the last light

thread the creeping shores

as out of dumb strong hands infinite

the erect deep upon me  
 in the last light  
 pours its eyeless miles

the chattering sunset ludicrously  
 dies, i hear only tidewings

in the last light  
 twitching at the world

## II

the moon is hiding in  
her hair.

The  
lily  
of heaven  
full of all dreams,  
draws down.

cover her briefness in singing  
close her with intricate faint birds  
by daisies and twilights  
Deepen her,

Recite  
upon her  
flesh  
the rain's  
pearls singly-whispering.

## III

into the strenuous briefness  
Life:  
handorgans and April  
darkness, friends

i charge laughing.  
Into the hair-thin tints  
of yellow dawn,  
into the women-coloured twilight

i smilingly  
glide. I  
into the big vermilion departure  
swim, sayingly;

(Do you think?) the  
i do, world  
is probably made  
of roses & hello:

(of solongs and, ashes)

## IV

i am going to utter a tree, Nobody  
shall stop me

but first  
earth , the reckless oral darkness  
raging with thin impulse

i will have

a

dream

i

think it shall be roses and  
spring will bring her  
worms rushing through loam.

(afterward i'll

climb

by tall careful muscles

into nervous and accurate silence . . . . But first

you)

press easily

at first, it will be leaves

and a little harder

for roses

only a little harder

last we

on the groaning flame of neat huge

trudging kiss moistly climbing hideously with

large

minute

hips, O

.press

worms rushing slowly through loam

## V

any man is wonderful  
 and a formula  
 a bit of tobacco and gladness  
 plus little derricks of gesture

any skyscraper  
 bulges in the looseness of morning  
 but in twilight becomes  
 unutterably crisp

a thing,  
 which tightens  
 caught  
 in the hoisting light

any woman is smooth and ridiculous  
 a polite uproar of knuckling silent planes  
 a nudging bulb silkenly brutal  
 a devout flexion

## VI

at the head of this street a gasping organ is waving moth-eaten tunes. a fatish hand turns the crank; the box sprouts fairies, out of it sour gnomes tumble clumsily, the little box is spilling rancid elves upon neat sunlight into the flower-stricken air which is filthy with agile swarming sonal creatures

—Children, stand with circular frightened faces glaring at the shabby tiny smiling, man in whose hand the crank goes desperately, round and round pointing to the queer monkey

(if you toss him a coin he will pick it cleverly from, the air and stuff it seriously in, his minute pocket) Sometimes he does not catch a piece of money and then his master will yell at him over the music and jerk the little string and the monkey will sit, up, and look at, you with his solemn blinky eyes which neversmile and after he has caught a, penny or three, pennies he will be thrown a peanut (which he will

open skilfully with his, mouth carefully holding, it, in his little toylike hand) and then he will stiff-ly throw the shell away with a small bored gesture that makes the children laugh.

But i don't, the crank goes round desperate elves and hopeless gnomes and frantic fairies gush clumsily from the battered box fatish and mysterious the flowerstricken sunlight is thickening dizzily is reeling gently the street and the children and the monkeyandtheorgan and the man are dancing slowly are tottering up and down in a trembly mist of atrocious melody . . . . tiniest dead tunes crawl upon my face my hair is lousy with mutilated singing microscopic things in my ears scramble faintly tickling putrescent atomies,

and

i feel the jerk of the little string! the tiny smiling shabby man is yelling over the music i understand him i shove my round red hat back on my head i sit up and blink at you with my solemn eyeswhichneversmile

yes, By god.

for i am they are pointing at the queer monkey with a little oldish doll-like face and hairy arms like an ogre and rubbercoloured hands and feet filled with quick fingers and a remarkable tail which is allbyitself alive. (and he has a little red coat with i have a real pocket in it and the round funny hat with a big feather is tied under his my chin.) that climbs and cries and runs and floats like a toy on the end of a string

# Chimneys

## SONNETS—REALITIES

### I

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls  
 are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds  
 (also, with the church's protestant blessings  
 daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)  
 they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,  
 are invariably interested in so many things—  
 at the present writing one still finds  
 delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?  
 perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy  
 scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D  
 . . . . the Cambridge ladies do not care, above  
 Cambridge if sometimes in its box of  
 sky lavender and cornerless, the  
 moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

### II

goodby Betty, don't remember me  
 pencil your eyes dear and have a good time  
 with the tall tight boys at Tabari'  
 s, keep your teeth snowy, stick to beer and lime,  
 wear dark, and where your meeting breasts are round  
 have roses darling, it's all i ask of you—  
 but that when light fails and this sweet profound  
 Paris moves with lovers, two and two  
 bound for themselves, when passionately dusk  
 brings softly down the perfume of the world  
 (and just as smaller stars begin to husk  
 heaven) you, you exactly paled and curled  
 with mystic lips take twilight where i know:  
 proving to Death that Love is so and so.

## III

ladies and gentlemen this little girl  
 with the good teeth and small important breasts  
 (is it the Frolic or the Century whirl?  
 one's memory indignantly protests)  
 this little dancer with the tightened eyes  
 crisp ogling shoulders and the ripe quite too  
 large lips always clenched faintly, wishes you  
 with all her fragile might to not surmise  
 she dreamed one afternoon

. . . . or maybe read?

of a time when the beautiful most of her  
 (this here and This, do you get me?)  
 will maybe dance and maybe sing and be  
 abslatively posolutely dead,  
 like Coney Island in winter

## IV

when you rang at Dick Mid's Place  
 the madam was a bulb stuck in the door.  
 a fang of wincing gas showed how  
 hair, in two fists of shrill colour,  
 clutched the dull volume of her tumbling face  
 scribbled with a big grin. her sow-  
 eyes clicking mischief from thick lids.  
 the chunklike nose on which always the four  
 tablets of perspiration erectly sitting.  
 —If they knew you at Dick Mid's  
 the three trickling chins began to traipse  
 into the cheeks "eet smeestaire steevensun  
 kum een, dare ease Bet, an Leelee, an dee beeg wun"  
 her handless wrists did gooey severe shapes.

## V

"kitty". sixteen, 5' 1", white, prostitute.

ducking always the touch of must and shall,  
 whose slippery body is Death's littlest pal,

skilled in quick softness. Unspontaneous. cute.

the signal perfume of whose unrepute  
focusses in the sweet slow animal  
bottomless eyes importantly banal,

Kitty. a whore. Sixteen  
you corking brute  
amused from time to time by clever drolls  
fearsomely who do keep their sunday flower.  
The babybreasted broad "kitty" twice eight

—beer nothing, the lady'll have a whiskey-sour—

whose least amazing smile is the most great  
common divisor of unequal souls.

## VI

when thou hast taken thy last applause, and when  
the final curtain strikes the world away,  
leaving to shadowy silence and dismay  
that stage which shall not know thy smile again,  
lingering a little while i see thee then  
ponder the tinsel part they let thee play;  
i see the large lips vivid, the face grey,  
and silent smileless eyes of Magdalen.  
The lights have laughed their last; without, the street  
darkling awaiteth her whose feet have trod  
the silly souls of men to golden dust:  
she pauses on the lintel of defeat,  
her heart breaks in a smile—and she is Lust . . . .

mine also, little painted poem of god



of ghostly chaos  
   in this dangerous night  
 through moaned space god worships God—

(behold!  
 where chaste stars writhe captured in brightening fright)

### III

it is at moments after i have dreamed  
 of the rare entertainment of your eyes,  
 when (being fool to fancy) i have deemed

with your peculiar mouth my heart made wise;  
 at moments when the glassy darkness holds

the genuine apparition of your smile  
 (it was through tears always) and silence moulds  
 such strangeness as was mine a little while;

moments when my once more illustrious arms  
 are filled with fascination, when my breast  
 wears the intolerant brightness of your charms:

one pierced moment whiter than the rest

—turning from the tremendous lie of sleep  
 i watch the roses of the day grow deep.

### IV

when citted day with the sonorous homes  
 of light swiftly sink in the sorrowful hour,  
 thy counted petals O tremendous flower  
 on whose huge heart prospecting darkness roams

torture my spirit with the exquisite froms  
 and whithers of existence,

  as by shores  
 soundless, the unspeaking watcher who adores

perceived sails whose mighty brightness dumbs

the utterance of his soul—so even i  
wholly chained to a grave astonishment  
feel in my being the delirious smart

of thrilled ecstasy, where sea and sky  
marry—

to know the white ship of thy heart

on frailer ports of costlier commerce bent

## V

a wind has blown the rain away and blown  
the sky away and all the leaves away,  
and the trees stand. I think i too have known  
autumn too long

(and what have you to say,  
wind wind wind—did you love somebody  
and have you the petal of somewhere in your heart  
pinched from dumb summer?

O crazy daddy  
of death dance cruelly for us and start

the last leaf whirling in the final brain  
of air!) Let us as we have seen see  
doom's integration . . . . . a wind has blown the rain

away and the leaves and the sky and the  
trees stand:

the trees stand. The trees,  
suddenly wait against the moon's face.

## VI

a connotation of infinity  
sharpens the temporal splendor of this night

when souls which have forgot frivolity  
in lowliness, noting the fatal flight  
of worlds whereto this earth 's a hurled dream

down eager avenues of lifelessness

consider for how much themselves shall gleam,  
in the poised radiance of perpetualness.  
When what 's in velvet beyond doomed thought

is like a woman amorous to be known;  
and man, whose here is alway worse than naught,  
feels the tremendous yonder for his own—

on such a night the sea through her blind miles  
of crumbling silence seriously smiles

## SONNETS—ACTUALITIES

### I

a thing most new complete fragile intense,  
which wholly trembling memory undertakes  
—your kiss, the little pushings of flesh, makes  
my body sorry when the minute moon  
is a remarkable splinter in the quick  
of twilight

. . . . or if sunset utters one  
unhurried muscled huge chromatic  
fist skilfully modeling silence  
—to feel how through the stopped entire day  
horribly and seriously thrills  
the moment of enthusiastic space  
is a little wonderful, and say  
Perhaps her body touched me; and to face

suddenly the lighted living hills

## II

my love is building a building  
 around you, a frail slippery  
 house, a strong fragile house  
 (beginning at the singular beginning

of your smile) a skilful uncouth  
 prison, a precise clumsy  
 prison (building that and this into Thus,  
 Around the reckless magic of your mouth)

my love is building a magic, a discrete  
 tower of magic and (as i guess)

when Farmer Death (whom fairies hate) shall

crumble the mouth-flower fleet  
 He'll not my tower,  
                                 laborious, casual

where the surrounded smile  
   hangs

  breathless

## III

yours is the music for no instrument  
 yours the preposterous colour unbeheld

—mine the unbought contemptuous intent  
 till this our flesh merely shall be excelled  
 by speaking flower  
                                 (if i have made songs

it does not greatly matter to the sun,  
 nor will rain care  
                                 cautiously who prolongs  
 unserious twilight) shadows have begun

the hair's worm huge, ecstatic, rathe . . . .

yours are the poems i do not write.

In this at least we have got a bulge on death,  
silence, and the keenly musical light

of sudden nothing . . . . la bocca mia "he  
kissed wholly trembling"

or so thought the lady.

#### IV

by little accurate saints thickly which tread  
the serene nervous light of paradise—  
by angelfaces clustered like bright lice

about god's capable dull important head—  
by on whom glories whisperingly impinge  
(god's pretty mother)but may not confuse

the clever hair nor rout the young mouth whose  
lips begin a smile exactly strange—  
this painter should have loved my lady.  
And by this throat a little suddenly lifted

in singing—hands fragile whom almost tire  
the sleepshaped lilies—

should my lady's body  
with these frail ladies dangerously respire:

impeccable girls in raiment laughter-gifted.

## V

notice the convulsed orange inch of moon  
perching on this silver minute of evening.

We'll choose the way to the forest—no offense  
to you, white town whose spires softly dare.  
Will take the houseless wispig rune  
of road lazily carved on sharpening air.

Fields lying miraculous in violent silence

fill with microscopic withering  
. . .(that's the Black People, cherie,  
who live under stones.) Don't be afraid

and we will pass the simple ugliness  
of exact tombs, where a large road crosses  
and all the people are minutely dead.

Then you will slowly kiss me







To  
E. O.



## A

## POST IMPRESSIONS

## I

windows go orange in the slowly.  
 town, night  
 featherly swifts  
 the

Dark on us  
 all;  
 stories told returned

gather

the

Again: who

danc ing  
 goes utter ly

churning  
 witty, twitters

upon Our

(ta-te-ta  
 in a parenthesis! said the moon

## II

riverly is a flower  
gone softly by tomb  
rosily gods whiten  
befall saith rain

anguish  
of dream-send is  
hushed  
in

moan-loll where  
night gathers  
morte carved smiles

cloud-gloss is at moon-cease  
soon  
verbal mist-flowers close  
ghosts on prowl gorge

sly slim gods stare

## III

the wind is a Lady with  
bright slender eyes(who

moves)at sunset  
and who—touches—the  
hills without any reason

(i have spoken with this  
indubitable and green person “Are  
You the wind?” “Yes” “why do you touch flowers  
as if they were unalive, as

if They were ideas?” “because, sir  
things which in my mind blossom will  
stumble beneath a clumsiest disguise, appear  
capable of fragility and indecision

—do not suppose these  
 without any reason and otherwise  
 roses and mountains  
 different from the i am who wanders

imminently across the renewed world”  
 to me said the)wind being A lady in a green  
 dress, who; touches: the fields  
 (at sunset)

#### I V

Take for example this:

if to the colour of midnight  
 to a more than darkness(which  
 is myself and Paris and all  
 things)the bright  
 rain  
 occurs deeply, beautifully

and i(being at a window  
 in this midnight)

for no reason feel  
 deeply completely conscious of the rain or rather  
 Somebody who uses roofs and streets skilfully to make a  
 possible and beautiful sound:

if a(perhaps)clock strikes, in the alive  
 coolness, very faintly and  
 finally through altogether delicate gestures of rain

a colour comes, which is morning, O do not wonder that

(just at the edge of day)i surely  
 make a millionth poem which will not wholly  
 miss you; or if i certainly create, lady,  
 one of the thousand selves who are your smile.

#### V

Paris: this April sunset completely utters  
 utters serenely silently a cathedral

before whose upward lean magnificent face  
the streets turn young with rain,

spiral acres of bloated rose  
coiled within cobalt miles of sky  
yield to and heed  
the mauve

of twilight(who slenderly descends,  
daintily carrying in her eyes the dangerous first stars)  
people move love hurry in a gently

arriving gloom and  
see!(the new moon  
fills abruptly with sudden silver  
these torn pockets of lame and begging colour)while  
there and here the lithe indolent prostitute  
Night, argues

with certain houses

## VI

I remark this beach has been used too. much Too.  
originally spontaneous twirls-of-excrement inanely  
codified with superb sunlight, jolts of delapida-  
tion bath-houses whose opened within ejaculate.  
obscurity the tide Did dl es a,fad ed explosion  
of, pink!stocking

w h e e saysthesea-brE aking-b Re akin g(brea )K  
ing

my Nose puts on sharp robes of uncouth odour,for an  
onion!for one—onion for. putrescence is Cubical  
sliced-nicelybits Of, shivers ofcrin Ging stink.dull,  
globular glows and flat chatte ringarom a .s

—w hee e;

seasays.Break snice-Ly in-twin K les Of,CleaN

a booming smell waddles toward,me,dressed like a  
 Plum grinning softly,New focus-of disintegrat i o n ?  
 my

mind laughsin- to Slivers of (unthinking.c'est

l'heure

exquise)i remind Me of HerThe delicate-swill  
 tints of hair Whose(the lit-tle m-oo-n' s o u t )  
 flesh stalks the Momentinmyarms

your expression

my love

when most passionate.,

my,love

is thatofa fly.pre cisel Yhalf

(squashe)d

with,its,little,solemn, entrails

## VII

my smallheaded pearshaped

lady in gluey twilight  
 moving, suddenly

is three animals. The  
 minute waist continually

with an African gesture

utters a frivolous intense half of  
 Girl which (like some

floating snake upon itself always and  
 slowly which upward certainly is pouring) emits  
 a pose

:to twitter wickedly

whereas the big and firm legs moving solemnly  
like careful and furious and beautiful elephants

(mingled in whispering thickly smooth thighs  
thinkingly)  
remind me of Woman and

how between  
her hips India is

### VIII

i was sitting in mesorley's. outside it was New  
York and beautifully snowing.

Inside snug and evil. the slobbering walls filthily  
push witless creases of screaming warmth chuck pil-  
lows are noise funnily swallows swallowing revol-  
vingly pompous a the swallowed mottle with smooth  
or a but of rapidly goes gobs the and of flecks of and a  
chatter sobbings intersect with which distinct disks of  
graceful oath, upsoarings the break on ceiling-  
flatness

the Bar.tinking luscious jigs dint of ripe silver with  
warmlyish wetflat splurging smells waltz the glush of  
squirting taps plus slush of foam knocked off and a  
faint piddle-of-drops she says I ploc spittle what the  
lands thaz me kid in no sir hopping sawdust you kiddo  
he's a palping wreaths of badly Yep cigars who jim  
him why gluey grins topple together eyes pout ges-  
tures stickily point made glints squinting who's a wink  
bum-nothing and money fuzzily mouths take big  
wobbly foot-steps every goggle cent of it get out ears  
dribbles soft right old feller belch the chap hic sum-  
more eh chuckles skulch . . . .

and i was sitting in the din thinking drinking the ale,  
which never lets you grow old blinking at the low  
ceiling my being pleasantly was punctuated by the al-  
ways retchings of a worthless lamp.

when With a minute terrif iceffort one dirty squeal  
of soiling light yanKing from bushy obscurity a bald  
greenish foetal head established It suddenly upon the  
huge neck around whose unwashed sonorous muscle  
the filth of a collar hung gently.

(spattered) by this instant of semiluminous nausea A  
vast wordless nondescript genie of trunk trickled firm-  
ly in to one exactly-mutilated ghost of a chair,

a;domeshaped interval of complete plasticity, shoul-  
ders, sprouted the extraordinary arms through an an-  
gle of ridiculous velocity commenting upon an un-  
clean table.and,whose distended immense Both paws  
slowly loved a dinted mug

gone Darkness it was so near to me, i ask of shad-  
ow won't you have a drink?

(the eternal perpetual question)

Inside snugandevil. i was sitting in mcsorley's  
It, did not answer.

outside.(it was New York and beautifully,snowing. . . .

## I X

of this sunset(which is so  
filled with fear people bells)i  
say your eyes can take  
day away more softly horribly suddenly;

(of these two most  
early stars wincing upon a single  
colour, i know only that your hands  
move more simply upon the evening

and à propos such light and shape as means  
the moon, i somehow feel  
your smile slightly is a more  
minute adventure)

lady. The clumsy dark threatens (and i do  
not speak nor think nor am aware  
of anything

save that these houses bulge  
like memories in one crooked street

of a mind peacefully and skilfully which is disappearing

## X

## SNO

a white idea (Listen

drenches: earth's ugly) mind.  
,Rinsing with exact death

the annual brain

clotted with loosely voices

look

look. Skilfully

.fingered by (a parenthesis  
the) pond on whoseswooning edge

black trees think

(hear little knives of flower  
stopping sof a. Thick silence)

blacktreesthink

tiny, angels sharpen: themselves

(on

air)

don't speak

A white idea,

drenching. earth's brain detaches  
clottingsand from a a nnuual (ugliness  
of) rinsed mind slowly:

from! the: A wending putrescence. a. of, loosely

; voices

## X I

my eyes are fond of the east side  
 as i lie asleep my eyes go into Allen street the dark  
 long cool tunnel of raving colour, on either side the  
 windows are packed with hardslippery greens and  
 helplessbaby blues and stic-ky chromes and pretty-  
 lemons and virginal pinks and wealthy vermilion  
 and breathless-scarlet,dark colours like 'cellos keen  
 fiddling colours colours cOoler than harps colours  
 p r i c k i n g like piccolos thumPing colours like a  
 bangofpiano colours which,are,the,flowery pluckings  
 of a harpsichord colours of Pure percussion colours-  
 like-trumpets they (writhe they, struggleinweird chords  
 of humorous,fury heapingandsqueezing tum-bling-  
 scratchingcrowd ingworming each by screeching  
 Each)on either side the street's DarkcOOllonGBody  
 windows, are. clenched. fists of tint.

## TUMTITUMTIDDLE

if sometimes my eyes stay at home  
 then my mouth will go out into the East side,my  
 mouth goes to the peddlers,to the peddlers of smooth,  
 fruits of eager colours of the little,huddling nuts and  
 the bad candies my,mouth loves melons slitted with  
 bright knives,it stains itself,with currants and cherries  
 it(swallow s bun chesofnew grapes likeGree n  
 A r e b u b l e s asc end-ing inthecarts my,mouth  
 is,fond of tiny plums of tangerines and apples it will,  
 Gorge indistinct palishflesh of laZilytas tingg OO  
 seberries,it,loves these better than,cubesandovalsof  
 sweetness but it swallow) s greedily sugaredellipses  
 it does not disdain picKles,once,it,ate a scarlet pepper  
 and my eyes were buttoned with pain

## THE BLACK CAT WITH

is there anything my ears love it's  
 to go into the east Side in a. dark street a hur-  
 DygurdY with thequeer hopping ghosts of child-  
 ren. my,ears know the fuZZy tune that's played by  
 the Funny hand of the paralyticwhose dod d e r i n g  
 partner whEEl shi min chb yi nch along the whirl-  
 ingPeaceful furious street people drop,coppers into,  
 the littletin-cup His wrappedupbody Queerly Has,  
 my,ears,go into Hassan's place the canounchir p ing  
 the bigtwittëring zither-and the mealy,ladies dancing

thickly foolish, with, the, tam, bou, rine, s And the violin  
 spitting squeaky songs into the cuspidor- colored Room  
 and, my ears bend to the little silent hand organ propp-  
 ing the curve of the tiny moth eaten old man whose  
 Beard rests on the top whose silly, Hand revolves, per-  
 fectly, slowly with, the handle of a crank in It The L's  
 roar tortures-pleasantly my ears it is, like the, Jab: of a  
 dark tool. With a clever jerk in it like the motion of a  
 Sharp Knife- snapping of faded fish' shead Or, the  
 whipping of a black Snake cut Sudden ly in 2 that,  
 writhes . . . A . . . lit. leora basket of Ripe BlackbeRRies  
 emptied sudden (y down the squirming sPine of the)  
 unsuspecting street;

### THE YELLOW EYES AND

—;i Like to

Lie On My Couch at Christopher Street For my  
 stomach goes out into the east side my sex sitting up-  
 right on the stomach like A billiken with his knees  
 hugged together it, goes out into the rapid hard wo-  
 men and into the slow hot women my Stomach  
 ruBSiTSElf kew-ri-ous-ly a mong Them (among  
 their stomachs and their sexes ) stomachs of old  
 pe o ple Like hideous vegetaBles weasOned with-be-  
 ing-put-too-long in windows and never sold and  
 couldn't-be-given-away because Who? wanted them,  
 stomachs like EDead fishes s s olemn and putrid vast,  
 stomachs bLurting and cHuckling like uninteresting-  
 landscapes made interesting by earTHQuake empty  
 stomachs Clenche Dto the beautiful-curve of hunger,  
 cHuBbY stomachs which have not, known other  
 stomachs and their Sex is a Lone ly, flower whose  
 secret loveliness hurts itse;l.f to no-thing signifi-  
 cant stomachs: Who carry-tadpole!s,, stomachs of little,  
 girls smooth and useless i, like, best, the, stomachs, of the  
 young (girls silky and lewd) like corn s l e n der l y  
 tottering in sun-light

### THE

nobody (knows and WhoEver would)? dance lewd  
 dollies pretty and putrid dollies of-love-and-of-death  
 dollies of perfect life,

dollies of anyway

VIOLIN

## XII

suppose

Life is an old man carrying flowers on his head.

young death sits in a café  
smiling, a piece of money held between  
his thumb and first finger

(i say "will he buy flowers" to you  
and "Death is young  
life wears velour trousers  
life totters, life has a beard" i

say to you who are silent.—"Do you see  
Life? he is there and here,  
or that, or this  
or nothing or an old man 3 thirds  
asleep, on his head  
flowers, always crying  
to nobody something about les  
roses les bluets

yes,

will He buy?

Les belles bottes—oh hear  
, pas chères")

and my love slowly answered I think so. But  
I think I see someone else

there is a lady, whose name is Afterwards  
she is sitting beside young death, is slender;  
likes flowers.

## XIII

the dress was a suspicious madder, importing the cruelty of roses.  
The exciting simplicity of her hipless body, pausing to invent im-  
perceptible bulgings of the pretended breasts, forked in surprisable  
unliving eyes chopped by a swollen inanity of picture hat.

the arms hung ugly., the hands sharp and impertinently dead.

expression began with the early cessation of her skirt. fleshless melody of the, keenly lascivious legs. painful ankles large acute brutal feet propped on irrelevantly ferocious heels.

Her gasping slippery body moved with the hideous spontaneity of a solemn mechanism. beneath her drab tempo of hasty futility lived brilliantly the enormous rhythm of absurdity.

skin like the poisonous fragility of ice newly formed upon an old pool. Her nose was small, exact, stupid. mouth normal, large, unclever. hair genuinely artificial, unpleasantly tremendous.

under flat lusts of light her nice concupiscence appeared rounded.

if she were alive, death was amusing

#### XIV

inthe,exquisite;

morning sure lyHer eye s exactly sit,ata little roundtable  
among otherlittle roundtables Her,eyes count slow(ly

obstre poroustimidi ties surElyfl) oat iNg,the

ofpieces ofof sunligh tof fa l l in gof throughof treesOf.

(Fields Elysian

the like,a)sIEEping neck a breathing a ,lies  
(slo wlythe wom an pa)ris her  
flesh:wakes

in little streets

while exactlygir lisHlegs;play;ing;nake;D  
and

chairs wait under the trees

Fields slowly Elysian in  
a firmcool-Ness taxis, s.QuirM

and, b etw ee nch air st ott er s thesillyold  
WomanSellingBalloonS

In theex qui site

morning,

her sureLyeye s sit-ex actly her sitsat a surely!little,  
roundtable amongother;littleexactly round. tables,

Her

.eyes

## PORTRAITS

### I

being  
twelve  
who hast mrely  
gonorrhoea

Oldeyed

child, to  
ambitious weeness  
of boots

tiny  
add  
death  
what

shall?

### II

Babylon slim  
-ness of  
evenslicing  
eyes are chisels

scarlet Goes  
with her  
whitehot  
face,gashed

by hair's blue cold

jolts of  
lovecrazed abrupt

flesh split "Pretty  
Baby"  
to  
numb rhythm before christ

### III

ta  
ppin  
g  
toe

hip  
popot  
amus Back

gen  
teel-ly  
lugu-  
bri ous

eyes  
LOOPTHELOOP

as

fathandsbangrag

### IV

the waddling  
madam star  
taps  
taps. "ready girls". the

unspontaneous streets  
 make bright their eyes  
 a  
 blind irisher fiddles a

scotch jig in a stinking  
 joyman bar  
 a cockney is  
 buying whiskies for a turk

a waiter intones: bloo-moo-n  
 sirkusricky  
 platzburg  
 hoppytoad      yesmam.      the

furious taximan  
 p(ee)ps  
 on his whistle somebody  
 says here's luck

somebody else says down the hatch  
 the nigger smiles  
 the-jew stands  
 beside his teddy-bears

the sailor shuffles the  
 night with φουλυγ eyes  
 the great black preacher gargles jesus  
 the aesthete indulges

his soul for certain things which died  
 it is eighteen hundred  
 years. . . .  
 exactly

under the window  
 under the window  
 under the window walk

the unburied feet of  
 the little ladies more than dead

## V

raise the shade  
 will youse dearie?  
 rain  
 wouldn't that

get yer goat but  
 we don't care do  
 we dearie we should  
 worry about the rain

huh  
 dearie?  
 yknow  
 i'm

sorry for awl the  
 poor girls that  
 gets up god  
 knows when every

day of their  
 lives  
 aint you,  
                   oo-oo. dearie

not so  
 hard dear

you're killing me

## VI

Cleopatra built  
 like a smooth arrow or  
 a fleet pillar is eaten  
 by yesterday

she was a silver tube of wise  
 lust whose arms and legs  
 like white squirming pipes  
 wiggle upon the perfumed roman

strength who how  
 furiously plays the hot  
 sweet horrible stops of  
 her

body  
 Cleopatra had a  
 body  
 it was

thick slim warm moist  
 built like an organ  
 and it  
 loved

he  
 was a roman theirs was a  
 music sinuous globular  
 slippery intense witty huge

and its chords  
 brittle eager eternal luminous  
 firmly diminishing have swoopingly  
 fallen svelte sagging gone into the soaring silence

(put  
 your smallest  
 ear against yester-  
 day My Lady hear

the purple trumpets  
 blow horses of gold  
 delicately crouching beneath silver  
 youths the leaneyed

Caesars borne neatly through enormous  
 twilight surrounded by their triumphs  
 and

listen well

how the dainty destroyed  
 hero clamps the hearty sharp  
 column  
 of Egypt

,built like a fleet  
 pillar or a smooth  
 arrow  
 Cleopatra is eaten by

yester-  
 day)

O i tell you out of  
 the minute incessant Was irrevocably

emanates a dignity of papyruscoloured  
 faces superbly limp  
 the ostensible centuries  
 therefore let us be

a little uncouth and amorous in  
 memory of Cleopatra and of  
 Antony  
 and we will

confuse hotly our moreover irrevocable  
 bodies while the infinite processions  
 move like moths and like boys and  
 like incense and like sunlight

and like ships and like young girls and like  
 butterflies and like money  
 and like laughter  
 and like elephants

through our  
 single  
 brain in memory of Cleopatra while  
 easily

tremendously  
 floats  
 in the bright shouting street of time  
 her nakedness with its blue hair

(all is eaten by yester-  
 day  
 between the nibbling timid toothful hours  
 wilts the stern texture of Now

the arrow and the  
 pillar pursue curiously  
 a crumbling flight into the absolute stars  
 the gods are swallowed

even  
 Nile  
 the  
 kind black great god)

Cleopatra you  
 are eaten  
 by yester-  
 day

(and O My Lady Lady Of  
 Ladies you  
 who move beautifully in the winds  
 of my lust like a high troubling

ship upon the fragrant  
 unspeaking ignorant darkness of New  
 Lady whose kiss is  
 a procession of deep beasts

coming with keen ridiculous  
 silks coming with sharp languid perfumes  
 coming with the little profound gems and  
 the large laughing stones

a sinuous problem of colour  
 floating against  
 the clever deadly  
 heaven i salute

you  
 whose body is  
 Egypt  
 whose hair is Nile)

put your ear  
 to the ground  
 there is a music  
 Lady

the noiseless truth of swirling  
 worms  
 is  
 tomorrow

## VII

between the breasts  
 of bestial  
 Marj lie large  
 men who praise

Marj's cleancornered strokable  
 body these men's  
 fingers toss trunks  
 shuffle sacks spin kegs they

curl  
 loving  
 around  
 beers

the world has  
 these men's hands but their  
 bodies big and boozing  
 belong to

Marj  
 the greenslim purse of whose  
 face opens  
 on a fatgold

grin  
 hooray  
 hoorah for the large  
 men who lie

between the breasts  
 of bestial Marj  
 for the strong men  
 who

sleep between the legs of Lil

### VIII

when the spent day begins to frail  
 (whose grave already three or two  
 young stars with spades of silver dig)

by beauty i declare to you

if what i am at one o'clock  
 to little lips(which have not sinned  
 in whose displeasure lives a kiss)  
 kneeling, your frequent mercy begs,

sharply believe me, wholly, well  
 —did(wisely suddenly into  
 a dangerous womb of cringing air)  
 the largest hour push deep his din

of wallowing male(shock beyond shock  
 blurted)strokes, vibrant with the purr  
 of echo pouring in a mesh  
 of following tone: did this and this

spire strike midnight(and did occur  
 bell beyond fiercely spurting bell  
 a jettted music splashing fresh  
 upon silence)i without fail

entered became and was these twin  
 imminent lispig bags of flesh;  
 became eyes moist lithe shuddering big,  
 the luminous laughter, and the legs

whereas, at twenty minutes to

one, i am this blueeyed Finn  
 emerging from a lovehouse who  
 buttons his coat against the wind

## I X

impossibly

motivated by midnight  
 the flyspecked abominous female  
 indubitably tellurian  
 strolls  
     emitting minute grins

each an intaglio.  
 Nothing  
 has also carved upon her much

too white forehead a pair of  
 eyes which mutter thickly (as one merely  
 terrificulous American an instant doubts  
 the authenticity

of these antiquities—relaxing  
 hurries  
 elsewhere; to blow

incredible wampum

## X

here is little Effie's head  
 whose brains are made of gingerbread  
 when the judgment day comes  
 God will find six crumbs

stooping by the coffinlid  
 waiting for something to rise  
 as the other somethings did—  
 you imagine His surprise

bellowing through the general noise  
 Where is Effie who was dead?  
 —to God in a tiny voice,  
 i am may the first crumb said

whereupon its fellow five  
 crumbs chuckled as if they were alive  
 and number two took up the song,  
 might i'm called and did no wrong

cried the third crumb, i am should  
 and this is my little sister could  
 with our big brother who is would  
 don't punish us for we were good;

and the last crumb with some shame  
 whispered unto God, my name  
 is must and with the others i've  
 been Effie who isn't alive

just imagine it I say  
 God amid a monstrous din  
 watch your step and follow me  
 stooping by Effie's little, in

(want a match or can you see?)  
 which the six subjunctive crumbs  
 twitch like mutilated thumbs:  
 picture His peering biggest whey

coloured face on which a frown  
 puzzles, but I know the way—  
 (nervously Whose eyes approve  
 the blessed while His ears are crammed

with the strenuous music of  
 the innumerable capering damned)  
 —staring wildly up and down  
 the here we are now judgment day

cross the threshold have no dread  
 lift the sheet back in this way.  
 here is little Effie's head  
 whose brains are made of gingerbread

## XI

her  
 flesh  
 Came  
 at

meassandca V  
   ingint  
   oA  
 chute

                                  i had cement for her,  
                                   merrily  
 we became each  
 other humped to tumbling

garble when  
 a  
 minute  
 pulled the sluice

emerging.

concrete

## XII

little ladies more  
 than dead exactly dance  
 in my head, precisely  
 dance where danced la guerre.

Mimi à  
 la voix fragile  
 qui chatouille Des  
 Italiens

the putain with the ivory throat  
 Marie Louise Lallemand  
 n'est-ce pas que je suis belle  
 chéri? les anglais m'aiment  
 tous, les américains  
 aussi . . . . "bon dos, bon cul de Paris"(Marie  
 Vierge  
 Priez  
 Pour  
 Nous)

with the  
 long lips of  
 Lucienne which dangle  
 the old men and hot  
 men se promènent  
 doucement le soir(ladies

accurately dead les anglais  
 sont gentils et les américains  
 aussi, ils payent bien les américains dance  
 exactly in my brain voulez-  
 vous coucher avec  
 moi? Non? pourquoi?

ladies skilfully  
 dead precisely dance  
 where has danced la  
 guerre j'm'appelle  
 Manon, cinq rue Henri Mounier  
 voulez-vous coucher avec moi?  
 te ferai Mimi  
 te ferai Minette,  
 dead exactly dance  
 si vous voulez  
 chatouiller  
 mon lézard ladies suddenly  
 j'm'en fous de nègres

(in the twilight of Paris

Marie Louise with queenly  
 legs cinq rue Henri  
 Mounier a little love  
 begs, Mimi with the body  
 like une boîte à joujoux, want nice sleep?  
 toutes les petites femmes exactes  
 qui dansent toujours in my  
 head dis-donc, Paris

ta gorge mystérieuse  
 pourquoi se promène-t-elle, pourquoi  
 éclate ta voix  
 fragile couleur de pivoine?)

with the

long lips of Lucienne which  
 dangle the old men and hot men  
 precisely dance in my head  
 ladies carefully dead

## N

## &amp; : SEVEN POEMS

## I

i will be  
 M o v i n g i n t h e S t r e e t o f h e r  
 b o d y f e e l i n g a r o u n d M e t h e t r a f f i c o f  
 l o v e l y ; m u s c l e s - s i n k e x p i r i n g S  
 u d d e n l  
 Y t o t o u c h  
 t h e c u r v e d s h i p o f  
 H e r -  
 . . . . k l s s h e r : h a n d s  
 w i l l p l a y o n , m E a s  
 d e a d t u n e s O R s - c r a p - y l e a V e s f l u t t e r i n g  
 f r o m H i d e o u s t r e e s o r  
 M a y b e M a n d o l i n s  
 l o o k -  
 p i g e o n s f l y i n g a n d  
 w h e e ( : a r e , S p R i N , k , L i N g a n i n - s t a n t w i t h s u n L i g h t  
 t h e n ) l -  
 i n g a l l g o B l a c K w h - e e l - i n g  
 o h  
 v e r  
 m Y v e R y l i t T l e  
 s t r e e t  
 w h e r e  
 y o u w i l l c o m e ,  
 a t t w i l i g h t  
 s ( o o n & t h e r e ' s  
 a m o o  
 ) n .

## II

i'll tell you a dream i had once i was away up in the  
 sky Blue, everything: a bar the bar was made of brass  
 hanging from strings (or) something i was lying on  
 the bar it was cool i didn't have anything on and I  
 was hot all hot and the bar was

COOL

O My lover,

there's just room for me in You  
 my stomach goes into your Little Stomach My legs  
 are in your legs Your arms  
 under me around; my head  
 fits (my head) in your Brain —my, head's  
 big  
 she (said laughing  
 ) with your head. all big

## III

Spring is like a perhaps hand  
 (which comes carefully  
 out of Nowhere) arranging  
 a window, into which people look (while  
 people stare  
 arranging and changing placing  
 carefully there a strange  
 thing and a known thing here) and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps  
 Hand in a window  
 (carefully to  
 and from moving New and  
 Old things, while  
 people stare carefully  
 moving a perhaps  
 fraction of flower here placing  
 an inch of air there) and

without breaking anything.

## IV

Who

threw the silver dollar up into the tree?

I didn't  
said the little lady who sews and grows every day  
paler-paler she sits sewing and growing and that's the  
truth,  
who threw

the ripe melon into the tree?you

got me  
said the smoke who runs the elevator but I bet two bits  
come seven come eleven m m make the world safe for  
democracy it never fails and that's a fact;

who threw the

bunch of violets

into the tree?I dunno said the silver  
dog, with ripe eyes and wagged his tail that's the  
god's own

and the moon kissed the little lady on her paler-paler  
face and said never mind,you'll find

But the moon  
creeped into the pink hand of the smoke that shook  
the ivories

and she said said She Win and you won't  
be sorry And The Moon came!along-along to the  
waggy silver dog  
and the moon came  
and the Moon said into his Ripe Eyes

and the moon

Smiled  
, so

## V

gee i like to think of dead it means nearer because deeper  
firmer since darker than little round water at one end of  
the well it's too cool to be crooked and it's too firm  
to be hard but it's sharp and thick and it loves, every  
old thing falls in rosebugs and jackknives and kittens and

pennies they all sit there looking at each other having the fastest time because they've never met before

dead's more even than how many ways of sitting on your head your unnatural hair has in the morning

dead's clever too like POF goes the alarm off and the little striker having the best time tickling away everybody's brain so everybody just puts out their finger and they stuff the poor thing all full of fingers

dead has a smile like the nicest man you've never met who maybe winks at you in a streetcar and you pretend you don't but really you do see and you are My how glad he winked and hope he'll do it again

or if it talks about you somewhere behind your back it makes your neck feel pleasant and stoopid and if dead says may i have this one and was never introduced you say Yes because you know you want it to dance with you and it wants to and it can dance and Whocares

dead's fine like hands do you see that water flowerpots in windows but they live higher in their house than you so that's all you see but you don't want to

dead's happy like the way underclothes All so differently solemn and inti and sitting on one string

dead never says my dear, Time for your musiclesson and you like music and to have somebody play who can but you know you never can and why have to?

dead's nice like a dance where you danced simple hours and you take all your prickley-clothes off and squeeze-into-largeness without one word and you lie still as anything in largeness and this largeness begins to give you, the dance all over again and you, feel all again all over the way men you liked made you feel when they touched you (but that's not all) because largeness tells you so you can feel what you made, men feel when, you touched, them

dead's sorry like a thistlefluff-thing which goes landing away all by himself on somebody's roof or something where who-ever-heard-of-growing and nobody expects you to anyway

dead says come with me he says (and why ever not) into the round well and see the kitten and the penny and the jackknife and the rosebug

and you say Sure you say (like that) sure i'll come with you you say for i like kittens i do and jackknives i do and pennies i do and rosebugs i do

## VI

(one!)

the wisti-twisti barber  
-pole is climbing

people high, up-in

tenements talk in sawdust Voices

a: whispering drunkard passes

## VII

who knows if the moon's  
a balloon, coming out of a keen city  
in the sky—filled with pretty people?  
(and if you and i should

get into it, if they  
should take me and take you into their balloon,  
why then  
we'd go up higher with all the pretty people

than houses and steeples and clouds:  
go sailing  
away and away sailing into a keen  
city which nobody's ever visited, where

always

it's

Spring) and everyone's  
in love, and flowers pick themselves

## D

## SONNETS—REALITIES

## I

O It's Nice To Get Up In, the slipshod mucous kiss  
 of her riant belly's fooling bore  
 —When The Sun Begins To (with a phrasing crease  
 of hot subliminal lips, as if a score  
 of youngest angels suddenly should stretch neat necks  
 just to see how always squirms  
 the skilful mystery of Hell) me suddenly

grips in chuckles of supreme sex.

In The Good Old Summer Time.  
 My gorgeous bullet in tickling intuitive flight  
 aches, just, simply, into, her. Thirsty  
 stirring. (Must be summer. Hush. Worms.)  
 But It's Nicer To Lie In Bed  
 —eh? I'm

not. Again. Hush. God. Please hold. Tight

## II

my strength becoming wistful in a glib

girl i consider her as a leaf

thinks

of the sky, my mind takes to nib

-bling, of her posture. (As an eye winks).

and almost i refrain from jumbling her  
 flesh whose casual mouth's coy rooting  
 dies also. (my loveFist in her knuckling

thighs,  
     with a sharp indecent stir  
 unclenches

    into fingers. . . she too is tired.  
 Not of me.     The eyes which biggish loll

the hands' will tumbling into shall

—and Love 's a coach with guilt hopeless wheels mired  
 where sits rigidly her body's doll  
 gay exactly perishing sexual,

### III

the dirty colours of her kiss have just  
 throttled

    my seeing blood,her heart's chatter

riveted a weeping skyscraper

in me

    i bite on the eyes' brittle crust  
 (only feeling the belly's merry thrust  
 Boost my huge passion like a business

and the Y her legs panting as they press

proffers its omelet of fluffy lust)  
 at six exactly

    the alarm tore

two slits in her cheeks. A brain peered at the dawn.  
 she got up

    with a gashing yellow yawn  
 and tottered to a glass bumping things.  
 she picked wearily something from the floor

Her hair was mussed,and she coughed while tying strings



at times the weary twig  
 of a neckless nudity  
 (very occasionally budding

a flabby algebraic odour

jigs

et tout en face  
 always wiggles the perfectly dead  
 finger of thitherhithering gas.

clothed with a luminous fur

poilu

a Jesus sags  
 in frolicsome wooden agony).

## VI

the poem her belly marched through me as  
 one army. From her nostrils to her feet

she smelled of silence. The inspired cleat

of her glad leg pulled into a sole mass  
 my separate lusts

her hair was like a gas  
 evil to feel. Unwieldy . . . .

the bloodbeat  
 in her fierce laziness tried to repeat  
 a trick of syncopation Europe has

— One day i felt a mountain touch me where  
 i stood(maybe nine miles off). It was spring

sun-stirring. sweetly to the mangling air  
 muchness of buds mattered. a valley spilled  
 its tickling river in my eyes,

the killed

world wriggled like a twitched string.





## X

nearer:breath of my breath:take not thy tingling  
limbs from me:make my pain their crazy meal  
letting thy tigers of smooth sweetness steal  
slowly in dumb blossoms of new mingling:  
deeper:blood of my blood:with upwardcringing  
swiftness plunge these leopards of white dream  
in the glad flesh of my fear:more neatly ream  
this pith of darkness:carve an evilfringing  
flower of madness on gritted lips  
and on sprawled eyes squirming with light insane  
chisel the killing flame that dizzily grips.

Querying greys between mouthed houses curl  
thirstily. Dead stars stink. dawn. Inane,  
the poetic carcass of a girl

## X I

god pity me whom(god distinctly has)  
the weightless svelte drifting sexual feather  
of your shall i say body?follows  
truly through a dribbling moan of jazz

whose arched occasional steep youth swallows  
curvingly the keenness of my hips;  
or, your first twitch of crisp boy flesh dips  
my height in a firm fragile stinging weather,

(breathless with sharp necessary lips)kid

female cracksman of the nifty,ruffian-rogue,  
laughing body with wise breasts half-grown,  
lipping flesh quick to thread the fattish drone  
of I Want a Doll,  
wispish-agile feet with slid  
steps parting the tousle of saxophonic brogue.

## XII

even a pencil has fear to  
do the posed body luckily made  
a pen is dreadfully afraid  
of her of this of the smile's two  
eyes. . . .too,since the world's but  
a piece of eminent fragility.  
Well and when—Does susceptibility  
imply perspicuity,or?

shut

up.

Seeing

seeing her is not  
to something or to nothing as much as  
being by her seen,which has got  
nothing on something as i think

,did you ever hear a jazz  
Band?

or unnoise men don't make soup who drink.

## XIII

unnoticed woman from whose kind large flesh

i turn to the cruel-littleness of cold  
(when battling street-lamps fail upon the gold  
dawn, where teeth of slowturning streets mesh

in a frieze of smoking Face Bluish-old

and choked pat of going soles on flat  
pavements with icy cries of this and that  
stumbling in gloom, bad laughters, smiles unbold)

also, tomorrow the daily papers will feature  
Peace And Good Will, and Mary with one lung  
extended to the pumping Child, and " 'Twas

the night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care in hopes that Saint Nicholas'

## XIV

she sits dropping on a caret of clenched arms  
 a delicately elephantine face  
 (It is necessary to find Hassan's Place  
 by tiny streets shrugging with colour)  
 the mouth who sits between her cheeks  
 utters a thud of scarlet. always. More  
 interesting, as i think, her charms  
 en repos . . . . a fattish leg leaks  
 obscenely from the dress. one nipple tries.  
 playfully to peek into the belly  
 whose deep squirm nibbles. another couches,  
 weary, upon a flabby mattress of jelly . . . .  
 than when to the canoun she totters, slouches,  
 with giggling hips and frozen eyes

## XV

of this wilting wall the colour drub  
 souring sunbeams, of a foetal fragrance  
 to rickety unclosed blinds inslants  
 peregrinate, a cigar-stub  
 disintegrates, above, underdrawers club  
 the faintly sweating air with pinkness,  
 one pale dog behind a slopcaked shrub  
 painstakingly utters a slippery mess,  
 a star sleepily, feebly, scratches the sore  
 of morning. But i am interested more  
 intricately in the delicate scorn  
 with which in a putrid window every day  
 almost leans a lady whose still-born  
 smile involves the comedy of decay,

## XVI

it started when Bill's chip let on to  
 the bulls he'd bumped a bloke back in fifteen.  
 Then she came toward him on her knees across the locked  
 room. he knocked her cold and beat it for Chicago.

Eddie was waiting for him, and they cleaned up a few  
 times—before she got the info  
 from a broad that knew Eddie in Topeka, went clean  
 daffy, and which was very silly hocked

the diamond he gave her. Bill was put wise  
 that she was coming with his kid inside her.  
 He laughed. She came. he gave her a shove  
 and asked Eddie did he care to ride her?  
 . . . she exactly lay, looking hunks of love

in The Chair he kept talking about eyes

## XVII

whereas by dark really released, the modern  
 flame of her indomitable body  
 uses a careful fierceness. Her lips study  
 my head gripping for a decision: burn  
 the terrific fingers which grapple and joke  
 on my passionate anatomy  
 oh yes! Large legs pinch, toes choke—  
 hair-thin strands of magic agony  
 . . . by day this lady in her limousine

oozes in fashionable traffic, just  
 a halfsmile (for society's sweet sake)  
 in the not too frail lips almost discussed;  
 between her and ourselves a nearly-opaque  
 perfume disinterestedly obscene.

## XVIII

my girl's tall with hard long eyes  
 as she stands, with her long hard hands keeping  
 silence on her dress, good for sleeping  
 is her long hard body filled with surprise  
 like a white shocking wire, when she smiles  
 a hard long smile it sometimes makes  
 gaily go clean through me tickling aches,  
 and the weak noise of her eyes easily files  
 my impatience to an edge—my girl's tall  
 and taut, with thin legs just like a vine  
 that's spent all of its life on a garden-wall,  
 and is going to die. When we grimly go to bed  
 with these legs she begins to heave and twine  
 about me, and to kiss my face and head.

## XIX

in making Marjorie god hurried  
 a boy's body on unsuspecting  
 legs of girl. his left hand quarried  
 the quartzlike face. his right slapped  
 the amusing big vital vicious  
 vegetable of her mouth.  
 Upon the whole he suddenly clapped  
 a tiny sunset of vermouth  
 -colour. Hair. he put between  
 her lips a moist mistake, whose fragrance hurls  
 me into tears, as the dusty new-  
 ness of her obsolete gaze begins to. lean . . . .  
 a little against me, when for two  
 dollars i fill her hips with boys and girls

## XX

Dick Mid's large bluish face without eyebrows

sits in the kitchen nights and chews a two-bit  
 cigar

waiting for the bulls to pull his joint.  
 Jimmie was a dude. Dark hair and nice hands.

with a little eye that rolled and made its point

Jimmie's sister worked for Dick. And had some rows  
over percent. The gang got shot up twice, it  
operated in the hundred and

All the chips would kid Jimmie to give them a kiss  
but Jimmie lived regular. stewed three times a week.  
and slept twice a week with a big toothless girl  
in Yonkers.

Dick Mid's green large three teeth leak

smoke:remembering, two pink big lips curl . . . .

how Jimmie was framed and got his

## X X I

twentyseven bums give a prostitute the once  
-over. fiftythree (and one would see if it could)

eyes say the breasts look very good:  
firmlysquirmy with a slight jounce,

thirteen pants have a hunch

admit in threedimensional distress  
these hips were made for Horizontal Business  
(set on big legs nice to pinch

assiduously which justgraze  
each other). As the lady lazily struts  
(her  
thickish flesh superior to the genuine daze  
of unmarketable excitation,

whose careless movements carefully scatter

pink propaganda of annihilation.

## XXII

life boosts herself rapidly at me

through sagging debris of exploded day  
the hulking perpendicular mammal

a

grim epitome of chuckling flesh.

Weak thirsty fists of idiot futures bash

the bragging breasts,

puppy-faces to mouth

her ugly nipples squirming in pretty wrath,  
gums skidding on slippery udders

she

lifts an impertinent puerperal face

and with astute fatuous swallowed eyes  
smiles,

one grin very distinctly wobbles  
from the thinning lips me hugely which embrace.  
as in the hairy notching of clenched thighs

a friendless dingy female frenzy bubbles

## SONNETS—ACTUALITIES

## I

when my love comes to see me it's  
just a little like music, a  
little more like curving colour (say  
orange)

against silence, or darkness . . . .

the coming of my love emits  
a wonderful smell in my mind,

you should see when i turn to find  
her how my least heart-beat becomes less.  
And then all her beauty is a vise

whose stilling lips murder suddenly me,

but of my corpse the tool her smile makes something  
suddenly luminous and precise

—and then we are I and She . . . .

what is that the hurdy-gurdy's playing

## II

it is funny, you will be dead some day.  
By you the mouth hair eyes, and i mean  
the unique and nervously obscene

need; it's funny. They will all be dead

knead of lustfulhunched deeplyto play  
lips and stare the gross fuzzy-pash  
—dead—and the dark gold delicately smash . . . .  
grass, and the stars, of my shoulder in stead.

It is a funny, thing. And you will be

and i and all the days and nights that matter  
knocked by sun moon jabbed jerked with ecstasy  
. . . . tremble (not knowing how much better

than me will you like the rain's face and

the rich improbable hands of the Wind)

## III

i have loved, let us see if that's all.  
Bit into you as teeth, in the stone  
of a musical fruit. My lips pleasantly groan  
on your taste. Jumped the quick wall

of your smile into stupid gardens  
if this were not enough (not really enough  
pulled one before one the vague tough

exquisite

flowers, whom hardens  
richly, darkness. On the whole  
possibly have i loved . . . ? you)

sheath before sheath

stripped to the Odour. (and here's what WhoEver will know  
Had you as bite teeth;  
i stood with you as a foal

stands but as the trees, lay, which grow

#### I V

utterly and amusingly i am pash  
possibly because

.dusk and if it

perhaps drea-mingly Is (not-  
quite trees hugging with the rash,  
coherent light

) only to trace with

stiffening slow shrill eyes beyond a fit-  
and-cling of stuffs the alert willing myth  
of body, which will make oddly to strut  
my indolent priceless smile,

until

this very frail enormous star (do you see  
it?) and this shall dance upon the nude  
and final silence and shall the  
(i do but touch you) timid lewd  
moon plunge skilfully into the hill.

#### V

before the fragile gradual throne of night  
slowly when several stars are opening  
one beyond one immaculate curving  
cool treasures of silence

(slenderly wholly

rising, herself uprearing wholly slowly,  
lean in the hips and her sails filled with dream-  
when on a green brief gesture of twilight  
trembles the imagined galleon of Spring)

somewhere unspeaking sits my life; the grim  
clenched mind of me somewhere begins again,  
shares the year's perfect agony. Waiting

(always) upon a fragile instant when

herself me (slowly, wholly me) will press  
in the young lips unearthly slenderness

## VI

when i have thought of you somewhat too  
much and am become perfectly and  
simply Lustful. . . .sense a gradual stir  
of beginning muscle, and what it will do  
to me before shutting. . . .understand  
i love you. . . .feel your suddenly body reach  
for me with a speed of white speech

(the simple instant of perfect hunger  
Yes)

how beautifully swims  
the fooling world in my huge blood,  
cracking brains A swiftlyenormous light  
—and furiously puzzling through, prismatic, whims,  
the chattering self perceives with hysterical fright

a comic tadpole wriggling in delicious mud

## VII

autumn is: that between there and here  
gladness flays hideously hills.  
It was in the spring of this very year

(a spring of wines women and window-sills)  
i met that hideous gladness, per the face  
—pinxit, who knows? Who knows? Some "allemand" . . . . ?  
of Goethe, since exempt from heaven's grace,

in an engraving belonging to my friend.  
 Whom i salute, by what is dear to us;  
 and by a gestured city stilled in the framing  
 twilight of Spring . . . . and the dream of dreaming  
 —and i fall back, quietly amorous  
 of, through the autumn indisputably roaming

death's big rotten particular kiss.

### VIII

fabulous against ,a,fathoming jelly  
 of vital futile huge light as she  
 does not stand-ing.unsits

her(wrist  
 performs a thundering trivial)it.y

protuberant through the room's skilful of thing  
 silent spits discrete lumps of noise . . . .  
 furniture

unsolemnly :bur sting  
 the skinfull of Ludicrous,solidity which a. ,kissed  
 with is nearness.(peers:body of

aching toys  
 in unsmooth sexual luminosity spree.

—dear)the uncouthly Her.thuglike stare the  
 pollenizing vacancy  
 when,Thy patters?hands . . . . is swig

it does who eye sO neatly big

## IX

let's live suddenly without thinking

under honest trees,

a stream

does. the brain of cleverly-crinkling

-water pursues the angry dream

of the shore. By midnight,

a moon

scratches the skin of the organised hills

an edged nothing begins to prune

let's live like the light that kills

and let's as silence,

because Whirl's after all:

(after me) love, and after you.

I occasionally feel vague how

vague i don't know tenuous Now-

spears and The Then-arrows making do

our mouths something red, something tall

## X

if i should sleep with a lady called death

get another man with firmer lips

to take your new mouth in his teeth

(hips pumping pleasure into hips).

Seeing how the limp huddling string

of your smile over his body squirms

kissingly, i will bring you every spring

handfuls of little normal worms.

Dress deftly your flesh in stupid stuffs,

phrase the immense weapon of your hair.

Understanding why his eye laughs,

i will bring you every year

something which is worth the whole,

an inch of nothing for your soul.

## X I

my naked lady framed  
in twilight is an accident

whose niceness betters easily the intent  
of genius—

                  painting wholly feels ashamed  
before this music, and poetry cannot  
go near because perfectly fearful.

meanwhile these speak her wonderful  
But i (having in my arms caught

the picture) hurry it slowly

to my mouth, taste the accurate demure  
ferocious

                  rhythm of  
                                  precise  
laziness. Eat the price

of an imaginable gesture

exact warm unholy

## X I I

i have found what you are like  
the rain,

(Who feathers frightened fields  
with the superior dust-of-sleep. wields

easily the pale club of the wind  
and swirled justly souls of flower strike

the air in utterable coolness

deeds of green thrilling light  
                                  with thinned

newfragile yellows

—in the woods                    lurch and.press  
     which  
     stutter  
     and

    sing  
 And the coolness of your smile is  
 stirring of birds between my arms; but  
 i should rather than anything  
 have (almost when hugeness will shut  
 quietly) almost,  
     your kiss

### XIII

upon the room's  
     silence, i will sew

a nagging button of candlelight  
 (halfstooping to exactly kiss the trite

worm of her nakedness  
     until it go

rapidly to bed: i will get in with  
 it, wisely, pester skilfully, teasing  
 its lips, absurd eyes, the hair). Creasing  
 its smoothness—and leave the bed agrin with

memories  
     (this white worm and i who

love to feel what it will do  
 in my bulleying fingers)  
 as for the candle, it'll

turn into a little curse

of wax. Something, distinct and. Amusing, brittle

## XIV

the ivory performing rose

of you, worn upon my mind  
all night, quitting only in the unkind

dawn its muscle amorous

pricks with minute odour these gross  
days

when i think of you and do not live:  
and the empty twilight cannot grieve  
nor the autumn, as i grieve, faint for your face

O stay with me slightly. or until

with neat obscure obvious hands

Time stuff the sincere stomach of each mill

of the ingenious gods. (i am punished.  
They have stolen into recent lands  
the flower

with their enormous fingers unwished

## XV

(the phonograph's voice like a keen spider skipping

quickly over patriotic swill.

The, negress, in the, rocker by the, curb, tipping

and tipping, the flocks of pigeons. And the skil-

ful loneliness, and the rather fat  
man in bluish suspenders half-reading the  
Evening Something

in the normal window. and a cat.



## XVII

let us tremble) a personal radiance sits  
hideously upon the trafficking hum  
of dusk

each street takes of shadowy  
light the droll snowing delirium

(we do not speak)

tumbled hushingly bits  
of downward flower flowing without or cease

or time; a naming stealth of ecstasy  
means, like a girl lasciviously frail,

peace

(dreaming is better)

murdering coolness slowly  
in peopling places seeks play: withs of star  
link clauses of warmth

(after dream who knows?)

a blackish cat and a bluish cat are

eyeing, as with almost melancholy  
delicacy night gargles windows.

## XVIII

—G O N splashes-sink

which is west eighth, a star or three annoys

me, but the stink of perfumed noise  
fiercely mounts from the fireman's ball, i think

and also i think of you, getting mandolin-clink  
mixed with your hair; feeling your knees  
among the supercilious chimneys,

my nerves sumptuously wink

. . . . and little-dusk has his toys to play with  
windows-and-whispers,

(will BigMorning get away with  
them? j'm'en doute,)

chérie, j'm'en doute.

the accurate key to a palace

—You,—in this window sits a Face  
(it is twilight)a Face playing on a flute

### X I X

the mind is its own beautiful prisoner.  
Mine looked long at the sticky moon  
opening in dusk her new wings

then decently hanged himself, one afternoon.

The last thing he saw was you  
naked amid unnaked things,

your flesh, a succinct wandlike animal,  
a little strolling with the futile purr  
of blood; your sex squeaked like a billiard-cue  
chalking itself, as not to make an error,  
with twists spontaneously methodical.  
He suddenly tasted worms windows and roses

he laughed, and closed his eyes as a girl closes  
her left hand upon a mirror.

### X X

my sonnet is A light goes on in  
the toiletwindow, that's straightacross from  
my window, night air bothered with a rustling din

sort of sublimated tom-tom  
which quite outdoes the mandolin-

man's tiny racket. The horses sleep upstairs.  
And you can see their ears. Ears win-

k, funny stable. In the morning they go out in pairs:  
amazingly, one pair is white  
(but you know that) they look at each other. Nudge.

(if they love each other, who cares?)  
They pull the morning out of the night.

I am living with a mouse who shares  
my meals with him, which is fair as i judge.

### XXI

when you went away it was morning  
(that is, big horses; light feeling up  
streets; heels taking derbies (where?) a pup  
hurriedly hunched over swill; one butting

trolley imposingly empty; snickering  
shop doors unlocked by white-grub  
faces) clothed in delicate hubbub

as you stood thinking of anything,

maybe the world . . . . But i have wondered since  
isn't it odd of you really to lie  
a sharp agreeable flower between my

amused legs

kissing with little dints

of april, making the obscene shy  
breasts tickle, laughing when i wilt and wince

### XXII

you asked me to come: it was raining a little,  
and the spring; a clumsy brightness of air  
wonderfully stumbled above the square,  
little amorous-tadpole people wiggled

battered by stuttering pearl,

leaves jiggled

to the jiggling fragrance of newness

—and then. My crazy fingers liked your dress  
. . . . your kiss, your kiss was a distinct brittle





# Xli Poems



## SONGS

## I

the  
     sky  
         was  
 can dy lu  
 minous  
         edible  
 spry  
     pinks shy  
 lemons  
 greens coo l choc  
 olate  
 s.

    un der,  
     a lo  
 co  
 mo  
     tive    s pout  
             ing  
                 vi  
                 o  
                 lets

## II

of my  
 soul a street is:  
 prettinesses Pic-  
 abian tricktrickclickflick-er  
 garnished  
 of stark Picasso  
 throttling trees

hither  
 my soul  
 repairs herself with  
 prisms of sharp mind  
 and Matisse rhythms  
 to juggle Kandinsky gold-fish

away from the gripping gigantic  
 muscles of Cézanne's  
 logic,  
     oho.  
     a street  
 there is

where strange birds      purr

### III

when life is quite through with  
 and leaves say alas,  
 much is to do  
 for the swallow, that closes  
 a flight in the blue;

when love's had his tears out,  
 perhaps shall pass  
 a million years  
 (while a bee dozes  
 on the poppies, the dears;

when all's done and said, and  
 under the grass  
 lies her head  
 by oaks and roses  
 deliberated.)

### IV

into the smiting  
 sky tense  
 with  
 blend

ing  
 the  
 tree        leaps  
                          a stiffened exquisite

i  
 wait the sweet  
 annihilation of swift  
 flesh

i make me stern against  
 your charming strength

O haste  
                          annihilator  
 drawing into you my enchanting  
 leaves

## V

Where's Madge then,  
 Madge and her men?  
 buried with  
 Alice in her hair,  
 (but if you ask the rain  
 he'll not tell where.)

beauty makes terms  
 with time and his worms,  
 when loveliness  
 says sweetly Yes  
 to wind and cold;  
 and how much earth  
 is Madge worth?  
 Inquire of the flower that sways in the autumn  
 she will never guess.  
 but i know



the  
flashing  
bacchant.

partedpetaled  
mouth, face  
delirious. indivisible  
grace

of dancing

### VIII

in the rain-  
darkness, the sunset  
being sheathed i sit and  
think of you

the holy  
city which is your face  
your little cheeks the streets  
of smiles

your eyes half-  
thrush  
half-angel and your drowsy  
lips where float flowers of kiss

and  
there is the sweet shy pirouette  
your hair  
and then

your dancesong  
soul. rarely-beloved  
a single star is  
uttered, and i

think  
of you



so  
 duneyed master  
 enter  
 the sweet gates

of my heart and

take  
 the  
 rose,

which perfect  
 is  
 With killing hands

## X I

i will wade out  
                                   till my thighs are steeped in burning flowers  
 I will take the sun in my mouth  
 and leap into the ripe air  
                                   Alive  
   with closed eyes  
 to dash against darkness  
                                   in the sleeping curves of my body  
 Shall enter fingers of smooth mastery  
 with chasteness of sea-girls  
                                   Will i complete the mystery  
   of my flesh  
 I will rise  
                                   After a thousand years  
 lipping  
 flowers  
                                   And set my teeth in the silver of the moon

## X II

cruelly, love  
 walk the autumn long;  
 the last flower in whose hair,  
 thy lips are cold with songs

for which is  
 first to wither, to pass?  
 shallowness of sunlight  
 falls and, cruelly,  
 across the grass  
 Comes the  
 moon

love, walk the  
 autumn  
 love, for the last  
 flower in the hair withers;  
 thy hair is acold with  
 dreams,  
 love thou art frail

—walk the longness of autumn  
 smile dustily to the people,  
 for winter  
 who crookedly care.

## CHANSONS INNOCENTES

### I

why did you go  
 little fourpaws?  
 you forgot to shut  
 your big eyes.

where did you go?  
 like little kittens  
 are all the leaves  
 which open in the rain.

little kittens who  
 are called spring,  
 is what we stroke  
 maybe asleep?

do you know? or maybe did  
 something go away  
 ever so quietly  
 when we weren't looking.

## II

little tree  
little silent Christmas tree  
you are so little  
you are more like a flower

who found you in the green forest  
and were you very sorry to come away?  
see i will comfort you  
because you smell so sweetly

i will kiss your cool bark  
and hug you safe and tight  
just as your mother would,  
only don't be afraid

look the spangles  
that sleep all the year in a dark box  
dreaming of being taken out and allowed to shine,  
the balls the chains red and gold the fluffy threads,

put up your little arms  
and i'll give them all to you to hold  
every finger shall have its ring  
and there won't be a single place dark or unhappy

then when you're quite dressed  
you'll stand in the window for everyone to see  
and how they'll stare!  
oh but you'll be very proud

and my little sister and i will take hands  
and looking up at our beautiful tree  
we'll dance and sing  
"Noel Noel"

## PORTRAITS

### I

conversation with my friend is particularly

to enjoy the composed sudden body atop which always  
quivers the electric Distinct face haughtily vital clinched  
in a swoon of synopsis

despite a sadistic modesty his mind is seen frequently  
fingering the exact beads of a faultless languor when  
invisibly consult with some delicious image the a little  
strolling lips and eyes inwardly crisping

for my friend, feeling is the sacred and agonizing  
proximity to its desire of a doomed impetuous acute  
sentience whose whitehot lips however suddenly ap-  
proached may never quite taste the wine which their  
nearness evaporates

to think is the slippery contours of a vase inexpressibly  
fragile it is for the brain irrevocably frigid to touch a  
merest shape which however slenderly by it caressed  
will explode and spill the immediate imperceptible  
content

my friend's being, out of the spontaneous clumsy trivi-  
al acrobatic edgeless gesture of existence, continually  
whittles keen careful futile flowers

(isolating with perpetually meticulous concupiscence  
the bright large undeniable disease of Life, himself  
occasionally contrives an unreal precise intrinsic frag-  
ment of actuality),

an orchid whose velocity is sculptural

## II

one April dusk the  
 sallow street-lamps were turning  
 snowy against a west of robin's egg blue when  
 i entered a mad street whose

mouth dripped with slavver of  
 spring  
 chased two flights of squirrel-stairs into  
 a mid-victorian attic which is known as  
 O IIAPΘENQN

and having ordered  
 yaoorti from  
 Nicho'  
 settled my feet on the

ceiling inhaling six divine inches  
 of Haremina in  
 the thick of the snick-  
 er of cards and smack of back-

gammon boards i was aware of an entirely  
 dirty circle of habitues their  
 faces like cigarettebutts, chewed  
 with disdain, lead by a Jumpy

Tramp who played each  
 card as if it were a thunderbolt red-  
 hot peeling  
 off huge slabs of a fuzzy

language with the aid of an exclamatory  
 tooth-pick  
 And who may that  
 be i said exhaling into

eternity as Nicho' laid  
 before me bread  
 more downy than street-lamps  
 upon an almostclean

plate  
 "Achilles"  
 said  
 Nicho'

"and did you perhaps wish also shishkabob?"

### III

Picasso  
 you give us Things  
 which  
 bulge:grunting lungs pumped full of sharp thick mind

you make us shrill  
 presents always  
 shut in the sumptuous screech of  
 simplicity

(out of the  
 black unbunged  
 Something gushes vaguely a squeak of planes  
 or

between squeals of  
 Nothing grabbed with circular shrieking tightness  
 solid screams whisper.)  
 Lumberman of The Distinct

your brain's  
 axe only chops hugest inherent  
 Trees of Ego,from  
 whose living and biggest

bodies lopped  
 of every  
 prettiness

you hew form truly

## I V

the skinny voice

of the leatherfaced  
woman with the crimson  
nose and coquettishly-  
cocked bonnet

having ceased the

captain  
announces that as three  
dimes seven nickels and ten  
pennies have been deposited upon

the drum there is need

of just twenty five cents  
dear friends  
to make it an even  
dollar whereupon

the Divine Average who was

attracted by the inspired  
sister's howling moves  
off  
will anyone tell him why he should

blow two bits for the coming of Christ Jesus

?  
??  
???  
!

nix, kid

## V

as usual i did not find him in cafes, the more dissolute atmosphere of a street superimposing a numbing imperfectness upon such peregrinations as twilight spontaneously by inevitable tiredness of flanging shop-girls impersonally affords furnished a soft first clue to his innumerable whereabouts violet logic of annihilation demonstrating from woolworthian pinnacle a capable millenium of faces meshing with my curiously instant appreciation exposed his hibernative contours, aimiable immensity impeccably extending the courtesy of five o'clock became the omen of his presence it was spring by the way in the soiled canary-cage of largest existence.

(when he would extemporise the innovation of muscularity upon the most crimson assistance of my comforter a click of deciding glory inflicted to the negative silence that primeval exposure whose electric solidity remembers some accurately profuse scratchings in a recently discovered cave, the carouse of geometrical putrescence whereto my invariably commendable room has been forever subject his Earliest word wheeled out on the sunny dump of oblivion)

a tiny dust finely arising at the integration of my soul  
i coughed

, naturally

## VI

it's just like a coffin's  
inside when you die,  
pretentious and  
shiny and  
not too wide

dear god

there's a portrait  
 over the door very notable of  
 the sultan's nose pullable and rosy  
 flanked by the scrumptious magdalene  
 of whoisit and madame  
 something by gainsborough

just the playthings  
 for dust n'est-ce pas

effendi drifts between  
 tables like an old leaf  
 between toadstools  
 he is the cheerfulest of men  
 his peaked head smoulders  
 like a new turd in April  
 his legs are brittle and small  
 his feet large and fragile  
 his queer hands twitter before him, like foolish  
 butterflies  
 he is the most courteous of men

should you remark the walls have been repapered

he will nod  
 like buddha  
 or answer modestly  
 i am dying

so let us come in together and  
 drink coffee covered with froth  
 half-mud  
 and not too  
 sweet?

## VII

my mind is  
 a big hunk of irrevocable nothing which touch and  
 taste and smell and hearing and sight keep hitting and  
 chipping with sharp fatal tools  
 in an agony of sensual chisels i perform squirms of  
 chrome and execute strides of cobalt  
 nevertheless i  
 feel that i cleverly am being altered that i slightly am  
 becoming something a little different, in fact  
 myself  
 Hereupon helpless i utter lilac shrieks and scarlet  
 bellowings.

## VIII

5  
 derbies-with-men-in-them smoke Helmar  
 cigarettes 2  
 play backgammon, 3 watch

a has gold  
 teeth b pink  
 suspenders c  
 reads Atlantis

x and y play b  
 cries "effendi" "Uh" "coffee"  
 "uh" enter  
 paperboy, c

buys Bawstinamereekin, exit  
 paperboy a finishes  
 Helmar lights  
 another

x and y  
 play, effendi approaches, sets  
 down coffee withdraws  
 a and c discuss news in



sorting from this vast nonchalant inward walk of volume the flat minute gallop of careful hugeness i am conjugated by the sensual mysticism of entire vertical being, i am skilfully construed by a delicately experimenting colossus whose irrefutable spiral antics involve me with the soothings of plastic hypnotism . i am accurately parsed by this gorgeous rush of upward lips. . . .

cleverly

perching on the sudden extremity of one immense tooth myself surveys safely the complete important profane frantic inconsequential gastronomic mystery of mysteries

, life.

Far below myself the lunging leer of horizontal large distinct ecstasy wags and. rages Laughters jostle grins nudge smiles push—deep into the edgeless gloaming gladness hammers incessant putrid spikes of madness (at

Myself's height these various innocent ferocities are superceded by the sole prostituted ferocity of silence, it is) still 5 o'clock

I stare only always into the tremendous canyon the

, tremendous canyon always only exhales a climbing dark exact walloping human noise of digestible millions whose rich slovenly obscene procession always floats through the thin amorous enormous only lips of the evening

And it is 5 o'clock

in the oblong air, from which a singular ribbon of common sunset is hanging,

snow speaks slowly

## LA GUERRE

## I

earth like a tipsy  
 biddy with an old mop punching  
 underneath  
 conventions exposes

hidden obscenities  
 nudging  
 into neglected sentiments brings  
 to light dusty

heroisms  
 and  
 finally colliding with the most  
 expensive furniture upsets

a  
 crucifix which smashes into several  
 pieces and is hurriedly picked up and  
 thrown on the ash-heap

where  
 lies  
                   what was once the discobolus of  
 one

Myron

## II

Humanity i love you  
 because you would rather black the boots of  
 success than enquire whose soul dangles from his  
 watch-chain which would be embarrassing for both

parties and because you  
 unflinchingly applaud all  
 songs containing the words country home and  
 mother when sung at the old howard

Humanity i love you because  
 when you're hard up you pawn your  
 intelligence to buy a drink and when  
 you're flush pride keeps

you from the pawn shop and  
 because you are continually committing  
 nuisances but more  
 especially in your own house

Humanity i love you because you  
 are perpetually putting the secret of  
 life in your pants and forgetting  
 it's there and sitting down

on it  
 and because you are  
 forever making poems in the lap  
 of death Humanity

i hate you

## SONNETS

### I

when learned darkness from our searched world  
 wrestest the rare unwisdom of thy eyes,  
 if thy two hands flowers of silence curled  
 upon a thought, to rapture should surprise  
 my soul slowly which on thy beauty dreamest  
 —proud through the cold perfect night whisperless  
 to mark, how that asleep whitely thou seemest  
 (whose lips the whole of life almost do guess)

if god should send the morning; and before  
 my doubting window leaves softly to stir,  
 of thoughtful trees whom night hath pondered o'er  
 —and frailties of dimension to occur

about us

and birds known, scarcely to sing

(heart, shalt thou bear the marvel of this thing?)

## II

O Thou to whom the musical white spring

offers her lily inextinguishable,  
 taught by thy tremulous grace bravely to fling

Implacable death's mysteriously sable  
 robe from her redolent shoulders,

Thou from whose  
 feet reincarnate song suddenly leaping  
 flameflung, mounts, inimitably to lose  
 herself where the wet stars softly are keeping

their exquisite dreams—O Love! upon thy dim  
 shrine of intangible commemoration,  
 (from whose faint close as some grave languorous hymn

pledged to illimitable dissipation  
 unhurried clouds of incense fleetly roll)

i spill my bright incalculable soul.

## III

when unto nights of autumn do complain  
 earth's ghasstlier trees by whom Time measured is  
 when frost to dance maketh the sagest pane  
 of littler huts with peerless fantasies  
 or the unlovely longness of the year

droops with things dead athwart the narrowing hours  
 and hope (by cold espoused unto fear)  
 in dreadful corners hideously cowers—

i do excuse me, love, to Death and Time

storms and rough cold, wind's menace and leaf's grieving:  
 from the impressed fingers of sublime  
 Memory, of that loveliness receiving  
 the image my proud heart cherished as fair.

(The child-head poised with the serious hair)

#### IV

this is the garden: colours come and go,  
 frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing  
 strong silent greens serenely lingering,  
 absolute lights like baths of golden snow.  
 This is the garden: pursed lips do blow  
 upon cool flutes within wide glooms, and sing  
 (of harps celestial to the quivering string)  
 invisible faces hauntingly and slow.

This is the garden. Time shall surely reap,  
 and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled,  
 in other lands where other songs be sung;  
 yet stand They here enraptured, as among  
 the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep  
 some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.

#### V

Thou in whose sword great story shine the deeds  
 of history her heroes, sounds the tread  
 of those vast armies of the marching dead,  
 with standards and the neighing of great steeds  
 moving to war across the smiling meads;  
 thou by whose page we break the precious bread  
 of dear communion with the past, and wed  
 to valor, battle with heroic breeds;

thou, Froissart, for that thou didst love the pen  
 while others wrote in steel, accept all praise  
 of after ages, and of hungering days  
 for whom the old glories move, the old trumpets cry;  
 who gavest as one of those immortal men  
 his life that his fair city might not die.

## VI

when the proficient poison of sure sleep  
bereaves us of our slow tranquillities

and He without Whose favour nothing is  
(being of men called Love) upward doth leap  
from the mute hugeness of depriving deep,

with thunder of those hungering wings of His,  
into the lucent and large signories  
—i shall not smile beloved; i shall not weep:

when from the less-than-whiteness of thy face  
(whose eyes inherit vacancy) will time  
extract his inconsiderable doom,  
when these thy lips beautifully embrace  
nothing

and when thy bashful hands assume  
silence beyond the mystery of rhyme

## VII

and what were roses. Perfume? for i do  
forget . . . or mere Music mounting unsurely

twilight

but here were something more maturely  
childish, more beautiful almost than you.

Yet if not flower, tell me softly who

be these haunters of dreams always demurely  
halfsmiling from cool faces, moving purely  
with muted step, yet somewhat proudly too—

are they not ladies, ladies of my dreams  
justly touching roses their fingers whitely  
live by?

or better,  
queens, queens laughing lightly  
crowned with far colours,

thinking very much  
of nothing and whom dawn loves most to touch  
wishing by willows, bending upon streams?

## VIII

come nothing to my comparable soul  
which with existence has conversed in vain,  
O scrupulously take thy trivial toll,  
for whose cool feet this frantic heart is fain;  
try me with thy perfumes which have seduced  
the mightier nostrils of the fervent dead,  
feed with felicities me wormperused  
by whom the hungry mouth of time is fed:  
and if i like not what thou givest me  
to him let me complain, whose seat is where  
revolving planets struggle to be free  
with the astounding everlasting air—  
but if i like, i'll take between thy hands  
what no man feels, no woman understands.

## IX

when my sensational moments are no more  
joyously bullied of vilest mind

and sweet uncaring earth by thoughtful war  
heaped wholly with high wilt of human rind—  
when over hate has triumphed darkly love

and the small spiritual cry of spring  
utters a striving flower,  
just where strove  
the droll god-beasts

do thou distinctly bring  
thy footstep, and the rushing of thy deep  
hair and the smiting smile didst love to use  
in other days (drawing my Mes from sleep  
whose stranger dreams thy strangeness must abuse . . . . )

Time being not for us, purple roses were  
sweeter to thee

perchance to me deeper.

## X

I have seen her a stealthily frail  
 flower walking with its fellows in the death  
 of light, against whose enormous curve of flesh  
 exactly cubes of tiny fragrance try;  
 i have watched certain petals rapidly wish  
 in the corners of her youth; whom, fiercely shy  
 and gently brutal, the prettiest wrath  
 of blossoms dishevelling made a pale  
 fracas upon the accurate moon . . . .  
 Across the important gardens her body  
 will come toward me with its hurting sexual smell  
 of lilies . . . . beyond night's silken immense swoon  
 the moon is like a floating silver hell  
 a song of adolescent ivory.

## XI

who's most afraid of death? thou  
art of him  
 utterly afraid, i love of thee  
 (beloved) this

and truly i would be  
 near when his scythe takes crisply the whim  
 of thy smoothness. and mark the fainting  
 murdered petals. with the caving stem.

But of all most would i be one of them

round the hurt heart which do so frailly cling . . . .)  
 i who am but imperfect in my fear

Or with thy mind against my mind, to hear  
 nearing our hearts' irrevocable play—  
 through the mysterious high futile day

an enormous stride

(and drawing thy mouth toward

my mouth, steer our lost bodies carefully downward)

## XII

perhaps it is to feel strike  
 the silver fish of her nakedness  
 with fins sharply pleasant, my

youth has travelled toward her these years

or to snare the timid like  
 of her mind to my mind that i

am come by little countries to the yes

of her youth.

And if somebody hears  
 what i say—let him be pitiful:  
 because i've travelled all alone  
 through the forest of wonderful,  
 and that my feet have surely known  
 the furious ways and the peaceful,

and because she is beautiful

## XIII

when i am in Boston, i do not speak.  
 and i sit in the click of ivory balls . . . .

noting flies, which jerk upon the weak  
 colour of table-cloths, the electric When  
 In Doubt Buy Of (but a roof hugs  
 whom)

as the august evening mauls  
 Kneeland, and a waiter cleverly lugs  
 indigestible honeycake to men  
 . . . . one perfectly smooth coffee  
 tasting of hellas, i drink, or sometimes two  
 remarking cries of paklavah meeah.

(Very occasionally three.)

and i gaze on the cindercoloured little META  
 ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΝ ΞΕΝΟΔΟΧΕΙΟΝ ΥΪΙΝΟΥ

## XIV

will suddenly trees leap from winter and will

the stabbing music of your white youth  
wounded by my arms' bothness  
(say a twilight lifting the fragile skill  
of new leaves' voices, and sharp lips of spring  
simply joining with the wonderless  
city's sublime cheap distinct mouth)

do the exact human comely thing?

(or will the fleshless moments go and go

across this dirtied pane where softly preys  
the grey and perpendicular Always—  
or possibly there drift a pulseless blur  
of paleness;

the unswift mouths of snow  
insignificantly whisper. . . .

## XV

a fragrant sag of fruit distinctly grouped.

I have not eaten peppers for a week.

On this street the houses immensely speak  
(it is nine minutes past six)

the well-fed L's immaculate roar looped  
straightens, into neatest distance. . . .

A new curve of children gladly cricks  
where a hurdy-gurdy accurately pants.

and pompous ancient jews obscurely twitch  
through the bumping teem of Grand. a nudging froth  
of faces clogs Second as Mrs. Somethingwich

(with flesh like an old toy baloon)

heavily swims to Strunsky's,

Monia's mouth

eats tangerines looking at the moon—

## XVI

by god i want above fourteenth

fifth's deep purring biceps, the mystic screech  
of Broadway, the trivial stink of rich

frail firm asinine life

(i pant

for what's below. the singer. Wall. i want  
the perpendicular lips the insane teeth  
the vertical grin

give me the Square in spring,  
the little barbarous Greenwich perfumed fake

And most, the futile fooling labyrinth  
where noisy colors stroll . . . and the Baboon

sniggering insipidities while. i sit, sipping  
singular anisettes as. One opaque  
big girl jiggles thickly hips to the canoun

but Hassan chuckles seeing the Greeks breathe)

IS 5



## FOREWORD

On the assumption that my technique is either complicated or original or both, the publishers have politely requested me to write an introduction to this book.

At least my theory of technique, if I have one, is very far from original; nor is it complicated. I can express it in fifteen words, by quoting *The Eternal Question And Immortal Answer* of burlesk, viz. "Would you hit a woman with a child?—No, I'd hit her with a brick." Like the burlesk comedian, I am abnormally fond of that precision which creates movement.

If a poet is anybody, he is somebody to whom things made matter very little—somebody who is obsessed by Making. Like all obsessions, the Making obsession has disadvantages; for instance, my only interest in making money would be to make it. Fortunately, however, I should prefer to make almost anything else, including locomotives and roses. It is with roses and locomotives (not to mention acrobats Spring electricity Coney Island the 4th of July the eyes of mice and Niagara Falls) that my "poems" are competing.

They are also competing with each other, with elephants, and with El Greco.

Ineluctable preoccupation with *The Verb* gives a poet one priceless advantage: whereas nonmakers must content themselves with the merely undeniable fact that two times two is four, he rejoices in a purely irresistible truth (to be found, in abbreviated costume, upon the title page of the present volume).

E. E. CUMMINGS.



# One

## I

### FIVE AMERICANS

#### I. LIZ

with breathing as (faithfully) her lownecked  
dress a little topples and slightly expands

one square foot mired in silk wrinkling loth  
stocking begins queerly to do a few  
gestures to death,

the silent shoulders are both  
slowly with pinkish ponderous arms bedecked  
whose white thick wrists deliver promptly to  
a deep lap enormous mindless hands.

and no one knows what (i am sure of this)  
her blunt unslender, what her big unkeen

“Business is rotten” the face yawning said

what her mouth thinks of

(if it were a kiss  
distinct entirely melting sinuous lean . . .  
whereof this lady in some book had read

#### II. MAME

she puts down the handmirror. “Look at” arranging  
before me a mellifluous idiot grin

(with what was nose upwrinkled into nothing  
earthly, while the slippery eyes drown  
in surging flesh). A thumblike index down-  
dragging yanks back skin “see” (i, seeing, ceased  
to breathe). The plump left fist opening

“wisdom.” Flicker of gold. “Yep. No gas. Flynn”

the words drizzle untidily from released  
cheeks “I’ll fell duh would; some noive all right.  
Aint much on looks but how dat baby ached.”

and when i timidly hinted “novocaine?”  
 the eyes outstart, curl, bloat, are newly baked  
 and swaggering cookies of indignant light

### III. GERT

joggle i think will do it although the glad  
 monosyllable jounce possibly can tell  
 better how the balloons move (as  
 her ghost lurks, a Beau Brummel sticking in its three-  
 cornered always moist mouth)—jazz,  
 for whose twitching lips, between you and me  
 almost succeeds while toddle rings the bell.  
 But if her tall corpsecoloured body seat  
 itself (with the uncouth habitual dull  
 jerk at garters) there ’s no sharpest neat  
 word for the thing.

Her voice?

gruesome: a trull  
 leaps from the lungs “gimme uh swell fite  
 like up ter yknow, Rektuz, Toysday nite;  
 where uh guy gets gayn troze uh lobstersalad

### IV. MARJ

“life?

Listen” the feline she with radishred  
 legs said (crossing them slowly) “I’m  
 asleep. Yep. Youse is asleep kid  
 and everybody is.” And i hazarded  
 “god” (blushing slightly)—“O damn  
 ginks like dis Gawd” opening slowlyslowly  
 them—then carefully the rolypoly  
 voice squatting on a mountain of gum did  
 something like a whisper, “even her.”  
 “The Madam?” I emitted; vaguely watching  
 that mountainous worthy in the fragile act  
 of doing her eyebrows.—Marj’s laughter smacked  
 me: pummeling the curtains, drooped to a purr . . .

i left her permanently smiling

## V. FRAN

should i entirely ask of god why  
 on the alert neck of this brittle whore  
 delicately wobbles an improbably distinct face,  
 and how these wooden big two feet conclude  
 happeningly the unfirm drooping bloated  
 calves

i would receive the answer more  
 or less deserved, Young fellow go in peace.  
 which i do, being as Dick Mid once noted  
 lifting a Green River (here's to youse)  
 "a bloke wot's well behaved" . . . and always try  
 to not wonder how let's say elation  
 causes the bent eyes thickly to protrude—

or why her tiniest whispered invitation  
 is like a clock striking in a dark house

## II

## POEM, OR BEAUTY HURTS MR. VINAL

take it from me kiddo  
 believe me  
 my country, 'tis of

you, land of the Cluett  
 Shirt Boston Garter and Spearmint  
 Girl With The Wrigley Eyes(of you  
 land of the Arrow Ide  
 and Earl &  
 Wilson

Collars) of you i  
 sing:land of Abraham Lincoln and Lydia E. Pinkham,  
 land above all of Just Add Hot Water And Serve—  
 from every B. V. D.

let freedom ring

amen. i do however protest, anent the un-  
 spontaneous and otherwise scented merde which  
 greets one (Everywhere Why) as divine poesy per  
 that and this radically defunct periodical. i would

suggest that certain ideas gestures  
rhymes, like Gillette Razor Blades  
having been used and reused  
to the mystical moment of dullness emphatically are  
Not To Be Resharpended. (Case in point

if we are to believe these gently O sweetly  
melancholy trillers amid the thrillers  
these crepuscular violinists among my and your  
skyscrapers—Helen & Cleopatra were Just Too Lovely,  
The Snail's On The Thorn enter Morn and God's  
In His andsoforth

do you get me? )according  
to such supposedly indigenous  
throistles Art is O World O Life  
a formula:example, Turn Your Shirttails Into  
Drawers and If It Isn't An Eastman It Isn't A  
Kodak therefore my friends let  
us now sing each and all fortissimo A-  
mer  
i

ca, I  
love,  
You. And there're a  
hun-dred-mil-lion-oth-ers, like  
all of you successfully if  
delicately gelded(or spaded)  
gentlemen(and ladies)—pretty

littliverpill-  
hearted-Nujolneeding-There's-A-Reason  
americans(who tensetondoned and with  
upward vacant eyes, painfully  
perpetually crouched, quivering, upon the  
sternly allotted sandpile  
—how silently  
emit a tiny violetflavoured nuisance:Odor?

ono.  
comes out like a ribbon lies flat on the brush



'O

what's become of (if you please)  
all the glory that or which was Greece  
all the grandja  
that was dada?

make me a child, stout hurdysturdygurdyman  
waiter, make me a child. So this is Paris.  
i will sit in the corner and drink thinks and think drinks,  
in memory of the Grand and Old days:  
of Amy Sandburg  
of Algernon Carl Swinburned.

Waiter a drink waiter two or three drinks  
what's become of Mæterlink  
now that April's here?  
(ask the man who owns one  
ask Dad, He knows).

V

yonder deadfromtheneckup graduate of a  
somewhat obscure to be sure university spends  
her time looking picturesque under

the as it happens quite  
erroneous impression that he

nascitur

VI

Jimmié's got a goil  
goil  
goil,  
Jimmié

's got a goil and  
she coitnly can shimmié

when you see her shake  
shake  
shake,  
when

you see her shake a  
shimmié how you wish that you was Jimmié.

Oh for such a gurl

gurl

gurl,

oh

for such a gurl to

be a fellow's twistandtwirl

talk about your Sal-

Sal-

Sal-,

talk

about your Salo

-mes but gimmie Jimmie's gal.



## VII

listen my children and you  
shall hear the true

story of Mr Do  
-nothing the wellknown parvenu  
who

(having dreamed of a corkscrew)  
studied with Freud a year or two  
and when Freud got through  
with Do-

nothing Do  
-nothing could do  
nothing which you  
and i are accustomed to  
accomplish two

or three times, and even a few  
more depending on the remun-  
erativeness of the stimulus(eheu  
fu  
-gaces Postu-  
me boo

who)

## VIII

even if all desires things moments be  
 murdered known photographed, ourselves yawning will ask ourselves  
 où sont les neiges. . . . some

guys talks big

about Lundun Burlin an gay Paree an  
 some guys claims der never was  
 nutn like Nooer Leans Shikahgo Sain  
 Looey Noo York an San Fran dictaphones  
 wireless subways vacuum  
 cleaners pianolas funnygraphs skyscrapers an safetyrazors

sall right in its way kiddo  
 but as fer i gimme de good ole daze. . . .

in dem daze kid Christmas  
 meant sumpn youse knows wot  
 i refers ter Satter Naillyuh (comes but once er  
 year) i'll tell de woild one swell bangup  
 time wen nobody wore no cloze  
 an went runnin aroun wid eachudder Hell  
 Bent fer election makin believe dey was chust born

## IX

death is more than  
 certain a hundred these  
 sounds crowds odours it  
 is in a hurry  
 beyond that any this  
 taxi smile or angle we do

not sell and buy  
 things so necessary as  
 is death and unlike shirts  
 neckties trousers  
 we cannot wear it out

no sir which is why  
 granted who discovered  
 America ether the movies  
 may claim general importance

to me to you nothing is  
 what particularly  
 matters hence in a

little sunlight and less  
 moonlight ourselves against the worms

hate laugh shimmy

## X

nobody loses all the time

i had an uncle named  
 Sol who was a born failure and  
 nearly everybody said he should have gone  
 into vaudeville perhaps because my Uncle Sol could  
 sing McCann He Was A Diver on Xmas Eve like Hell Itself which  
 may or may not account for the fact that my Uncle

Sol indulged in that possibly most inexcusable  
 of all to use a highfalootin phrase  
 luxuries that is or to  
 wit farming and be  
 it needlessly  
 added

my Uncle Sol's farm  
 failed because the chickens  
 ate the vegetables so  
 my Uncle Sol had a  
 chicken farm till the  
 skunks ate the chickens when

my Uncle Sol  
 had a skunk farm but  
 the skunks caught cold and  
 died and so  
 my Uncle Sol imitated the  
 skunks in a subtle manner

or by drowning himself in the watertank  
 but somebody who'd given my Uncle Sol a Victor  
 Victrola and records while he lived presented to  
 him upon the auspicious occasion of his decease a  
 scrumptious not to mention splendiferous funeral with  
 tall boys in black gloves and flowers and everything and

i remember we all cried like the Missouri  
 when my Uncle Sol's coffin lurched because  
 somebody pressed a button  
 (and down went  
 my Uncle  
 Sol

and started a worm farm)

## X I

now dis "daughter" uv eve (who aint precisely slim) sim  
 ply don't know duh meanin uv duh woid sin in  
 not disagreeable contras tuh dat not exacly fat  
 "father" (adjustin his robe) who now puts on his flat hat

## X I I

(and i imagine  
 never mind Joe agreeably cheerfully remarked when  
 surrounded by fat stupid animals  
 the jewess shrieked  
 the messiah tumbled successfully into the world  
 the animals continued eating. And i imagine she, and  
 heard them slobber and  
 in the darkness)

stood sharp angels with faces like Jim Europe

## XIII

it really must

be Nice, never to

have no imagination) or never

never to wonder about guys you used to (and them

slim hot queens with dam next to nothing

on) tangoing

(while a feller tries

to hold down the fifty bucks per

job with one foot and rock a

cradle with the other) it Must be

nice never to have no doubts about why you

put the ring

on (and watching her

face grow old and tired to which

you're married and hands get red washing

things and dishes) and to never, never really wonder i

mean about the smell

of babies and how you

know the dam rent's going to and everything and never, never

Never to stand at no window

because i can't sleep (smoking sawdust

cigarettes in the

middle of the night

## XIV

## ITEM

this man is o so

Waiter

this, woman is

please shut that

the pout And affectionate leer

interminable pyramidal, napkins

(this man is oh so tired of this

a door opens by itself

woman.) they so to speak were in

Love once?

now

her mouth opens too far  
and: she attacks her Lobster without  
feet mingle under the  
mercy.

(exit the hors d'œuvres)

X V

IKKEY(GOLDBERG)'S WORTH I'M  
TOLD \$ SEVERAL MILLION  
FINKLESTEIN(FRITZ)LIVES  
AT THE RITZ WEAR  
earl & wilson COLLARS

X V I

?

why are these pipples taking their hets off?  
the king & queen  
alighting from their limousine  
inhabit the Hotel Meurice (whereas  
i live in a garret and eat aspirine)

but who is this pale softish almost round  
young man to whom headwaiters bow so?  
hush—the author of Women By Night whose latest Seeds  
Of Evil sold 69 carloads before  
publication the girl who goes wrong you

know (whereas when i lie down i cough too  
much). How did the traffic get so jammed?  
bedad it is the famous doctor who inserts  
monkeyglands in millionaires a cute idea n'est-ce pas?  
(whereas, upon the other hand, myself) but let us next demand

wherefore yon mob  
an accident? somebody got concus-  
sion of the brain?—Not  
a bit of it, my dears merely the prime  
minister of Siam in native

costume, who  
 emerging from a pissoir  
 enters abruptly Notre Dame (whereas  
 de gustibus non disputandum est  
 my lady is tired of That sort of thing

## XVII

this young question mark man

question mark  
 who suffers from  
 indigestion question  
 mark is a remarkably  
 charming person

personally they tell

me as for me  
 i only knows that  
 as far as  
 his picture goes

he's a wet dream

by Cézanne

## XVIII

mr youse needn't be so spry  
 concernin questions arty

each has his tastes but as for i  
 i likes a certain party

gimme the he-man's solid bliss  
 for youse ideas i'll match youse

a pretty girl who naked is  
 is worth a million statues

## XIX

she being Brand

-new;and you  
know consequently a  
little stiff i was  
careful of her and(having

thoroughly oiled the universal  
joint tested my gas felt of  
her radiator made sure her springs were O.

K.)i went right to it flooded-the-carburetor cranked her

up,slipped the  
clutch(and then somehow got into reverse she  
kicked what  
the hell)next  
minute i was back in neutral tried and

again slo-wly;bare,ly nudg. ing(my

lev-er Right-  
oh and her gears being in  
A 1 shape passed  
from low through  
second-in-to-high like  
greasedlightning just as we turned the corner of Divinity

avenue i touched the accelerator and give

her the juice,good

(it  
was the first ride and believe i we was  
happy to see how nice she acted right up to  
the last minute coming back down by the Public  
Gardens i slammed on  
the

internalexpanding  
 &  
 externalcontracting  
 brakes Bothatonce and

brought allofher tremB  
 -ling  
 to a:dead.

stand-  
 ;Still)

XX

slightly before the middle of Congressman Pudd  
 's 4th of July oration, with a curse and a frown  
 Amy Lowell got up  
 and all the little schoolchildren sat down

XXI

o D E

o

the sweet & aged people  
 who rule this world (and me and  
 you if we're not very  
 careful)

O,

the darling benevolent mindless  
 He—and She—  
 shaped waxworks filled  
 with dead ideas (the oh

quintillions of incredible  
 dodderingly godly toothless  
 always-so-much-interested-  
 in-everybody-else's-business

bipeds)OH  
 the bothering  
 dear unnecessary hairless  
 o

ld

## XXII

on the Madam's best april the  
 twenty nellie

anyway and  
 it's flutters everything  
 queer;does smells he smiles is  
 like Out of doors he's a with  
 eyes and making twice the a week  
 you kind of,know(kind well of  
 A sort of the way he smile)but  
 and her a I mean me a  
 Irish,cook but well oh don't  
 you makes burst want to dear somehow  
 quickyes when(now,dark dear oh)  
 the iceman  
 how,luminously  
 oh how listens and,expands  
 my somewherealloverme heart my  
 the halfgloom coolish  
 of The what are  
 parks for wiggle yes has  
 are leap,which,anyway

give rapid lapfulls of  
 idiotic big hands

## XXIII

(as that named Fred  
 -someBody:hippopotamus, scratch-  
 ing,one,knee with,its,  
 friend observes I

pass Mr Tom Larsen twirls among

pale lips the extinct  
cigar)at

which

this(once flinger  
of lariats lean exroper of  
horned suddenly crashing things)man spits  
quickly into the very bright spittoon

#### XXIV

my uncle  
Daniel fought in the civil  
war band and can play the triangle  
like the devil)my

uncle Frank has done nothing for many  
years but fly kites and  
when the  
string breaks(or something)my uncle Frank breaks into  
tears. my uncle Tom

knits and is a kewpie above the ears(but

my uncle Ed  
that's  
dead from the neck

up is lead all over  
Brattle Street by a castrated pup

#### XXV

than(by yon sunset's wintry glow  
revealed)this tall strong stalwart youth,  
what sight shall human optics know  
more quite ennobling forsooth?

One wondrous fine sonofabitch  
(to all purposes and intents)  
in which distinct and rich  
portrait should be included,gents

these (by the fire's ruddy glow  
 united) not less than sixteen  
 children and of course you know  
 their mother, of his heart the queen

—incalculable bliss!  
 Picture it gents: our hero, Dan  
 who as you've guessed already is  
 the poor but honest workingman

(by that bright flame whose myriad tints  
 enrich a visage simple, terse,  
 seated like any king or prince  
 upon his uncorrupted arse

with all his hearty soul aglow)  
 his nightly supper sups  
 it isn't snowing snow you know  
 it's snowing buttercups

## XXVI

weazened Irrefutable unastonished  
 two, countenances seated in arranging; sunlight  
 with-ered unspeaking: tWeNtY, f i n g e r s, large  
 four gnarled lips totter

Therefore, approaching my twentysix selves  
 bulging in immortal Spring express a cry of  
 How do you find the sun, ladies?

(gradually very gradually "there is not enough  
 of it" their, hands  
 minutely

answered

XXVII  
MEMORABILIA

stop look ☺

listen Venezia: incline thine  
ear you glassworks  
of Murano;  
pause  
elevator nel  
mezzo del cammin' that means half-  
way up the Campanile, believe

thou me cocodrillo—

mine eyes have seen  
the glory of

the coming of  
the Americans particularly the  
brand of marriageable nymph which is  
armed with large legs rancid  
voices Baedekers Mothers and kodaks  
—by night upon the Riva Schiavoni or in  
the felicitous vicinity of the de l'Europe

Grand and Royal  
Danielli their numbers

are like unto the stars of Heaven. . . .

i do signore  
affirm that all gondola signore  
day below me gondola signore gondola  
and above me pass loudly and gondola  
rapidly denizens of Omaha Altoona or what  
not enthusiastic cohorts from Duluth God only,  
gondola knows Cincingondolanati i gondola don't

—the substantial dollarbringing virgins

“from the Loggia where  
 are we angels by O yes  
 beautiful we now pass through the look  
 girls in the style of that’s the  
 foliage what is it didn’t Ruskin  
 says about you got the haven’t Marjorie  
 isn’t this wellcurb simply darling”

—O Education:O

thos cook & son

(O to be a metope  
 now that triglyph’s here)

### XXVIII

a man who had fallen among thieves  
 lay by the roadside on his back  
 dressed in fifteenthrate ideas  
 wearing a round jeer for a hat

fate per a somewhat more than less  
 emancipated evening  
 had in return for consciousness  
 endowed him with a changeless grin

whereon a dozen staunch and leal  
 citizens did graze at pause  
 then fired by hypercivic zeal  
 sought newer pastures or because

swaddled with a frozen brook  
 of pinkest vomit out of eyes  
 which noticed nobody he looked  
 as if he did not care to rise

one hand did nothing on the vest  
 its wideflung friend clenched weakly dirt  
 while the mute trouserfly confessed  
 a button solemnly inert.

Brushing from whom the stiffened puke  
 i put him all into my arms  
 and staggered banged with terror through  
 a million billion trillion stars

## XXIX

this evangelist  
 buttons with his big gollywog voice  
 the kingdom of heaven up behind and crazily  
 skating thither and hither in filthy sawdust  
 chucks and rolls  
 against the tent his thick joggling fists

he is persuasive

the editor cigarstinking hobgoblin swims  
 upward in his swivelchair one fist dangling scandal while  
 five other fingers snitch  
 rapidly through mist a defunct king as

linotypes gobblehobble

our lightheavy twic twoc ingly attacks  
 landing a onetwo  
 which doubles up suddenly his bunged hinging  
 victim against the  
 giving ropes amid  
 screams of deeply bulging thousands

i too omit one kelly

in response to howjedooze the candidate's new silk  
 lid bounds gently from his baldness  
 a smile masturbates softly in the vacant  
 lot of his physiognomy  
 his scientifically pressed trousers ejaculate spats

a strikingly succulent getup

but  
 we knew a muffhunter and he said to us Kid.  
 daze nutn like it.

## XXX

(ponder, darling, these busted statues  
of yon motheaten forum be aware  
notice what hath remained  
—the stone cringes  
clinging to the stone, how obsolete

lips utter their extant smile . . . .  
remark

a few deleted of texture  
or meaning monuments and dolls

resist Them Greediest Paws of careful  
time all of which is extremely  
unimportant) whereas Life

matters if or

when the your- and my-  
idle vertical worthless  
self unite in a peculiarly  
momentary

partnership (to instigate  
constructive

Horizontal

business . . . . even so, let us make haste  
—consider well this ruined aqueduct

lady,  
which used to lead something into somewhere)

## XXXI

poets yeggs and thirsties

since we are spanked and put to sleep by dolls let  
us not be continually astonished should  
from their actions and speeches  
sawdust perpetually leak

rather is it between such beddings and  
 bumpings of ourselves to be observed  
 how in this fundamental respect the well  
 recognised regime of childhood is reversed

meantime in dreams let us investigate  
 thoroughly each one his optima rerum first  
 having taken care to lie upon our  
 abdomens for greater privacy and lest

punished bottoms interrupt philosophy

## XXXII

Will i ever forget that precarious moment?

As i was standing on the third rail waiting for the  
 next train to grind me into lifeless atoms various ab-  
 surd thoughts slyly crept into my highly sexed mind.

It seemed to me that i had first of all really made  
 quite a mistake in being at all born, seeing that i was  
 wifeless and only half awake, cursed with pimples,  
 correctly dressed, cleanshaven above the nombriil, and  
 much to my astonishment much impressed by having  
 once noticed (as an infantile phenomenon) George  
 Washington almost incompletely surrounded by well-  
 drawn icecakes beheld being too strong, in brief : an  
 American, if you understand that i mean what i say i  
 believe my most intimate friends would never have  
 gathered.

A collarbutton which had always not nothurt me not  
 much and in the same place.

Why according to tomorrow's paper the proletariat  
 will not rise yesterday.

Inexpressible itchings to be photographed with Lord  
 Rothermere playing with Lord Rothermere billiards  
 very well by moonlight with Lord Rothermere.

A crocodile eats a native, who in revenge beats it insensible with a banana, establishing meanwhile a religious cult based on consubstantial intangibility.

Personne ne m'aime et j'ai les mains froides.

His Royal Highness said "peek-a-boo" and thirty tame fleas left the prettily embroidered howdah immediately.

Thumbprints of an angel named Frederick found on a lightning-rod, Boston, Mass.

such were the not unhurried reflections to which my organ of imperception gave birth to which i should ordinarily have objected to which, considering the background, it is hardly surprising if anyone hardly should call exactly extraordinary. We refer, of course, to my position. A bachelor incapable of occupation, he had long suppressed the desire to suppress the suppressed desire of shall we say: Idleness, while meaning its opposite? Nothing could be clearer to all concerned than that i am not a policeman.

Meanwhile the tea regressed.

Kipling again H. G. Wells, and Anatole France shook hands again and yet again shook again hands again, the former coachman with a pipewrench of the again latter then opening a box of newly without exaggeration shot with some difficulty sardines. Mr. Wiggin took Wrs. Miggin's harm in is, extinguishing the spittoon by a candle furnished by courtesy of the management on Thursdays, opposite which a church stood perfectly upright but not piano item: a watermelon causes indigestion to William Cullen Longfellow's small negro son, Henry Wadsworth Bryant.

By this time, however, the flight of crows had ceased. I withdrew my hands from the tennisracket. All was over. One brief convulsive octopus, and then our hero folded his umbrella.

It seemed too beautiful.

Let us perhaps excuse me if i repeat himself: these, or nearly these, were the not unpainful thoughts which occupied the subject of our attention; to speak even less objectively, i was horribly scared i would actually fall off the rail before the really train after all arrived. If i should have made this perfectly clear, it entirely would have been not my fault.

### XXXIII

voices to voices, lip to lip  
i swear (to noone everyone) constitutes  
undying; or whatever this and that petal confutes . . .  
to exist being a peculiar form of sleep

what's beyond logic happens beneath will;  
nor can these moments be translated: i say  
that even after April  
by God there is no excuse for May

—bring forth your flowers and machinery: sculpture and prose  
flowers guess and miss  
machinery is the more accurate, yes  
it delivers the goods, Heaven knows

(yet are we mindful, though not as yet awake,  
of ourselves which shout and cling, being  
for a little while and which easily break  
in spite of the best overseeing)

i mean that the blond absence of any program  
except last and always and first to live  
makes unimportant what i and you believe;  
not for philosophy does this rose give a damn . . .

bring on your fireworks, which are a mixed  
splendor of piston and of pistil; very well  
provided an instant may be fixed  
so that it will not rub, like any other pastel.

(While you and i have lips and voices which  
 are for kissing and to sing with  
 who cares if some oneeyed son of a bitch  
 invents an instrument to measure Spring with?)

each dream nascitur, is not made . . . )  
 why then to Hell with that: the other; this,  
 since the thing perhaps is  
 to eat flowers and not to be afraid.

XXXIV

life hurl my  
 yes, crumbles hand(ful released conarefetti) ev eryfitter, inga. where  
 mil(lions of aflickf) litter ing brightmillion ofS hurl, edindodg:ing  
 whom areEyes shy-dodge is bright cruMbshandful, quick-hurl edinwho  
 Is flittercrumbs, fluttercrumbs are floatfallin, g; allwhere:  
 a: crimbflitteringish is arefoatsis ingfallall: mil, shy milbrightions  
 my(hurl flicker handful  
 in) dodging are shybrigHtreyes is crum bs(all) if, ey Es

# Two

## I

the season 'tis, my lovely lambs,

of Sumner Volstead Christ and Co.  
 the epoch of Mann's righteousness  
 the age of dollars and no sense.  
 Which being quite beyond dispute

as prove from Troy (N. Y.) to Cairo  
 (Egypt) the luminous dithyrambs  
 of large immaculate unmute  
 antibolshevistic gents  
 (each manufacturing word by word  
 his own unrivalled brand of pyro-  
 -technic blurb anent the (hic)  
 hero dead that gladly (sic)  
 in far lands perished of unheard  
 of maladies including flu)

my little darlings, let us now  
 passionately remember how—  
 braving the worst, of peril heedless,  
 each braver than the other, each  
 (a typewriter within his reach)  
 upon his fearless derrière  
 sturdily seated—Colonel Needless  
 To Name and General You know who  
 a string of pretty medals drew

(while messrs jack james john and jim  
 in token of their country's love  
 received my dears the order of  
 The Artificial Arm and Limb)

—or, since bloodshed and kindred questions  
 inhibit unprepared digestions,  
 come: let us mildly contemplate  
 beginning with his wellfilled pants  
 earth's biggest grafter, nothing less;  
 the Honorable Mr. (guess)  
 who, breathing on the ear of fate,  
 landed a seat in the legislat-  
 ure whereas tommy so and so  
 (an erring child of circumstance  
 whom the bulls nabbed at 33rd)

pulled six months for selling snow

## II

opening of the chambers close

quotes the microscopic pithicoid President  
 in a new frock  
 coat(scrambling all  
 up over the tribune dances crazily  
 &&)&  
 chatters about Peacepeacepeace(to  
 droppingly  
 descend amid thunderous anthropoid applause)pronounced

by the way Pay the

extremely artistic nevertobeextinguished fla  
 -me of the(very prettily indeed)arra-  
 nged souvenir of the in spite of himself fa  
 -mous soldier minus his na-  
 me(so as not to hurt the perspective of the(hei  
 -nous thought)otherwise immaculately tabulated vicinity)invei-  
 gles a few mildly curious rai  
 -ned on people(both male and female  
 created He

then,      And every beast of the field

## III

"next to of course god america i  
 love you land of the pilgrims' and so forth oh  
 say can you see by the dawn's early my  
 country 'tis of centuries come and go  
 and are no more what of it we should worry  
 in every language even deafanddumb  
 thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry  
 by jingo by gee by gosh by gum  
 why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-  
 iful than these heroic happy dead  
 who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter  
 they did not stop to think they died instead  
 then shall the voices of liberty be mute?"

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

## IV

it's jolly  
 odd what pops into  
 your jolly tête when the  
 jolly shells begin dropping jolly fast you  
 hear the rrrmp and  
 then nearerandnearerandNEARER  
 and before  
 you can

!

& we're

NOT

(oh—

—i say

that's jolly odd  
 old thing, jolly  
 odd, jolly  
 jolly odd isn't  
 it jolly odd.

## V

look at this)  
 a 75 done  
 this nobody would  
 have believed  
 would they no  
 kidding this was my particular

pal  
 funny aint  
 it we was  
 buddies  
 i used to

know  
 him lift the  
 poor cuss  
 tenderly this side up handle

with care  
 fragile  
 and send him home

to his old mother in  
 a new nice pine box

(collect

## VI

first Jock he  
 was kilt a handsome  
 man and James and  
 next let me  
 see yes Will that was  
 cleverest  
 he was kilt and my youngest  
 boy was kilt last with  
 the big eyes i loved like you can't  
 imagine Harry was o  
 god kilt he was kilt everybody was kilt  
 they called them the kilties

## VII

lis  
-ten

you know what i mean when  
the first guy drops you know  
everybody feels sick or  
when they throw in a few gas  
and the oh baby shrapnel  
or my feet getting dim freezing or  
up to your you know what in water or  
with the bugs crawling right all up  
all everywhere over you all me everyone  
that's been there knows what  
i mean a god damned lot of  
people don't and never  
never  
will know,  
they don't want

to  
no

## VIII

come, gaze with me upon this dome  
of many coloured glass, and see  
his mother's pride, his father's joy,  
unto whom duty whispers low

"thou must!" and who replies "I can!"  
—yon clean upstanding well dressed boy  
that with his peers full oft hath quaffed  
the wine of life and found it sweet—

a tear within his stern blue eye,  
upon his firm white lips a smile,  
one thought alone: to do or die  
for God for country and for Yale

above his blond determined head  
the sacred flag of truth unfurled,  
in the bright heyday of his youth  
the upper class American

unsullied stands, before the world:  
 with manly heart and conscience free,  
 upon the front steps of her home  
 by the high minded pure young girl

much kissed, by loving relatives  
 well fed, and fully photographed  
 the son of man goes forth to war  
 with trumpets clap and syphilis

## I X

16 heures  
 l'Etoile

the communists have fine Eyes

some are young some old none  
 look alike the flics rush  
 batter the crowd sprawls collapses  
 singing knocked down trampled the kicked by  
 flics rush(the

Flics, tidium, are  
 very tidium reassuringly similar,  
 they all have very tidium  
 mustaches, and very  
 tidium chins, and just above  
 their very tidium ears their  
 very tidium necks begin)

let us add

that there are 50(fifty)flics for every  
 one(1)communist and  
 all the flics are very organically  
 arranged  
 and their nucleus(composed  
 of captains in freshly-creased  
 -uniforms with only-just-  
 shined buttons  
 tidium  
 before and behind)has a nucleolus:

the Prefect of Police

(a dapper derbied  
creature, swaggers daintily  
twiddling  
his tiny cane  
and, mazurkas about tweak-  
ing his wing collar pecking at his im

-peccable cravat directing being  
shooting his cuffs  
saluted everywhere saluting  
reviewing processions of minions  
tappingpeopleontheback

“allezcirculez”)

—my he’s brave . . . .  
the  
communists pick  
up themselves friends  
& their hats legs &

arms brush dirt coats  
smile looking hands  
spit blood teeth

the Communists have(very)fine eyes  
(which stroll hither and thither through the  
evening in bruised narrow questioning faces)

X

my sweet old etcetera  
aunt lucy during the recent

war could and what  
is more did tell you just  
what everybody was fighting

for,  
my sister

isabel created hundreds  
 (and  
 hundreds)of socks not to  
 mention shirts fleaproof earwarmers

etcetera wristers etcetera, my  
 mother hoped that

i would die etcetera  
 bravely of course my father used  
 to become hoarse talking about how it was  
 a privilege and if only he  
 could meanwhile my

self etcetera lay quietly  
 in the deep mud et

cetera  
 (dreaming,  
 et  
 cetera, of  
 Your smile  
 eyes knees and of your Etcetera)

## Three

### I

now that fierce few  
 flowers(stealthily)  
 in the alive west  
 begin

requiescat this six  
 feet of Breton big good  
 body, which terminated  
 in fists hair wood

erect cursing hatless who  
 (bent by wind)slammed hard-  
 over the tiller;clattered  
 forward skidding in outrageous

sabots language trickling  
 pried his black  
 mouth with fat jibing  
 lips,

once upon a  
 (that is  
 over: and the sea heaving  
 indolent colourless forgets)time

Requiescat.  
 carry  
 carefully the blessed large silent him  
 into nibbling final worms

## II

Among

these  
                   red pieces of  
 day (against which and  
 quite silently hills  
 made of blueandgreen paper

scorchbend ingthem  
 -selves-U  
 pcurv E,into:  
                   anguish(clim  
b)ing  
s-p-i-r-a-  
i  
 and,disappear)

Satanic and blasé

a black goat lookingly wanders

There is nothing left of the world but  
 into this noth  
 ing il treno per  
 Roma si-gnori?  
 jerk.  
 ilyr,ushes

### III

it is winter a moon in the afternoon  
 and warm air turning into January darkness up  
 through which sprouting gently, the cathedral  
 leans its dreamy spine against thick sunset

i perceive in front of our lady a ring of people  
 a brittle swoon of centrifugally expecting  
 faces clumsily which devours a man, three cats,  
 five white mice, and a baboon.

O a monkey with a sharp face waddling carefully  
 the length of this padded pole; a monkey attached  
 by a chain securely to this always talking  
 individual, mysterious witty hatless.

Cats which move smoothly from neck to neck of bottles, cats  
 smoothly willowing out and in between bottles, who step smoothly  
 and rapidly along this pole over five squirming  
 mice; or leap through hoops of fire, creating smoothness.

People stare, the drunker applaud  
 while twilight takes the sting out of the vermilion  
 jacket of nodding hairy Jacqueline who is given a mouse  
 to hold lovingly,

our lady what do you think of this? Do your proud fingers and  
 your arms tremble remembering something squirming fragile  
 and which had been presented unto you by a mystery?  
 . . . the cathedral recedes into weather without answering

## IV

candles and

Here Comes a glass box  
 which the exhumed  
 hand of Saint Ignatz miraculously  
 inhabits. (people tumble  
 down. people crumble to their  
 knees. people  
 begin crossing people)and

hErE cOmEs a glass box:  
 surrounded by priests  
 moving in fifty colours  
 ,sensuously

(the crowd  
 howls faintly  
 blubbering pointing

see  
 yes)  
 It  
 here  
 comes

A Glass  
 Box and incense with

and oh sunlight—  
 the crash of the  
 colours(of the oh  
 silently  
 striding)priests-and-  
 slowly,al,ways;procession:and

Enters

this  
 church.

toward which The  
Expectant stutter (upon artificial limbs,  
with faces like defunct geraniums)

## V

will out of the kindness of their hearts a few philosophers tell me  
what am i doing on top of this hill at Calchidas, in the sunlight?  
down ever so far on the beach below me a little girl in white spins, tumbles;  
rolling in sand.

across this water, crowding tints: browns and whites shoving, the dotting  
millions of windows of thousands of houses—Lisboa. Like the crackle  
of a typewriter, in the afternoon sky.

goats and sheep are driven by somebody along a curve of road which eats  
into a pink cliff back and up leaning out of yellowgreen water.

they are building a house down there by the sea, in the afternoon.

rapidly a reddish ant travels my fifth finger.  
a bird chirps in a tree, somewhere nowhere  
and a little girl in white is tumbling  
in sand

Clouds over  
me are like bridegrooms

Naked and luminous

(here the absurd I; life, to peer and wear clothes.  
i am altogether foolish, i suddenly make a fist  
out of ten fingers

voices rise from down ever so far—  
hush.

Sunlight,

there are old men behind me I tell you; several, incredible,  
sleepy

## VI

but observe; although  
once is never the beginning of  
enough, is it (i do not pretend  
to know the reason any more than.) But look: up-



## VII

sunlight was over  
 our mouths fears hearts lungs arms hopes feet hands

under us the unspeaking Mediterranean bluer  
 than we had imagined  
 a few cries drifting through  
 high air  
 a sail a fishing boat somebody an invisible spectator,  
 maybe certain nobodies laughing faintly

playing moving far below us

perhaps one villa caught like pieces  
 of a kite in the trees, here  
 and here reflecting  
 sunlight  
 (everywhere sunlight keen complete  
 silent

and everywhere you your kisses your flesh mind breathing  
 beside under around myself)

by and by

a fat colour reared itself against the sky and the sea

. . . finally your eyes knew  
 me, we smiled to each other, releasing lay, watching  
 (sprawling, in  
 grass upon a  
 cliff) what had been something  
 else carefully slowly fatally turning into ourselves . . .

while in the very middle of fire all

the world becoming bright and little melted.

# Four

## I

the moon looked into my window  
 it touched me with its small hands  
 and with curling infantile  
 fingers it understood my eyes cheeks mouth  
 its hands (slipping) felt of my necktie wandered  
 against my shirt and into my body the  
 sharp things fingered tinily my heart life

the little hands withdrew, jerkily, themselves  
 quietly they began playing with a button  
 the moon smiled she  
 let go my vest and crept  
 through the window  
 she did not fall  
 she went creeping along the air

over houses  
 roofs

And out of the east toward  
 her a fragile light bent gatheringly

## II

if being morticed with a dream  
 myself speaks

(whispering,  
 suggesting that our souls  
 inhabit whatever is between them)  
 knowing my lips hands the way i move  
 my habits laughter

i say  
 you will perhaps pardon,  
 possibly you will comprehend. and how  
 this has arrived your mind may guess

if at sunset  
 it should, leaning against me, smile;  
 or (between dawn and twilight) giving

your eyes, present me also  
 with the terror of shrines

which noone has suspected (but  
 wherein silently  
 always  
 are kneeling the various deaths  
 which are your lover lady: together with what keen  
 innumerable lives he has not lived.

### III

here's a little mouse) and  
 what does he think about, i  
 wonder as over this  
 floor (quietly with

bright eyes) drifts (nobody  
 can tell because  
 Nobody knows, or why  
 jerks Here & here,  
 gr(oo)ving the room's Silence) this like  
 a littlest  
 poem a  
 (with wee ears and see?

tail frisks)

(gonE)

"mouse",

We are not the same you and

i, since here's a little he  
 or is  
 it It

? (or was something we saw in the mirror)?

therefore we'll kiss; for maybe  
 what was Disappeared  
 into ourselves  
 who (look). ,startled

## I V

but if i should say  
 goodmorning trouble adds  
 up all sorts of quickly  
 things on the slate of that  
 nigger's  
 face (but

If i should say thankyouverymuch

mr rosenbloom picks strawberries  
 with beringed hands) but if

i Should say solong my  
 tailor  
 chuckles

like a woman in a dream (but if i  
 should say  
 Now the all saucers  
 but cups if begin to spoons dance every-

should where say over the damned table and we  
 hold lips Eyes everything  
 hands you know what  
 happens) but if i should,  
 Say,

## V

in spite of everything  
 which breathes and moves, since Doom  
 (with white longest hands  
 neatening each crease)  
 will smooth entirely our minds

—before leaving my room  
 i turn, and (stooping  
 through the morning) kiss  
 this pillow, dear  
 where our heads lived and were.

## VI

you are not going to, dear. You are not going to and  
 i but that doesn't in the least matter. The big  
 fear Who held us deeply in His fist is

no longer, can you imagine it  
 i can't which doesn't matter  
 and what does is possibly this dear, that we may resume  
 impact with the inutile collide

once more with the imaginable, love, and eat sunlight (do  
 you believe it? i begin to and that doesn't matter) which

i suggest teach us a new terror always  
 which shall brighten  
 carefully these things we consider life.  
 Dear i put my eyes into you but that doesn't matter  
 further than of old

because you fooled the doctors, i touch you with hopes and  
 words and with so and so: we are together, we will  
 kiss or smile or move. It's different too isn't it

different dear from moving as we, you  
 and i, used to move when i thought you were going to (but  
 that doesn't matter)  
 when you thought you were going to America.

Then

moving was a matter of not keeping still; we were  
 two alert lice in the blond hair of nothing

## VII

since feeling is first  
 who pays any attention  
 to the syntax of things  
 will never wholly kiss you;

wholly to be a fool  
 while Spring is in the world



reason)in your lips  
 slenderly should create one least smile  
 (shyly  
 if a poem should lift to  
 me the distinct country of your  
 eyes, gifted with green twilight)

## IX

supposing i dreamed this)  
 only imagine, when day has thrilled  
 you are a house around which  
 i am a wind—

your walls will not reckon how  
 strangely my life is curved  
 since the best he can do  
 is to peer through windows, unobserved

—listen, for(out of all  
 things)dream is noone's fool;  
 if this wind who i am prowls  
 carefully around this house of you

love being such, or such,  
 the normal corners of your heart  
 will never guess how much  
 my wonderful jealousy is dark

if light should flower:  
 or laughing sparkle from  
 the shut house(around and around  
 which a poor wind will roam

## X

you are like the snow only  
 purer fleeter, like the rain  
 only sweeter frailer you

whom certain  
 flowers resemble but trembling(cowards  
 which fear  
 to miss within your least gesture the hurting  
 skill which lives)and since

nothing lingers  
 beyond a little instant,  
 along with rhyme and with laughter  
 O my lady  
 (and every brittle marvelous breathing thing)

since i and you are on our ways to dust

of your fragility  
 (but chiefly of your smile,  
 most suddenly which is  
 of love and death a marriage) you give me

courage  
 so that against myself  
 the sharp days slobber in vain:

Nor am i afraid that  
 this, which we call autumn, cleverly  
 dies and over the ripe world wanders with  
 a near and careful  
 smile in his mouth(making

everything suddenly old and with his awkward eyes  
 pushing  
 sleep under and thoroughly  
 into all beautiful things)

winter, whom Spring shall kill

## XI

because  
 you go away i give roses who  
 will advise even yourself, lady  
 in the most certainly(of what we  
 everywhere do not touch)deep  
 things;  
     remembering ever so  
 tinily these, your crisp  
 eyes actually shall contain new faeries

(and if your slim lips are amused, no wisest

painter of fragile  
 Marys will understand  
 how smiling may be made as  
 skilfully.) But carry  
 also, with that indolent and with  
 this flower wholly whom you do  
 not ever fear,  
   me in your heart

softly; not all  
 but the beginning  
  
 of mySelf

## XII

you being in love  
 will tell who softly asks in love,

am i separated from your body smile brain hands merely  
 to become the jumping puppets of a dream? oh i mean:  
 entirely having in my careful how  
 careful arms created this at length  
 inexcusable, this inexplicable pleasure—you go from several  
 persons: believe me that strangers arrive  
 when i have kissed you into a memory  
 slowly, oh seriously  
 —that since and if you disappear

solemnly  
 myselfes  
 ask “life, the question how do i drink dream smile

and how do i prefer this face to another and  
 why do i weep eat sleep—what does the whole intend”  
 they wonder. oh and they cry “to be, being, that i am alive  
 this absurd fraction in its lowest terms  
 with everything cancelled  
 but shadows  
 —what does it all come down to? love? Love  
 if you like and i like, for the reason that i  
 hate people and lean out of this window is love, love  
 and the reason that i laugh and breathe is oh love and the reason  
 that i do not fall into this street is love.”

## XIII

Nobody wears a yellow  
flower in his buttonhole  
he is altogether a queer fellow  
as young as he is old

when autumn comes,  
who twiddles his white thumbs  
and frisks down the boulevards

without his coat and hat

—(and i wonder just why that  
should please him or i wonder what he does)

and why(at the bottom of this trunk,  
under some dirty collars)only a  
moment

(or

was it perhaps a year)ago i found staring

me in the face a dead yellow small rose

## XIV

it is so long since my heart has been with yours

shut by our mingling arms through  
a darkness where new lights begin and  
increase,

since your mind has walked into  
my kiss as a stranger  
into the streets and colours of a town—

that i have perhaps forgotten  
how, always(from  
these hurrying crudities  
of blood and flesh)Love  
coins His most gradual gesture,

and whittles life to eternity

—after which our separating selves become museums  
filled with skilfully stuffed memories

## XV

i am a beggar always  
 who begs in your mind

(slightly smiling, patient, unspeaking  
 with a sign on his  
 breast  
 BLIND)yes i

am this person of whom somehow  
 you are never wholly rid (and who

does not ask for more than  
 just enough dreams to  
 live on)  
                   after all, kid

you might as well  
 toss him a few thoughts

a little love preferably,  
 anything which you can't  
 pass off on other people: for  
 instance a  
 plugged promise—

then he will maybe (hearing something  
 fall into his hat) go wandering  
 after it with fingers; till having

found  
 what was thrown away  
   himself  
 taptaptaps out of your brain, hopes, life

to (carefully turning a  
 corner) never bother you any more.

## XVI

if within tonight's erect  
 everywhere of black muscles fools  
 a weightless slowness(deftly  
  
 muting the world's texture with drifted  
  
 gifts of featheriest slenderness and  
 how gradually which descending are suddenly  
 received)or by doomfull connivance  
  
 accurately thither and hither myself  
  
 struts unremembered(rememberingly  
 with in both pockets curled hands moves)  
 why then toward morning he is a ghost whom  
  
 assault these whispering fists of hail  
  
 (and a few windows awaken certain faces  
 busily horribly blunder through ne v light  
 hush we are made of the same thing as perhaps  
  
 nothing,he murmurs carefully lying down)

## XVII

how this uncouth enchanted  
 person, arising from a  
 restaurant, looks breathes or moves  
 —climbing(past light after  
 light)to turn, disappears  
  
 the very swift and  
 invisibly living  
 rhythm of your Heart possibly  
  
 will understand;  
 or why(in

this most exquisite of cities)all  
of the long night a fragile imitation of  
(perhaps)myself carefully wanders  
streets dark and, deep

with rain . . . .

(he, slightly whom or  
cautiously this person

and this imitation resemble,  
descends into the earth with the year  
a cigarette between his ghost-lips

gradually)  
remembering badly, softly  
your  
kissed thrice suddenly smile

### X V I I I

i go to this window

just as day dissolves  
when it is twilight(and  
looking up in fear

i see the new moon  
thinner than a hair)

making me feel  
how myself has been coarse and dull  
compared with you, silently who are  
and cling  
to my mind always

But now she sharpens and becomes crisper  
until i smile with knowing  
—and all about  
herself

the sprouting largest final air

plunges

inward with hurled  
downward thousands of enormous dreams

## Five

### I

after all white horses are in bed

will you walking beside me, my very lady,  
if scarcely the somewhat city  
wiggles in considerable twilight

touch (now) with a suddenly unsaid

gesture lightly my eyes?  
And send life out of me and the night  
absolutely into me. . . . a wise  
and puerile moving of your arm will  
do suddenly that

will do  
more than heroes beautifully in shrill  
armour colliding on huge blue horses,  
and the poets looked at them, and made verses,

through the sharp light cryingly as the knights flew.

## II

touching you i say (it being Spring  
and night) "let us go a very little beyond  
the last road—there's something to be found"

and smiling you answer "everything  
turns into something else, and slips away. . . .  
(these leaves are Thingish with moondrool  
and i'm ever so very little afraid")

i say

"along this particular road the moon if you'll  
notice follows us like a big yellow dog. You

don't believe? look back. (Along the sand  
behind us, a big yellow dog that's . . . now it's red  
a big red dog that may be owned by who  
knows)

only turn a little your. so. And

there's the moon, there is something faithful and mad"

## III

along the brittle treacherous bright streets  
of memory comes my heart, singing like  
an idiot, whispering like a drunken man

who (at a certain corner, suddenly) meets  
the tall policeman of my mind.

awake

being not asleep, elsewhere our dreams began  
which now are folded: but the year completes  
his life as a forgotten prisoner

—"Ici?"—"Ah non, mon cheri; il fait trop froid"—  
they are gone: along these gardens moves a wind bringing  
rain and leaves, filling the air with fear  
and sweetness . . . . pauses. (Halfwhispering . . . . halvesinging

stirs the always smiling chevaux de bois)

when you were in Paris we met here

## IV

our touching hearts slenderly comprehend  
 (clinging as fingers, loving one another  
 gradually into hands) and bend  
 into the huge disaster of the year:

like this most early single star which tugs

weakly at twilight, caught in thickening fear  
 our slightly fingering spirits starve and smother;  
 until autumn abruptly wholly hugs

our dying silent minds, which hand in hand  
 at some window try to understand  
 the

(through pale miles of perishing air, haunted  
 with huddling infinite wishless melancholy,  
 suddenly looming) accurate undaunted

moon's bright third tumbling slowly

## V

if i have made, my lady, intricate  
 imperfect various things chiefly which wrong  
 your eyes(frailer than most deep dreams are frail)  
 songs less firm than your body's whitest song  
 upon my mind—if i have failed to snare  
 the glance too shy—if through my singing slips  
 the very skillful strangeness of your smile  
 the keen primeval silence of your hair

—let the world say “his most wise music stole  
 nothing from death”—

you only will create  
 (who are so perfectly alive)my shame:  
 lady through whose profound and fragile lips  
 the sweet small clumsy feet of April came

into the ragged meadow of my soul.



W

(ViVa)



## I

,mean-  
 hum  
 a)now

(nit  
 y unb  
 uria

ble fore(hurry  
 into  
 heads are  
 legs think wrists

argue)short(eyes do  
 bang hands angle  
 scoot bulbs marry a become)  
 ened  
 (to is

see!so  
 long door  
 golf slam bridge train shriek  
 chewing whistles hugest  
 to  
 morrow from smiles sin

k  
 ingly ele  
 vator glide pinn  
 )pu(  
 acle to

rubber)tres(plants how grin  
 ho)cen(tel  
 und  
 ead the

not stroll  
 living spawn imitate)ce(re  
 peat

credo fais do  
 do neighbours re babies  
 while;

## II

oil tel duh woil doi sez  
 dooyuh unnurs tanmih eesez pullih nizmus tash,oi  
 dough un giv uh shid oi sez. Tom  
 oidoughwuntuh doot,butoiguttuh  
 braikyooz,datswut eesez tuhmih. (Nowoi askyuh  
 woodundat maik yurarstoin  
 green? Oilsaisough.)—Hool  
 spairruh luckih? Thangzkeed. Mairsee.  
 Muh jax awl gawn. Fur Croi saik  
 ainnoughbudih gutnutntuhplai?

## HAI

yoozwidduhpoimnuntwaiv un duhyookuhsumpnruddur  
 givusuhtonunduhphugnting

## III

the surely

Cued  
 motif smites truly to Beautifully  
 retire through its english

the Forwardflung backwardSpinning hoop returns fasterishly  
 whipped the top leaps bounding upon other tops to caroming  
 off persist displacing Its own and their Lives who  
 grow slowly and first into different deaths

Concentric geometries of transparency slightly  
 joggled sink through algebras of proud

inwardlyness to collide spirally with iron arithmetics  
 and mesh with  
 Which when both

march outward into the freezing fire of Thickness)points

uPDownwardishly  
 find everywhere noise coloured  
 curve corners gush silently perpetuating solids (More  
 fluid Than gas

#### IV

there are 6 doors.  
 Next door (but  
 four) gentlemen are trineightly entertained by a whore  
 who Talks in the daytime, when who

is asleep with only several  
 faces and a multitude of chins: next door  
 but three dwells; a (ghost) Who  
 screams Faintly always

who Is bluish; next  
 Door but two occupy a man  
 and his wife: Both very young noisily  
 who kiss throw silently things

Each at other (if not  
 quarrelling in a luxury of telescoped  
 languages) she smokes three  
 castles He looks jewish

,next door but One  
 a on Dirty bed Mangy from person Porous  
 sits years its of self fee (bly  
 Perpetually coughing And thickly spi) tting

But next door nobody  
 seems to live at present (I'on  
 parle de repapering; i  
 don't think so. maybe: somebody?) or, bedbugs

## V

myself, walking in Dragon st  
 one fine August  
 night, i just  
 happened to meet

“how do you do” she smiling  
 said “thought you  
 were earning your living  
 or probably dead”

so Jones was murdered by  
 a man named Smith and  
 we sailed on the  
 Leviathan

## VI

but mr can you maybe listen there 's  
 me &  
 some people  
 and others please  
 don't  
 confuse. Some

people

's future is toothsome like  
 (they got  
 pockets full may take a littl  
 e nibble now And then  
 bite) candy

others  
 fly, their; puLLing: bright  
 futures  
 against the deep sky in

May mine's tou  
 ching this crump  
 led cap mumble some  
 thing to oh no  
 body will  
 (can you give  
 a)listen to  
 who may

you

be  
 any  
 how?  
 down  
 to  
 smoking  
 found  
 Butts

## VII

Space being(don't forget to remember)Curved  
 (and that reminds me who said o yes Frost  
 Something there is which isn't fond of walls)

an electromagnetic(now I've lost  
 the)Einstein expanded Newton's law preserved  
 conTinum(but we read that beFore)

of Course life being just a Reflex you  
 know since Everything is Relative or

to sum it All Up god being Dead(not to

mention inTerred)

LONG LIVE that Upwardlooking  
 Serene Illustrious and Beatific  
 Lord of Creation,MAN:

at a least crooking  
 of Whose compassionate digit,earth's most terrific  
 quadruped swoons into billiardBalls!

## VIII

(one fine day)

let's take the train  
for because dear

whispered again  
in never's ear  
(i'm tho thcared

giggling lithped now  
we muthn't pleathe  
don't as pop weird  
up her hot ow

you hurt tho nithe  
steered his big was)  
thither to thence  
swore many a vow  
but both made sense

in when's haymow  
with young fore'er  
(oh & by the way  
asked sis breath  
of brud breathe  
how is aunt death

did always teethe

## IX

y is a WELL KNOWN ATHLETE'S BRIDE

(lullaby)

&amp; z

= an infrafairry of floating  
ultrawrists who  
lullabylullaby

(I could have been  
 You, You  
 might have been I)  
 “?” quoth the

front; and there was yz  
 SHOT AND KILLED her  
 (in his arms) Self

& Him  
 self in the hoe tell days are

teased:

let (however) us  
 Walk very (therefore and) softly among one's own  
 memory (but) along perhaps the  
 By invisibilities spattered (or if

it may be so called) memory  
 Of (without more ado about less  
 than nothing)

2 boston

Dolls; found  
 with  
 Holes in each other

's lullaby and  
 other lulla wise by UnBroken  
 LULLA lullaby BY

the She-in-him with  
 the He-in-her (&

both all hopped  
 up) prettily  
 then which did  
 lie  
 Down, honestly

now who go (BANG (BANG

## X

thethe  
the pink

Tartskids with  
thecas-tanets  
in5/4; Time

chick.chick  
but:that Mat isse like

-with -the -chinese-eyebrowsMan  
gave me,A,

(peach  
a soft eyes syriansang asong tohim self  
all

about the desertbyIts elf  
while) nextto  
Mesmoked eleven camels  
!

and i got a Bad almond  
chick.  
thepinkisht artskiDs . . .

with thema Tiss eeyeb Rowspeach es  
a soft desert smoked bad me whilepin Kishcam elscasta?netsits  
Elf  
allaBout .  
(chic)  
-kchi

cK,

## X I

a  
mong crum  
bling people(a  
long ruined streets  
hither and)softly



## XII

poor But TerFLY

went(flesh is grass)  
from Troy,

n.y.  
the way of(all  
flesh is grass)with one "Paul"

a harvard boy  
alas!  
(who simply wor  
shipped her)who

after not coming once in seven years explO  
ded like a toy eloping to Ire(land must be  
heav

en  
FoR

my

motH)with a grass wid  
OW

er who smelt rath  
er like her fath  
er who smelt rath

er(Er  
camef  
romth  
AIR

## XIII

remarked Robinson Jefferson

to Injustice Taughed  
your story is so interested

but you make me laft  
 welates Wouldwoe Washington  
 to Lydia E. McKinley

when Buch tooked out his C.O.D.  
 Abe tucks it up back inley  
 clamored Clever Rusefelt  
 to Theodore Odysseus Graren't

we couldn't free the negro  
 because he ant  
 but Coolitch wiped his valley forge

with Sitting Bull's T.P.  
 and the duckbilled platitude lays & lays

and Lays aytash unee

#### X I V

what time is it i wonder never mind  
 consider rather heavenly things and but  
 the stars for instance everything is planned  
 next to that patch of darkness there 's a what  
 is it oh yes chair but not Cassiopeia's

might those be stockings dribbling from the table  
 all which seemed sweet deep and inexplicable  
 not being dollars toenails or ideas  
 thoroughly 's stolen(somewhere between

our unlighted hearts lust lurks  
 slovenly and homeless and when  
 a kiss departs our lips are made of thing

in beginning corners dawn smirks

and there's the moon, thinner than a watchspring

## X V

well)here's looking at ourselves

two solids in(all  
one it)  
solution(of  
course you must shake well)

indolently dreaming puzzling

over that one  
oh just thinking it over  
(at that just supposing  
we had met and just  
but you know

supposing we

just had let it go at  
that)that  
seems important doesn't  
it and  
doesn't that seem  
puzzling but we both might have found the solution

of that in

the importance of the  
fact that(in spite of the fact  
that i and that  
you had carefully  
ourselves decided what this cathedral ought to

look like)it doesn't look

at  
all like what you  
and what i(of course)  
carefully had decided oh

no(but

## XVI

tell me not how electricity or  
 god was invented but  
 why (captured by a  
 policeman's majestic and buried eye)

the almost large he-  
 shaped object vomits cleverly  
 against a quai wall almost spray  
 -ing threecoloured puke over

this younger than  
 i am newspaper guy who refused  
 to shake hands with  
 ludendorf and your humble moving through the

gloominess of (try to  
 imagine) whispering  
 of a named  
 Krassin

## XVII

FULL SPEED ASTERN)

m

usil(age)ini  
 sticks  
 tuh de mans

l

(hutch)hutchinson says sweet guinea  
 pigs do it it buy uh cupl un  
 wait

k

(relijinisde) o(peemuvdepipl)  
 marx okays jippymugun  
 roomur

j

e(wut)  
 hova  
 in big cumbine wid

i

(check  
 undublcheck)  
 babbitt

(GOD SAVE THE UNCOMMONWEALTH OF  
 HUMANUSETTS)

XVIII

“Gay” is the captivating cognomen of a Young Woman of cambridge,  
 mass.  
 to whom nobody seems to have mentioned ye olde freudian wish;  
 when i contemplate her uneyes safely ensconced in thick glass  
 you try if we are a gentleman not to think of(sh)

the world renowned investigator of paper sailors—argonauta argo  
 harmoniously being with his probably most brilliant pupil mated,  
 let us not deem it miraculous if their(so to speak)offspring has that largo  
 appearance of somebody who was hectocotylyferously propagated

when Miss G touched n.y. our skeleton stepped from his cupboard  
 gallantly offering to demonstrate the biggest best busiest city  
 and presently found himself rattling for that well known suburb  
 the bronx(enlivening an otherwise dead silence with harmless quips, out  
 of Briggs by Kitty)

arriving in an exhausted condition, i purchased two bags of lukewarm  
 peanuts  
 with the dime which her mama had generously provided(despite courte-  
 ous protestations)  
 and offering Miss Gay one(which she politely refused)set out gaily for  
 the hyenas  
 suppressing my frank qualms in deference to her not inobvious perturba-  
 tions

unhappily, the denizens of the zoo were that day inclined to be uncouthly  
erotic

more particularly the primates—from which with dignity square feet  
turned abruptly Miss Gay away:

“on the whole” (if you will permit a metaphor savouring slightly of the  
demotic)

Miss Gay had nothing to say to the animals and the animals had nothing  
to say to Miss Gay

during our return voyage, my pensive companion dimly remarked some-  
thing about “*stuffed*

fauna” being “very interesting” . . . we also discussed the possibility of  
rain. . .

in distant proximity to a Y.W.c.a. she suddenly luffed

—thanking me; and (stating that she hoped we might “meet again

sometime”) vanished, gunwale awash. I thereupon loosened my collar

and dove for the nearest l; surreptitiously cogitating

the dictum of a new england sculptor (well on in life) re the helen moller  
dancers, whom he considered “elevating—that is, if dancing CAN be ele-  
vating”

Miss (believe it or) Gay is a certain Young Woman unacquainted with the  
libido

and pursuing a course of instruction at radcliffe college, cambridge, mass.

i try if you are a gentleman not to sense something un poco putrido

when we contemplate her uneyes safely ensconced in thick glass

## XIX

i will cultivate within  
me scrupulously the Inimitable which  
is loneliness, these unique dreams  
never shall soil their raiment

with phenomena: such  
being a conduct worthy of

more ponderous  
wishes or  
hopes less  
tall than mine” (opening the windows)

“and there is a philosophy” strictly at  
 which instant(leaped  
 into the

street)this deep immediate mask and  
 expressing “as for myself,because i  
 am slender and fragile  
 i borrow contact from that you and from

this you sensations,imitating a few fatally

exquisite”(pulling Its shawl carefully around  
 it)“things i mean the  
 Rain is no respecter of persons  
 the snow doesn't give a soft white  
 damn Whom it touches

## X X

but granted that it's nothing paradoxically enough beyond mere personal  
 pride which tends to compel me to decline to admit i've died)  
 seeing your bald intellect collywobbling on its feeble stem is  
 believing science==(2b)-<sup>n</sup> herr professor m

## X X I

helves surling out of eakspeasies per(reel)hapsingly  
 proregress handshe-ingly people  
 trickle curselaughgroping shrieks bubble  
 squirmwrithed staggerful unstrolls collaps ingly  
 flash a of-faceness stuck thumblike into pie  
 is traffic this recalls hat gestures bud  
 plumptumbling hand voices Eye Doangivuh sud-  
 denly immense impotently Eye Doancare Eye  
 And How replies the upsquirtingly careens  
 the to collide flatfooting with Wushyuhname  
 a girl-flops to the Geddup curb leans  
 carefully spewing into her own Shush Shame

as(out from behind Nowhere)creeps the deep thing  
 everybody sometimes calls morning

## XXII

Lord John Unalive (having a fortune of fifteen grand

£  
thanks to the so-called fact that most folks rally demand canned  
saounds)

gloats  
upon the possession of quotes kelyer close  
“ ”

aureally (yawning while all the dominoes) fall: down; in, rows

## XXIII

buncha hardboil guys from duh A.C. fulla  
hooch kiddin eachudder bout duh clap an  
talkin big how dey could kill  
sixereight cops—“I sidesteps im an draws  
back huly jeezus”—an—“my  
specialty is takin fellers’ goils away  
from dem”—“somebody hung uh gun on  
Marcus”—“duh Swede rolls down tree flights an Sam  
begins boxin im on duh  
koib”—you  
know  
alotta sweet bull like dat

. . . suddenly

i feels so lonely fer duh good ole days we  
spent in ’18 kickin duh guts outa dem  
doity frog eaters an humpin duh  
swell janess on  
duh boollavares an wid tears  
streamin down my face i hauls  
out uh flask an offers it tuh duh whole gang accrost  
duh table—“fellers  
have some  
on  
me”—dey was petrified.

De room swung roun an crawled up into  
itself,  
an awful big light squoits down my spine like  
i was dead er sumpn: next i

knows me(er)  
 somebody is sittin in uh green  
 field watchin four crows drop into  
 sunset,playin uh busted harmonica

## XXIV

from the cognoscenti

bingbongwhom chewchoo  
 laugh dingle nails personally  
 bung loamhome picpac  
 obviously scratches tomorrowlobs

wholeagainst you gringlehow  
 exudes thursday fasters  
 by button of whisper sum blinked  
 he belowtry eye nowbrow

sangsung née whitermuch grab  
 sick silk soak sulksuck whim  
 poke if inch dimmer twist on  
 permament and slap tremendous

sorrydaze bog triperight  
 election who so thumb o'clock  
 asters miggle dim a ram  
 flat hombre sin bangaroom

slim guesser goose pin yessir wheel  
 no sendwisp ben jiffyclaus  
 bug fainarain wee celibate  
 amaranth clutch owch

so chuck slop hight evolute  
 my eerily oh gargle  
 to jip hug behemoth  
 truly pseudo yours podia

## X X V

ohld song

you Know  
 a fly and  
 his reflection walking upon

a mirror this is  
 friday 1

what

3 a fly  
 &

her his Its image  
 strutting(very  
 jerkily)not toucH-

ing because separated by an impregnable

Because(amount of inter  
 -vening)anyway You  
 know Separated what  
 i Mean

(oweld song by  
 ;neither you nor i and

by the way)

,which is not fly

## X X V I

murderfully in midmost o.c.an

launch we a Hyperluxurious Supersieve  
 (which Ultima Thule Of Plumbing shall receive

the philophilic name S.S. VAN MERDE)

having first put right sleuthfully aboard  
all to—mendaciously speaking—a man

wrongers who write what they are dine to live

## XXVII

the first president to be loved by his  
bitterest enemies” is dead

the only man woman or child who wrote  
a simple declarative sentence with seven grammatical  
errors “is dead”

beautiful Warren Gamaliel Harding

“is” dead

he’s

“dead”

if he wouldn’t have eaten them Yapanese Craps

somebody might hardly never not have been  
unsorry,perhaps

## XXVIII

serene immediate silliest and whose  
vast one function being to enter a Toy and  
emerging(believably enlarged)make how  
many stopped millions of female hard for their  
millions of stopped male to look at(now  
-fed infantile eyes drooling unmind  
grim yessing childflesh perpetually acruise  
and her quick way of slowly staring and such hair)  
the Californian handpicked thrill mechanically  
packed and released for all this very diminishing  
vicarious ughhuh world(the pertly papped  
muchmouthed)her way of beginningly finishing  
(and such hair)the expensively democratic tyrannically  
dumb

Awake,chaos:we have napped.

## XXIX

in a middle of a room  
 stands a suicide  
 sniffing a Paper rose  
 smiling to a self

“somewhere it is Spring and sometimes  
 people are in real: imagine  
 somewhere real flowers, but  
 I can't imagine real flowers for if I

could, they would somehow  
 not Be real”  
 (so he smiles  
 smiling) “but I will not

everywhere be real to  
 you in a moment”  
 The is blond  
 with small hands

“& everything is easier  
 than I had guessed everything would  
 be, even remembering the way who  
 looked at whom first, anyhow dancing”

(a moon swims out of a cloud  
 a clock strikes midnight  
 a finger pulls a trigger  
 a bird flies into a mirror)

## XXX

i sing of Olaf glad and big  
 whose warmest heart recoiled at war:  
 a conscientious object-or

his wellbelovéd colonel(trig  
 westpointer most succinctly bred)  
 took erring Olaf soon in hand;  
 but—though an host of overjoyed  
 noncoms(first knocking on the head  
 him)do through icy waters roll  
 that helplessness which others stroke  
 with brushes recently employed  
 anent this muddy toiletbowl,  
 while kindred intellects evoke  
 allegiance per blunt instruments—  
 Olaf(being to all intents  
 a corpse and wanting any rag  
 upon what God unto him gave)  
 responds,without getting annoyed  
 “I will not kiss your f.ing flag”

straightway the silver bird looked grave  
 (departing hurriedly to shave)

but—though all kinds of officers  
 (a yearning nation’s blueeyed pride)  
 their passive prey did kick and curse  
 until for wear their clarion  
 voices and boots were much the worse,  
 and egged the firstclassprivates on  
 his rectum wickedly to tease  
 by means of skilfully applied  
 bayonets roasted hot with heat—  
 Olaf(upon what were once knees)  
 does almost ceaselessly repeat  
 “there is some s. I will not eat”

our president,being of which  
 assertions duly notified  
 threw the yellowsonofabitch  
 into a dungeon,where he died

Christ(of His mercy infinite)  
i pray to see;and Olaf,too

preponderatingly because  
unless statistics lie he was  
more brave than me:more blond than you.

### XXXI

memory believes  
fragrance of a town(whose  
dormas choke  
and snore the steeples writhe with

rain)faces(at windows)do not  
speak and are ghosts or  
huddled in the darkness of  
cafés people drink

smile if here there(like lopsided  
imaginationes)  
filled with newly murdered  
flowers whispering barns

bulge a tiniest street or  
three contains these prettiest  
deaths without effort while  
hungering churches(topped

with effigies of crowing  
gold)nuzzle against summer  
thunder(together)smell only  
such blue slender hands of god

### XXXII

Wing Wong,uninterred at twice  
fortyeight,succeeded in producing

sixtyfour maxims

whose)centripetal wisdom in  
thirtytwo seconds centrifugally  
is refuted by these(

particularly belonging to

a

retired

general) sixteen years

of rapid

animal whose swirl

-ling (not too frequently

) skirt exhumes (which

buries again quick-

ly its

self in) while

a transparent blouse

even recklessly

juggles the jouncing

fruit of eager bosoms"

Wing

Wong

XXXIII

innerly

UningstrolL

(stamens&pistil

silent

A s groupingThe

6 around one

darks to 7th s

o howpale)

bluedmufFletomben

outerly

jeT

ting lip ssixs ting

sWervesca

rletlycaR v Ingharness

Of

curvish(

,males await she  
patiently 1

)littlecrownGrave  
whose whorlcrown of spreadness bE  
rich from-soft quits(now)ly  
Comes;  
:lush  
ly-smoothdumb droopnew-gree

N.lyestmostsaress e A v e S

#### X X X I V

don't cries to please my  
mustn't broke)life Is  
like that please stroke

for now stroke answers(but  
now don't you're hurting o  
Me please you're killing)death

is like now That please  
squirtnowing for  
o squirting we're replies(at

which now O fear turned o Now  
handspring trans  
forming it

self int  
o eighteen)Don't  
(for)Please(tnights,on whose for

eheads shone  
eternal pleasedon't;  
rising:from the Shall.

## X X X V

what is strictly fiercely and wholly dies  
 his impeccable feathered with green facts  
 preening solemnity ignoring,through  
 its indolent lascivious caring eyes

watches;truly,curvingly while reacts  
 (sharp now with blood now accurately wan)  
 keenly,to dreamings more than truth untrue,

the best mouth i have seen on any man—  
 a little fluttering,at the enchanted dike  
 of whose lean lips,hovers how slenderly  
 the illustrious unknown

(warily as  
 their master's spirit stooping,Crusoe-like  
 examines fearfully and tenderly

a recent footprint in the sand of was)

## X X X V I

sunset)edges become swiftly  
 corners(Besides  
 which,i note how  
 fatally toward

twilight the a little  
 tilted streets spill lazily  
 multitudes out of final

towers;captured:in  
 the narrow light

of

inverno)this  
 is the season of  
 crumbling & folding  
 hopes,hark;feet(fEEt  
 f-e-e-t-noWheregoingalwaYS

## XXXVII

how  
ses humble.

Over thin earths chatterish

strut cuddle & shrink:  
as through immediately  
yeswind-faces peer

skies;whiteLy  
are which stumbling eyes which  
why in(thundering)by  
When eaten

spaces grouse rocket know  
quite,

slightly or  
how at the yearhour tree-  
spires shout appalling

deathmoney into  
spiralS  
and

Now(comes

un,

season of in:wardly  
of him(every)

who does  
(where)not move  
;is

.crowned the with shrill  
Nonleaf daemons and large The downlife gods of  
shut

)

## XXXVIII

n(o)w

the  
how  
dis(appeared cleverly)world

iS Slapped: with;liGhtninG  
!

at  
which(shal)lpounceupcrackw(ill)jumps

of  
THuNdeRB  
loSSo!M iN  
-visiblya mongban(gedfrag-  
ment ssky?wha tm)eani ngl(essNessUn  
rolli)ngl yS troll s(who leO v erd)oma insCol

Lide.!high  
n, o ; w :  
theraIncomIng

o all the roofs roar  
drownInsound(

&  
(we(are like)dead  
)Whoshout(Ghost)atOne(voiceless)O

ther or im)  
pos  
sib(ly as  
leep)  
But l!ook—  
s

U

n:starT birDs(lEAp)Openi ng  
t hing ; s(  
—sing  
)all are aLl(cry aLL See)o(ver All)Th(e grEEen

?earth)N,ew

## XXXIX

An (fragrance) Of

(Begins)  
millions

Of Tints (and)  
&  
(grows) Slowly (slowly) Voyaging

tones intimate tumult  
(Into) bangs  
minds into  
dream (An) quickly

Not

un deux trois  
der  
die

Stood (apparition.)  
WITH (THE ROUND AIR IS FILLED) OPENING

## XL

thou

firsting a hugeness of twi  
-light

pale  
beyond soft-  
liness than dream more sing

(buoyant & who  
silently shall to rea- disa)

ular,

(ppear ah! Star  
whycol

our  
 ed  
 shy lurch small invin

cible nod oc  
 cul  
 t ke  
 ylike writhe of brea

### Thing

#### X L I

twi-  
 is -Light bird  
 ful  
 -ly dar  
 kness eats

a distance a  
 c(h)luck  
 (l)ing of just bells (touch)ing  
 ?mind

(moon begins The  
 )  
 now,est hills er dream;new  
 .oh if

when:  
 &  
 a  
 nd O impercept i bl

#### X L I I

structure,miraculous challenge,devout am

upward deep most invincible unthing  
 —stern sexual timelessness,outtowering  
 this noisy impotence of not and same

answer,beginning,ecstasy,to dare:  
prouder than all mountains,more than all  
oceans various

and while everywhere  
beneath thee and about thyself a small  
hoping insect,humanity,achieves  
(moult beyond difficult moult)amazing doom  
who standest as thou hast stood and thou shalt stand.

Nor any dusk but kneelingly believes  
thy secret and each morning stoops to blend

her star with what huge merciful forms presume

### XLIII

if there are any heavens my mother will(all by herself)have  
one. It will not be a pansy heaven nor  
a fragile heaven of lilies-of the-valley but  
it will be a heaven of blackred roses

my father will be(deep like a rose  
tall like a rose)

standing near my

swaying over her  
silent)

with eyes which are really petals and see

nothing with the face of a poet really which  
is a flower and not a face with  
hands

which whisper

This is my beloved my

(suddenly in sunlight

he will bow,

& the whole garden will bow)

## XLIV

i'd think "wonder  
 if" if  
 i were a  
 child "we can see a bat in this  
 twilight")  
                   there one is

look

how it goes     like     a dream

(and between houses, really a kind of  
 mouse) but he has little wings  
 and here's my  
 hotel this is the  
 door (opening it i

think things  
 which  
 were supposed to  
 be out of my  
 reach

                  , they are like  
 jam on the shelf everybody guessed  
 was too high

look

(it's back again     there     therehere  
 And) i say "won't you" (remembering)  
 knowing that you  
 are afraid "go first" of dreams and little  
 bats & mice (and

                  you,  
 you say "let's" going in  
 "take  
 hands" smiling "coming up  
 these dark stairs.

## XLV

you  
 in win  
 ter who sit  
 dying thinking  
 huddled behind dir  
 ty glass mind muddled  
 and cuddled by dreams(or some  
 times vacantly gazing through un  
 washed panes into a crisp todo of  
 murdering uncouth faces which pass rap  
 idly with their breaths.)“people are walking deaths  
 in this season” think “finality lives up  
 on them a little more openly than usual  
 hither,thither who briskly busily cary the as  
 tonishing & spontaneous & difficult ugliness  
 of themselves with a more incisive simplicity a  
 more intensively brutal futility”And sit  
 huddling dumbly behind three or two partly tran  
 sparent panes which by some loveless trick sepa  
 rate one stilled unmoving mind from a hun  
 dred doomed hurrying brains(by twos  
 or threes which fiercely rapidly  
 pass with their breaths)in win  
 ter you think,die slow  
 ly “toc tic” as i  
 have seen trees(in  
 whose black bod  
 ies leaves  
 hide

## XLVI

i met a man under the moon  
 on Sunday.  
 by way of saying  
 nothing he  
 smiled (but  
 just by the dirty collar of his

jacket were two glued uncarefully ears  
 in  
 that face a box of  
 skin lay eyes like  
 new tools)

whence i guessed that he also had climbed the pincian  
 to appreciate rome at nightfall; and because against this  
 wall his white sincere small  
 hands with their guessing fingers

did-not-move exquisitely  
 ,like dead children  
 (if he had been playing a fiddle i had

been dancing: which is  
 why something about me reminded him of ourselves

as Nobody came slowly over the town

## XLVII

when rain whom fear  
 not children but men  
 speaks (among leaves Easily  
 through voices womenlike telling

of death love earth dark)

and thousand  
 thrusts squirms stars  
 Trees,swift each with its

Own motion deeply to wickedly

comprehend the innocently Doomed  
 brief all which somewhere is

fragrantly,

arrive

(when  
 Rain comes;  
 predicating forever,assuming  
 the laughter of afterwards—  
 i spirally understand

What

touching means  
 or What does a hand  
 with your hair  
 in my imagination

### XLVIII

come a little further—why be afraid—  
 here's the earliest star(have you a wish?)  
 touch me,  
 before we perish  
 (believe that not anything which has ever been  
 invented can spoil this or this instant)  
 kiss me a little:  
 the air  
 darkens and is alive—  
 o live with me in the fewness of  
 these colours;  
 alone who slightly  
 always are beyond the reach of death  
 and the English

## XLIX

a light Out)

& first of all foam

-like hair spatters creasing pillow  
 next everywhere hidingly seek  
 no o god dear wait sh please o no O  
 3rd Findingest whispers understand  
 sobs bigly climb what (love being some-  
 thing possibly more intricate) i (breath  
 in breath) have nicknamed ecstasy and And  
 spills smile cheaply thick

—who therefore Thee (once and once only, Queen  
 among centuries universes between  
 Who out of deeplynness rose to undeath)

salute. and having worshipped for my doom  
 pass ignorantly into sleep's bright land

## L

when hair falls off and eyes blur And  
 thighs forget (when clocks whisper  
 and night shouts) When minds  
 shrivel and hearts grow brittle every  
 Instant (when of a morning Memory stands,  
 with clumsily wilted fingers  
 emptying youth colour and what was  
 into a dirtied glass) Pills for Ills  
 (a recipe against Laughing Virginity Death)

then dearest the  
 way trees are Made leaves  
 open Clouds take sun mountains  
 stand And oceans do Not sleep matters  
 nothing; then (then the only hands so to speak are  
 they always which creep budgingly over some  
 numbered face capable of a largest nonglance the  
 least unsmile  
 or whatever weeds feel and fish think of)

## L I

a clown's smirk in the skull of a baboon  
 (where once good lips stalked or eyes firmly stirred)  
 my mirror gives me, on this afternoon;  
 i am a shape that can but eat and turd  
 e'er with the dirt death shall him vastly gird,  
 a coward waiting clumsily to cease  
 whom every perfect thing meanwhile doth miss;  
 a hand's impression in an empty glove,  
 a soon forgotten tune, a house for lease.  
 I have never loved you dear as now i love

behold this fool who, in the month of June,  
 having of certain stars and planets heard,  
 rose very slowly in a tight balloon  
 until the smallening world became absurd;  
 him did an archer spy (whose aim had erred  
 never) and by that little trick or this  
 he shot the aeronaut down, into the abyss  
 —and wonderfully i fell through the green groove  
 of twilight, striking into many a piece.  
 I have never loved you dear as now i love

god's terrible face, brighter than a spoon,  
 collects the image of one fatal word;  
 so that my life (which liked the sun and the moon)  
 resembles something that has not occurred:  
 i am a birdcage without any bird,  
 a collar looking for a dog, a kiss  
 without lips; a prayer lacking any knees  
 but something beats within my shirt to prove  
 he is undead who, living, noone is.  
 I have never loved you dear as now i love.

Hell (by most humble me which shall increase)  
 open thy fire! for i have had some bliss  
 of one small lady upon earth above;  
 to whom i cry, remembering her face,  
 i have never loved you dear as now i love

## L II

it)It will it  
 Will come(we  
 being  
 unwound & gone into the ground)but

though

with wormS eyes  
 writhe amor(Though through

our hearts hugely squirm  
 roots)us

ly;though  
 hither nosing lymoles cru.Ising

thither:t,ouch soft-ly me and eye(you  
 leSs

)ly(un  
 der the mi  
 croscopic world's

whens,wheels;wonders:  
 murders.cries:hopes;  
 houses,clouds.kisses,  
 lice;headaches:ifs.

)  
 yet shall  
 our Not to  
 be

deciphered  
 selves

merely Continue to experience

a neverish subchemistry of  
 alWays  
 )fiercely live whom on

Large Darkness And The Middle Of  
The  
E

a  
r  
t  
H

L I I I

breathe with me this fear  
(which beyond night shall go)  
remembering only dare  
(Wholly consider how

these immaculate thin  
things half daemon half  
tree among sunset dream  
acute from root to leaf)

but should voices (whom lure  
an eagerest strict flame)  
demand the metaphor  
of our projectile am

tell such to murder time  
(forgetting what's to know  
wholly imagining fire)  
only consider How

L I V

if i love You  
(thickness means  
worlds inhabited by roamingly  
stern bright færies

if you love  
me) distance is mind carefully  
luminous with innumerable gnomes  
Of complete dream

if we love each(shyly)  
 other,what clouds do or Silently  
 Flowers resembles beauty  
 less than our breathing

## L V

speaking of love(of  
 which Who knows the  
 meaning;or how dreaming  
 becomes

if your heart's mine)i  
 guess a grassblade  
 Thinks beyond or  
 around(as poems are

made)Our picking it. this  
 caress that laugh  
 both quickly signify  
 life's only half(through

deep weather then  
 or none let's feel  
 all)mind in mind flesh  
 In flesh succeeding disappear

## L V I

lady will you come with me into  
 the extremely little house of  
 my mind. Clocks strike. The

moon's round,through the window

as you see and really i have no  
 servants. We could almost live

at the top of these stairs,there's a free  
 room. We almost could go(you  
 and i)into a together whitely big  
 there is but if so or so

slowly i opened the window a  
 most tiny, the moon (with white wig  
 and polished buttons) would take you away

—and all the clocks would run down the next day.

## L V I I

somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond  
 any experience, your eyes have their silence:  
 in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,  
 or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will unclose me  
 though i have closed myself as fingers,  
 you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens  
 (touching skilfully, mysteriously) her first rose

or if your wish be to close me, i and  
 my life will shut very beautifully, suddenly,  
 as when the heart of this flower imagines  
 the snow carefully everywhere descending;

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals  
 the power of your intense fragility: whose texture  
 compels me with the colour of its countries,  
 rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes  
 and opens; only something in me understands  
 the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)  
 nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands

## L V I I I

is there a flower (whom  
 i meet anywhere  
 able to be and seem  
 so quite softly as your hair

what bird has perfect fear  
 (of suddenly me)like these  
 first deepest rare  
 quite who are your eyes

(shall any dream  
 come a more millionth mile  
 shyly to its doom  
 than you will smile)

## L I X

my darling since  
 you and  
 i are thoroughly haunted by  
 what neither is any  
 echo of dream nor  
 any flowering of any

echo(but the echo  
 of the flower of

Dreaming)somewhere behind us  
 always trying(or sometimes trying under  
 us)to is it  
 find somehow(but O gracefully)a  
 we,entirely whose least

breathing may surprise  
 ourselves  
 —let's then  
 despise what is not courage my

darling(for only Nobody knows  
 where truth grows why  
 birds fly and  
 especially who the moon is.

## L X

because i love you)last night

clothed in sealace  
 appeared to me  
 your mind drifting  
 with chuckling rubbish  
 of pearl weed coral and stones;

lifted,and(before my  
 eyes sinking)inward,fled;softly  
 your face smile breasts gargled  
 by death:drowned only

again carefully through deepness to rise  
 these your wrists  
 thighs feet hands

poising  
           to again utterly disappear;  
 rushing gently swiftly creeping  
 through my dreams last  
 night,all of your  
 body with its spirit floated  
 (clothed only in

the tide's acute weaving murmur

## L X I

if you and i awakening

discover that(somehow  
 in the dark)this world has been  
 Picked,like a piece  
 of clover,from the green meadow of

time

lessness;quietly

turning

toward me the

guessable mirrors which your eyes are

You will communicate a little

more than twice all that

so

gently

while we were asleep while

we were each other disappeared:but i

slightly

smiling,

gradually shall reenter the

singular kingdom

(sleep)

.while some

thing else

kisses busily

a

memory,which how exquisitely

flutters in

the cornerless tomorrow

## L X I I

item:is

Clumsily with of

what manshaped whimpered how

laughtering blocks when

girllike

builds  
 its invisibly skill  
 ful toyTown  
 which upups to dowNdown  
 (and only where remembers

look,  
     this was of a child  
 's shy foot among cool ferns

)  
     therefore togethering our

wholly lives Givehurling  
 with your my most  
 :locking

foreverfully

blend  
     we a universe of gulls'  
 drift Of thickly  
                     starhums wherefore

& wormSmile eternal;quite  
 perhaps as sternly  
 much not life nor stop as  
 a tear is darker than a mile.

### LXIII

be unto love as rain is unto colour;create  
 me gradually(or as these emerging now  
 hills invent the air)  
                     breathe simply my each how  
 my trembling where my still unvisible when. Wait

if i am not heart,because at least i beat  
 —always think i am gone like a sun which must go  
 sometimes,to make an earth gladly seem firm for you:  
 remember(as those pearls more than surround this throat)

i wear your dearest fears beyond their ceaselessness

(nor has a syllable of the heart's eager dim  
 enormous language loss or gain from blame or praise)  
 but many a thought shall die which was not born of dream  
 while wings welcome the year and trees dance (and i guess  
 though wish and world go down, one poem yet shall swim

#### L X I V

granted the all  
   saving our young kiss only  
 must unexist, solemnly and per rules  
 apparelling its soullessness by lonely  
 antics of ridiculous molecules)

nakedest (aiming for hugely the  
 ignorant most precise essential flame  
 never which waked) & perfectly We

dive

out of tinying time  
   (into supreme

Now:

feeling memory shrink from such brief  
 selves as fiercely seek findingly new  
 textures of actual cool stupendous is

nor may truth opening encompass true)  
 while your contriving fate, my sharpening life

are (behind each no) touching every yes

#### L X V

but being not amazing: without love  
 separate, smileless—merely imagine your

sorrow a certain reckoning demands. . .

marvelling And what may have become of  
 with his gradual acute lusting glance  
 an alert clumsily foolishwise

(tracking the beast Tomorrow by her spoor)  
 over the earth wandering hunter whom you  
 knew once?

what if (merely suppose)

mine should overhear and answer Who  
 with the useless flanks and cringing feet  
 is this (shivering pale naked very poor)  
 creature of shadow, that among first light

groping washes my nightmare from his eyes?

#### L X V I

nothing is more exactly terrible than  
 to be alone in the house, with somebody and  
 with something)

You are gone. there is laughter

and despair impersonates a street

i lean from the window, behold ghosts,  
a man  
 hugging a woman in a park. Complete.

and slightly (why? or lest we understand)  
 slightly i am hearing somebody  
 coming up stairs, carefully  
 (carefully climbing carpeted flight after  
 carpeted flight. in stillness, climbing  
 the carpeted stairs of terror)

and continually i am seeing something

inhaling gently a cigarette (in a mirror

## LXVII

put off your faces,Death:for day is over  
 (and such a day as must remember he  
 who watched unhands describe what mimicry,

with angry seasalt and indignant clover  
 marrying to themselves Life's animals)

but not darkness shall quite outmarch forever  
 —and i perceive,within transparent walls  
 how several smoothly gesturing stars are clever  
 to persuade even silence:therefore wonder

opens a gate;the prisoner dawn embraces

hugely some few most rare perfectly dear  
 (and worlds whirl beyond worlds:immortal yonder  
 collidingly absorbs eternal near)

day being come,Love,put on your faces

## LXVIII

but if a living dance upon dead minds  
 why,it is love;but at the earliest spear  
 of sun perfectly should disappear  
 moon's utmost magic,or stones speak or one  
 name control more incredible splendor than  
 our merely universe,love's also there:  
 and being here imprisoned,tortured here  
 love everywhere exploding maims and blinds  
 (but surely does not forget,perish,sleep  
 cannot be photographed,measured;disdains  
 the trivial labelling of punctual brains. . .  
 —Who wields a poem huger than the grave?  
 from only Whom shall time no refuge keep  
 though all the weird worlds must be opened?

)Love

## L X I X

so standing,our eyes filled with wind,and the  
 whining rigging over us,i implore you to  
 notice how the keen ship lifts(skilfully  
 like some bird which is all birds but more fleet)  
 herself against the air—and whose do you  
 suppose possibly are certain hands,terse  
 and invisible,with large first new stars  
 knitting the structure of distinct sunset

driving white spikes of silence into joists  
 hewn from hugest colour  
 (and which night hoists  
 miraculously above the always  
 beyond such wheres and fears or any when  
 unwondering immense directionless  
 horizon)  
 —do you perhaps know these workmen?

## L X X

here is the ocean,this is moonlight:say  
 that both precisely beyond either were—  
 so in darkness ourselves go,mind in mind

which is the thrilling least of all(for love's  
 secret supremely clothes herself with day)

i mean,should any curious dawn discuss  
 our mingling spirits,you would disappear  
 unreally;as this planet(understand)

forgets the entire and perpetual sea

—but if yourself consider wonderful  
 that your(how luminous)life toward twilight will  
 dissolve reintegrate beckon through me,  
 i think it is less wonderful than this

only by you my heart always moves



**No Thanks**



**TO**

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## 1

mOOn Over tOwns mOOn  
 whisper  
 less creature huge grO  
 pingness

whO perfectly whO  
 flOat  
 newly alOne is  
 dreamest

oNLY THE MoON o  
 VER ToWNS  
 SLoWLY SPRoUTING SPIR  
 IT

## 2

moon over gai  
 -té.a  
 sharp crone dodders be-  
 tween taxis swirl hues crowds mov  
 -ing ing ing  
 among who dreams whom mutterings dream &

:the moon over death over edgar the  
 moon

over smellings of gently smell of deads  
 (lovers grip sprawl twitch lovers)  
 & one dog? piglike big!sorrows

always;finally and always,the iflike moon over moving  
 me—the

moon

m

ov—in

g

over(moving)you beautifully also;at

denfert the fat strongman has put  
 down his carpet from which rise slim curving mighty  
 children while a python over the way freezes  
 a serpent becomes a  
 rod smiles  
 the liontamer nearby hieroglyphs  
 soar dip  
 dip  
 soar equalling noise solemn

dolls re  
 -volve whirlswans rabbitsare:  
 swims  
 painted-with-horses-with-painted-  
 with eyes and the.m

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 -unday

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ver pinkthisgreen acr)o)greenthatpink)  
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 trees climbing on  
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 over  
 (a hard a  
 hard a girl a girl)sing  
 -ing ing(ing  
 sing)ing a soft a song a softishsongly

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(whi!tethatr?apidly

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black,this

)roUnd ingrOundIngly rouNdar(round)ounDing

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balll

ballll

balllll

## 3

that which we who're alive in spite of mirrors  
 (have died beyond the clock)we,of ourselves

who more a part are(less who are aware)

than of my books could even be your shelves  
 (that which we die for;not when or unless  
 if or to prove,imperfectly or since

but through spontaneous deft strictly horrors

which stars may not observe;while roses wince)  
 that which we die for lives(may never cease  
 views with smooth vigilant perpetual eyes  
 each exact victim,how he does not stir)

O love,my love!soul clings and heart conceives

and mind leaps(and that which we die for lives  
 as wholly as that which we live for dies)



most fe(hug)males(one-t  
wo-l oop-l

eftstthrowr ightsm issingupperc

uts-lurc hhurt-re  
coil charge &)swoon

Crowdloomroar:ing;diskface,es  
(are two  
notSoft soft one are

hard one notHard)not  
boys boy-  
ish(a stopped A)with!notgirl'swith?dumb  
(thewith girl)ness(ish The eyesthe

Is)aRe  
iS ar(ise)wi  
lt(wit(hprettyw)ith)mr  
jeff dick  
son fec

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I

## 6

exit a kind of unkindness exit

little  
 mr Big  
 notbusy  
 Busi  
 ness notman

(!ye  
 galleon  
 wilts  
 b:  
 e;n,d

i  
 ng  
 like like,like bad,like  
 candy:& you

are dead  
 you captain)

Memo 1  
 wife in impossibly  
 hell Memo  
 1 son  
 in improbably yale

## 7

sonnet entitled how to run the world)

A always don't there B being no such thing  
 for C can't casts no shadow D drink and

E eat of her voice in whose silence the music of spring  
 lives F feel opens but shuts understand  
 G gladly forget little having less

with every least each most remembering  
 H highest fly only the flag that's furled

(sestet entitled grass is flesh or swim  
 who can and bathe who must or any dream  
 means more than sleep as more than know means guess)

I item i immaculately owe  
 dying one life and will my rest to these

children building this rainman out of snow

## 8

the(  
 Wistfully

dead seem generous) don't  
 All suspect each (nor

have i observed  
 some chucking some  
 legally into Oblivion wave little

flags weeping flatter  
 thoroughly imploring threaten) the  
 wistFully dead you directly perceive or minus  
 news alimony blackmail whathavewe

and propaganda (it is incredible But  
 others don't  
 scream murmur wink  
 at kid anæsthetize marry bump off  
 or otherwise amplify others)

the so to speak wistfulLy dead  
 are not relatively  
 speaking uncultured (who  
 Very distinctly confine

their omnipotent literally their  
 putting it more than mildly Absolute  
 destructivity to non-

entities e.

g. the)

whis-per it

(

Living

9

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 mentous superc  
 lossal hyperpr  
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 of the The)president of

the(united The president of the  
 united states The president of the united  
 states of The President Of The)United States

Of America unde negant redire quemquam supp  
 sedly thr

w

i

n

g

a

b

aseball

## 1 0

little man  
 (in a hurry  
 full of an  
 important worry)  
 halt stop forget relax

wait

(little child  
 who have tried  
 who have failed  
 who have cried)  
 lie bravely down

sleep

big rain  
 big snow  
 big sun  
 big moon  
 (enter

us)

## 1 1

çi gît 1 Fœtus( unborn to not die

safely whose epoch fits him like a grave)  
 with all his toys(money men motors “my”  
 yachts wolfhounds women)and the will to shave

that Ghost is dead(whom noone might inter  
 fleeing himself for selves more strangely made  
 (wears pain at joy,come summer puts on fur

answers eats moves remembers is afraid)

each hates a Man whom both would call their friend  
 and who may envy neither;nor bewail  
 (would rather make than have and give than lend  
 —being through failures born who cannot fail

having no wealth but love,who shall not spend  
 my fortune(although endlessness should end)

1 2

why why

How many winds make wonderful  
and is luck The skeleton of life  
or did anybody Open a moment

are Not

more than(if Green invents because  
where might Where live  
can fisherMen swim and  
who's myself's Antimere  
Should words carry weapons)are

not Less than(that

by doDreaming heteronomously  
metameric me are picked from  
dumb sleepPdeep  
ness squirmcurl

ing homonomously metameric You

1 3

r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r

who

a)s w(e loo)k

upnowgath

PPEGORHRASS

eringint(o-

aThe):l

eA

!p:

S

a

(r

rIvInG

.gRrEaPsPhOs)

to

rea(be)rran(com)gi(e)ngly

,grasshopper;

## 14

mouse) Won  
 derfully is  
 anyone else entirely who doesn't  
 move (Moved more suddenly than) whose

tiniest smile? may Be  
 bigger than the fear of all  
 hearts never which have  
 (Per

haps) loved (or than  
 everyone that will Ever love) we  
 've  
 hidden him in A leaf

and,  
 Opening  
 beautiful earth  
 put (only) a Leaf among dark

ness. sunlight's  
 then like? now  
 Disappears  
 some

thing (silent:  
 made of imagination  
 ; the incredible soft) ness  
 (his ears (eyes

## 15

one nonsufficiently in understood  
 re

with some difficulty

one father of

one (ask super-) wonderful (mother) child is a good  
 Husband to him (and whose what he conceives to be Love  
 did

stretch and stretch and stretch and stretch and

did)

who begins stuttering each sentence we both  
 consid

(notb- notbr- notbre- notbrea-k

. The kid)

er Santa Claus a criminal (hears Darwin; asks about Death)  
 concept

O hairlesschested females, well  
 attend! list, every nonelastic male—  
 uplook, all joybegotten whelps whom soothe  
 psychotic myths like Jonah And The Whale

:oiwun uhsoi roitee runow dutmoi  
 jak roids wid yooze

Vury Sin Silly

:oi

16

may i feel said he  
 (i'll squeal said she  
 just once said he)  
 it's fun said she

(may i touch said he  
 how much said she  
 a lot said he)  
 why not said she

(let's go said he  
 not too far said she  
 what's too far said he  
 where you are said she)

may i stay said he  
 (which way said she  
 like this said he  
 if you kiss said she

may i move said he  
 is it love said she)  
 if you're willing said he  
 (but you're killing said she

but it's life said he  
 but your wife said she  
 now said he)  
 ow said she

(tiptop said he  
 don't stop said she  
 oh no said he)  
 go slow said she

(cccome?said he  
 ummm said she)  
 you're divine!said he  
 (you are Mine said she)

17

o  
 sure)but  
 nobody unders(no  
 but Rully yes i  
 know)but what it comes

to(listen you don't have to

i mean Reely)but(no listen don't  
 be sil why sure)i mean the(o  
 well ughhuh sure why not yuh course yeh well  
 naturally i und certain i o posi but

i know sure that's)but listen here's

(correct you said it yeah)but  
 listen but(it's Rilly yeh  
 ughhuh yuh)i know

(o sure i

know yes  
 of

course)but what i mean is Nobody Understands Her RERLY

## 18

this little  
 pair had a little scare  
 right in the middle of a bed bed  
 bed)when each other courted both  
 was very very thwarted(and  
 when which was aborted  
 what was dead dead dead)

whereupon mary  
 quite contrary didn't  
 die  
 (may be seen to inexactly pass and unprecisely  
 to repass where  
 flesh is heiry montparnasse  
 is goosed by raspail).

But he turned into a fair  
 y!a fair  
 y!!a  
 fair  
 y!!!  
 but she turned into a fair-y(and  
 it seems to be doing nicely

## 19

who before dying demands not rebirth  
 of such than hungrily more swiftness as  
 with(feel)pauseless immeasurably Now  
 cancels the childfully diminishing earth  
 —never whose proudly life swallowed is by

(with hope two eyes a memory this brow  
 five or three dreamfuls of despair that face)

large one colored nonthings of gluttonous sky—  
 nor(as a blind,how timidly,throb;which  
 hints being;suggests identity)breathes fleet  
 perfectly far from tangible domains  
 rare with most early soul

him shall untouch

meaningless precision and complete fate

(he must deny mind:may believe in brains.

2 0

go(perpe)go

(tu)to(al  
adve

nturin  
g p  
article

s of s  
ini  
sterd  
exte

ri)go to(ty)the(om  
nivorou salways lugbrin  
g ingseekfindlosin g  
motilities  
are)go to

the  
ant  
(al  
ways

alingwaysing)  
go to the ant thou go  
(inging)

to the  
ant,thou ant-

eater

2 1

IN)

all those who got  
 athlete's mouth jumping  
 on&off bandwaggons

(MEMORIAM

2 2

when muckers pimps and tratesmen  
 delivered are of vicians  
 and all the world howls stadesmen  
 beware of politisions

beware of folks with missians  
 to turn us into rissions  
 and blokes with ammunicions  
 who tend to make incitions

and pity the fool who cright  
 god help me it aint no ews  
 eye like the steak all ried  
 but eye certainly hate the juse

2 3

he does not have to feel because he thinks  
 (the thoughts of others,be it understood)  
 he does not have to think because he knows  
 (that anything is bad which you think good)

because he knows,he cannot understand  
 (why Jones don't pay me what he knows he owes)  
 because he cannot understand,he drinks  
 (and he drinks and he drinks and he drinks and)

not bald. (Coughs.) Two pale slippery small eyes

balanced upon one broken babypout  
 (pretty teeth wander into which and out  
 of) Life, dost Thou contain a marvel than  
 this death named Smith less strange?

Married and lies

afraid; aggressive and: American

2 4

“let’s start a magazine

to hell with literature  
 we want something redblooded

lousy with pure  
 reeking with stark  
 and fearlessly obscene

but really clean  
 get what I mean  
 let’s not spoil it  
 let’s make it serious

something authentic and delirious  
 you know something genuine like a mark  
 in a toilet

graced with guts and gutted  
 with grace”

squeeze your nuts and open your face

2 5

this(that

grey)white  
 (man)horse

floats  
on 4  
3rdtoes

p  
(drooli  
ngly supp  
ort 2 be

nt  
toothpick  
s)

ro  
ude

stly(stuck in a spanked behind

## 26

what does little Ernest croon  
in his death at afternoon?  
(kow dow r 2 bul retoinis  
wus de woids uf lil Oinis

## 27

little joe gould has lost his teeth and doesn't know where  
to find them(and found a secondhand set which click)little  
gould used to amputate his appetite with bad brittle  
candy but just(nude eel)now little joe lives on air

Harvard Brevis Est for Handkerchief read Papernapkin no laundry  
bills likes People preferring Negroes Indians Youse  
n.b. ye twang of little joe(yankee)gould irketh sundry  
who are trying to find their minds(but never had any to lose)

and a myth is as good as a smile but little joe gould's quote oral  
history unquote might(publishers note)be entitled a wraith's  
progress or mainly awash while chiefly submerged or an amoral  
morality sort-of-aliveing by innumerable kind-of-deaths

(Amérique Je T'Aime and it may be fun to be fooled  
but it's more fun to be more to be fun to be little joe Gould)

2 8

that famous fatheads find that each  
and every thing must have an end  
(the silly cause of trivial which  
thinkless unwishing doth depend

upon the texture of their p-ss)  
isn't (and that it mayn't be twirled  
around your little finger is)  
what's right about the g. o. world

what's wrong with (between me and we)  
the g--d -ld w. isn't that it  
can't exist (and is that the  
g. o. w. is full of) delete

2 9

most (people

simply

can't)

won't (most

parent people mustn't

shouldn't) most daren't

(sort of people well

you know kind of)

aint

&

even

(not having

most ever lived

people always) don't

die (becoming most  
buried unbecomingly  
very

by

most) people

3 0

kumrads die because they're told)  
kumrads die before they're old  
(kumrads aren't afraid to die  
kumrads don't  
and kumrads won't  
believe in life) and death knows whie

(all good kumrads you can tell  
by their altruistic smell  
moscow pipes good kumrads dance)  
kumrads enjoy  
s.freud knows whoy  
the hope that you may mess your pance

every kumrad is a bit  
of quite unmitigated hate  
(travelling in a futile groove  
god knows why)  
and so do i  
(because they are afraid to love

3 1

does yesterday's perfection seem not quite

so clever as the pratfall of a clown  
(should stink of failure more than wars of feet

all things whose slendering sweetness touched renown)  
suddenly themselves if all dreams unmake  
(when in a most smashed unworld stands unslain

he which knows not if any anguish struck  
 how thin a ghost so deep and he might live)  
 yes, partly nor some edgeless star could give  
 that anguish room; but likes it only this

eternal mere one bursting soul  
 why, then

comes peace unto men who are always men  
 while a man shall which a god sometimes is

I the lost shoulders S the empty spine

3 2

numb (and  
 that was  
 and that  
 was cling)

on  
 win  
 ter  
 sc

ribbled  
 lonely truth (from  
 hang  
 from droop

w  
 ar  
 pin  
 g dre

ams  
 whichful sarcasms  
 papery deathful) awaits  
 yes

this alive secretly i  
 frantic this serene  
 mightily how rooted  
 who of iron

## 3 3

emptied.hills.listen.  
 ,not,alive,trees,dream(  
 ev:ery: wheres:ex:tend:ing:hush

)  
 andDark  
 IshbusY  
 ing-roundly-dis

tinct;chuck  
 lings,laced  
 ar:e,by(

fleet&panelike&frailties  
 !throughwhich!brittlest!whitewhom!  
 f

l o a t ? )  
                   r  
                   h y t h m s

## 3 4

snow)says!Says  
 over un  
                   graves  
                   der,speaking

(says.word  
 Less)ly(goes

folds?folds)cold  
 stones(o-l-d)names  
 aren'ts

)L  
   iv  
 es(c  
   omeS

says)s;n;o;w(says

W  
I

elds)  
un  
forgetting  
un.  
der(theys)the

:se!crumbs things?Its  
noyesiyou  
he-she  
(Weres

## 3 5

how dark and single,where he ends,the earth  
(whose texture feels of pride and loneliness  
alive like some dream giving more than all  
life's busy little dyings may possess)

how sincere large distinct and natural  
he comes to his disappearance;as a mind  
full without fear might faithfully lie down  
to so much sleep they only understand

enormously which fail—look:with what ease  
that bright how plural tide measures her guest  
(as critics will upon a poet feast)

meanwhile this ghost goes under,his drowned girth  
are mountains;and beyond all hurt of praise  
the unimaginable night not known

## 3 6

into a truly  
curving form  
enters my  
soul

feels all small  
 facts dissolved  
 by the lewd guess  
 of fabulous immensity

the sky screamed  
 the sun died)  
 the ship lifts  
 on seas of iron

breathing height eating  
 steepness the  
 ship climbs  
 murmuring silver mountains

which  
 disappear(and  
 only  
 was night

and through only this night a  
 mightily form moves  
 whose passenger and whose  
 pilot my spirit is

## 37

conceive a man,should he have anything  
 would give a little more than it away

(his autumn's winter being summer's spring  
 who moved by standing in november's may)  
 from whose(if loud most howish time derange

the silent whys of such a deathlessness)  
 remembrance might no patient mind unstrange  
 learn(nor could all earth's rotting scholars guess  
 that life shall not for living find the rule)

and dark beginnings are his luminous ends  
 who far less lonely than a fire is cool  
 took bedfellows for moons mountains for friends

—open your thighs to fate and(if you can  
 withholding nothing)World,conceive a man

3 8

## SNOW

cru  
 is  
 ingw Hi  
 sperf  
 ul  
 lydesc

## BYS FLUTTERFULLY IF

(endbegi ndesginb ecend)tang  
 lesp  
 ang  
 le  
 s  
 ofC omeg o

## CRINGE WITHS

lilt(  
 -ing-  
 lyful  
 of)!  
 (s  
 r

## BIRDS BECAUSE AGAINS

emarkable  
 s)h?  
 y & a  
 (from n  
 o(into whe)re f  
 ind)  
 nd  
 ArE

## GLIB, SCARCELYEST AMONGS FLOWERING

move  
 deeply,rain  
 (dream hugely) wish  
 firmly. splendidly advancing colour

strike  
 into form  
 (actually)realness  
 kill

(make  
 strangely)known(establish  
 new)come,what  
 Being!open us open

our  
 selves. create  
 (suddenly announce:hurl)  
 blind full steep love

as if as

if a mys  
 teriouSly("i am alive"

)  
 brave

ly and(th  
 e moon's al-down)most whis  
 per(here)ingc r O

wing;ly:cry.be,gi N s agAins

t b  
 ecomin  
 gsky?t r e e s  
 !

m ore&(o uto f)mor e torn(f og r

e  
elingwhiRls)are pouring rush fields drea  
mf(ull  
y  
are.)

&  
som  
ewhereishbudofshape

now,s  
tI  
r  
ghost

?s

tirf lic;k  
e rsM-o  
:ke(c.  
l

i,

m

!

b

) & it:s;elf,

mmamakmakemakesWwOwoRworLworld

4 1

here's to opening and upward,to leaf and to sap  
and to your(in my arms flowering so new)  
self whose eyes smell of the sound of rain

and here's to silent certainly mountains;and to  
a disappearing poet of always,snow  
and to morning;and to morning's beautiful friend  
twilight(and a first dream called ocean)and

let must or if be damned with whomever's afraid  
 down with ought with because with every brain  
 which thinks it thinks, nor dares to feel (but up  
 with joy; and up with laughing and drunkenness)

here's to one undiscoverable guess  
 of whose mad skill each world of blood is made  
 (whose fatal songs are moving in the moon)

## 42

out of a supermetamathical subpreincestures  
 pooped universe (of croons canned  
 à la vallee and preserved goldfishian gestures)  
 suddenly sally rand

handsomely who did because she could what the movies try  
 to do because they can't i mean move  
 yes sir she jes was which the radio aint (proof  
 -ing that the quickness of the fand intrigues the fly)

for know all men (χαίρετε)  
 as it was in the beginning it (rejoice)  
 was and ever shall be nor every partialness beats one entirety  
 neither may shadow down flesh neither may vibration create voice

if therefore among foul pains appears an if emerges a joy let  
 's thank indecent  
 god p.s. the most successful b.o. fully speaking concession at the recent  
 world's fair was the paytoilet

43

theys sO alive  
 (who is  
 ?niggers)

Not jes  
 livin  
 not Jes alive But  
 So alive(they

s  
 born alive)  
 some folks aint born  
 somes born dead an  
 somes born alive(but

niggers  
 is  
 all  
 born  
 so  
 Alive)

ump-A-tum  
 ;tee-die

uM-tuM  
 tidl  
 -id

umptyumpty(OO——

!

ting  
 Bam-  
 :do)  
 ,chippity.



## 4 5

sometimes

in)Spring a someone will lie(glued  
among familiar things newly which are  
transferred with dusk)wondering why this star  
does not fall into his mind

feeling

throughout ignorant disappearing me  
hurling vastness of love(sometimes in Spring  
somewhere between what is and what may be  
unknown most secret i will breathe such crude  
perfection as divides by timelessness  
that heartbeat)

mightily forgetting all  
which will forget him(emptying our soul  
of emptiness)priming at every pore  
a deathless life with magic until peace  
outthunders silence.

And(night climbs the air

## 4 6

swi(  
across!gold's

rouNdly  
)ftblac  
kl(ness)y

a-motion-upo-nmotio-n

Less?  
thE  
(against  
is  
)Swi

mning

(w-a)s  
bIr

d,

47

ondumonde”

(first than caref  
ully;pois  
edN-o wt he  
n  
,whysprig  
sli

nkil

-Y-

strol(pre)ling(cise)dy(ly)na(  
mite)

:yearnswoons;

&Isdensekil-  
ling-whipAlert-floatScor  
ruptingly)

ça-y-est

droppe5

qu'est-ce que tu veux

Dwrith

il est trop fort le nègre

esn7othingish8s

c'est fini

pRaW,lT;O:

allons

9

&amp;

.

(musically-who?)

pivoting)

SmileS

“ahlbrhoon

48

floatfloafloff  
 lloa  
 tatoatloatf loat fl oat  
 f loatI ngL

y

&fris  
 klispin  
 glyT  
     w  
     irlErec

,

t,  
 ;d  
 ;:a:  
 nC.eda:Nci;ddaanncciinn

(GIY)

a  
 nda  
     n-saint  
 dance!Dan  
 Sai ntd anc

&amp;e&amp;

—cupidoergosum  
 spun==flash  
 omiepsicronlonO—  
 megaeta?

P  
 aul D-as-in-tip-toe r

apeR

## 49

silent unday by silently not night

did the great world(in darkly taking rain)  
drown,beyond sound

down(slowly

beneath

sight

fall

ing)fall

ing through touch

less stillness(seized

among what ghostly nevers of again)  
silent not night by silently unday  
life's bright less dwindled to a leastful most  
under imagination. When(out of sheer

nothing)came a huger than fear a

white with madness wind and broke oceans and tore  
mountains from their sockets and strewed the black air  
with writhing alive skies—and in death's place  
new fragrantly young earth space opening was.  
Were your eyes:lost,believing;hushed with when

## 50

much i cannot)

tear up the world:& toss

it away;or

cause one causeless cloud to purely grow

but,never

doubt my weakness

makes more than most

strength(less than these how

less than least flowers of rain)thickly  
 i fail slenderly i  
 win(like touch all stars or  
 to live in the moon

a while)and shall  
 carve time so we'll before  
 what's death  
 come(in one bed.

## 5 1

at dusk  
                   just when  
 the Light is filled with birds  
 seriously  
 i begin

to climb the best hill,  
 driven by black wine.  
 a village does not move behind  
 my eye

the windmills are  
 silent  
 their flattened arms  
 complain steadily against the west

one Clock dimly cries  
 nine,i stride among the vines  
 (my heart pursues  
 against the little moon

a here and there lark  
                                   who;rises,  
 and;droops  
 as if upon a thread invisible)

A graveyard dreams through its  
 cluttered and brittle emblems,or  
 a field(and i pause among  
 the smell of minute mown lives)oh

my spirit you  
 tumble  
 climb  
     and mightily fatally

i remark how through deep lifted  
 fields Oxen distinctly move,a  
 yellowandbluish cat(perched why  
 Curvingly at this)window;yes

women sturdily meander in my  
 mind,woven by always upon  
 sunset,  
 crickets within me whisper

whose erect blood finally  
 trembles,emerging to perceive  
 buried in cliff  
     precisely

at the Ending of this road,  
 a candle in a shrine:  
 its puniest flame persists  
 shaken by the sea

5 2

Spring(side

walks are)is  
 most(windows where blaze

naLOVEme  
 crazily  
 ships

bulge hearts by  
 darts pierced lazily writhe  
 lurch faceflowers stutter  
 treebodies wobbly-

ing thing  
 -birds)sing-  
 u  
 (cities are houses  
 people are flies who

buzz on)-lar(windows called sidewalks  
 of houses called cities)spring  
 most singular-  
 ly(cities are houses are)is(are owned

by a m- by  
 a -n by a  
 -oo-

is old as  
 the jews are a moon is

as round as)Death

5 3

what a proud dreamhorse pulling(smoothloomingly)through  
 (stepp)this(ing)crazily seething of this  
 raving city screamingly street wonderful

flowers And o the Light thrown by Them opens

sharp holes in dark places paints eyes touches hands with new-  
 ness and these startled whats are a(piercing clothes thoughts kiss  
 -ing wishes bodies)squirm-of-frightened shy are whichs small  
 its hungry for Is for Love Spring thirsty for happens  
 only and beautiful

there is a ragged beside the who limps  
 man crying silence upward

—to have tasted Beautiful to have known  
 Only to have smelled Happens—skip dance kids hop point at  
 red blue yellow violet white orange green-  
 ness

o what a proud dreamhorse moving(whose feet  
 almost walk air). now who stops. Smiles.he

stamps

## 5 4

Jehovah buried,Satan dead,  
 do fearers worship Much and Quick;  
 badness not being felt as bad,  
 itself thinks goodness what is meek;  
 obey says toc,submit says tic,  
 Eternity's a Five Year Plan:  
 if Joy with Pain shall hang in hock  
 who dares to call himself a man?

go dreamless knaves on Shadows fed,  
 your Harry's Tom,your Tom is Dick;  
 while Gadgets murder squawk and add,  
 the cult of Same is all the chic;  
 by instruments,both span and spic,  
 are justly measured Spic and Span:  
 to kiss the mike if Jew turn kike  
 who dares to call himself a man?

loudly for Truth have liars pled,  
 their heels for Freedom slaves will click;  
 where Boobs are holy,poets mad,  
 illustrious punks of Progress shriek;  
 when Souls are outlawed,Hearts are sick,  
 Hearts being sick,Minds nothing can:  
 if Hate's a game and Love's a  $\varphi\nu\kappa$   
 who dares to call himself a man?

King Christ,this world is all aleak;  
 and lifepreservers there are none:  
 and waves which only He may walk  
 Who dares to call Himself a man.

## 5 5

worshipping Same  
 they squirm and they spawn  
 and a world is for them,them;whose  
 death's to be born)

his birth is their fear is their blind fear  
 —haunts all unsleep  
 this cry of one fiend,  
 a thousand dreams thick

(cringing they brood  
 breeding they wince)  
 his laugh is a million griefs wide(it  
 shall bury much stench)

and a hundred joys high are such shoulders  
 as cowards will scheme  
 to harness:let all  
 unfools of unbeing

set traps for his heart,  
 lay snares for his feet  
 (who wanders through only white darkness  
 who moves in black light

dancing isn'ts on why,digging bridges with mirrors  
 from whispers to stars;  
 climbing silence for ifs  
 diving under because)

only who'll say  
 "and this be my fame,  
 the harder the wind blows the  
 taller i am"

## 5 6

this mind made war  
 being generous  
 this heart could dare)  
 unhearts can less

unminds must fear  
 because and why  
 what filth is here  
 unlives do cry

on him they shat  
 they shat encore  
 he laughed and spat  
 (this life could dare

freely to give  
 as gives a friend  
 not those who slave  
 unselfs to lend

for hope of hope  
 must coo or boo  
 may strut or creep  
 ungenerous who

ape deftly aims  
 they dare not share)  
 such make their names  
 (this poet made war

whose naught and all  
 sun are and moon  
 come fair come foul  
 he goes alone

daring to dare  
 for joy of joy)  
 what stink is here  
 unpoets do cry

unfools unfree  
 undeaths who live  
 nor shall they be  
 and must they have

at him they fart  
 they fart full oft  
 (with mind with heart  
 he spat and laughed

with self with life  
 this poet arose  
 nor hate nor grief  
 can go where goes

this whyless soul  
 a loneliest road  
 who dares to stroll  
 almost this god

this surely dream  
 perhaps this ghost)  
 humbly and whom  
 for worst or best

(and proudly things  
 only which grow  
 and the rain's wings  
 the birds of snow

things without name  
 beyond because  
 things over blame  
 things under praise

glad things or free  
 truly which live  
 always shall be  
 may never have)

do i salute  
 (by moon by sun  
 i deeply greet  
 this fool and man

57

when

from a sidewalk

out of (blown never quite to

-gether by large sorry) creatures out

of (clumsily shining out of) instru-

ments, waltzing; undigestibly: groans. bounce

!o-ras-ourh an-dorg-an ble-at-ssw-ee-t-noth ings orarancidhurd  
 ygurdygur glingth umpssomet hings(whi,le sp,arrow,s wince  
 among those skeletons of these trees)

when

sunbeams loot

furnished rooms through whose foul windows absurd  
 clouds cruise nobly ridiculous skies

(the;mselve;s a;nd scr;a;tch-ing lousy full.of.rain  
 beggars yaw:nstretchy:awn)

then,

o my love

,then

it's Spring

immortal Always & lewd shy New

and upon the beyond imagining spasm rise  
 we

you-with-me

around(me)you

IYou

5 8

love is a place  
 & through this place of  
 love move  
 (with brightness of peace)  
 all places

yes is a world  
 & in this world of  
 yes live  
 (skilfully curled)  
 all worlds

5 9

(b

eLl

s?

bE

-ginningly) come-swarm: faces  
 ar;rive go.faces a(live)  
 sob bel  
 ls

(pour wo  
                   (things)  
                           men  
                                   selves-them

inghurl) bangbells(yawnchurches  
 suck people) reel(dark-  
 ly) whirling  
 in

(b  
   ellSB  
     el  
       Ls)

-to sun(crash). Streets  
 glit  
 ter  
 a,strut: do;colours;are:m,ove

o im  
   -pos-  
     sibl  
       y

(Shoutflowered  
 flowerish boom  
 b el Lsb El l  
 s!cry)

(be  
   llsbe  
     lls)  
       b  
       (b  
       llsbell)  
       ells  
       (sbells)

sh estiff  
 ystrut sal  
 lif san  
 dbut sth

epoutin (gWh.ono:w  
 s li psh ergo  
 wnd ow n,  
 r

Eve

aling 2 a  
 -sprout eyelands)sin  
 uously&them&twi  
 tching,begins

unununun?  
 butbutbut??  
 tonton???  
 ing????

—Out-&  
 steps;which  
 flipchucking  
 .grins  
 gRiNdS

d is app ea r in gly  
 eyes grip live loop croon mime  
 nakedly hurl asquirm the  
 dip&giveswoop&swoon&ingly

seethe firm swirl hips whirling climb to  
 GIVE  
 (yoursmine mineyours yoursmine  
 !  
 i( )t)

## 61

love's function is to fabricate unknownness

(known being wishless;but love,all of wishing)  
 though life's lived wrongsideout,sameness chokes oneness  
 truth is confused with fact,fish boast of fishing

and men are caught by worms(love may not care  
 if time totters,light droops,all measures bend  
 nor marvel if a thought should weigh a star  
 —dreads dying least;and less,that death should end)

how lucky lovers are(whose selves abide  
 under whatever shall discovered be)  
 whose ignorant each breathing dares to hide  
 more than most fabulous wisdom fears to see

(who laugh and cry)who dream,create and kill  
 while the whole moves;and every part stands still:

## 62

we)under)over,the thing of floating Of  
 ;elate  
 shyly a-live keen parallel specks float-ing create  
 height,  
     liv-

ing  
     ly who:seemSwoop (whir  
 -ling be,yond!thought  
 are.more(Than girl

's  
 tears boy Dream's)forge

tful:e  
     ver than,is e  
         ven:th  
             e(s  
                 e  
                     a's;m  
                         e,  
                             m(or.y

63

birds(  
 here,inven  
 ting air  
 U  
 )sing

tw  
 iligH(  
 t's  
 v  
 va  
 vas(  
 vast

ness.Be)look  
 now  
 (come  
 soul;  
 &:and

who  
 s)e  
 voi

c  
 es  
 (  
 are  
 ar  
 a

64

Do.  
 omful  
 relaxing

-ly)i  
 downrise outwrithein-  
 ing upfall and

Am the glad deep the living from nowh  
 -ere(!firm!)exp-  
 anding,am a fe

-rvently(susta-  
 inin  
 -gness Am

root air rock day)  
 :you;  
 smile,hands

(an-  
 onymo  
 -Us

## 65

if night's mostness(and whom did merely day  
 close)

opens

if more than silence silent are more  
 flowering than stars whitely births of mind

if air is throbbing prayers whom kneeling eyes  
 (until perfectly their imperfect gaze  
 climbs this steep fragrance of eternity)  
 world by than worlds immenser world will pray

so(unlove disappearing)only your  
 less than guessed more than beauty begins the  
 most not imagined life adventuring  
 who would feel if spring's least breathing should cause  
 a colour

and i do not know him

(and

while behind death's death whenless voices sing  
 everywhere your selves himself recognize)

## 66

death(having lost)put on his universe  
 and yawned:it looks like rain  
 (they've played for timelessness  
 with chips of when)  
 that's yours;i guess  
 you'll have to loan me pain  
 to take the hearse,  
 see you again.

Love(having found)wound up such pretty toys  
 as themselves could not know:  
 the earth tinely whirls;  
 while daisies grow  
 (and boys and girls  
 have whispered thus and so)  
 and girls with boys  
 to bed will go,

## 67

come(all you mischief-  
 hatchers hatch  
 mischief)all you

guilty  
 scamper(you bastards throw dynamite)  
 let knowings magic  
 with bright credos each divisible fool

(life imitate gossip fear unlife  
 mean  
 -ness,and  
 to succeed in not  
 dying)

Is will still occur;birds disappear  
 becomingly:a thunderbolt compose poems  
 not because harm symmetry  
 earthquakes starfish(but  
 because nobody  
 can sell the Moon to The)moon

## 68

be of love(a little)  
 More careful  
 Than of everything  
 guard her perhaps only

A trifle less  
 (merely beyond how very)  
 closely than  
 Nothing,remember love by frequent

anguish(imagine  
 Her least never with most  
 memory)give entirely each  
 Forever its freedom

(Dare until a flower,  
 understanding sizelessly sunlight  
 Open what thousandth why and  
 discover laughing)

## 69

reason let others give and realness bring—  
 ask the always impossible of me  
 and shall who wave among your deepening  
 thighs a greedier wand than even death's

what beneath breathing selves transported are  
 into how suddenly so huge a home  
 (only more than immeasurable dream  
 wherelessly spiralling) beyond time's sky

and through this opening universe will wraiths  
 of doom rush(which all ghosts of life became)  
 and does our fatally unshadowing fate  
 put on one not imaginable star

: then a small million of dark voices sing  
 against the awful mystery of light

## 70

brIght

bRight s??? big  
(soft)

soft near calm  
(Bright)  
calm st?? holy

(soft briGht deep)  
yeS near sta? calm star big yEs  
alone  
(wHo

Yes

near deep whO big alone soft near  
deep calm deep  
????Ht ?????T)  
Who(holy alone)holy(alone holy)alone

## 71

morsel miraculous and meaningless

secret on luminous whose selves and lives  
imperishably feast all timeless souls

(the not whose spiral hunger may appease  
what merely riches of our pretty world  
sweetly who flourishes,swiftly which fails

but out of serene perfectly Nothing hurled  
into young Now entirely arrives  
gesture past fragrance fragrant;a than pure

more signalling of singular most flame  
and surely poets only understands)  
honour this loneliness of even him

who fears and eyes lifts lifting hopes and hands  
—nourish my failure with thy freedom:star

isful beckoningly fabulous crumb

AND  
THANKS  
TO  
R. H. C.



# New Poems



## INTRODUCTION

The poems to come are for you and for me and are not for mostpeople —it's no use trying to pretend that mostpeople and ourselves are alike. Mostpeople have less in common with ourselves than the squarerootof-minusone. You and I are human beings;mostpeople are snobs.

Take the matter of being born. What does being born mean to mostpeople? Catastrophe unmitigated. Socialrevolution. The cultured aristocrat yanked out of his hyperexclusively ultravoluptuous superpalazzo, and dumped into an incredibly vulgar detentioncamp swarming with every conceivable species of undesirable organism. Mostpeople fancy a guaranteed birthproof safetysuit of nondestructible selflessness. If mostpeople were to be born twice they'd improbably call it dying—

you and I are not snobs. We can never be born enough. We are human beings;for whom birth is a supremely welcome mystery,the mystery of growing:the mystery which happens only and whenever we are faithful to ourselves. You and I wear the dangerous looseness of doom and find it becoming. Life,for eternal us,is now;and now is much too busy being a little more than everything to seem anything,catastrophic included.

Life,for mostpeople,simply isn't. Take the so-called standardofliving. What do mostpeople mean by "living"? They don't mean living. They mean the latest and closest plural approximation to singular prenatal passivity which science,in its finite but unbounded wisdom,has succeeded in selling their wives. If science could fail,a mountain's a mammal. Mostpeople's wives can spot a genuine delusion of embryonic omnipotence immediately and will accept no substitutes

—luckily for us,a mountain is a mammal. The plusorminus movie to end moving,the strictly scientific parlourgame of real unreality,the tyranny conceived in misconception and dedicated to the proposition that every man is a woman and any woman a king,hasn't a wheel to stand on. What their most synthetic not to mention transparent majesty,mrsandmr collective foetus,would improbably call a ghost is walking. He isn't an un-dream of anaesthetized impersons,or a cosmic comfortstation,or a transcendently sterilized lookiesoundiefeelietastiesmellie. He is a healthily complex,a naturally homogeneous,citizen of immortality. The now of his each pitying free imperfect gesture,his any birth or breathing,insults per-

fectured inframortally millenniums of slavishness. He is a little more than everything,he is democracy;he is alive:he is ourselves.

Miracles are to come. With you I leave a remembrance of miracles: they are by somebody who can love and who shall be continually reborn, a human being;somebody who said to those near him,when his fingers would not hold a brush "tie it into my hand"—

nothing proving or sick or partial. Nothing false,nothing difficult or easy or small or colossal. Nothing ordinary or extraordinary,nothing emptied or filled,real or unreal;nothing feeble and known or clumsy and guessed. Everywhere tints childrening,innocent spontaneous,true. Nowhere possibly what flesh and impossibly such a garden,but actually flowers which breasts are among the very mouths of light. Nothing believed or doubted;brain over heart, surface:nowhere hating or to fear; shadow,mind without soul. Only how measureless cool flames of making; only each other building always distinct selves of mutual entirely opening; only alive. Never the murdered finalities of wherewhen and yesno,impotent nongames of wrongright and rightwrong;never to gain or pause,never the soft adventure of undoom,greedy anguishes and cringing ecstasies of inexistence;never to rest and never to have:only to grow.

Always the beautiful answer who asks a more beautiful question

E. E. CUMMINGS

1

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der fog  
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touch

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fin  
gering  
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whichs  
turn  
in  
to whos

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people  
be  
come  
un

2

kind)  
YM&WC  
(of sort of)  
A soursweet bedtime

-less un-  
(wonderful)  
story atrickling a  
-rithmetic o-

ver me you & all those & that  
 "I may say professor"  
 asleep  
 wop "shapley

has compared the universe  
 to a  
 uh" pause  
 "Cookie

but" nonvisibly smi-  
 ling through man  
 -ufactured harmlessly accurate  
 gloom "I

think he might now be inclined to describe  
 it rather as  
 a" pause "uh"  
 cough

"Biscuit"  
 (& so on & so unto canned  
 swoonsong  
 came "I wish you good" the mechanical

dawn  
 "morning") & that those you  
 i St  
 ep

into the not  
 merely immeasurable into  
 the mightily alive the  
 dear beautiful eternal night

3

a football with white eyebrows the  
 3  
 rd chief something or must be off  
 duty wanderfuling aft spits)  
 int  
 o immensity (upon once whom

fiercely by pink mr seized green  
 mrs  
 opening is it horribly smith spouts

cornucopiously not unrecognizable whats of

t  
 oo vertiginously absorbed which à la

## 4

(of Ever-Ever Land i speak  
 sweet morons gather roun'  
 who does not dare to stand or sit  
 may take it lying down)

down with the human soul  
 and anything else uncanned  
 for everyone carries canopeners  
 in Ever-Ever Land

(for Ever-Ever Land is a place  
 that's as simple as simple can be  
 and was built that way on purpose  
 by simple people like we)

down with hell and heaven  
 and all the religious fuss  
 infinity pleased our parents  
 one inch looks good to us

(and Ever-Ever Land is a place  
 that's measured and safe and known  
 where it's lucky to be unlucky  
 and the hitler lies down with the cohn)

down above all with love  
 and everything perverse  
 or which makes some feel more better  
 when all ought to feel less worse

(but only sameness is normal  
 in Ever-Ever Land  
 for a bad cigar is a woman  
 but a gland is only a gland)

5

lucky means finding  
 Holes where  
 pockets aren't lucky  
 's to spend

laughter  
 not money lucky are  
 Breathe  
 grow dream

die love not  
 Fear eat sleep kill  
 and have you am luck  
 -y is we lucky luck-

ier  
 luck  
 -I-  
 est

6

Q:dwo  
 we know of anything which can  
 be as dull as one englishman  
 A:to

7

&-moon-He-be-hind-a-mills

tosses like thin burns dream  
 ing i'm thick in a hot young queen with  
 a twot with a twitch like kingdom  
 come(moon  
 The

sq  
 uirmwri  
 th-ing out of wonderful  
 thunder!of?ocean.a

ndn  
 ooneandfor  
 e-ver)moon She over this new eng  
 land fragrance of pasture and now ti

p toe ingt o  
 a child who alone st  
 and

s(not a  
 fraid of moon You)

not-mere-ly-won-der-ing-&

8

this little bride & groom are  
 standing)in a kind  
 of crown he dressed  
 in black candy she

veiled with candy white  
 carrying a bouquet of  
 pretend flowers this  
 candy crown with this candy

little bride & little  
 groom in it kind of stands on  
 a thin ring which stands on a much  
 less thin very much more

big & kinder of ring & which  
 kinder of stands on a  
 much more than very much  
 biggest & thickest & kindest

of ring & all one two three rings  
 are cake & everything is protected by  
 cellophane against anything(because  
 nothing really exists

9

so little he is  
so.

Little  
ness be

(ing)  
comes ex  
-pert-  
Ly expand:grO

w  
i  
?n  
g

Is poet iS  
(childlost  
so;ul  
)foundclown a

-live a  
,bird  
!O  
& j &

ji  
&  
jim,jimm  
;jimmy

s:  
A  
V  
o(  
. : ; ,

1 0

nor woman

(just as it began to snow he dis  
appear  
d leavi  
ng on itself pro  
pped uprigh  
t that in this o  
ther wise how e  
mpty park bundl  
e of what man can

't hurt any more h

u  
sh

nor child)

1 1

my specialty is living said  
a man(who could not earn his bread  
because he would not sell his head)squads right impatiently replied  
two billion pubic lice inside  
one pair of trousers(which had died)

1 2

The Mind's(

i never you never  
he she or it

never we you and they never  
 saw so  
 much heard so much smelled so much

tasted  
 plus touched quite so And  
 How much nonexistence  
 eye sed bea

yew tea mis  
 eyesucks unyewkuntel finglestein idstings  
 yewrety oride lesgo eckshun

kemeruh daretoi  
 nig

)Ah,Soul

13

if i

or anybody don't  
 know where it her his

my next meal's coming from  
 i say to hell with that  
 that doesn't matter(and if

he she it or everybody gets a  
 bellyful without  
 lifting my finger i say to hell  
 with that i

say that doesn't matter)but  
 if somebody  
 or you are beautiful or  
 deep or generous what  
 i say is

whistle that  
 sing that yell that spell  
 that out big(bigger than cosmic  
 rays war earthquakes famine or the ex

prince of whoses diving into  
 a whatses to rescue miss nobody's  
 probably handbag)because i say that's not

swell(get me)babe not(understand me)lousy  
 kid that's something else my sweet(i feel that's  
 true)

14

hanged

if n  
 y in a real hot spell  
 with o

man

what bubbies going  
 places on such  
 babies aint plenty  
 good enough for

i

eu  
 can have  
 you

rope

15

economic secu  
 rity" is a cu  
 rious excu

se  
 (in

use among pu  
 rpositive pu  
 nks)for pu

tting the arse  
 before the torse

## 16

beware beware beware  
 because because because  
 equals(transparent or

science must  
 bait laws with  
 stars to catch telescopes

)why.  
 Being is  
 patience is patient is(patiently

all the eyes of these with listening  
 hands only fishermen are  
 prevented by cathedrals

## 17

only as what(out of a flophouse)floats  
 on murdered feet into immense no

Where

which to map while these not eyes quite try  
 almost their mind immeasurably roots  
 among much soundless rubbish of guitars  
 and watches

only as this(which might have been  
 a man and kept a date and played a tune)  
 death's dollhead wandering under weakening stars

Feels;if

& god said & there was  
 is born:

one face who.

and hands hold his whose unlife  
 bursts

only so;only if you should turn  
 the infinite corner of love,all that i am  
 easily disappears(leaving no proof

not the least shadow of a. Not one smallest dream)

## 18

must being shall

one only thing must: the opening of a  
 (not some not every but any)  
 heart—wholly, idiotically—before  
 such nonsense which  
 is the overlove & underwish of  
 beauty; before keen if  
 dim quiveringly  
 spangle & thingless  
 & before flashing soft neverwheres &  
 sweet nothingly gushing tinsel; silently  
 yes before angel curvings upon a mostless  
 more of star

o-

pening of (writhing your exploding my) heart  
 before how worlds delicate  
 of bombast—papery what  
 & vast solidities, unwinding  
 dizzily &  
 mirrors; sprung dimensionless  
 new alls of joy: quietly & before illimitably  
 spiralling candy of tiniest  
 forever—crazily from totally sprouted by alive  
 green each very lifting  
 & seriously voice  
 -like finger of

the tree

## 19

may my heart always be open to little  
 birds who are the secrets of living  
 whatever they sing is better than to know  
 and if men should not hear them men are old

may my mind stroll about hungry  
 and fearless and thirsty and supple  
 and even if it's sunday may i be wrong  
 for whenever men are right they are not young

and may myself do nothing usefully  
 and love yourself so more than truly  
 there's never been quite such a fool who could fail  
 pulling all the sky over him with one smile

## 20

the people who  
 rain(are move as)proces  
 -sion Its oflike immens-  
 ely(a feet which is prayer

among)float withins he  
 upclimbst And(sky she  
 )open new(  
 dark we all findingly Spring the

Fragrance unvisible)ges  
 -tured together-  
 ly singing ams  
 trample(they flyingly silence

## 21

porky & porkie  
 sit into a moon)

blacker than dreams  
 are round like a spoon are  
 both making silence

two-made-of-one

& nothing tells anywhere  
 "snow will come soon" &  
 pretending they're birds sit

creatures of quills  
 (asleep who must go

things-without-wings

## 2 2

you shall above all things be glad and young.  
For if you're young,whatever life you wear

it will become you;and if you are glad  
whatever's living will yourself become.  
Girlboys may nothing more than boygirls need:  
i can entirely her only love

whose any mystery makes every man's  
flesh put space on;and his mind take off time

that you should ever think,may god forbid  
and(in his mercy)your true lover spare:  
for that way knowledge lies,the foetal grave  
called progress,and negation's dead undoom.

I'd rather learn from one bird how to sing  
than teach ten thousand stars how not to dance



# 50 Poems



*to m. m.*



1



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agains  
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ng with me  
n more o  
n than in the

m

## 3

If you can't eat you got to  
 smoke and we aint got  
 nothing to smoke:come on kid

let's go to sleep  
 if you can't smoke you got to

Sing and we aint got  
 nothing to sing;come on kid  
 let's go to sleep

if you can't sing you got to  
 die and we aint got

Nothing to die,come on kid

let's go to sleep  
 if you can't die you got to

dream and we aint got  
 nothing to dream(come on kid

Let's go to sleep)

## 4

nobody loved this  
 he)with its  
 of eye stuck  
 into a rock of

forehead.No  
 body

loved  
 big that quick  
 sharp  
 thick snake of a

voice these

root  
like legs  
or  
feethands;

nobody  
ever could ever

had love loved whose his  
climbing shoulders queerly twilight  
:never,no  
(body.

Nothing

## 5

am was. are leaves few this. is these a or  
scratchily over which of earth dragged once  
-ful leaf. & were who skies clutch an of poor  
how colding hereless. air theres what immense  
live without every dancing. singless on-  
ly a child's eyes float silently down  
more than two those that and that noing our  
gone snow gone

yours mine

. We're  
alive and shall be:cities may overflow(am  
was)assassinating whole grassblades,five  
ideas can swallow a man;three words im-  
-prison a woman for all her now:but we've  
such freedom such intense digestion so  
much greenness only dying makes us grow

## 6

flotsam and jetsam  
are gentlemen poeds  
urseappeal netsam  
our spinsters and coeds)

thoroughly british  
 they scout the inhuman  
 itarian fetish  
 that man isn't wuman

vive the millenni  
 um three cheers for labor  
 give all things to enni  
 one bugger thy nabor

(neck and senecktie  
 are gentlemen ppoyds  
 even whose reckettie  
 are covered by lloyd's

## 7

moan  
 (is)  
 ing

the she of the  
 sea  
 un

der a who  
 a he a moon a  
 magic out

of the black this which of  
 one street leaps quick  
 squirmthicklying lu

minous night  
 mare som  
 e w

hereanynoevery  
 ing(danc)ing  
 wills&weres

## 8

the Noster was a ship of swank  
 (as gallant as they come)  
 until she hit a mine and sank  
 just off the coast of Sum

precisely where a craft of cost  
 the Ergo perished later  
 all hands (you may recall) being lost  
 including captain Pater

## 9

warped this perhaps  
 stumbl  
 i  
 NgflounderpirouettiN  
 g

:seized(

tatterdemalion  
 dow  
 nupfloatsw  
 oon

InG

s ly)tuck.s its(ghostsoul sheshape)

elf into leasting forever most  
 magical maybes of certainly  
 never the iswas

teetertiptotterish

sp-  
 inwhirlpin  
 -wh

EEling  
 ;a! who,

(

whic hbubble ssomethin  
 gabou tlov  
 e)

1 0

spoke joe to jack

leave he1 alone  
 she's not your gal

jack spoke to joe  
 's left crashed  
 pal dropped

o god alice  
 yells but who shot  
 up grabbing had  
 by my throat me

give it him good  
 a bottle she  
 quick who stop damned  
 fall all we go spill

and chairs tables the and  
 bitch whispers jill  
 mopping too bad

dear sh not yet  
 jesus what blood

darling i said

1 1

red-rag and pink-flag  
 blackshirt and brown  
 strut-mince and stink-brag  
 have all come to town

some like it shot  
 and some like it hung  
 and some like it in the twot  
 nine months young

1 2

(will you teach a  
 wretch to live  
 straighter than a needle)

ask  
     her  
         ask  
             when  
                 (ask and  
                 ask  
                 and ask  
 again and) ask a  
 brittle little  
 person fiddling  
 in  
 the  
 rain

(did you kiss  
 a girl with nipples  
 like pink thimbles)

ask  
     him  
         ask  
             who  
                 (ask and  
                 ask  
                 and ask  
 ago and) ask a  
 simple  
 crazy  
 thing  
 singing  
 in the snow

## 1 3

proud of his scientific attitude

and liked the prince of wales wife wants to die  
 but the doctors won't let her comma considers frood  
 whom he pronounces young mistaken and  
 cradles in rubbery one somewhat hand  
 the paper destinies of nations sic  
 item a bounceless period unshy  
 the empty house is full O Yes of guk  
 rooms daughter item son a woopsing queer  
 colon hobby photography never has plumbed  
 the heights of prowst but respects artists if  
 they are sincere proud of his scientif  
 ic attitude and liked the king of)hear

ye!the godless are the dull and the dull are the damned

## 1 4

the way to hump a cow is not  
 to get yourself a stool  
 but draw a line around the spot  
 and call it beautifool

to multiply because and why  
 dividing thens by nows  
 and adding and (i understand)  
 is hows to hump a cows

the way to hump a cow is not  
 to elevate your tool  
 but drop a penny in the slot  
 and bellow like a bool

to lay a wreath from ancient greath  
 on insulated brows  
 (while tossing bombs at uncle toms)  
 is hows to hump a cows

the way to hump a cow is not  
 to push and then to pull  
 but practicing the art of swot  
 to preach the golden rull

to vote for me(all decent mem  
and wonens will allows  
which if they don't to hell with them)  
is hows to hump a cows

## 15

mrs

& mr across the way are kind of  
afraid)afraid

of what(of

a crazy man)don't  
ask me how i know(a he of head  
comes to some dirty window every)twilight i

feel(his lousy eyes roaming)wonderful all

sky(a little mouth)stumbling(can't  
keep up with how big very  
them)now(it tears  
off rag its

of

mind chucks away flimsy  
which but)always(they're  
more much further off)further these  
those three disappear finally what's left

behind is(just a head of he

is)merely(a pair of ears with some  
lips plus a couple of)holes probably that's what  
(mr & mrs are

sort of really

really kind  
of afraid of)these(down pull & who'll

shades

## 16

)when what hugs stopping earth than silent is  
 more silent than more than much more is or  
 total sun oceaning than any this  
 tear jumping from each most least eye of star

and without was if minus and shall be  
 immeasurable happenless unnow  
 shuts more than open could that every tree  
 or than all life more death begins to grow

end's ending then these dolls of joy and grief  
 these recent memories of future dream  
 these perhaps who have lost their shadows if  
 which did not do the losing spectres mime

until out of merely not nothing comes  
 only one snowflake (and we speak our names

## 17

youful

larger  
 of smallish)

Humble a  
 rosily  
 ,nimblest;

c-urlin-g  
 noworld  
 Silent is

blue  
 (sleep!new

girlgold

## 18

ecco a letter starting "dearest we"  
 unsigned:remarkably brief but covering  
 one complete miracle of nearest far

"i cordially invite me to become  
 noone except yourselves r s v p"

she cannot read or write,la moon. Employs  
 a very crazily how clownlike that  
 this quickly ghost scribbling from there to where

—name unless i'm mistaken chauvesouris—  
 whose grammar is atrocious;but so what

princess selene doesn't know a thing  
 who's much too busy being her beautiful yes.  
 The place is now

let us accept  
 (the time

forever,and you'll wear your silver shoes

## 19

there is a here and

that here was a  
 town(and the town is

so aged the ocean  
 wanders the streets are so  
 ancient the houses enter the

people are so feeble the feeble go to  
 sleep if the people sit down)  
 and this light is so dark the mountains  
 grow up from

the sky is so near the earth does not  
 open her  
 eyes (but the  
 feeble are people the feeble  
 are so wise the people

remember being born)  
 when and  
 if nothing disappears they  
 will disappear always who are filled

with never are more than  
 more is are mostly  
 almost are feebler than feeble are

fable who are less than these are least is who  
 are am (beyond when behind where under

un)

20

harder perhaps than a newengland bed

these ends of arms which pinch that purple book  
 between what hands had been before they died

squirming: now withered and unself her gnarled  
 vomits a rock of mindscreeam into life;  
 possibly darker than a spinster's heart

my voice feels who inquires is your cough  
 better today? nn-nn went head face goes

(if how begins a pillow's green means face

or why a quilt's pink stops might equal head).  
 Then with the splendor of an angel's fart

came one trembling out of huge each eye look  
 "thank you" nicely the lady's small grin said  
 (with more simplicity than makes a world)

six

are in a room's dark around)

five

(are all dancesing singdance all are

three

with faces made of cloud dancing and

three

singing with voices made of earth and

six are in a room's dark around)

five

(six are in a room's)

one

is red

and(six are in)

four are

white

(three singdance six dancesing three

all around around all

clouds singing three and

and three dancing earths

three menandwomen three

and all around all and

all around five all

around five around)

five flowers five

(six are in a room's dark)

all five are one

flowers five flowers and all one is fire

## 2 2

nouns to nouns

wan  
wan

too nons two

and  
and

nuns two nuns

w an d  
ering

in sin

g  
ular untheknowndulous s

pring

## 2 3

a pretty a day  
(and every fades)  
is here and away  
(but born are maids  
to flower an hour  
in all,all)

o yes to flower  
until so blithe  
a doer a wooer  
some limber and lithe  
some very fine mower  
a tall;tall

some jerry so very  
 (and nellie and fan)  
 some handsomest harry  
 (and sally and nan  
 they tremble and cower  
 so pale:pale)

for betty was born  
 to never say nay  
 but lucy could learn  
 and lily could pray  
 and fewer were shyer  
 than doll. doll

## 2 4

these people socalled were not given hearts  
 how should they be?their socalled hearts would think  
 these socalled people have no minds but if  
 they had their minds socalled would not exist

but if these not existing minds took life  
 such life could not begin to live id est  
 breathe but if such life could its breath would stink

and as for souls why souls are wholes not parts  
 but all these hundreds upon thousands of  
 people socalled if multiplied by twice  
 infinity could never equal one)

which may your million selves and my suffice  
 to through the only mystery of love  
 become while every sun goes round its moon

## 2 5

as freedom is a breakfastfood  
 or truth can live with right and wrong  
 or molehills are from mountains made  
 —long enough and just so long  
 will being pay the rent of seem  
 and genius please the talentgang  
 and water most encourage flame

as hatracks into peachtrees grow  
 or hopes dance best on bald men's hair  
 and every finger is a toe  
 and any courage is a fear  
 —long enough and just so long  
 will the impure think all things pure  
 and hornets wail by children stung

or as the seeing are the blind  
 and robins never welcome spring  
 nor flatfolk prove their world is round  
 nor dingsters die at break of dong  
 and common's rare and millstones float  
 —long enough and just so long  
 tomorrow will not be too late

worms are the words but joy's the voice  
 down shall go which and up come who  
 breasts will be breasts thighs will be thighs  
 deeds cannot dream what dreams can do  
 —time is a tree (this life one leaf)  
 but love is the sky and i am for you  
 just so long and long enough

## 26

wherelings whenlings  
 (daughters of ifbut offspring of hopefear  
 sons of unless and children of almost)  
 never shall guess the dimension of

him whose  
 each  
 foot likes the  
 here of this earth

whose both  
 eyes  
 love  
 this now of the sky

—endlings of isn't  
 shall never  
 begin  
 to begin to

imagine how(only are shall be were  
 dawn dark rain snow rain  
 -bow &  
 a

moon  
 's whis-  
 per  
 in sunset

or thrushes toward dusk among whippoorwills or  
 tree field rock hollyhock forest brook chickadee  
 mountain. Mountain)  
 whycoloured worlds of because do

not stand against yes which is built by  
 forever & sunsmell  
 (sometimes a wonder  
 of wild roses

sometimes)  
 with north  
 over  
 the barn

## 27

buy me an ounce and i'll sell you a pound.  
 Turn  
 gert  
 (spin!  
 helen)the  
 slimmer the finger the thicker the thumb(it's  
 whirl,  
 girls)  
 round and round

early to better is wiser for worse.

Give

liz

(take!

tommy)we

order a steak and they send us a pie(it's

try,

boys)

mine is yours

ask me the name of the moon in the man.

Up

sam

(down!

alice)a

hole in the ocean will never be missed(it's

in,

girls)

yours is mine

either was deafer than neither was dumb.

Skip

fred

(jump!

neddy)but

under the wonder is over the why(it's

now,

boys)

here we come

## 2 8

there are possibly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or impossibly 3  
 individuals every several fat  
 thousand years. Expecting more would be  
 neither fantastic nor pathological but

dumb. The number of times a wheel turns  
 doesn't determine its roundness:if swallows tryst  
 in your barn be glad;nobody ever earns  
 anything,everything little looks big in a mist

and if (by Him Whose blood was for us spilled)  
 than all mankind something more small occurs  
 or something more distorting than so-called  
 civilization i'll kiss a stalinist arse

in hitler's window on wednesday next at 1  
 E.S.T. bring the kiddies let's all have fun

## 29

anyone lived in a pretty how town  
 (with up so floating many bells down)  
 spring summer autumn winter  
 he sang his didn't he danced his did.

Women and men (both little and small)  
 cared for anyone not at all  
 they sowed their isn't they reaped their same  
 sun moon stars rain

children guessed (but only a few  
 and down they forgot as up they grew  
 autumn winter spring summer)  
 that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf  
 she laughed his joy she cried his grief  
 bird by snow and stir by still  
 anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones  
 laughed their cryings and did their dance  
 (sleep wake hope and then) they  
 said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon  
 (and only the snow can begin to explain  
 how children are apt to forget to remember  
 with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess  
 (and noone stooped to kiss his face)  
 busy folk buried them side by side  
 little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep  
 and more by more they dream their sleep  
 noone and anyone earth by april  
 wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding)  
 summer autumn winter spring  
 reaped their sowing and went their came  
 sun moon stars rain

## 30

the silently little blue elephant shyly(he was terri  
 bly  
 warped by his voyage from every to no)who  
 still stands still as found some lost thing(like a  
 curtain on which tiny the was painted in round  
 blue but quite now it's swirly and foldish so only through)the  
 little blue elephant at the zoo(jumbled  
 to queer this what that a here and  
 there a peers at you)has(elephant the blue)put some just  
 a now and now little the(on his quiet  
 head his magical shoulders him doll  
 self)hay completely thus or that wispily  
 is to say according to his perfect  
 satisfaction vanishing from a this world into bigger  
 much some out of(not visible to us)whom only his dream  
 ing own soul looks  
 and  
 the is all floatful and remembering

## 31

not time's how(anchored in what mountaining roots  
 of mere eternity)stupendous if  
 discoverably disappearing floats  
 at trillionworlded the ecstatic ease

with which vast my complexly wisdoming friend's  
 —a fingery treesoul onlying from serene  
 whom queries not suspected selves of space—  
 life stands gradually upon four minds

(out of some undering joy and overing grief  
 nothing arrives a so prodigious am  
 a so immediate is escorts us home  
 through never's always until absolute un

gulps the first knowledge of death's wandering guess)  
 while children climb their eyes to touch his dream

## 3 2

newlys of silence  
 (both an only

moon the with star

one moving are twilight  
 they beyond near)

girlst she slender

is cradling in joy her  
 flower than now

(softlying wisdoms

enter guess)  
 childmoon smile to

your breathing doll

## 3 3

one slipslouch twi  
 tterstamp  
 coon wid a plon  
 kykerplung  
 guit  
 ar

(pleez make me glad)dis

dumdam slamslum slopp  
 idy wurl  
 sho am  
 wick  
 id id  
 ar  
 (now heer we kum dearie)bud

hooz  
 gwine ter  
 hate  
 dad hurt  
 fool wurl no gal no  
 boy  
 (day simbully loves id)fer

ids dare  
 pain dares un  
 no  
 budy elses un ids  
 dare dare  
 joy  
 (eye kinely thank yoo)

## 3 4

my father moved through dooms of love  
 through sames of am through haves of give,  
 singing each morning out of each night  
 my father moved through depths of height

this motionless forgetful where  
 turned at his glance to shining here;  
 that if(so timid air is firm)  
 under his eyes would stir and squirm

newly as from unburied which  
 floats the first who,his april touch  
 drove sleeping selves to swarm their fates  
 ,woke dreamers to their ghostly roots

and should some why completely weep  
 my father's fingers brought her sleep:  
 vainly no smallest voice might cry  
 for he could feel the mountains grow.

Lifting the valleys of the sea  
 my father moved through griefs of joy;  
 praising a forehead called the moon  
 singing desire into begin

joy was his song and joy so pure  
 a heart of star by him could steer  
 and pure so now and now so yes  
 the wrists of twilight would rejoice

keen as midsummer's keen beyond  
 conceiving mind of sun will stand,  
 so strictly (over utmost him  
 so hugely) stood my father's dream

his flesh was flesh his blood was blood:  
 no hungry man but wished him food;  
 no cripple wouldn't creep one mile  
 uphill to only see him smile.

Scorning the pomp of must and shall  
 my father moved through dooms of feel;  
 his anger was as right as rain  
 his pity was as green as grain

septembering arms of year extend  
 less humbly wealth to foe and friend  
 than he to foolish and to wise  
 offered immeasurable is

proudly and (by octobering flame  
 beckoned) as earth will downward climb,  
 so naked for immortal work  
 his shoulders marched against the dark

his sorrow was as true as bread:  
 no liar looked him in the head;  
 if every friend became his foe  
 he'd laugh and build a world with snow.

My father moved through theys of we,  
 singing each new leaf out of each tree  
 (and every child was sure that spring  
 danced when she heard my father sing)

then let men kill which cannot share,  
 let blood and flesh be mud and mire,  
 scheming imagine, passion willed,  
 freedom a drug that's bought and sold

giving to steal and cruel kind,  
 a heart to fear, to doubt a mind,  
 to differ a disease of same,  
 conform the pinnacle of am

though dull were all we taste as bright,  
 bitter all utterly things sweet,  
 maggoty minus and dumb death  
 all we inherit, all bequeath

and nothing quite so least as truth  
 —i say though hate were why men breathe—  
 because my father lived his soul  
 love is the whole and more than all

## 3 5

you which could grin three smiles into a dead  
 house clutch between eyes emptiness toss one

at nobody shoulder and thick stickingly un

stride after glide massacre monday did  
 more)ask a lifelump buried by the star  
 nicked ends next among broken odds of yes  
 terday's tomorrow (than today can guess

or fears to dare whatever dares to fear)

i very humbly thank you which could grin  
 may stern particular Love surround your trite  
 how terrible selfhood with its hands and feet

(lift and may pitying Who from sharp soft worms

of spiralling why and out of black because  
your absolute courage with its legs and arms

3 6

i say no world

can hold a you  
shall see the not  
because  
and why but  
(who  
stood within his steam be-  
ginning and  
began to sing all  
here is hands machine no

good too quick i know this  
suit you pay  
a store too  
much yes what  
too much o much cheap  
me i work i know i say i have  
not any  
never  
no vacation here

is hands is work since i am  
born is good  
but there this cheap this suit too  
quick no suit there every  
-thing  
nothing i  
say the  
world not fit  
you)he is

not(i say the world  
 yes any world is much  
 too not quite big enough to  
 hold one tiny this with  
 time's  
 more than  
 most how  
 immeasurable  
 anguish

pregnant one fearless  
 one good yes  
 completely kind  
 mindheart one true one generous child-  
 man  
 -god one eager  
 souldoll one  
 unsellable not buyable alive  
 one i say human being)one

goldberger

37

these children singing in stone a  
 silence of stone these  
 little children wound with stone  
 flowers opening for

ever these silently lit  
 tle children are petals  
 their song is a flower of  
 always their flowers

of stone are  
 silently singing  
 a song more silent  
 than silence these always

children forever  
 singing wreathed with singing  
 blossoms children of  
 stone with blossoming

eyes  
 know if a  
 lit tle  
 tree listens

forever to always children singing forever  
 a song made  
 of silent as stone silence of  
 song

## 3 8

love is the every only god

who spoke this earth so glad and big  
 even a thing all small and sad  
 man, may his mighty briefness dig

for love beginning means return  
 seas who could sing so deep and strong

one queerying wave will whitely yearn  
 from each last shore and home come young

so truly perfectly the skies  
 by merciful love whispered were,  
 completes its brightness with your eyes

any illimitable star

## 39

denied night's face  
have shadowless they?  
i bring you peace  
the moon of day

predicted end  
who never began  
of god and fiend?  
i give you man

extracted hate  
from whispering grass?  
joy in time shut  
and starved on space?

love's murdered eye  
dissected to mere  
because and why?  
take this whole tear.

By handless hints  
do conjurers rule?  
do mannikins  
forbid the soul?

is death a whore  
with life's disease  
which quacks will cure  
when pimps may please?

must through unstrange  
synthetic now  
true histories plunge?  
rains a grey snow

of mothery same  
rotting keen dream?  
i rise which am  
the sun of whom

## 40

a peopleshaped toomany-ness far too

and will it tell us who we are and will  
it tell us why we dream and will it tell  
us how we drink crawl eat walk die fly do?

a notalive undead too-nearishness

and shall we cry and shall we laugh and shall  
entirely our doom steer his great small  
wish into upward deepness of less fear  
much than more climbing hope meets most despair?

all knowing's having and have is(you guess)  
perhaps the very unkindest way to kill  
each of those creatures called one's self so we'll

not have(but i imagine that yes is  
the only living thing)and we'll make yes

## 41

up into the silence the green  
silence with a white earth in it

you will(kiss me)go

out into the morning the young  
morning with a warm world in it

(kiss me)you will go

on into the sunlight the fine  
sunlight with a firm day in it

you will go(kiss me

down into your memory and  
a memory and memory

i)kiss me(will go)

## 4 2

love is more thicker than forget  
 more thinner than recall  
 more seldom than a wave is wet  
 more frequent than to fail

it is most mad and moonly  
 and less it shall unbe  
 than all the sea which only  
 is deeper than the sea

love is less always than to win  
 less never than alive  
 less bigger than the least begin  
 less littler than forgive

it is most sane and sunly  
 and more it cannot die  
 than all the sky which only  
 is higher than the sky

## 4 3

hate blows a bubble of despair into  
 hugeness world system universe and bang  
 —fear buries a tomorrow under woe  
 and up comes yesterday most green and young

pleasure and pain are merely surfaces  
 (one itself showing, itself hiding one)  
 life's only and true value neither is  
 love makes the little thickness of the coin

comes here a man would have from madame death  
 neverless now and without winter spring?  
 she'll spin that spirit her own fingers with  
 and give him nothing (if he should not sing)

how much more than enough for both of us  
 darling. And if i sing you are my voice,

4 4

air,

be  
comes  
or

(a)

new  
(live)  
now

;&amp;

th  
(is no littler  
th

an a:

fear no bigger  
th  
an a

hope)is

st  
anding  
st

a.r

4 5

enters give  
whose lost is his found  
leading love  
whose heart is her mind)

supremely whole  
 uplifting the,  
 of each where all  
 was is to be

welcomes welcomes  
 her dreams his face  
 (her face his dreams  
 rejoice rejoice)

—opens the sun:  
 who music wear  
 burst icy known  
 swim ignorant fire

(adventuring  
 and time's dead which;  
 falling falling  
 both locked in each

down a thief by  
 a whore dragged goes  
 to meet her why  
 she his because

4 6

grEEEn's d

an  
 cing on hollow was

young Up  
 floatingly clothes tumbledish  
 olD(with

sprouts o  
 ver and)a-  
 live  
 wanders remembe

r  
 ing per  
 F  
 ectl  
 y

crumb  
 ling eye  
 -holes oUt of whe  
 reful whom(leas

tly)  
 smiles the  
 infinite nothing

of  
 M

an

47

(sitting in a tree-)  
 o small you  
 sitting in a tree-

sitting in a treetop

riding on a greenest

riding on a greener  
 (o little i)  
 riding on a leaf

o least who  
 sing small thing  
 dance little joy

(shine most prayer)

48

mortals)

climbi

ng i

nto eachness begi

n

dizzily

swingthings

of speeds of

trapeze gush somersaults

open ing

hes shes

&meet&

swoop

fully is are ex

quisite theys of re

turn

a

n

d

fall which now drop who all dreamlike

(im

49

i am so glad and very  
 merely my fourth will cure  
 the laziest self of weary  
 the hugest sea of shore

so far your nearness reaches  
 a lucky fifth of you  
 turns people into eachs  
 and cowards into grow

our can'ts were born to happen  
 our mosts have died in more  
 our twentieth will open  
 wide a wide open door

we are so both and oneful  
 night cannot be so sky  
 sky cannot be so sunful  
 i am through you so i

## 50

what freedom's not some under's mere above  
 but breathing yes which fear will never no?  
 measureless our pure living complete love  
 whose doom is beauty and its fate to grow

shall hate confound the wise?doubt blind the brave?  
 does mask wear face?have singings gone to say?  
 here youngest selves yet younger selves conceive  
 here's music's music and the day of day

are worlds collapsing?any was a glove  
 but i'm and you are actual either hand  
 is when for sale?forever is to give  
 and on forever's very now we stand

nor a first rose explodes but shall increase  
 whole truthful infinite immediate us

**1 x 1**

**(One Times One)**



## 1

## I

nonsun blob a  
cold to  
skylesness  
sticking fire

my are your  
are birds our all  
and one gone  
away the they

leaf of ghosts some  
few creep there  
here or on  
unearth

## II

neither could say  
(it comes so slow  
not since not why)  
both didn't know

exeunt they  
(not false not true  
not you not i)  
it comes so who

## III

it's over a (see just  
 over this) wall  
 the apples are (yes  
 they're gravensteins) all  
 as red as to lose  
 and as round as to find.

Each why of a leaf says  
 (floating each how)  
 you're which as to die  
 (each green of a new)  
 you're who as to grow  
 but you're he as to do

what must (whispers) be must  
 be (the wise fool)  
 if living's to give  
 so breathing's to steal—  
 five wishes are five  
 and one hand is a mind

then over our thief goes  
 (you go and i)  
 has pulled (for he's we)  
 such fruit from what bough  
 that someone called they  
 made him pay with his now.

But over a (see just  
 over this) wall  
 the red and the round  
 (they're gravensteins) fall  
 with kind of a blind  
 big sound on the ground

## IV

of all the blessings which to man  
 kind progress doth impart  
 one stands supreme i mean the an  
 imal without a heart.

Huge this collective pseudobeast  
 (sans either pain or joy)  
 does nothing except preexist  
 its hoi in its polloi

and if sometimes he's prodded forth  
 to exercise her vote  
 (or made by threats of something worth  
 than death to change their coat

—which something as you'll never guess  
 in fifty thousand years  
 equals the quote and unquote loss  
 of liberty my dears—

or even is compelled to fight  
 itself from tame to teem)  
 still doth our hero contemplate  
 in raptures of undream

that strictly (and how) scienti  
 fic land of supernod  
 where freedom is compulsory  
 and only man is god.

Without a heart the animal  
 is very very kind  
 so kind it wouldn't like a soul  
 and couldn't use a mind

## V

squints a blond  
 job at her  
 diamond  
 solitaire

while guesswho nibbles his ton of torse

squirms a pool  
 of pink fat  
 screams a hole  
 in it

that birth was wicked and life is worse

squats a big  
dove on g  
w's wig  
so what he

is much too busy sitting the horse

## VI

my(his from daughter's mother's zero mind  
fahrenheit)old infrequently more and  
more much(as aprils elsewhere stroll)exhumed

most innocently undecaying friend  
hangs at yon guilty ceiling per both pale  
orbs thus excluding a leanderless

drowning in sub(at the next)nakedness  
(table but three)hero's carnivorous(smile  
by lipstick smell by matchabelli)tits

as(while thumb a plus fingers all with blind  
him of who)i discreetly(masturbates  
one honest breadcrumb)say "i understand

quite what you mean by"

sold!to the dollarfull shea  
with a weakness for living literature

"loyaltea"

## V II

ygUDuh

ydoan  
yunnuhstanydoan o  
yunnuhstan dem  
yguduh gedyunnuhstan dem doidee  
yguduh ged riduh  
ydoan o nudn  
LISN bud LISNdem  
gud  
amlidl yelluh bas  
tuds weer goin

duhSIVILEYEzum

## V III

applaws)

“fell  
ow  
sit  
isn'ts”

(a paw s

## IX

a salesman is an it that stinks Excuse

Me whether it's president of the you were say  
 or a jennelman name misder finger isn't  
 important whether it's millions of other punks  
 or just a handful absolutely doesn't  
 matter and whether it's in lonjewray

or shrouds is immaterial it stinks

a salesman is an it that stinks to please

but whether to please itself or someone else  
 makes no more difference than if it sells  
 hate condoms education snakeoil vac  
 uumcleaners terror strawberries democ  
 ra(caveat emptor)cy superfluous hair

or Think We've Met subhuman rights Before

## X

a politician is an arse upon  
 which everyone has sat except a man

## XI

mr u will not be missed  
 who as an anthologist  
 sold the many on the few  
 not excluding mr u

## XII

it was a goodly co  
 which paid to make man free  
 (for man is enslaved by a dread dizziz  
 and the sooner it's over the sooner to biz  
 don't ask me what it's pliz)

then up rose bishop budge from kew  
 a anglican was who  
 (with a rag and a bone and a hank of hair)'d  
 he picked up a thousand pounds or two  
 and he smote the monster merde

then up rose pride and up rose pelf  
 and ghibelline and guelph  
 and ladios and laddios  
 (on radios and raddios)  
 did save man from himself

ye duskiest despot's goldenest gal  
 did wring that dragon's tail  
 (for men must loaf and women must lay)  
 and she gave him a desdemonial  
 that took his breath away

all history oped her teeming womb  
 said demon for to doom  
 yea (fresh complexions being oke  
 with him) one william shakespeare broke  
 the silence of the tomb

then up rose mr lipshits pres  
 (who always nothing says)  
 and he kisséd the general menedjerr  
 and they smokéd a robert burns cigerr  
 to the god of things like they err

## XIII

plato told

him: he couldn't  
believe it (jesus

told him; he  
wouldn't believe  
it) lao

tsze  
certainly told  
him, and general  
(yes

mam)  
sherman;  
and even  
(believe it  
or

not) you  
told him: i told  
him; we told him  
(he didn't believe it, no

sir) it took  
a nipponized bit of  
the old sixth

avenue  
el; in the top of his head: to tell

him



## XVI

one's not half two. It's two are halves of one:  
 which halves reintegrating, shall occur  
 no death and any quantity; but than  
 all numerable mosts the actual more

minds ignorant of stern miraculous  
 this every truth—beware of heartless them  
 (given the scalpel, they dissect a kiss;  
 or, sold the reason, they undream a dream)

one is the song which fiends and angels sing:  
 all murdering lies by mortals told make two.  
 Let liars wilt, repaying life they're loaned;  
 we (by a gift called dying born) must grow

deep in dark least ourselves remembering  
 love only rides his year.

All lose, whole find

## X

## XVII

one(Floatingly)arrive

(silent)one by(alive)  
from(into disappear

and perfectly)nowhere  
vivid anonymous  
mythical guests of Is

unslowly more who(and  
here who there who)descend  
-ing(mercifully)touch  
deathful earth's any which

Weavingly now one by  
wonder(on twilight)they  
come until(over dull

all nouns)begins a whole  
verbal adventure to

illimitably Grow

## XVIII

as any(men's hells having wrestled with)  
man drops into his own paradise  
thankfully

whole and the green whereless truth  
of an eternal now welcomes each was  
of whom among not numerable ams

(leaving a perfectly distinct unhe;  
a ticking phantom by prodigious time's  
mere brain contrived:a spook of stop and go)  
may i achieve another steepest thing—

how more than sleep illimitably my  
 —being so very born no bird can sing  
 as easily creation up all sky

(really unreal world,will you perhaps do  
 the breathing for me while i am away?)

### XIX

when you are silent,shining host by guest  
 a snowingly enfolding glory is

all angry common things to disappear  
 causing through mystery miracle peace:

or(if begin the colours of your voice)  
 from some complete existence of to dream  
 into complete some dream of to exist  
 a stranger who is i awakening am.

Living no single thing dares partly seem  
 one atomy once,and every cannot stir  
 imagining;while you are motionless—

whose moving is more april than the year  
 (if all her most first little flowers rise

out of tremendous darkness into air)

## X X

what if a much of a which of a wind  
 gives the truth to summer's lie;  
 bloodies with dizzying leaves the sun  
 and yanks immortal stars awry?  
 Blow king to beggar and queen to seem  
 (blow friend to fiend:blow space to time)  
 —when skies are hanged and oceans drowned,  
 the single secret will still be man

what if a keen of a lean wind flays  
 screaming hills with sleet and snow:  
 strangles valleys by ropes of thing  
 and stifles forests in white ago?  
 Blow hope to terror;blow seeing to blind  
 (blow pity to envy and soul to mind)  
 —whose hearts are mountains,roots are trees,  
 it's they shall cry hello to the spring

what if a dawn of a doom of a dream  
 bites this universe in two,  
 peels forever out of his grave  
 and sprinkles nowhere with me and you?  
 Blow soon to never and never to twice  
 (blow life to isn't:blow death to was)  
 —all nothing's only our hugest home;  
 the most who die,the more we live

## X X I

dead every enormous piece  
 of nonsense which itself must call  
 a state submicroscopic is—  
 compared with pitying terrible  
 some alive individual

ten centuries of original soon  
 or make it ten times ten are more  
 than not entitled to complain  
 —plunged in eternal now if who're  
 by the five nevers of a lear

## X X I I

no man,if men are gods;but if gods must  
 be men,the sometimes only man is this  
 (most common,for each anguish is his grief;  
 and,for his joy is more than joy,most rare)

a fiend,if fiends speak truth;if angels burn

by their own generous completely light,  
 an angel;or(as various worlds he'll spurn  
 rather than fail immeasurable fate)  
 coward,clown,traitor,idiot,dreamer,beast—

such was a poet and shall be and is

—who'll solve the depths of horror to defend  
 a sunbeam's architecture with his life:  
 and carve immortal jungles of despair  
 to hold a mountain's heartbeat in his hand

## X X I I I

love is a spring at which  
 crazy they drink who've climbed  
 steeper than hopes are fears  
 only not ever named  
 mountains more if than each  
 known allness disappears

lovers are mindless they  
 higher than fears are hopes  
 lovers are those who kneel  
 lovers are those whose lips  
 smash unimagined sky  
 deeper than heaven is hell

## XXIV

(once like a spark)

if strangers meet  
 life begins—  
 not poor not rich  
 (only aware)  
 kind neither  
 nor cruel  
 (only complete)  
 i not not you  
 not possible;  
 only truthful  
 —truthfully, once  
 if strangers (who  
 deep our most are  
 selves) touch:  
 forever

(and so to dark)

## XXV

what over and which under  
 burst lurch things phantoms curl  
 (mouth seekingly lips wander  
 a finding whom of girl)

dolls clutching their dolls wallow  
 toys playing writhe with toys  
 (than are all unworlds hollow  
 silence has deeper eyes)

purest than fear's obscener  
 brightest than hate's more black  
 keenest than dying's keener  
 each will kissed breast awake)

slow tottering visions bigly  
 come crashing into go  
 (all than were nevers ugly  
 beautiful most is now)

## XXVI

when god decided to invent  
 everything he took one  
 breath bigger than a circustent  
 and everything began

when man determined to destroy  
 himself he picked the was  
 of shall and finding only why  
 smashed it into because

## XXVII

old mr ly  
 fresh from a fu  
 ruddy as a sun  
 with blue true two

man  
 neral  
 rise  
 eyes

“this world’s made ’bout  
 right it’s the people that  
 abuses it you can git  
 anything you like out

of it if  
 you gut a mind  
 to there’s something  
 for everybody it’s a”

old mr lyman  
 ruddy as a sunrise  
 fresh with blue come  
 true from

a funeral  
 eyes  
 “big  
 thing”

## XXVIII

rain or hail  
 sam done  
 the best he kin  
 till they digged his hole

:sam was a man

stout as a bridge  
 rugged as a bear  
 slickern a weazel  
 how be you

(sun or snow)

gone into what  
 like all them kings  
 you read about  
 and on him sings

a whippoorwill;

heart was big  
 as the world aint square  
 with room for the devil  
 and his angels too

yes,sir

what may be better  
 or what may be worse  
 and what may be clover  
 clover clover

(nobody'll know)

sam was a man  
 grinned his grin  
 done his chores  
 laid him down.

Sleep well

## XXIX

let it go—the  
 smashed word broken  
 open vow or  
 the oath cracked length  
 wise—let it go it  
 was sworn to  
                   go

let them go—the  
 truthful liars and  
 the false fair friends  
 and the boths and  
 neithers—you must let them go they  
 were born  
                   to go

let all go—the  
 big small middling  
 tall bigger really  
 the biggest and all  
 things—let all go  
 dear  
                   so comes love

## XXX

Hello is what a mirror says  
 it is a maid says Who  
 and (hearing not a which) replies  
 in haste I must be you

no sunbeam ever lies

Bang is the meaning of a gun  
 it is a man means No  
 and (seeing something yes) will grin  
 with pain You so&so

true wars are never won

## XXXI

a-

float on some  
?  
i call twilight you

'll see

an in  
-ch  
of an if

&amp;

who  
is  
the

)

more  
dream than become  
more

am than imagine

## XXXII

i've come to ask you if there isn't a  
new moon outside your window saying if

that's all, just if"

"that's all there is to say"

(and she looked)"especially in winter"(like a leaf  
opening)

as we stood, one (truthed  
by wisping tinily the silverest

alive silentness god ever breathed

upon beginning)

“beautiful o most  
beautiful” her,my life worships and  
(night)

then “everything beautiful can grow”

my,her life marvels “here’ll be a canoe

and a whole world and then a single hair  
again” marvels “and liars kill their kind

but” her,my “love creates love only” our

### XXXIII

open green those  
(dear)  
worlds of than great  
more eyes,and what  
were summer’s beside their  
glories

downward if they’ll  
or  
goldenly float  
so(dreaming out  
of dreams among)no year  
will fall

this than,a least  
dare  
of snow less quite  
is nothing but  
herself,and than this(mere  
most)breast

spring’s million(who  
are  
and do not wait)  
buds imitate  
upward each first flower  
of two

## XXXIV

nothing false and possible is love  
 (who's imagined, therefore limitless)  
 love's to giving as to keeping's give;  
 as yes is to if, love is to yes

must's a schoolroom in the month of may:  
 life's the deathboard where all now turns when  
 (love's a universe beyond obey  
 or command, reality or un-)

proudly depths above why's first because  
 (faith's last doubt and humbly heights below)  
 kneeling, we—true lovers—pray that us  
 will ourselves continue to outgrow

all whose mosts if you have known and i've  
 only we our least begin to guess

## XXXV

except in your  
 honour,  
 my loveliest,  
 nothing  
 may move may rest  
 —you bring

(out of dark the  
 earth)a  
 procession of  
 wonders  
 huger than prove  
 our fears

were hopes: the moon  
 open  
 for you and close  
 will shy  
 wings of because;  
 each why

of star (afloat  
 on not  
 quite less than all  
 of time)  
 gives you skilful  
 his flame

so is your heart  
 alert,  
 of languages  
 there's none  
 but well she knows;  
 and can

perfectly speak  
 (snowflake  
 and rainbow mind  
 and soul  
 november and  
 april)

who younger than  
 begin  
 are, the worlds move  
 in your  
 (and rest, my love)  
 honour

### XXXVI

true lovers in each happening of their hearts  
 live longer than all which and every who;  
 despite what fear denies, what hope asserts,  
 what falsest both disprove by proving true

(all doubts, all certainties, as villains strive  
 and heroes through the mere mind's poor pretend  
 —grim comics of duration: only love  
 immortally occurs beyond the mind)

such a forever is love's any now  
 and her each here is such an everywhere,  
 even more true would truest lovers grow  
 if out of midnight dropped more suns than are

(yes;and if time should ask into his was  
 all shall,their eyes would never miss a yes)

### XXXVII

we love each other very dearly  
 ,more  
 than raindrops need sunbeams or snowflakes make  
 possible mayflowers:

quite eyes of air  
 not with twilight's first thrushes may awake  
 more secretly than our(if disappear  
 should some world)selves

.No doing shall undo  
 (nor madness nor mere death nor both who is  
 la guerre)your me or simplify my you  
 ,darling

sweet this creative never known  
 complexity was born before the moon  
 before God wished Himself into a rose

and even(  
 we'll adventure the into  
 most immemorial of whens  
 )before

each heartbeat which i am alive to kiss

## XXXVIII

yes is a pleasant country:  
 if's wintry  
 (my lovely)  
 let's open the year

both is the very weather  
 (not either)  
 my treasure,  
 when violets appear

love is a deeper season  
 than reason;  
 my sweet one  
 (and april's where we're)

## XXXIX

all ignorance toboggans into know  
 and trudges up to ignorance again:  
 but winter's not forever,even snow  
 melts;and if spring should spoil the game,what then?

all history's a winter sport or three:  
 but were it five,i'd still insist that all  
 history is too small for even me;  
 for me and you,exceedingly too small.

Swoop(shrill collective myth)into thy grave  
 merely to toil the scale to shrillerness  
 per every madge and mabel dick and dave  
 —tomorrow is our permanent address

and there they'll scarcely find us(if they do,  
 we'll move away still further:into now

## XL

darling!because my blood can sing  
 and dance(and does with each your least  
 your any most very amazing now  
 or here)let pitiless fear play host  
 to every isn't that's under the spring  
 —but if a look should april me,  
 down isn't's own isn't go ghostly they

doubting can turn men's see to stare  
 their faith to how their joy to why  
 their stride and breathing to limp and prove  
 —but if a look should april me,  
 some thousand million hundred more  
 bright worlds than merely by doubting have  
 darkly themselves unmade makes love

armies(than hate itself and no  
 meanness unsmaller)armies can  
 immensely meet for centuries  
 and(except nothing)nothing's won  
 —but if a look should april me  
 for half a when,whatever is less  
 alive than never begins to yes

but if a look should april me  
 (though such as perfect hope. can feel  
 only despair completely strikes  
 forests of mind,mountains of soul)  
 quite at the hugest which of his who  
 death is killed dead. Hills jump with brooks:  
 trees tumble out of twigs and sticks;

## 1

## X L I

how

tinily  
of

squir(two be  
tween sto  
nes)ming a gr

eenes  
t you b  
ecome

s whi  
(mysterious  
ly)te

one  
t

hou

## X L I I

might these be thrushes climbing through almost(do they

beautifully wandering in merciful  
miracles wonderingly celebrate day  
and welcome earth's arrival with a soul)

sunlight?yes

(always we have heard them sing  
the dark alive but)

look:begins to grow  
more than all real,all imagining;

and we who are we? surely not i not you  
 behold nor any breathing creature this?  
 nothing except the impossible shall occur

—see! now himself uplifts of stars the star  
 (sing! every joy)—wholly now disappear  
 night's not eternal terrors like a guess.

Life's life and strikes my your our blossoming sphere

### XLIII

if (among  
 silent skies  
 bluer than believing) a  
 little gay  
 earth opening  
 is all the flowers of his eyes  
 : april's they

this if now  
 or this (young  
 trembling any) into flame  
 twig or limb  
 explodes and o  
 each living ablaze greenly thing  
 ; may has come

love (by yes  
 every new  
 bird no bigger than to sing)  
 leaf is wing  
 and tree is voice  
 more leastfully than i am you  
 , we are spring

## X L I V

these (whom; pretends

blue nothing)

are

built of soon carved

of to born of

be

One

: petals

him starrily her

and around

ing swim

snowing

ly upward with Joy,

no

where (no) when

may

breathe

so sky so

.wish

## X L V

i think you like"

a strawberry

bang this

blueeyed world (on

which are wintry

handlebars

glued) updives pursued

by its wigglesome whisperful

body and

almost

isn't(grabbed into skies of

grin)"my  
flowers"(the humble  
man than sunlight  
older with ships than

dreams more hands are

offering jonquils) down again  
who but zooms  
through  
one perfectly beautiful bow

"my home ionian isles

#### XLVI

open your heart:  
i'll give you a treasure  
of tiniest world  
a piece of forever with

summitless younger than  
angels are mountains  
rivery forests  
towerful towns(queen

poet king float  
sprout heroes of moonstar  
flutter to and  
swim blossoms of person)through

musical shadows while hunted  
by daemons  
seethe luminous  
leopards(on wingfeet of thingfear)

come ships go  
snowily sailing  
perfect silence.  
Absolute ocean



## XLVIII

so isn't small one littlest why,  
 it into if shall climb all the  
 blue heaven green earth neither sea  
 here's more than room for three of me

and only while your sweet eyes close  
 have disappeared a million whys;  
 but opening if are those eyes  
 every because is murdered twice

## XLIX

trees  
           were in(give  
 give)bud when to me  
 you  
 made for by love  
 love said did  
 o no yes

earth was in  
                   (live  
 live)spring  
 with all beautiful  
 things when to  
 me  
 you gave gave darling

birds are  
                   in(trees are in)  
 song  
 when to me you  
 leap and i'm born we  
 're sunlight of  
 oneness

## L

which is the very  
 (in sad this havingest  
 world)most merry  
 most fair most rare  
 —the livingest givingest  
 girl on this whirlingest  
 earth?

    why you're  
 by far the darlingest

who(on this busily  
 nowhere rollingest  
 it)'s the dizzily  
 he most him  
 —the climbingly fallingest  
 fool in this trickiest  
 if?

    why i'm  
 by much the luckiest

what of the wonder  
 (beingest growingest)  
 over all under  
 all hate all fear  
 —all perfectly dyingest  
 my and foreverless  
 thy?

    why our  
 is love and neverless

## L I

“sweet spring is your  
 time is my time is our  
 time for springtime is lovetime  
 and viva sweet love”

(all the merry little birds are  
 flying in the floating in the  
 very spirits singing in  
 are winging in the blossoming)

lovers go and lovers come  
 awandering awondering  
 but any two are perfectly  
 alone there's nobody else alive

(such a sky and such a sun  
 i never knew and neither did you  
 and everybody never breathed  
 quite so many kinds of yes)

not a tree can count his leaves  
 each herself by opening  
 but shining who by thousands mean  
 only one amazing thing

(secretly adoring shyly  
 tiny winging darting floating  
 merry in the blossoming  
 always joyful selves are singing)

“sweet spring is your  
 time is my time is our  
 time for springtime is lovetime  
 and viva sweet love”

## LII

life is more true than reason will deceive  
 (more secret or than madness did reveal)  
 deeper is life than lose: higher than have  
 —but beauty is more each than living's all

multiplied with infinity sans if  
 the mightiest meditations of mankind  
 cancelled are by one merely opening leaf  
 (beyond whose nearness there is no beyond)

or does some littler bird than eyes can learn  
 look up to silence and completely sing?  
 futures are obsolete; pasts are unborn  
 (here less than nothing's more than everything)

death, as men call him, ends what they call men  
 —but beauty is more now than dying's when

## L I I I

o by the by  
 has anybody seen  
 little you-i  
 who stood on a green  
 hill and threw  
 his wish at blue

with a swoop and a dart  
 out flew his wish  
 (it dived like a fish  
 but it climbed like a dream)  
 throbbing like a heart  
 singing like a flame

blue took it my  
 far beyond far  
 and high beyond high  
 bluer took it your  
 but bluest took it our  
 away beyond where

what a wonderful thing  
 is the end of a string  
 (murmurs little you-i  
 as the hill becomes nil)  
 and will somebody tell  
 me why people let go

## L I V

if everything happens that can't be done  
 (and anything's righter  
 than books  
 could plan)  
 the stupidest teacher will almost guess  
 (with a run  
 skip  
 around we go yes)  
 there's nothing as something as one

one hasn't a why or because or although  
 (and buds know better  
 than books  
 don't grow)  
 one's anything old being everything new  
 (with a what  
 which  
 around we come who)  
 one's everyanything so

so world is a leaf so tree is a bough  
 (and birds sing sweeter  
 than books  
 tell how)  
 so here is away and so your is a my  
 (with a down  
 up  
 around again fly)  
 forever was never till now

now i love you and you love me  
 (and books are shuter  
 than books  
 can be)  
 and deep in the high that does nothing but fall  
 (with a shout  
 each  
 around we go all)  
 there's somebody calling who's we

we're anything brighter than even the sun  
 (we're everything greater  
 than books  
 might mean)  
 we're everyanything more than believe  
 (with a spin  
 leap  
 alive we're alive)  
 we're wonderful one times one

**marion's book**

**XAIPE**



to  
*hildegarde*  
*watson*



## 1

this(let's remember)day died again and  
again;whose golden,crimson dooms conceive

an oceaning abyss of orange dream

larger than sky times earth:a flame beyond  
soul immemorially forevering am—  
and as collapsing that grey mind by wave  
doom disappeared,out of perhaps(who knows?)

eternity floated a blossoming

(while anyone might slowly count to soon)  
rose—did you see her?darling,did you(kiss  
me)quickly count to never?you were wrong

—then all the way from perfect nowhere came

(as easily as we forget something)  
livingest the imaginable moon

## 2

hush)  
noones  
are coming  
out in the gloam  
ing together are  
standing together un  
der a particular tree  
are all breathing bright darkness to  
gether are slowly all together

very magically smiling and if

we are not perfectly careful be  
 lieve me you and i'll go strolling  
 right through these each illimit  
 able to speak very  
 softly altogeth  
 er miracu  
 lous citi  
 zens of  
 (hush

## 3

purier than purest pure  
 whisper of a whisper

so(big with innocence)  
 forgivingly a once  
 of eager glory,no  
 more miracle may grow

—childfully serious  
 flower of holiness

a pilgrim from beyond  
 the future's future;and  
 immediate like some  
 newly remembered dream—

flaming a coolly bell  
 touches most mere until

(eternally) with(now)  
 luminous the shadow  
 of love himself: who's we  
 —nor can you die or i

and every world,before  
 silence begins a star

## 4

this out of within itself moo  
 ving lump of twilight squirts a two  
 ne like nothing verdi slightly knu

as and some six cents hit the whigh  
 shaped hathole thangew yelps one shi  
 ly glad old unman who is eye

## 5

swim so now million many worlds in each

least less than particle of perfect dark—  
 how should a loudness called mankind unteach  
 whole infinite the who of life's life(hark!

what silence)?” “Worlds?o no:i'm certain they're  
 (look again)flowers.” “Don't worlds open and  
 worlds close?” “Worlds do, but differently;or

as if worlds wanted us to understand  
 they'd never close(and open)if that fool  
 called everyone(or you or i)were wise.”

“You mean worlds may have better luck,some day?”  
 “Or worse!poor worlds;i mean they're possible  
 —but” lifting “flowers” more all stars than eyes

“only are quite what worlds merely might be

## 6

dying is fine)but Death

?o  
 baby  
 i

wouldn't like

Death if Death

were  
good:for

when (instead of stopping to think) you

begin to feel of it, dying  
's miraculous  
why? be

cause dying is

perfectly natural; perfectly  
putting  
it mildly lively (but

Death

is strictly  
scientific  
& artificial &

evil & legal)

we thank thee  
god  
almighty for dying

(forgive us, o life! the sin of Death

7

we miss you, jack—tactfully you (with one cocked  
eyebrow) subtracting clichés un by un  
till the god's truth stands art-naked: you and the fact

that rotgut never was brewed which could knock you down

(while scotch was your breakfast every night all day)  
a 3ringbrain you had and a circusheart  
and we miss them more than any bright word may cry  
—even the crackling spark of (hung in a) “fert

ig”

(tent-sky wholly wallendas)

ready were all

erect your yous to cross the chasm of time  
 lessness;but two dim disks of stare are still  
 wondering if the stunt was really a dream—

here's,wherever you aren't or are,good luck!  
 aberdeen plato-rabelais peter jack

8

o

the round  
 little man we  
 loved so isn't

no!w

a gay of a  
 brave and  
 a true of a

who have

r  
 olle  
 d i

nt

o  
 n  
 o

w(he)re



1 1

so many selves(so many fiends and gods  
 each greedier than every)is a man  
 (so easily one in another hides;  
 yet man can,being all,escape from none)

so huge a tumult is the simplest wish:  
 so pitiless a massacre the hope  
 most innocent(so deep's the mind of flesh  
 and so awake what waking calls asleep)

so never is most lonely man alone  
 (his briefest breathing lives some planet's year,  
 his longest life's a heartbeat of some sun;  
 his least unmotion roams the youngest star)

—how should a fool that calls him “I” presume  
 to comprehend not numerable whom?

1 2

tw

o o

ld

o

nce upo

n

a(

n

o mo

re

)time

me

n

sit(l  
oo  
k)dre  
am

## 1 3

chas sing does(who  
,ins  
tead,  
smiles alw  
  
ays a triff  
e  
w  
hile ironin  
  
g!  
nob odyknowswhos esh  
?i  
rt)n't

## 1 4

out of more find than seeks  
  
thinking,swim(opening)grow  
:are(me wander and nows to the  
  
power of blueness)whos(ex-  
plore my unreal in  
  
-credible true each new  
  
self)smile. Eyes. & we  
remember:yes;we played with a piece of when  
  
till it rolled behind forever,we touched a shy  
animal called where and she disappeared.  
  
Out of more(fingeryhands  
  
me and whying)seek than finds  
feeling(seize)floats(only by  
  
only)a silence only made of,bird

## 1 5

hair your a brook  
 (it through are gaze  
 the unguessed whys  
 by me at look)

swirls to engulf  
 (in which in soft)  
 firm who outlift  
 queries of self

pouring (alive  
 twice) and becomes  
 eitherer dreams  
 the secret of

## 1 6

if the

green  
 opens  
 a little a  
 little  
 was  
 much and much  
 is

too if

the green robe  
 o  
 p  
 e  
 n  
 s  
 and two are

wildstrawberries

17

(swooning)a pillar of youngly

loveflesh topped  
with danc  
ing egghead strutstrolls

eager a(twice

by  
Dizzying eyeplums  
pun

ctured)moo

nface swimming  
ly  
dreamseems

(vivi

d  
an O  
of

milky tranceworld writhes

in  
twi  
nn

ingly scarlet woundsmile)

18

a(ncient)a

weigh  
tlesspuppet of once  
man(clutched  
by immensethe-seat-of-the  
pants  
inani  
nvisible Fist)driftsa  
long conway  
'sunstreet with  
treadwatering

nonlegs(strictly)smiling

19

out of the mountain of his soul comes  
a keen pure silence)such hands can  
build a(who are like ocean patient)dream'seternity(you feel behind this man  
earth's first sunrise)and his voice  
is green like growing(is miraculous like  
tomorrow)all around the self of thisbeing are growing stones(neither awake  
are goddesses nor sleeping)since he's young  
with mysteries(each truly his more than  
some eighty years through which that memory strolls)  
and every ours for the mere worshipping(as calmly as if aristide maillols  
occurred with any ticking of a clock

20

goo-dmore-ning(en

ter)nize-aday(most  
gently herculanean

my mortal)yoo

make sno eye kil  
yoo(friend the laughing  
grinning)we

no(smiling)strike

again

De Big Boss

(crying)jew wop

rich poor(sing

ing)

He

no

care

so

what

yoo-gointa-doo?(ice

coal wood

man)nic

he like

wint-air

nic like ot-am

sum-air(young

old nic)

like spring yoo

un-air-stan?me

crazy

me like

evry-ting

## 2 1

jake hates  
                                   all the girls(the  
 shy ones,the bold  
 ones;the meek  
 proud sloppy sleek)  
 all except the cold  
   ones

paul scorns all  
                                   the girls(the  
 bright ones,the dim  
 ones;the slim  
 plump tiny tall)  
 all except the  
   dull ones

gus loves all the  
                                   girls(the  
 warped ones,the lamed  
 ones;the mad  
 moronic maimed)  
 all except  
   the dead ones

mike likes all the girls  
   (the  
 fat ones,the lean  
 ones;the mean  
 kind dirty clean)  
 all  
   except the green ones

## 2 2

when serpents bargain for the right to squirm  
 and the sun strikes to gain a living wage—  
 when thorns regard their roses with alarm  
 and rainbows are insured against old age

when every thrush may sing no new moon in  
 if all screech-owls have not okayed his voice  
 —and any wave signs on the dotted line  
 or else an ocean is compelled to close

when the oak begs permission of the birch  
 to make an acorn—valleys accuse their  
 mountains of having altitude—and march  
 denounces april as a saboteur

then we'll believe in that incredible  
 unanimal mankind (and not until)

## 2 3

three wealthy sisters swore they'd never part:  
 Soul was (i understand)  
 seduced by Life; whose brother married Heart,  
 now Mrs Death. Poor Mind

## 2 4

one day a nigger  
 caught in his hand  
 a little star no bigger  
 than not to understand

“i'll never let you go  
 until you've made me white”  
 so she did and now  
 stars shine at night

## 2 5

pieces (in darker  
 than small is dirtiest  
 any city's least  
 street) of mirror

lying are each (why  
 do people say it's un  
 lucky to break one)  
 whole with sky

## 26

who sharpens every dull  
 here comes the only man  
 reminding with his bell  
 to disappear a sun

and out of houses pour  
 maids mothers widows wives  
 bringing this visitor  
 their very oldest lives

one pays him with a smile  
 another with a tear  
 some cannot pay at all  
 he never seems to care

he sharpens is to am  
 he sharpens say to sing  
 you'd almost cut your thumb  
 so right he sharpens wrong

and when their lives are keen  
 he throws the world a kiss  
 and slings his wheel upon  
 his back and off he goes

but we can hear him still  
 if now our sun is gone  
 reminding with his bell  
 to reappear a moon

## 27

“summer is over  
 —it’s no use demanding  
 that lending be giving;  
 it’s no good pretending  
 befriending means loving”  
 (sighs mind; and he’s clever)  
 “for all, yes for all  
 sweet things are until”

“spring follows winter:  
 as clover knows,maybe”  
 (heart makes the suggestion)  
 “or even a daisy—  
 your thorniest question  
 my roses will answer”  
 “but dying’s meanwhile”  
 (mind murmurs;the fool)

“truth would prove truthless  
 and life a mere pastime  
 —each joy a deceiver,  
 and sorrow a system—  
 if now than forever  
 could never(by breathless  
 one breathing)be” soul  
 “more” cries:with a smile

2 8

noone” autumnal this great lady’s gaze

enters a sunset “can grow(gracefully or  
 otherwise)old. Old may mean anything  
 which everyone would rather not become;  
 but growing is” erect her whole life smiled

“was and will always remain:who i am.

Look at these(each serenely welcoming  
 his only and illimitably his  
 destiny)mountains!how can each” while flame  
 crashed “be so am and i and who?each grows”

then in a whisper,as time turned to dream

“and poets grow;and(there—see?)children” nor  
 might any earth’s first morning have concealed  
 so unimaginably young a star

29

nine birds(rising  
through a gold moment)climb:  
ing i

-nto  
wintry  
twi-

light  
(all together a  
manying  
one

-ness)nine  
souls  
only alive with a single mys-

tery (liftingly  
caught upon falling)silent!  
ly living the dying of glory

30

snow means that

life is a black cannonadin  
g into silenc  
e go

lliw

og-dog)life  
?  
tree3ghosts

are Is A eyes

Strange  
known  
Face

(why laughing!among:skydiamonds

## 3 1

infinite jukethrob smoke & swallow to dis

gorge)

a sulky gob with entirely white  
eyes of elsewhere

jabber while(infinite  
fog & puking jukepulse hug)large less  
than more magnetic pink unwhores

a wai  
ter lugs his copious whichwhat skilfully here  
&(simply infinite)there &

(smoke)a fair  
y socked flopslump(& juke)ing shrieks Yew May  
n't Dew Thiz Tew Mee

as somebody's almost moth  
er folds(but infinite)gently up

the with  
a carroty youth blonde whis(gorgedis reswal  
lowing spewnospew clutch)pers again & again  
(jukejog mist & strict)

& again  
(ly infin)

It's Snowing Isn't That Perfectly Wonderful

## 3 2

blossoming are people

nimbler than Really  
go whirling into gaily

white thousands return

by millions and dreaming

drift hundreds come swimming  
(Each a keener secret

than silence even tells)

all the earth has turned to sky

are flowers neither why nor how  
when is now and which is Who

and i am you are i am we

(pretty twinkle merry bells)

Someone has been born  
everyone is noone

dance around the snowman

3 3

if a cheerfulest Elephantangelchild should sit

(holding a red candle over his head  
by a finger of trunk, and singing out of a red

book) on a proud round cloud in a white high night

where his heartlike ears have flown adorable him  
self tail and all (and his tail's red christmas bow)  
—and if, when we meet again, little he (having flown  
even higher) is sunning his penguinsoul in the glow

of a joy which wasn't and isn't and won't be words

while possibly not (at a guess) quite half way down  
to the earth are leapandswooping tinily birds  
whose magical gaiety makes your beautiful name—

i feel that (false and true are merely to know)  
Love only has ever been, is, and will ever be, So

3 4

a thrown a

-way It  
with some-  
thing sil  
-very

;bright,&amp;:mys(

a thrown a-  
way  
X  
-mas)ter-

i

-ous wisp A of glo-  
ry.pr  
-ettily  
cl(tr)in(ee)gi-

ng

3 5

light's lives lurch

a once world quickly from rises

army the gradual of unbeing(fro  
on stiffening greenly air and to ghosts go  
drift slippery hands tease slim float twitter faces)  
only stand with me,love!against these its  
until you are and until i am dreams

until comes vast dark until sink last things

(least all turns almost now;now almost swims  
into a hair's width:into less?into

not)

love,stand with me while silence sings

not into nothing and nothing into never  
 and never into(touch me!love)forever  
 —until is and shall be and was are night's

total exploding millionminded Who

3 6

quick i the death of thing  
 glimpsed(and on every side  
 swoop mountains flimsying  
 become if who'd)

me under a opens  
 (of petals of silence)  
 hole bigger than  
 never to have been

what above did was  
 always fall  
 (yes but behind yes)  
 without or until

no atom couldn't die  
 (how and am quick i  
 they'll all not conceive  
 less who than love)

3 7

F is for foetus(a

punkslapping  
 mobsucking  
 gravypissing poppa but  
 who just couldn't help it no

matter how hard he never tried)the

great pink  
 superme  
 diocri  
 ty of

## a hyperhypocritical D

mocra  
 c(sing  
 down with the fascist beast  
 boom

boom)two eyes

for an eye four  
 teeth for a tooth  
 (and the wholly babble open at  
 blessed are the peacemuckers)

\$ \$ \$ etc(as

the boodle's bent is the  
 crowd inclined it's  
 freedom from freedom  
 the common man wants)

honey swoRkey mollypants

3 8

why must itself up every of a park

anus stick some quote statue unquote to  
 prove that a hero equals any jerk  
 who was afraid to dare to answer "no"?

quote citizens unquote might otherwise  
 forget(to err is human;to forgive  
 divine)that if the quote state unquote says  
 "kill" killing is an act of christian love.

"Nothing" in 1944 A D

"can stand against the argument of mil  
 itary necessity"(generalissimo e)  
 and echo answers "there is no appeal

from reason"(freud)—you pays your money and  
 you doesn't take your choice. Ain't freedom grand

## 39

open his head,baby  
 & you'll find a heart in it  
 (cracked)

open that heart,mabel  
 & you'll find a bed in it  
 (fact)

open this bed,sibyl  
 & you'll find a tart in it  
 (wed)

open the tart,lady  
 & you'll find his mind in it  
 (dead)

## 40

i'm  
 asking  
 you dear to  
 what else could a  
 no but it doesn't  
 of course but you don't seem  
 to realize i can't make  
 it clearer war just isn't what  
 we imagine but please for god's O  
 what the hell yes it's true that was  
 me but that me isn't me  
 can't you see now no not  
 any christ but you  
 must understand  
 why because  
 i am  
 dead

## 41

whose are these(wraith a clinging with a wraith)  
 ghosts drowning in supreme thunder?ours  
 (over you reels and me a moon;beneath,

bombed the by ocean earth bigly shudders)

never was death so alive: chaos so (hark  
—that screech of space) absolute (my soul  
tastes If as some world of a spark

's gulped by illimitable hell)

and never have breathed such miracle murdered we  
whom cannot kill more mostful to arrive  
each (futuresing snowily which sprints for the  
crumb of our Now) twice upon a time wave—

put out your eyes, and touch the black skin  
of an angel named imagination

## 4 2

neither awake  
(there's your general  
yas buy gad)  
nor asleep

booted & spurred  
with an apish grin  
(extremely like  
but quite absurd

gloved fist on hip  
& the scowl of a cannibal)  
there's your mineral  
general animal

(five foot five)  
neither dead  
nor alive  
(in real the rain)

## 4 3

o to be in finland  
now that russia's here)

swing low  
sweet ca

rr

y on

(pass the freedoms pappy or  
uncle shylock not interested

4 4

where's Jack Was  
General Was  
the hero of the Battle of Because  
    he's squatting  
in the middle of remember  
with his rotten old forgotten  
full of why  
    (rub-her-bub)  
    bub?  
    (bubs)

where's Jim Soon  
Admiral Soon  
the saviour of the Navy of the Moon  
    he's swooning  
at the bottom of the ocean  
of forever with a never  
in his fly  
    (rub-her-bub)  
    bub?  
    (bubs)

where's John Big  
Doughgob Big  
pastmaster of the Art of Jigajig  
    sitting pretty  
on the top of notwithstanding  
with his censored up a wench's  
rock-a-bye  
    (rub-her-bub)  
    bub?  
    (bubs)

4 5

when your honest redskin toma  
hawked and scalped his victim ,

not to save a world for stalin  
was he aiming ;

spare the child and spoil the rod  
quoth the palmist .

46

a kike is the most dangerous  
machine as yet invented  
by even yankee ingenu  
ity (out of a jew a few  
dead dollars and some twisted laws)  
it comes both prigged and canted

47

meet mr universe (who clean

and jerked 300 lbs) i mean  
observe his these regard his that (sh)

who made the world's best one hand snatch

48

& (all during the

dropsin

king god my sic

kly a thingish o crashdis

appearing con ter fusion ror collap

sing thatthis is whichwhat yell itfulls o

f cringewiltdroolery i

mean really th

underscream of sudde

nly perishing eagerly everyw

here shutting forever&forever fol

ding int

o absolute gone &

positive quite n

ever & bi

g screeching new black perfectly isn

't) one rose opened

## 49

this is a rubbish of human rind  
 with a photograph  
 clutched in the half  
 of a hand and the word  
 love underlined

this is a girl who died in her mind  
 with a warm thick scream  
 and a keen cold groan  
 while the gadgets purred  
 and the gangsters dined

this is a deaf dumb church and blind  
 with an if in its soul  
 and a hole in its life  
 where the young bell tolled  
 and the old vine twined

this is a dog of no known kind  
 with one white eye  
 and one black eye  
 and the eyes of his eyes  
 are as lost as you'll find

## 50

no time ago  
 or else a life  
 walking in the dark  
 i met christ

jesus)my heart  
 flopped over  
 and lay still  
 while he passed(as

close as i'm to you  
 yes closer  
 made of nothing  
 except loneliness

## 5 1

who were so dark of heart they might not speak,  
 a little innocence will make them sing;  
 teach them to see who could not learn to look  
 —from the reality of all nothing

will actually lift a luminous whole;  
 turn sheer despairing to most perfect gay,  
 nowhere to here, never to beautiful:  
 a little innocence creates a day.

And something thought or done or wished without  
 a little innocence, although it were  
 as red as terror and as green as fate,  
 greyly shall fail and dully disappear—

but the proud power of himself death immense  
 is not so as a little innocence

## 5 2

to start, to hesitate; to stop  
 (kneeling in doubt: while all  
 skies fall) and then to slowly trust  
 T upon H, and smile

could anything be pleasanter  
 (some big dark little day  
 which seems a lifetime at the least)  
 except to add an A?

henceforth he feels his pride involved  
 (this i who's also you)  
 and nothing less than excellent  
 E will exactly do

next (our great problem nearly solved)  
 we dare adorn the whole  
 with a distinct grandiloquent  
 deep D; while all skies fall

at last perfection, now and here  
 —but look: not sunlight? yes!  
 and (plunging rapturously up)  
 we spill our masterpiece

## 5 3

mighty guest of merely me

—traveller from eternity;  
in a single wish, receive  
all i am and dream and have.

Be thou gay by dark and day:  
gay as only truth is gay  
(nothing's false, in earth in air  
in water and in fire, but fear—

mind's a coward; lies are laws)  
laugh, and make each no thy yes:  
love; and give because the why

—gracious wanderer, be thou gay

## 5 4

maybe god

is a child  
's hand) very carefully  
bring  
-ing  
to you and to  
me (and quite with  
out crushing) the

papery weightless diminutive

world  
with a hole in  
it out  
of which demons with wings would be streaming if  
something had (maybe they couldn't  
agree) not happened (and floating-  
ly int

5 5

(fea  
 therr  
 ain

:dreamin  
 g field o  
 ver forest &;

wh  
 o could  
 be

so  
 !f!  
 te

r?n  
 oo  
 ne)

5 6

a like a  
 grey  
 rock wanderin

g  
 through  
 pasture  
 wom

an creature whom  
 than  
 earth hers

elf  
 could  
 silent more no  
 be

57

(im)c-a-t(mo)

b,i;l:e

FalleA

ps!fl

OattumbII

sh?dr

IftwhirlF

(U1)(1Y)

&amp;&amp;&amp;

away wanders: exact

ly; as if

not

hing had, ever happ

ene

D

58

after screamgroa

ning.ish:ly;

come

(s

gruntsqueak

,while,

idling-is-grindstone

one; what: of.thumb

stutt(er(s a)mu)ddied

bushscytheblade

"pud-dih-gud"

)S

creang

roami

ngis

## 59

the little horse is newLY

Born) he knows nothing, and feels  
everything; all around whom is

perfectly a strange  
ness Of sun  
light and of fragrance and of

Singing) is ev  
erywhere (a welcom  
ing dream: is amazing)  
a world. and in

this world lies: smooth beautiful  
ly folded; a (brea  
thing and a gro

Wing) silence, who;  
is: some

oNe.

## 60

(nothing whichful about

thick big this  
friendly  
himself of  
a boulder) nothing

mean in tenderly

whoms  
of sizeless a  
silence by noises  
called people called

sunlight

(elsewhere flat the mechanical  
itmaking  
sickness of mind sprawls)  
here

a livingly free mysterious

dreamsoul floatstands  
oak by birch by maple  
pine  
by hemlock spruce by

tamarack(

nothing pampered puny  
impatient  
and nothing  
ignoble

)everywhere wonder

61

if (touched by love's own secret) we, like homing  
through welcoming sweet miracles of air  
(and joyfully all truths of wing resuming)  
selves, into infinite tomorrow steer

—souls under whom flow (mountain valley forest)  
a million wheres which never may become  
one (wholly strange; familiar wholly) dearest  
more than reality of more than dream—

how should contented fools of fact envision  
the mystery of freedom? yet, among  
their loud exactitudes of imprecision,  
you'll (silently alighting) and i'll sing

while at us very deafly a most stares  
colossal hoax of clocks and calendars

in

Spring comes(no-  
one  
asks his name)

a mender  
of things

with eager  
fingers(with  
patient  
eyes)re

-new-

ing remaking what  
other  
-wise we should  
have  
thrown a-

way (and whose

brook  
-bright flower-  
soft bird  
-quick voice loves

children  
and sunlight and

mountains)in april (but  
if he should  
Smile)comes

nobody'll know

## 63

honour corruption villainy holiness  
 riding in fragrance of sunlight(side by side  
 all in a singing wonder of blossoming yes  
 riding)to him who died that death should be dead

humblest and proudest eagerly wandering  
 (equally all alive in miraculous day)  
 merrily moving through sweet forgiveness of spring  
 (over the under the gift of the earth of the sky

knight and ploughman pardoner wife and nun  
 merchant frere clerk somnour miller and reve  
 and geoffrey and all)come up from the never of when  
 come into the now of forever come riding alive

down while crylessly drifting through vast most  
 nothing's own nothing children go of dust

## 64

the of an it ignoblest he  
 to nowhere from arrive  
 human the most catastrophe  
 april might make alive

filthy some past imagining  
 whowhich of mad rags strode  
 earth ignorantly blossoming  
 a scarecrow demogod

countless in hatred pity fear  
 each more exactly than  
 the other un good people stare  
 for it or he is one

## 65

i thank You God for most this amazing  
 day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees  
 and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything  
 which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,  
 and this is the sun's birthday;this is the birth  
 day of life and of love and wings:and of the gay  
 great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing  
 breathing any—lifted from the no  
 of all nothing—human merely being  
 doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and  
 now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

## 66

the great advantage of being alive  
 (instead of undying)is not so much  
 that mind no more can disprove than prove  
 what heart may feel and soul may touch  
 —the great(my darling)happens to be  
 that love are in we,that love are in we

and here is a secret they never will share  
 for whom create is less than have  
 or one times one than when times where—  
 that we are in love,that we are in love:  
 with us they've nothing times nothing to do  
 (for love are in we am in i are in you)

this world(as timorous itsters all  
 to call their cowardice quite agree)  
 shall never discover our touch and feel  
 —for love are in we are in love are in we;  
 for you are and i am and we are(above  
 and under all possible worlds)in love

a billion brains may coax undeath  
 from fancied fact and spaceful time—  
 no heart can leap, no soul can breathe  
 but by the sizeless truth of a dream  
 whose sleep is the sky and the earth and the sea.  
 For love are in you am in i are in we

## 67

when faces called flowers float out of the ground  
 and breathing is wishing and wishing is having—  
 but keeping is downward and doubting and never  
 —it's april (yes, april; my darling) it's spring!  
 yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly  
 yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be  
 (yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound  
 and wishing is having and having is giving—  
 but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense  
 —alive; we're alive, dear: it's (kiss me now) spring!  
 now the pretty birds hover so she and so he  
 now the little fish quiver so you and so i  
 (now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found  
 and having is giving and giving is living—  
 but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing  
 —it's spring (all our night becomes day) o, it's spring!  
 all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky  
 all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea  
 (all the mountains are dancing; are dancing)

## 68

love our so right  
 is, all (each thing  
 most lovely) sweet  
 things cannot spring  
 but we be they'll

some or if where  
 shall breathe a new  
 (silverly rare  
 goldenly so)  
 moon,she is you

nothing may,quite  
 your my(my your  
 and)self without,  
 completely dare  
 be beautiful

one if should sing  
 (at yes of day)  
 younger than young  
 bird first for joy,  
 he's i he's i

## 69

now all the fingers of this tree(darling)have  
 hands,and all the hands have people;and  
 more each particular person is(my love)  
 alive than every world can understand

and now you are and i am now and we're  
 a mystery which will never happen again,  
 a miracle which has never happened before—  
 and shining this our now must come to then

our then shall be some darkness during which  
 fingers are without hands;and i have no  
 you:and all trees are(any more than each  
 leafless)its silent in forevering snow

—but never fear(my own,my beautiful  
 my blossoming)for also then's until

70

blue the triangular why

of a dream(with  
crazily  
eyes of window)may

be un

less it  
were(floati  
ng through

never)a kite

like face of  
the child who's  
every

child(&

therefore invisible)anyhow you  
've(whoever  
we are)stepped carefully o

ver(& i)some

newer  
than life(or than  
death)is on

f

ilthi  
es  
t

sidewalk blossoming glory

## 71

luminous tendril of celestial wish

(whying diminutive bright deathlessness  
to these my not themselves believing eyes  
adventuring, enormous nowhere from)

querying affirmation; virginal

immediacy of precision: more  
and perfectly more most ethereal  
silence through twilight's mystery made flesh—

dreamslender exquisite white firstful flame

—new moon! as (by the miracle of your  
sweet innocence refuted) clumsy some  
dull cowardice called a world vanishes,

teach disappearing also me the keen  
illimitable secret of begin















