

Complete Poems

1913-1962

E. E. CUMMINGS



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This is the first complete edition of the poetry of E. E. Cummings to be published in the United States. It includes the contents of twelve individual volumes and, for the first time in a popular edition, the holograph poem "the boys i mean are not refined," which was published just once in this country, in a limited edition of nine copies of *No Thanks*, in 1935, by the Golden Eagle Press, priced at \$99. In subsequent editions of Cummings's work, this poem was dropped.

Included in this book are the texts of *Tulips and Chimneys*, & [And], *XLI Poems, is 5, W [ViVa]*, *No Thanks*, *New Poems*, *50 Poems, 1 x 1 [One Times One]*, *XAIPE*, *95 Poems*, and *73 Poems*.

Cyril Connolly has called Cummings "the Catullus of the Modern Movement"; like the great Latin poet, he was both a fastidious and a sensual writer. His poetry displays a mind gifted far beyond the ordinary and the temperament of a thoroughbred. He is a poet of gaiety, at once tender and wise, yet a man who endured and described, without self-pity or fear, the miseries of World War I.

Cummings embodies the virtues of the New England tradition which tempered his mind, his life, and his art. Today many of his most enthusiastic admirers are among the young. In this complete presentation of his work, he is revealed as one of the most gifted and original men in American letters.

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COMPLETE POEMS

Books by E. E. Cummings

The Enormous Room (1922)

Tulips and Chimneys (1923)

& [AND] (1925)

XLI Poems (1925)

is 5 (1926)

Him (1927)

By E. E. Cummings (1930)

CIOPW (1931)

W [ViVa] (1931)

Eimi (1933)

No Thanks (1933)

Tom (1935)

Collected Poems (1938)

50 Poems (1940)

1 x 1 (1944)

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95 Poems (1958)

Adventures in Value (with Marion Morehouse) (1962)

73 Poems (1963)

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E. E. CUMMINGS

Complete Poems



1913-1962



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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 looser 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 Danae
 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!

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 ere 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
 all blossoms that do learn, scents of not known
 musics 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—ere 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).

I V

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

PUELLA MEA

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 Salomé
 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 Diarmuid 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 leaves go crisp with miracle.

Love! —maker of my lady,
 in that always 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.)
 Diarmuid 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

I I I

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
 ankus 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 carven 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

AMORES

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
 flowerterrible
 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
gaped almost
loudly
i'm

so
drunG

k, dear

I I

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

I I I

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;

IV

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.

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

I I

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)

I V

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 fattish 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 eyeswhichneversmile 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 fattish 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 myhis chin.) that climbs and cries and runs and floats like a toy on the end of a string

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
 absitively posolutely dead,
 like Coney Island in winter

VI

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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
 absitively 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

SONNETS—UNREALITIES

I

it may not always be so; and i say
that if your lips, which i have loved, should touch
another's, and your dear strong fingers clutch
his heart, as mine in time not far away;
if on another's face your sweet hair lay
in such a silence as i know, or such
great writhing words as, uttering overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

if this should be, i say if this should be—
you of my heart, send me a little word;
that i may go unto him, and take his hands,
saying, Accept all happiness from me.
Then shall i turn my face, and hear one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

II

god gloats upon Her stunning flesh. Upon
the reachings of Her green body among
unseen things, things obscene (Whose fingers young
the caving ages curiously con)

—but the lunge of Her hunger softly flung
over the gasping shores
leaves his smile wan,
and his blood stopped hears in the frail anon
the shovings and the lovings of Her tongue.

god Is The Sea. All terrors of his being
quake before this its hideous Work most old
Whose battening gesture prophecies a freeing
of ghostly chaos
in this dangerous night
through moaned space god worships God—

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

I I I

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.

I V

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 forms
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 always 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

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 wisping rune
of road lazily carved on sharpening air.

Fields lying miraculous in violent silence

fill with microscopic withering
. . . (that's the Black People, chérie,
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 delapidation
 bath-houses whose opened withins ejaculate.
 obscenity the tide Did dl es a,fad ed explosion
 of, pink!stocking

w h e e saysthesea-brE aking-b Re aking (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 ofcryn Ging stink.dull,
 gobular glows and flatchatte 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 mcsorley's. outside it was New York and beautifully snowing.

Inside snug and evil. the slobbering walls filthily push witless creases of screaming warmth chuck pillows are noise funnily swallows swallowing revolvingly 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 gestures 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 always 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 firmly in to one exactly-mutilated ghost of a chair,

a; domeshaped interval of complete plasticity, shoulders, sprouted the extraordinary arms through an angle of ridiculous velocity commenting upon an unclean table. and, whose distended immense Both paws slowly loved a dented mug

gone Darkness it was so near to me, i ask of shadow 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. . . .

IX

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

XI

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 glike 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 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 rin 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 bigtwittering zither-and the mealy,ladies dancing
 thicklyfoolish,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 handorgan prop-
 ping the curve of the tiny motheaten 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—sN ap-ing of fade adf ish' shead Or, the
 whipping of a black Snake cut Sudden ly in 2 that,
 writhes . . . A . . . lit. tleora basket of Ripe BlackbeRRies
 emptied suddenl 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 Dead 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 Sexis a Lone ly, flower whose
 secret loveliness hur.ts 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 derl 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 imperceptible 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 hasteful 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 peroustimidi ties surElyfl)oa t iNg,the

ofpieces ofof sunligh tof fa ll in gof throughof treesOf.

(Fields Elysian

the like,a)sLEEp ing 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 merely
gonorrhoea

Oldeyed

child, to
ambitious weeness
of boots

tiny
ādd
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

LOOPTHELOOP eyes

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

furios 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 fucking 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 swooping
 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
 blurtd)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 lispng 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

IX

impossibly

motivated by midnight
 the flyspecked abdominous 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
 terricolous 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 des 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

& : 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 i 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 .

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 fro 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 every-
 body'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 intro-
 duced 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 differ-
 ently 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 land-
 ing away all by himself on somebody's roof or some-
 thing 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 gilt 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

V

the bed is not very big

a sufficient pillow shoveling
her small manure-shaped head

one sheet on which distinctly wags

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.

VII

an amiable putrescence carpenters

the village of her mind bodily which

ravelling, to a proud continual stitch
of the unmitigated systole

purrs

against my mind, the eyes' shuddering burrs
of light stick on my brain harder than can twitch
its terrors;

 the, mouth's, swallowed, muscle (itch
of groping mucous) in my mouth occurs

homelessly. While grip Hips simply. well
fussed flesh does surely to mesh. New
and eager. wittily peels the. ploop. —OOh get: breath
once, all over, kid how, funny Do tell

. . . . sweat, succeeds breathings stopped

to

hear, in darkness, water the lips of death

VIII

her careful distinct sex whose sharp lips comb

my mumbling gropeofstrength(staggered by the lug
of love)

sincerely greets,with an occult shrug
asking Through her Muteness will slowly roam
my dumbNess?

her other,wet,warm

lips limp,across my bruising smile;
as rapidly upon the jiggled norm

of agony my grunting eyes pin tailored flames
Her being at this instant commits

an impenetrable transparency.
the harsh erecting breasts and uttering tits
punish my hug
presto!

the bright rile
of jovial hair extremely frames

the face in a hoop of grim ecstasy

IX

irreproachable ladies firmly lewd
on dangerous slabs of tilting din whose
mouths distinctly walk
 your smiles accuse

the dusk with an untimid svelte subdued
magic
 while in your eyes there lives
a green egyptian noise. ladies with whom time

feeds especially his immense lips

On whose deep nakedness death most believes,
perpetual girls marching to love

whose bodies kiss me with the square crime
of life Cecile, the oval shove
of hiding pleasure. Alice, stinging quips
of flesh. Loretta, cut the comedy
kid

Fran Mag Glad Dorothy

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

XI

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 kanoon 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 ands

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

XXI

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 deeplytoplay
 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

IV

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

I X

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.

XI

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

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 bullying 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.

A cat waiting for god knows makes me

wonder if i'm alive (eye pries,

not open. Tail stirs.) And the fire-escapes—

the night makes me wonder if, if i am

the face of a baby smeared with beautiful jam

or

my invincible Nearness rapes

laughter from your preferable, eyes

XVI

a blue woman with sticking out breasts hanging
 clothes. On the line. not so old
 for the mother of twelve undershirts (we are told
 by is it Bishop Taylor who needs hanging
 that marriage is a sure cure for masturbation).

A dirty wind, twitches the, clothes which are clean
 —this is twilight,
 a little puppy hopping between
 skipping
 children
 (It is the consummation
 of day, the hour) she says to me you big fool
 she says i says to her i says Sally
 i says
 the

mmmoon, begins to, drool

softly, in the hot alley,

a nigger's voice feels curiously cool
 (suddenly-Lights go! on, by schedule)

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'en doute,)

 chérie, j'en doute.

the accurate key to a palace

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

XIX

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.

XX

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) clothes 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 jigging fragrance of newness
—and then. My crazy fingers liked your dress
. . . . your kiss, your kiss was a distinct brittle

flower, and the flesh crisp set
my love-tooth on edge. So until light
each having each we promised to forget—

wherefore is there nothing left to guess:
the cheap intelligent thighs, the electric trite
thighs; the hair stupidly priceless.

XXIII

and this day it was Spring us
 drew lewdly the murmurous minute clumsy
 smelloftheworld. We intricately
 alive, cleaving the luminous stammer of bodies
 (eagerly just not each other touch)seeking, some
 street which easily trickles a brittle fuss
 of fragile huge humanity

Numb

thoughts, kicking in the rivers of our blood, miss
 by how terrible inches speech—it
 made you a little dizzy did the world's smell
 (but i was thinking why the girl-and-bird
 of you move moves and also, i'll admit—)

till,at the corner of Nothing and Something,we heard
 a handorgan in twilight playing like hell

XXIV

i like my body when it is with your
body. It is so quite new a thing.
Muscles better and nerves more.
i like your body. i like what it does,
i like its hows. i like to feel the spine
of your body and its bones, and the trembling
-firm-smooth ness and which i will
again and again and again
kiss, i like kissing this and that of you,
i like, slowly stroking the, shocking fuzz
of your electric fur, and what-is-it comes
over parting flesh And eyes big love-crumbs,

and possibly i like the thrill

of under me you so quite new

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

VI

after five
times the poem
of thy remembrance
surprises with refrain

of unreasoning summer
that by responding
ways cloaked with renewal
my body turns toward

thee
again for the stars have been
finished in the nobler trees and
the language of leaves repeats

eventual perfection
while east deserves of dawn.
i lie at length, breathing
with shut eyes

the sweet earth where thou liest

VII

between green
 mountains
sings the flinger
of

fire beyond red rivers
of fair perpetual
feet the
sinuous

riot

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

IX

Lady of Silence
from the winsome cage of
thy body
rose
 through the sensible
night
a
quick bird

(tenderly upon
the dark's prodigious face
thy
voice
 scattering perfume-gifted
wings
suddenly escorts
with feet
sun-sheer

the smarting beauty of dawn)

X

the hills
 like poets put on
 purple thought against
 the

magnificent clamor of
 day

tortured
 in gold, which presently

crumpled
 collapses.
 exhaling a red soul into the dark

so
 dune-eyed master
 enter
 the sweet gates

of my heart and

take
 the
 rose,

which perfect
 is
 With killing hands

XI

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

XII

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 ΠΑΡΘΕΝΩΝ

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 habitués their
 faces like cigarettebutts, chewed
 with disdain, led 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 cafés, 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 millennium of faces meshing with my curiously instant appreciation exposed his hibernative contours, amiable 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 comorter 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

turkish x and y play b spits
 x and
 y
 play, b starts armenian record

pho
 nographisrunn
 ingd o w, n phonograph
 stopS.

b swears in persian at phonograph
 x wins exeunt ax: by, c,
 Goo dnightef fendi

five men in derbies

IX

at the ferocious phenomenon of 5 o'clock i find myself gently decomposing in the mouth of New York. Between its supple financial teeth deliriously sprouting from complacent gums, a morsel prettily wanders buoyed on the murderous saliva of industry. the morsel is i.

Vast cheeks enclose me.

a gigantic uvula with imperceptible gesticulations threatens the tubular downward blackness occasionally from which detaching itself bumps clumsily into the throat A meticulous vulgarity:

a sodden fastidious normal explosion; a square murmur, a winsome flatulence—

In the soft midst of the tongue sits the Woolworth building a serene pastile-shaped insipid kinesis or frail swooping lozenge. a ruglike sentience whose papillæ expertly drink the docile perpendicular taste of this squirming cube of undiminished silence, supports while devouring the firm tumult of exquisitely insecure sharp algebraic music. For the first time 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
 superseded 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 mill-
 ions 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
bidly 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

I I

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

if learned darkness from our searched world
should wrest the rare unwisdom of thy eyes,
and if thy hands flowers of silence curled
upon a wish, to rapture should surprise
my soul slowly which on thy beauty dreams
(proud through the cold perfect night whisperless
to mark, how that asleep whitely she seems
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, could we bear the marvel of this thing?)

I I

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 ghashtier 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.

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
 (an 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 ΜΕΓΑ
ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΝ ΞΕΝΟΔΟΧΕΙΟΝ ΥΠΝΟΥ

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 balloon)

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 colours stroll . . . and the Baboon

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

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 tell duh woild; 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 Brummell 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 slowly slowly 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
greet's 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 Resharp'ened. (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
throstles 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 tensetendoned 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

I V

workingman with hand so hairy-sturdy
 you may turn O turn that airy hurdysturdygurdy
 but when will turn backward O backward Time in your no thy flight
 and make me a child, a pretty dribbling child, a little child.

In thy your ear:
 en amérique on ne boit que de Jingyale.
 things are going rather kaka
 over there, over there.
 yet we scarcely fare much better—

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 Maeterlinck
 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

Jimmie's got a goil
 goil
 goil,
 Jimmie
 's got a goil and
 she coitnly can shimie

 when you see her shake
 shake
 shake,
 when
 you see her shake a
 shimie how you wish that you was Jimmie.

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 remu-
nerativeness 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 Nailuh(comes but once er
 year)'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

XII

(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)

XV

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

XVI

?

why are these pipples taking their hets off?
 the king & queen
 alighting from their limousine
 inhabit the Hôtel 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

oDE

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 poorbuthonest 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 unspea-king: 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?

(graduallyverygradually“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 kingdomofheaven 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 snatch
 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 absurd 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 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 fittercrumbs,fluttercrimbs are floatfallin,g;allwhere:
 a:crimbflitteringish is arefloatsis ingfallall:mi,shy milbrightlions
 my(hurl flicker handful
 in)dodging are shybrigHteyes 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

I I

opening of the chambers close

quotes the microscopic pithecoïd 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 voice of liberty be mute?”

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water

I V

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

IX

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, tidiyum, are
very tidiyum reassuringly similar,
they all have very tidiyum
mustaches, and very
tidiyum chins, and just above
their very tidiyum ears their
very tidiyum 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
tidiyum
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
 tapping people on the back

“allez circulez”)

—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 wh
 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 wrists 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-

l

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-

raising, hoisting, a little
 perhaps that and this, deftly
 propping on smallest hands
 the slim hinging you
 —because
 it's five o'clock

and these(i notice)trees winterbrief surly old
 gurgle a nonsense of sparrows, the cathedral
 shudders blackening;
 the sky is washed with tone

now for a moon
 to squat in first darkness
 —a little moon thinner than

memory

faint
 -er
 than all the whys
 which lurk
 between your naked shoulderblades.—Here
 comes a stout fellow in a blouse
 just outside this window, touching the glass
 boxes one by one with his magic
 stick(in which a willing
 bulb of flame bubbles)
 see

here and here they explode
 silently into crocuses of brightness. (That is enough
 of life, for you. I understand. Once
 again. . .)sliding

a little downward, embrace me with your body's suddenly
 curving entire warm questions

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

I I

if being mortised 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

IV

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

my blood approves,
and kisses are a better fate
than wisdom
lady i swear by all flowers. Don't cry
—the best gesture of my brain is less than
your eyelids' flutter which says

we are for each other: then
laugh, leaning back in my arms
for life's not a paragraph

And death i think is no parenthesis

VIII

some ask praise of their fellows
 but i being otherwise
 made compose curves
 and yellows, angles or silences
 to a less erring end)

myself is sculptor of
 your body's idiom:
 the musician of your wrists;
 the poet who is afraid
 only to mistranslate

a rhythm in your hair,
 (your fingertips
 the way you move)
 the

painter of your voice—
 beyond these elements

remarkably nothing is. . . . therefore, lady
 am i content should any
 by me carven thing provoke
 your gesture possibly or

any painting(for its own

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

X I

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
myself
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

X V

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 doomful 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 new 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

XVIII

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.

I I

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 chéri; 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 halfsinging

stirs the always smiling chevaux de bois)

when you were in Paris we met here

I V

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 skilful 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
givusuhtoonunduhphugting

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 arithmethics
 and mesh witH
 Which when both

march outward into the freezing fire of Thickness)points

uPDownwardishly
 find everywheres noisecoloured
 curvecorners gush silently perpetuating solids(More
 fluid Than gas

IV

there are 6 doors.
 Next door (but
 four) gentlemen are tringhtly 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 (l' 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)

& z

= an infrafairy 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 socalled)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
LULLAlullabyBY

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
in 5/4; 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 ecyeb Rowspeach es
a soft desert smoked bad me whilepin Kishcam elscasta?netsits
Elf

allaBout .
(chic)
-kchi

cK,

XI

a
 mong crum
 bling people(a
 long ruined streets
 hither and)softly

 thither between(tumb
 ling)
 houses(as
 the kno

 wing spirit prowls,its
 nose winces
 before a dissonance of

 Rish and Foses)
 until
 (finding one's self
 at some distance from the
 crooked town)a

 harbour fools the sea(
 while
 emanating the triple
 starred

 Hotel du Golf . . . that notable structure
 or ideal edifice . . . situated or established
 . . . far from the noise of waters
)one's

 eye perceives
 (as the ego approaches)
 painfully sterilized contours;
 within

 which
 "ladies&gentlemen"
 —under

 glass—
 are:
 asking.

 ?each
 oth?
 er

 rub,
 !berq;
 :uestions

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

mothH)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

XIV

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

XV

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
 ludendorff 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

(relijinise)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

XX

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= $(2b)^{-n}$ herr professor m

XXI

helves surling out of eakspeasies per(reel)hapsingly
 proregress heandshe-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 fifteengrand

£

thanks to the socalled fact that maost faolks rally demannnd canned
saounds)

gloats

upon the possession of quotes keltyer close

“ ”

aureally(yawning while all the dominoes)fall: down;in,rows

XXIII

buncha hardboil guys frum 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
 frum 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 frogaters an humpin duh
 swell janes on
 duh boollewares 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

of radarw leschin

XXV

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

XXVI

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

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 fucking 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 shit 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
 dormers 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
 imaginations)
 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 swir
 -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
 6around 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 whorlclown of spreadnessed bE
 rich from-soft quits(now)ly
 Comes;
 :lush
 ly-smoothHdumb droopnew-gree

N.lyestmostsaresl e A v e S

XXXIV

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

eheds shone
 eternal pleasedon't;
 rising: from the Shall.

XXXV

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 fearingly and tenderly

a recent footprint in the sand of was)

XXXVI

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(IEAp)Openi ng
t hing ; s(
—sing
)all are aLl(cry aLL See)o(ver All)Th(e grEEen

?earthH)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

XLI

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

XLII

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 carry 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 Virginitly 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
 ere 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 I I

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

LV

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

LVI

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 tinyness, 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 unclothe 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 VIII

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)

LIX

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

LXI

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

LXII

item:is

Clumsily with of
 what manshaped whimpered how
 laughing 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 invisible 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

LXIV

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?

LXVI

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?

LXX

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

Farrar & Rinehart
Simon & Schuster
Coward-McCann
Limited Editions
Harcourt, Brace
Random House
Equinox Press
Smith & Haas
Viking Press
Knopf
Dutton
Harper's
Scribner's
Covici, Friede

I

mOOOn Over tOWns mOOOn
whisper
less creature huge grO
pingness

whO perfectly whO
flOat
newly alOne is
dreamest

oNLY THE MooN o
VER ToWNS
SLoWLY SPRoUTING SPIR
IT

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:
 swimswim
 painted-with-horses-with-painted-
 with eyes and the.m

oon over juillet moon over s
 -unday

O:
m
o
o
n
o

(ver no(w ove(r all;
o
ver pinkthisgreen acr)o)greenthatpink)
acrobata

mong
trees climbing on
A

pi llarofch airso vertheseu pstareth oscings
over
(a hard a
hard a girl a girl)sing
-ing ing(ing
sing)ing a soft a song a softishsongly

v
o
i
c
e o
ver
(wh!tethatr?apidly
legthelessne sssuc kedt oward
black,this

)roUnd ingrOundIngly rouNdar(round)ounDing

;ball
balll
ballll
balllll

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)

4

a)glazed mind layed in a
 urinal
 howlessly and without why
 (quite minus gal or
 pal

slightly too sick to rightly die)
 “gedup”
 the gentscoon coos
 gently:tug?g(ing intently it

refuses.

 to refuse;
 just,(look)ing dead but not complete
 -ly not(not as look men

who are turned to seem)
 “stetti”

and
 willbeishfully bursting un-
 eats wasvino isspaghett(i

i
 (meet)t(touch)
 ems crouch(
 lunge
)ing bruiseD
 Suddenly by thousand

starings rinsed with
 thoroughly million yells they
 f-oo-l(whom,blinds;blood)pa-nt
 stab are

(slopped givers of not)bang
 spurting mesh(faith
 -ful which -ly try are ing)al

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
 It(wit(hprettyw)ith)mr
 jeff dick
 son fec

i
 (m
 c)
 t

(m
 x
 x

x
 ii)

I

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

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

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

o pr
 gress verily thou art m
 mentous superc
 lossal hyperpr
 digious etc i kn
 w & if you d

n't why g
 to yonder s
 called newsreel s
 called theatre & with your
 wn eyes beh

ld The

(The president The
 president of The president
 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

I O

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)

ci-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)

I 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 sleep deep
ness squirmcurl

ing homonomously metameric You

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
 (r
 a
 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
 thenlike?now
 Disappears
 some

thing(silent:
 madeofimagination
 ;the incredible soft)ness
 (his ears(eyes

one nonsufficiently inunderstood

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

stretchandstretchandstretchandstretchand

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 hairlesscheded 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 divinelsaid he
(you are Mine said she)

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

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

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 coloured 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.

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

IN)

all those who got
athlete's mouth jumping
on&off bandwaggon

(MEMORIAM

22

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

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

24

“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

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

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)

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

most(people

simply

can't)

won't(most

parent people mustn't

shouldn't)most daren't

(sortof people well

youknow kindof)

aint

&

even

(not having

most ever lived

people always)don't

die(becoming most

buried unbecomingly

very

by

most)people

30

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

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

32

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

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
 lo a t ?)

^r
 h y t h m s

34

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

noyesyou

he-she

(Weres

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

36

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

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

38

SNOW

cru
 is
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 sperf
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 lydesc

BYS FLUTTERFULLY IF

(endbegi ndesginb ecend)tang
 lesp
 ang
 le
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 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

40

as .f as

if a mys
teriouSly("i am alive"))
bravely 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

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)

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(proov
 -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

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.

the boys i mean are not refined
 they go with girls who buck and bite
 they do not give a fuck for luck
 they bump them thirteen times a night

one hangs a hat upon her tit
 one carries a cross in her behind
 they do not give a shit for wit
 the boys i mean are not refined

They come with girls who bite and buck
 who cannot read and cannot write
 who laugh like they would fall apart
 and masturbate with dynamite

The boys i mean are not refined
 they cannot chat of that and this
 they do not give a fart for art
 they kick like you would take a piss

they speak whatever's on their mind
 they do whatever's in their pants
 the boys i mean are not refined
 they shake the mountains when they dance

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

46

swi(
 across!gold's

rouNdly
)ftblac
 kl(ness)y

a-motion-upo-nmotio-n

Less?
 thE
 (against
 is
)Swi

mming

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 bIr

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(first than caref
ully;pois
edN-o wt he
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,whysprig
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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,IT;O:
allons

9
&

(musically-who?

pivoting)
SmileS

“ahlbrhoon

48

floatfloatf
 lloa
 tatoatloafloatfloat
 floatI ngL

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 klispin
 glyT
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 ;a:
 nC.eda:Nci;ddaanncciinn

(GIY)

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 nda
 n-saint
 dance!Dan
 Sai ntd anc

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—cupidoergosum
 spun=flash
 omiepsicronlonO—
 megaeta?

P
 aul D-as-in-tip-toe r

apeR

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.

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

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

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

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 fuck
 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.

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"

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
 unselfes 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

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

I You

58

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

(b
 eLl
 s?
 bE

-ginningly)come-swarm:faces
 ar;rive go.faces a(live)
 sob bel
 ls

(pour wo
 (things)
 men
 selves-them

inghur!)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 Ell
 s!cry)

(be
 llsbe
 lls)
 b
 (be
 llsbell)
 ells
 (sbells)

sh estiffl
 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)

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

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)

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 tinily whirls;
while daisies grow
(and boys and girls
have whispered thus and so)
and girls with boys
to bed will go,

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)

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
(wHoYes
near deep whO big alone soft near
deep calm deep
????Ht ?????T)
Who(holy alone)holy(alone holy)alone

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

[from COLLECTED 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 most-
people? Catastrophe unmitigated. Socialrevolution. The cultured
aristocrat yanked out of his hyperexclusively ultravoluptuous super-
palazzo, and dumped into an incredibly vulgar detentioncamp swarming
with every conceivable species of undesirable organism. Mostpeople
fancy a guaranteed birthproof safety suit 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 standard of living.
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 suc-
ceeded in selling their wives. If science could fail, a mountain's a mammal.
Mostpeople's wives can spot a genuine delusion of embryonic omni-
potence immediately and will accept no substitutes

—luckily for us, a mountain is a mammal. The plus or minus movie to
end moving, the strictly scientific parlour game 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,
mrs and mnr collective foetus, would improbably call a ghost is walking.
He isn't an undream of anaesthetized impersons, or a cosmic comfort-
station, or a transcendently sterilized lookie soundie feelie tasties mellie.
He is a healthily complex, a naturally homogeneous, citizen of immor-
tality. The now of his each pitying free imperfect gesture, his any birth or
breathing, insults perfected 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

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turn
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to whos

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people
be
come
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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

(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

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 bums 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-&

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

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g

Is poet iS

(childlost

so;ul

)foundclown a

-live a

,bird

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& j &

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jim,jimm

;jimmy

s:

A

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I O

nor woman

(just as it be

gan to snow he dis

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ng on its

elf pro

pped uprigh

t that in this o

ther w

ise how e

mpty park bundl

e of what man can

't hurt any more h

u

sh

nor child)

I I

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)

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)

hanged

if n
y in a real hot spell
with o

man

what bobbies 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
rposive pu
nks)for pu

tting the arse
before the torse

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 cathedral:

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)

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

the people who
 rain(are move as)proces
 -sion Its of like immens-
 ely(a feet which is prayer

among)float withins he
 upclimbest And(sky she
)open new(
 dark we all findingly Spring the

Fragrance unvisible)ges
 -tured together-
 ly singing ams
 trample(they flyingly silence

2 I

porky & porkie
sit into a moon)

blackier 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

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.

I

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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)

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

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

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

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 perhapsy

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

;alwho,

(

whic hbubble ssomethin

gabou tlov

e)

I O

spoke joe to jack

leave her 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

I I

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

(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

13

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

the way to hump a cow is not
 to get yourself a stool
 but draw a line around the spot
 and call it beautiful

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 boms 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

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

)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 isblue
(sleep!new

girlgold

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)

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 mindscram 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)

21

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

nouns to nouns

wan

wan

too nons too

and

and

nuns two nuns

w an d

ering

in sin

g

ular untheknowndulous s

pring

23

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

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

25

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

wherelings whenlings
 (daughters of if but 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

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 socalled
 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

the silently little blue elephant shyly (he was terribly
 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

newlys of silence
(both an only

moon the with star

one moving are twilight
they beyond near)

girllest she slender

is cradling in joy her
flower than now

(softlying wisdoms

enter guess)
childmoon smile to

your breathing doll

33

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)

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

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

36

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

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 motherly same
rotting keen dream?
i rise which am
the sun of whom

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)

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

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,

air,

be
comes
or

(a)

new
(live)
now

;&

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

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)

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

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

I I I

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

I V

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"

VII

ygUDuh

ydoan
yunnuhstan

ydoan o
yunnuhstan dem
yguduh ged

yunnuhstan dem doidee
yguduh ged riduh
ydoan o nudn

LISN bud LISN

dem
gud
am

lidl yelluh bas
tuds weer goin

duhSIVILEYEzum

VIII

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

XIV

pity this busy monster, manunkind,

not. Progress is a comfortable disease:
your victim (death and life safely beyond)

plays with the bigness of his littleness
—electrons deify one razorblade
into a mountain range; lenses extend

unwish through curving where when till unwish
returns on its unself.

A world of made
is not a world of born—pity poor flesh

and trees, poor stars and stones, but never this
fine specimen of hypermagical

ultraomnipotence. We doctors know

a hopeless case if—listen: there's a hell
of a good universe next door; let's go

X V

(“fire stop thief help murder save the world”

what world?

is it themselves these insects mean?
 when microscopic shriekings shall have snarled
 threads of celestial silence huger than
 eternity, men will be saviours

—flop

grasshopper, exactly nothing's soon;
 scream, all ye screamers, till your if is up
 and vanish under prodigies of un)

“have you” the mountain, while his maples wept
 air to blood, asked “something a little child
 who's just as small as me can do or be?”
 god whispered him a snowflake “yes: you may
 sleep now, my mountain” and this mountain slept

while his pines lifted their green lives and smiled

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

XXI

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

XXII

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

XXIII

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 these 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

X X X

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

&

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)

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 shrillness
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

XLI

how

tinily
ofsquir(two be
tween sto
nes)ming a greenes
t you b
ecomes whi
(mysterious
ly)teone
t

hou

XLII

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

XLIV

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

XLV

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”

L I I

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

LIII

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

I

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

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

purer 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

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

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 yours 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

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

possibly thrice we glimpsed—
 more likely twice
 that(once crammed into someone's kitchenette)

wheezing bulgily world of genial plac
 -idity(plus,out of much its misbutt-
 oned trouserfly tumbling,faded five
 or so lightyears of pyjamastring)

a(vastly and particularly)live
 that undeluded notselfpitying

lover of all things excellently rare;
 obsolete almost that phenomenon
 (too gay for malice and too wise for fear)
 of shadowy virtue and of sunful sin

namely(ford madox ford)and eke to wit
 a human being
 —let's remember that

I O

or who and who)

The distance is
more much than all
of timely space
(was and be will)
from beautiful

obvious to

Mere but one small
most of a rose
easily(while
will be goes was)
can travel this

or i and you

I I

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?

12

tw

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nce upo

n

a(

n

o mo

re

)time

me

n

sit(l

oo

k)dre

am

13

chas sing does(who
,ins
tead,
smiles alw

ays a trift
e
w
hile ironin

g!
nob odyknowswhos esh
?i
rt)n't

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

15

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
eitherng dreams
the secret of

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)

a(ncient)a

weigh
tless

puppet of once
man(clutched
by immense

the-seat-of-the
pants
inani
nvisible Fist)drifts

a
long conway
's

unstreet with
treadwatering

nonlegs(strictly)smiling

out of the mountain of his soul comes
a keen pure silence) such hands can
build a (who are like ocean patient) dream's

eternity (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 this

being 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

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

agains
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

21

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

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)

23

three wealthy sisters swore they'd never part:
Soul was(i understand)
seduced by Life;whose brother married Heart,
now Mrs Death. Poor Mind

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

25

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

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

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)silentl

ly living the dying of glory

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

(whylaughing!among:skydiamonds

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 spewnonspew clutch)pers again & again
(jukejog mist & strict)

& again

(ly infin)

It's Snowing Isn't That Perfectly Wonderful

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

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 leap and swooping 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

a thrown a

-way It
with some-
thing sil
-very

;bright,&:mys(

a thrown a-
way
X
-mas)ter-

i

-ous wisp A of glo-
ry.pr
-ettily
cl(tr)in(ee)gi-

ng

35

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

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)

37

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

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)

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

4 I

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(futuring snowily which sprints for the
crumb of our Now)twiceuponatime wave—

put out your eyes,and touch the black skin
of an angel named imagination

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)

43

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

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)

45

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 .

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

&(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 cringewilt droolery 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

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 I

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

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

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

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

o

5 5

(fea
therr
ain

:dreamin
g field o
ver forest &;

wh
o could
be

so
!f!
te

r?n
oo
ne)

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
Oattumbll

sh?dr
IftwhirlF
(Ul)(IY)
&&&

away wanders:exact
ly;as if
not
hing had,ever happ
ene

D

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:smoothbeautifuL
ly folded;a(brea
thing and a gro

Wing)silence,who;
is:somE

oNe.

(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

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

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 demongod

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)

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)

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

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

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

95 Poems

to marion

I

l(a

le
af
fa

ll

s)
one
l

iness

to stand(alone)in some

autumnal afternoon:
breathing a fatal
stillness;while

enormous this how

patient creature(who's
never by never robbed of
day)puts always on by always

dream,is to

taste
not(beyond
death and

life)imaginable mysteries

3

now air is air and thing is thing:no bliss

of heavenly earth beguiles our spirits,whose
miraculously disenchanted eyes

live the magnificent honesty of space.

Mountains are mountains now;skies now are skies—
and such a sharpening freedom lifts our blood
as if whole supreme this complete doubtless

universe we'd(and we alone had)made

—yes;or as if our souls,awakened from
summer's green trance,would not adventure soon
a deeper magic:that white sleep wherein
all human curiosity we'll spend
(gladly,as lovers must)immortal and

the courage to receive time's mightiest dream

this man's heart

is true to his
earth;so
anyone's world
does

-n't interest him(by the

look
feel taste smell
& sound
of a silence who can

guess

ex-
actly
what life
will do)loves

nothing

as much as
how(first
the arri
-v-

in

-g)a snowflake twi-
sts
,on
its way to now

-here

5

crazy jay blue)
demon laughshriek
ing at me
your scorn of easily

hatred of timid
& loathing for(dull all
regular righteous
comfortable)unworlds

thief crook cynic
(swimfloatdrifting
fragment of heaven)
trickstervillain

raucous rogue &
vivid voltaire
you beautiful anarchist
(i salute thee

spirit colossal
(& daunted by always
nothing)you darling
diminutive person

jovial ego(&
mischievous tenderly
phoebeing alter)
clown of an angel

everywhere welcome
(but chiefly at home in
snowily nowheres
of winter his silence)

give me a trillionth
part of inquisitive
merrily humble
your livingest courage

7

because you take life in your stride (instead
of scheming how to beat the noblest game
a man can proudly lose, or playing dead
and hoping death himself will do the same

because you aren't afraid to kiss the dirt
(and consequently dare to climb the sky)
because a mind no other mind should try
to fool has always failed to fool your heart

but most (without the smallest doubt) because
no best is quite so good you don't conceive
a better; and because no evil is
so worse than worst you fall in hate with love

—human one mortally immortal i
can turn immense all time's because to why

dominic has

a doll wired
to the radiator of his
ZOOM DOOM

icecoalwood truck a

wistful little
clown
whom somebody buried

upsidedown in an ashbarrel so

of course dominic
took him
home

& mrs dominic washed his sweet

dirty
face & mended
his bright torn trousers(quite

as if he were really her &

she
but)& so
that

's how dominic has a doll

& every now & then my
wonderful
friend dominic depaola

gives me a most tremendous hug

knowing
i feel
that

we & worlds

are
less alive
than dolls &

dream

9

both eaching come ghostlike
 (inch)wraithish(by inch)grin
 ning heshaped two these(stroll
 more slowly than trees)

dodreamingly phantoms
 (exchanging)è vero
 madonna(nudge whispershout)
 laugh matching onceupons

each bothing(if)creep(by
 if)timelessly foundlost
 glad(children of)dirtpoor
 (popes emperors)undeaths

through(slapsoothed by sundark)
 brightshadowfully fountaining
 man's thingfulest godtown
 (kissed bigly by bells)

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach(to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles,and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles:and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose(like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

I I

in time's a noble mercy of proportion
with generousities beyond believing
(though flesh and blood accuse him of coercion
or mind and soul convict him of deceiving)

whose ways are neither reasoned nor unreasoned,
his wisdom cancels conflict and agreement
—sahasras have their centuries; ten thousand
of which are smaller than a rose's moment

there's time for laughing and there's time for crying—
for hoping for despair for peace for longing
—a time for growing and a time for dying:
a night for silence and a day for singing

but more than all(as all your more than eyes
tell me)there is a time for timelessness

lily has a rose
(i have none)
“don’t cry dear violet
you may take mine”

“o how how how
could i ever wear it now
when the boy who gave it to
you is the tallest of the boys”

“he’ll give me another
if i let him kiss me twice
but my lover has a brother
who is good and kind to all”

“o no no no
let the roses come and go
for kindness and goodness do
not make a fellow tall”

lily has a rose
no rose i’ve
and losing’s less than winning (but
love is more than love)

13

So shy shy shy (and with a
look the very boldest man
can scarcely dare to meet no matter

how he'll try to try)

So wrong (wrong wrong) and with a
smile at which the rightest man
remembers there is such a thing

as spring and wonders why

So gay gay gay and with a
wisdom not the wisest man
will partly understand (although

the wisest man am i)

So young young young and with a
something makes the oldest man
(whoever he may be) the only

man who'll never die

but also dying

(as well as
to cry and sing,
my love

and wonder)is something

you have and i
've been
doing as long as to

(yes)forget(and longer

dear)our
birth's the because of a
why but our doom is

to grow(remember

this my sweet)not
only
wherever the sun and the stars and

the

moon
are we're;but
also

nowhere

15

on littlest this
the of twig three
souls sit
round with cold

three(huddling a-
gainst one immense
deep hell
-o of keen

moon)dream unthings
silent three like
your my
life and our

in time of daffodils(who know
the goal of living is to grow)
forgetting why,remember how

in time of lilacs who proclaim
the aim of waking is to dream,
remember so(forgetting seem)

in time of roses(who amaze
our now and here with paradise)
forgetting if,remember yes

in time of all sweet things beyond
whatever mind may comprehend,
remember seek(forgetting find)

and in a mystery to be
(when time from time shall set us free)
forgetting me,remember me

17

for prodigal read generous
—for youth read age—
read for sheer wonder mere surprise
(then turn the page)

contentment read for ecstasy
—for poem prose—
caution for curiosity
(and close your eyes)

once White&Gold

daisy in the Dust
(trite now and old)

lie we so must

most lily brief

(rose here&gone)
flesh all is If

all blood And When

19

un(bee)mo

vi
n(in)g
are(th
e)you(o
nly)

asl(rose)eep

off a pane)the
(dropp
ingspinson
his

back mad)fly(ly
who
all at)stops
(once

2 I

joys faces friends

feet terrors fate
 hands silence eyes
 love laughter death

(dreams hopes despairs)

Once
 happened
 nowhere else
 imagine
 Now

rapidly this

(a
 forest has slowly
 Murdered the House)
 hole swallows it
 self

while nobody

(and stars moon
 sun fall rise come
 go rain snow)

remembers

why from this her and him
did you and did i climb
(crazily kissing)till

into themselves we fell—

how have all time and space
bowed to immortal us
if in one little bed

she and he lie(undead)

23

albutnotquitemost

lost(in this br
am
bliest tangle of hi
llside)a

few dim tombstones

try to re(still u
ntumbled but slant
ing drun
kenly)mind

me of noone i ever &

someone(the others have
long ago laid
them)i never(selves
any than

every more silent

ly)heard(& how
look at it blue is the
high is
the deep is the far o my

darling)of(down

dim
i
nu
tiv

e this park is e
mpty(everyb
ody's elsewher
e except me 6 e

nglish sparrow
s)a
utumn & t
he rai

n
th
e
raintherain

25

that melancholy

fellow'll play
his handorgan
until you say

“i want a fortune”

.At which(smiling)he stops:
& pick
ing up a magical stick
t,a,p,s

this dingy cage:then with a ghost

's rainfaint windthin
voice-which-is
no-voice sobcries

“paw?lee”

—whereupon out(SIO
wLy)steps(to
mount the wand)a by no
means almost

white morethanPerson;who

(riding through space
to diminutive this
opened drawer)tweak

S with his brutebeak

one fatal faded(pinkish or
yellowish maybe)piece
of pitiful paper—
but now,as Mr bowing Cockatoo

proffers the meaning of the stars

14th st dis(because my tears
are full of eyes)appears. Because
only the truest things always

are true because they can't be true

round a so moon could dream(i sus
pect)only god himself & as
loveless some world not any un
god manufacture might but man
kind yet in park this grim most(these
one who are)lovers cling & kiss
neither beholding a nor seen
by some that bum who's every one

27

jack's white horse(up

high in
the night
at the end
of doubleyou

4th)reminds me

in spite of his buggy of
lady godiva
& that(for no reason at
all)reminds

me the

cheerfulest goddamned
sonofabitch
i ever met
or hope to meet in

the course of a shall we say somewhat

diversified
(putting
it
quietly)

life was a blindman

as joe Gould says in

his terrifyingly hu
man man
ner the only reason every wo
man

should

go to college is so
that she never can(kno
wledge is po
wer)say o

if i

'd
OH
n
lygawntueco

llege

29

ev erythingex Cept:

that
's what she's
got

—ex

cept what?
why
,what it

Takes. now

you know(just as
well as i
do)what

it takes;& i don't mean It—

&
i don't
mean any

thing real

Ly what
;or ev
erythi

ng which. but,

som
e
th

ing:Who

what Got him was Noth

ing & nothing's exAct
 ly what any
 one Living(or some
 body Dead
 like
 even a Poet)could
 hardly express what
 i Mean is
 what knocked him over Wasn't
 (for instance)the K.nowing your

whole(yes god

damned)life is a Flop or even
 to
 Feel how
 Everything(dreamed
 & hoped &
 prayed for
 months & weeks & days & years
 & nights &
 forever)is Less Than
 Nothing(which would have been

Something)what got him was nothing

3 I

a he as o
 ld as who stag
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 ng up some streetfu

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 e lurche
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from ti(& d
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 ly)m
 e to ti

me shru
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 ing as if to say b
 ut for chreyesake how ca

n
 i s
 ell drunk if i
 be pencils

who(at

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elf

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33

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!

ADHUC SUB JUDICE LIS

when mack smacked phyllis on the snout

frank sank him with an uppercut
but everybody(i believe)

else thought lucinda looked like steve

35

“so you’re hunting for ann well i’m looking for will”
 “did you look for him down by the old swimminghole”
 “i’d be worse than a fool to have never looked there”
 “and you couldn’t well miss willy’s carroty hair”

“it seems like i just heard your annabel screech
 have you hunted her round by the rasberrypatch”
 “i have hunted her low i have hunted her high
 and that pretty pink pinafore’d knock out your eye”

“well maybe she’s up to some tricks with my bill
 as long as there’s haymows you never can tell”
 “as long as there’s ladies my annie is one
 nor she wouldn’t be seen with the likes of your son”

“and who but your daughter i’m asking yes who
 but that sly little bitch could have showed billy how”
 “your bastard boy must have learned what he knows
 from his slut of a mother i rather suppose”

“will’s dad never gave me one cent in his life
 but he fell for a whore when he married his wife
 and here is a riddle for you red says
 it aint his daughter her father lays”

“black hell upon you and all filthy men
 come annabel darling come annie come ann”
 “she’s coming right now in the rasberrypatch
 and ’twas me that she asked would it hurt too much

and ’twas me that looked up at my willy and you
 in the newmown hay and he telling you no”
 “then look you down through the old swimminghole
 there’ll be slime in his eyes and a stone on his soul”

yes but even

4 or(&
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ow)dinary
a

meri

can b
usiness soca
lled me
n dis

cussing “parity” in l’hô

tel nor
man(rue d
e l’échelle)
die can’t

quite poison God’s sunlight

37

handsome and clever and he went cruising
into a crazy dream
two were a hundred million whos
(while only himself was him)

two were the cleanest keenest bravest
killers you'd care to see
(while a stuttering ghost that maybe had shaved
three times in its life made three)

brawny and brainy they sing and they whistle
(now here is a job to be done)
while a wisp of why as thick as my fist
stuck in the throat of one

two came hurrying home to the dearest
little women alive
(but jim stood still for a thousand years
and then lay down with a smile)

s.ti:rst;hiso,nce;ma:n

c
ollapse
d

.i:ns;unli,gh;t:

“ah
gwonyuhdoanfool
me”

toitselfw.hispering

THANKSGIVING (1956)

a monsterring horror swallows
 this unworld me by you
 as the god of our fathers' fathers bows
 to a which that walks like a who

but the voice-with-a-smile of democracy
 announces night & day
 "all poor little peoples that want to be free
 just trust in the u s a"

suddenly uprose hungary
 and she gave a terrible cry
 "no slave's unlife shall murder me
 for i will freely die"

she cried so high thermopylae
 heard her and marathon
 and all prehuman history
 and finally The UN

"be quiet little hungary
 and do as you are bid
 a good kind bear is angary
 we fear for the quo pro quid"

uncle sam shrugs his pretty
 pink shoulders you know how
 and he twitches a liberal titty
 and lisps "i'm busy right now"

so rah-rah-rah democracy
 let's all be as thankful as hell
 and bury the statue of liberty
 (because it begins to smell)

silence

.is
a
looking

bird:the

turn
ing;edge,of
life

(inquiry before snow

4 1

Beautiful

is the
unmea
ning
of(sil

ently)fal

ling(e
ver
yw
here)s

Now

from spiralling ecstatically this

proud nowhere of earth's most prodigious night
 blossoms a newborn babe:around him,eyes
 —gifted with every keener appetite
 than mere unmiracle can quite appease—
 humbly in their imagined bodies kneel
 (over time space doom dream while floats the whole

perhapsless mystery of paradise)

mind without soul may blast some universe
 to might have been,and stop ten thousand stars
 but not one heartbeat of this child;nor shall
 even prevail a million questionings
 against the silence of his mother's smile

—whose only secret all creation sings

43

who(is?are)who

(two faces at a dark
window)this father and his
child are watching snowflakes
(falling & falling & falling)

eyes eyes

looking(alw
ays)while
earth and sky grow
one with won

der until(see

the)with the
bigger much than biggest
(little is)now(dancing yes for)white
ly(joy!joy!joy)and whiteliest all

wonderings are silence is becom

ing each
truebeautifully
more-than-thing
(& falling &)

EverychildfatheringOne

—laughing to find
 anyone's blind
 (like me like you)
 except in snow—

a whom we make
 (of grin for smile
 whose head's his face
 with stones for eyes

for mind with none)
 boy after girl
 each brings a world
 to build our clown

—shouting to see
 what no mind knows
 a mindless he
 begins to guess

what no tongue tells
 (such as ourselves)
 begins to sing
 an only grin—

dancing to feel
 nots are their whys
 stones become eyes
 locks open keys

haven't is have
 doubt and believe
 (like me like you)
 vanish in so

—laughing to find
 a noone's more
 by far than you're
 alive or i'm—

crying to lose
 (as down someone
 who's we ungrow)
 a dream in the rain

i love you much(most beautiful darling)

more than anyone on the earth and i
like you better than everything in the sky

—sunlight and singing welcome your coming

although winter may be everywhere
with such a silence and such a darkness
noone can quite begin to guess

(except my life)the true time of year—

and if what calls itself a world should have
the luck to hear such singing(or glimpse such
sunlight as will leap higher than high
through gayer than gayest someone's heart at your each

nearerness)everyone certainly would(my
most beautiful darling)believe in nothing but love

never could anyone
who simply lives to die
dream that your valentine
makes happier me than i

but always everything
which only dies to grow
can guess and as for spring
she'll be the first to know

47

out of night's almost Floats a colour(in

-to day's bloodlight climbs the onlying
world)

whose
silence are cries
poems children dreams &

through slowquickly opening if less

this irre-
VocA
-ble flame

is
lives
breath
es(over-

ing
un
-derfully & a-
rounding
death)

L

o
v

e

someone i am wandering a town(if its
houses turning into themselves grow

silent upon new perfectly blue)

i am any(while around him streets
taking moment off by moment day
thankfully become each other)one who

feels a world crylaughingly float away

leaving just this strolling ghostly doll
of an almost vanished me(for whom
the departure of everything real is the
arrival of everything true)and i'm

no(if deeply less conceivable than
birth or death or even than breathing shall

blossom a first star)one

49

noone and a star stand,am to am

(life to life;breathing to breathing
flaming dream to dreaming flame)

united by perfect nothing:

millionary wherewhens distant,as
reckoned by the unimmortal mind,
these immeasurable mysteries
(human one;and one celestial)stand

soul to soul:freedom to freedom

till her utmost secrecies and his
(dreaming flame by flaming dream)
merge—at not imaginable which

instant born,a(who is neither each
both and)Self adventures deathlessness

!

o(rounD)moon,how
do
you(rouNd
er
than roUnd)float;
who
lly &(rOunder than)
go
:ldenly(Round
est)

?

51

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 of is and un of

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why

do the
fingers

of the lit
tle once beau
tiful la

dy(sitting sew
ing at an o
pen window this
fine morning)fly

instead of dancing
are they possibly
afraid that life is
running away from
them(i wonder)or

isn't she a
ware that life(who
never grows old)
is always beau

tiful and
that nobod
y beauti

ful ev
er hur

ries

53

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eold almos
tladyf eebly
hurl ing
cr u

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neatt wothre
efourfi ve&six
engli shsp
arr ow

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ardensteil-henarub-izabeth)

this noN
 allgotupfittokill
 She with the
 & how

p-e-r-f-e-c-t-l-y-d-e-a-d

Unvoice(which frightenS
 a noisy most
 park's
 least timorous pigeons)squ

-I-

nts(while showe
 ring cigaretteash O
 ver that scre
 Amingfeeblyoff

s,p;r;i;n,g

55

you no

tice
 nobod
 y wants

Less(not to men

tion least)& i
 ob
 serve no

body wants Most

(not
 putting it mildly
 much)

may

be be
 cause
 ever

ybody

wants more
 (& more &
 still More)what the

hell are we all morticians?

home means that
when the certainly
roof leaks it
's our(home

means if any moon
or possibly
sun shines they are
our also my

darling)but should some im
probably
unworld crash
to 1

nonillion(& so)nothings
each(let's
kiss)means
home

57

old age sticks
 up Keep
 Off
 signs)&

youth yanks them
 down(old
 age
 cries No

Tres)&(pas)
 youth laughs
 (sing
 old age

scolds Forbid
 den Stop
 Must
 n't Don't

&)youth goes
 right on
 gr
 owing old

a total stranger one black day
knocked living the hell out of me—

who found forgiveness hard because
my(as it happened)self he was

—but now that fiend and i are such
immortal friends the other's each

59

when any mortal(even the most odd)

can justify the ways of man to God
i'll think it strange that normal mortals can

not justify the ways of God to man

dive for dreams
or a slogan may topple you
(trees are their roots
and wind is wind)

trust your heart
if the seas catch fire
(and live by love
though the stars walk backward)

honour the past
but welcome the future
(and dance your death
away at this wedding)

never mind a world
with its villains or heroes
(for god likes girls
and tomorrow and the earth)

61

Young m
oon:be kind to olde

r this
m

ost ol
d than(a

sleep)whom and tipto
e t

hrough
his dream;dancin

g you
Star

your birthday comes to tell me this

—each luckiest of lucky days
i've loved, shall love, do love you, was

and will be and my birthday is

63

precisely as unbig a why as i'm
 (almost too small for death's because to find)
 may, given perfect mercy, live a dream
 larger than alive any star goes round

—a dream sans meaning (or whatever kills)
 a giving who (no taking simply which)
 a marvel every breathing creature feels
 (but none can think) a learning under teach—

precisely as unbig as i'm a why
 (almost too small for dying's huge because)
 given much mercy more than even the
 mercy of perfect sunlight after days

of dark, will climb; will blossom: will sing (like
 april's own april and awake's awake)

out of the lie of no
rises a truth of yes
(only herself and who
illimitably is)

making fools understand
(like wintry me)that not
all matterings of mind
equal one violet

65

first robin the;
you say something
(for only me)
and gone is who.

since becomes why:
old turns to young
(winter goodbye)
april hello,

“but why should”

the
greatest
of

living magicians(whom

you and i
some
times call

april)must often

have
wondered
“most

people be quite

so(when flowers)in
credibly
(always are beautiful)

ugly”

67

this little huge

-eyed per-
son(nea
-rly burs-

ting with the

in
-expressib-
le

num

-berlessn-
ess of her
selves)can't

u

-nderstan-
d my o
-nl-

y me

the(oo)is

IOOk

(aliv

e)e

yes

are(chIId)and

wh(g

o

ne)

o

w(A)a(M)s

over us if(as what was dusk becomes

darkness)innumerably singular
strictly immeasurable nowhere flames
—its farthest silence nearer than each our

heartbeat—believe that love(and only love)

comprehends huger easily beyonds
than timelessly alive all glories we've
agreed with nothing deeper than our minds

to call the stars. And(darling)never fear:

love,when such marvels vanish,will include
—there by arriving magically here—
an everywhere which you've and i've agreed
and we've(with one last more than kiss)to call

most the amazing miracle of all

whatever's merely wilful,
and not miraculous
(be never it so skilful)
must wither fail and cease
—but better than to grow
beauty knows no

their goal(in calm and fury:
through joy and anguish)who've
made her,outglory glory
the little while they live—
unless by your thinking
forever's long

let beauty touch a blunder
(called life)we die to breathe,
itself becomes her wonder
—and wonderful is death;
but more,the older he's
the younger she's

71

stand with your lover on the ending earth—

and while a(huge which by which huger than
huge)whoing sea leaps to greenly hurl snow

suppose we could not love,dear;imagine

ourselves like living neither nor dead these
(or many thousand hearts which don't and dream
or many million minds which sleep and move)
blind sands,at pitiless the mercy of

time time time time time

—how fortunate are you and i,whose home
is timelessness:we who have wandered down
from fragrant mountains of eternal now

to frolic in such mysteries as birth
and death a day(or maybe even less)

i shall imagine life
is not worth dying,if
(and when)roses complain
their beauties are in vain

but though mankind persuades
itself that every weed's
a rose,roses(you feel
certain)will only smile

73

let's, from some loud unworld's most rightful wrong

climbing, my love (till mountains speak the truth)
 enter a cloverish silence of thrushsong

(and more than every miracle's to breathe)

wounded us will becauseless ultimate
 earth accept and primeval whyless sky;
 healing our by immeasurable night

spirits and with illimitable day

(shrived of that nonexistence millions call
 life, you and i may reverently share
 the blessed eachness of all beautiful
 selves wholly which and innocently are)

seeming's enough for slaves of space and time
 —ours is the now and here of freedom. Come

sentinel robins two
guard me and you
and little house this our
from hate from fear

a which of slim of blue
of here will who
straight up into the where
so safe we are

75

(hills chime with thrush)

A
 hummingbird princess
 FIOaTs
 doll-angel-life
 from

Bet:To;Bouncing,Bet

the
 ruby&emerald zigging
 HE
 of a zagflash king
 poUnc

es buzzsqueaking th

ey
 tangle in twitter
 y t
 wofroing chino
 ise

r(!)i(?)e(.)s

these from my mother's greatgrandmother's rosebush white

roses are probably the least probable roses
of her improbable world and without any doubt
of impossible ours

—God's heaven perhaps comprises
poems(my mother's greatgrandmother surely would know)
of purest poem and glories of sheerest glory
a little more always less believably so
than(how should even omnipotent He feel sorry
while these were blossoming)roses which really are dreams
of roses—

“and who” i asked my love “could begin
to imagine quite such eagerly innocent whoms
of merciful sweetness except Himself?”

—“noone
unless it's a smiling” she told me “someone”(and smiled)

“who holds Himself as the little white rose of a child”

i am a little church(no great cathedral)
 far from the splendor and squalor of hurrying cities
 —i do not worry if briefer days grow briefest,
 i am not sorry when sun and rain make april

my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;
 my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving
 (finding and losing and laughing and crying)children
 whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

around me surges a miracle of unceasing
 birth and glory and death and resurrection:
 over my sleeping self float flaming symbols
 of hope,and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains

i am a little church(far from the frantic
 world with its rapture and anguish)at peace with nature
 —i do not worry if longer nights grow longest;
 i am not sorry when silence becomes singing

winter by spring,i lift my diminutive spire to
 merciful Him Whose only now is forever:
 standing erect in the deathless truth of His presence
 (welcoming humbly His light and proudly His darkness)

all nearness pauses, while a star can grow

all distance breathes a final dream of bells;
perfectly outlined against afterglow
are all amazing the and peaceful hills

(not where not here but neither's blue most both)

and history immeasurably is
wealthier by a single sweet day's death:
as not imagined secrecies comprise

goldenly huge whole the upfloating moon.

Time's a strange fellow;

more he gives than takes
(and he takes all)nor any marvel finds
quite disappearance but some keener makes
losing, gaining

—love! if a world ends

more than all worlds begin to(see?)begin

79

whippoorwill this

moonday into
(big with unthings)

tosses hello

whirling whose rhyme

(spilling his rings)
threeing alive

pasture and hills

if the Lovestar grows most big

a voice comes out of some dreaming tree
(and how i'll stand more still than still)
and what he'll sing and sing to me

and while this dream is climbing sky
(until his voice is more than bird)
and when no am was ever as i

then that Star goes under the earth

81

here's s

omething round(& so
 mething lost)& som
 ething like
 a mind with
 out a body(turn
 ing silently to a
 lmost)dis
 appearing
 how patiently be

coming some(&

merciful
 ly which is
 every)un(star
 rain snow moon
 dream wing tree
 leaf bird
 sun
 & singing &)
 thing found

one old blue wheel in a pasture

now comes the good rain farmers pray for (and
 no sharp shrill shower bouncing up off
 burned earth but a blind blissfully seething
 gift wandering deeply through godthanking ground)

bluest whos of this snowy head we call
 old frank go bluer still as (shifting his life
 from which to which) he reaches the barn's immense
 doorway and halts propped on a pitchfork (breathing)

lovers like rej and lena smile (while looming
 darkly a kindness of fragrance opens around
 them) and whisper their joy under entirely the coming
 quite not imaginable silence of sound

(here is that rain awaited by leaves with all
 their trees and by forests with all their mountains)

83

perished have safe small
facts of hilltop
(barn house wellsweep
forest & clearing)

gone are enormous
near far silent
truths of mountain
(strolling is there here)

everywhere fair yair
feelable heavenless
warm sweet mistfully
whispering rainlife)

infinite also
ourselves exist sans
shall be or was
(laws clocks fears hopes)

beliefs compulsions
doubts & corners)
worlds are to dream now
dreams are to breathe

how generous is that himself the sun

—arriving truly, faithfully who goes
(never a moment ceasing to begin
the mystery of day for someone's eyes)

with silver splendors past conceiving who

comforts his children, if he disappears;
till of more much than dark most nowhere no
particle is not a universe—

but if, with goldenly his fathering

(as that himself out of all silence strolls)
nearness awakened, any bird should sing:
and our night's thousand million miracles

a million thousand hundred nothings seem
—we are himself's own self; his very him

85

here pasture ends—
 this girl and boy
 who're littler than
 (day disappears)

their heartbeats dare
 some upward world
 of each more most
 prodigious Selves

both now alive
 creatures(bright if
 by shadowy
 if)swallowing

is everywhere
 beginningless
 a Magic of
 green solitude

(go marvels come)
 as littler much
 than littlest they
 adventure(wish

by terror)steep
 not guessable
 each infinite
 Oblivions

found a by lost
 child and a(float
 through sleeping firsts
 of wonder)child

unbreathingly
 share(huge Perhaps
 by hugest)dooms
 of miracle

drift killed swim born
 a dream and(through
 stillness beyond
 conceiving)dream

until No least
leaf almost stirs
as never (in
againless depths

of silence) and
forever touch
or until she
and he become

(on tiptoe at
the very quick
of nowhere) we
—While one thrush sings

86

this
forest pool
A so

of Black
er than est
if

Im
agines
more than life

must die to
merely
Know

now(more near ourselves than we)
is a bird singing in a tree,
who never sings the same thing twice
and still that singing's always his

eyes can feel but ears may see
there never lived a gayer he;
if earth and sky should break in two
he'd make them one(his song's so true)

who sings for us for you for me
for each leaf newer than can be:
and for his own(his love)his dear
he sings till everywhere is here

joyful your complete fearless and pure love
 with one least ignorance may comprehend
 more than shall ever provingly disprove
 either vastnesses of orish mind

—nothing believable inhabits here:
 overs of known descend through depths of guess,
 shadows are substances and wings are birds;
 unders of dream adventure truths of skies—

darling of darlings!by that miracle
 which is the coming of pure joyful your
 fearless and complete love,all safely small
 big wickedly worlds of world disappear

all and(like any these my)words of words
 turn to a silence who's the voice of voice

now what were motionless move(exists no

miracle mightier than this:to feel)
 poor worlds must merely do,which then are done;
 and whose last doing shall not quite undo
 such first amazement as a leaf—here's one

more than each creature new(except your fear
 to whom i give this little parasol,
 so she may above people walk in the air
 with almost breathing me)—look up:and we'll

(for what were less than dead)dance,i and you;
 high(are become more than alive)above
 anybody and fate and even Our
 whisper it Selves but don't look down and to

-morrow and yesterday and everything except love

rosetree, rosetree
 —you're a song to see: whose
 all (you're a sight to sing)
 poems are opening,
 as if an earth was
 playing at birthdays

each (a wish no
 bigger than) in roguish
 arm of fragrance
 dances a honeydunce;
 whirling's a frantic
 struts a pedantic

proud or humble,
 equally they're welcome
 —as if the humble proud
 youngest bud testified
 “giving (and giving
 only) is living”

worlds of prose mind
 utterly beyond is
 brief that how infinite
 (deeply immediate
 fleet and profound this)
 beautiful kindness

sweet such (past can's
 every can't) immensest
 mysteries contradict
 a deathful realm of fact
 —by their precision
 evolving vision

dreamtree, truthtree
 tree of jubilee: with
 aeons of (trivial
 merely) existence, all
 when may not measure
 a now of your treasure

blithe each shameless
gaiety of blossom
—blissfully nonchalant
wise and each ignorant
gladness—unteaches
what despair preaches

myriad wonder
people of a person;
joyful your any new
(every more only you)
most emanation
creates creation

lovetree!least the
rose alive must three,must
four and(to quite become
nothing)five times,proclaim
fate isn't fatal
—a heart her each petal

unlove's the heavenless hell and homeless home

of knowledgeable shadows(quick to seize
each nothing which all soulless wraiths proclaim
substance;all heartless spectres,happiness)

lovers alone wear sunlight. The whole truth

not hid by matter;not by mind revealed
(more than all dying life,all living death)
and never which has been or will be told

sings only—and all lovers are the song.

Here(only here)is freedom:always here
no then of winter equals now of spring;
but april's day transcends november's year

(eternity being so sans until
twice i have lived forever in a smile)

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
 my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
 i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
 by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
 no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
 and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
 and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
 (here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
 and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
 higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
 and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

spring!may—
 everywhere's here
 (with a low high low
 and the bird on the bough)
 how?why
 —we never we know
 (so kiss me)shy sweet eagerly my
 most dear

(diellive)
 the new is the true
 and to lose is to have
 —we never we know—
 bravelbrave
 (the earth and the sky
 are one today)my very so gay
 young love

why?how—
 we never we know
 (with a high low high
 in the may in the spring)
 live!die
 (forever is now)
 and dance you suddenly blossoming tree
 —i'll sing

being to timelessness as it's to time,
 love did no more begin than love will end;
 where nothing is to breathe to stroll to swim
 love is the air the ocean and the land

(do lovers suffer?all divinities
 proudly descending put on deathful flesh:
 are lovers glad?only their smallest joy's
 a universe emerging from a wish)

love is the voice under all silences,
 the hope which has no opposite in fear;
 the strength so strong mere force is feebleness:
 the truth more first than sun more last than star

—do lovers love?why then to heaven with hell.
 Whatever sages say and fools,all's well

if up's the word;and a world grows greener
 minute by second and most by more—
 if death is the loser and life is the winner
 (and beggars are rich but misers are poor)
 —let's touch the sky:

with a to and a fro
 (and a here there where)and away we go

in even the laziest creature among us
 a wisdom no knowledge can kill is astir—
 now dull eyes are keen and now keen eyes are keener
 (for young is the year,for young is the year)
 —let's touch the sky:

with a great(and a gay
 and a steep)deep rush through amazing day

it's brains without hearts have set saint against sinner;
 put gain over gladness and joy under care—
 let's do as an earth which can never do wrong does
 (minute by second and most by more)
 —let's touch the sky:

with a strange(and a true)
 and a climbing fall into far near blue

if beggars are rich(and a robin will sing his
 robin a song)but misers are poor—
 let's love until noone could quite be(and young is
 the year,dear)as living as i'm and as you're
 —let's touch the sky:

with a you and a me
 and an every(who's any who's some)one who's we

73 Poems

I

O the sun comes up-up-up in the opening

sky(the all the
any merry every pretty each

bird sings birds sing
gay-be-gay because today's today)the
romp cries i and the me purrs

you and the gentle
who-horns says-does moo-woo
(the prance with the
three white its stimpstamps)

the grintgrunt wugglewiggle
chamychumpchomps yes
the speckled strut begins to scretch and
scratch-scrutch

and scritch(while
the no-she-yes-he fluffies tittle
tattle did-he-does-she)& the

ree ray rye roh
rowster shouts

rawrOO

for any ruffian of the sky
your kingbird doesn't give a damn—
his royal warcry is I AM
and he's the soul of chivalry

in terror of whose furious beak
(as sweetly singing creatures know)
cringes the hugest heartless hawk
and veers the vast most crafty crow

your kingbird doesn't give a damn
for murderers of high estate
whose mongrel creed is Might Makes Right
—his royal warcry is I AM

true to his mate his chicks his friends
he loves because he cannot fear
(you see it in the way he stands
and looks and leaps upon the air)

3

seeker of truth

follow no path
all paths lead where

truth is here

SONG

but we've the may
 (for you are in love
 and i am)to sing,
 my darling:while
 old worlds and young
 (big little and all
 worlds)merely have
 the must to say

and the when to do
 is exactly theirs
 (dull worlds or keen;
 big little and all)
 but lose or win
 (come heaven,come hell)
 precisely ours
 is the now to grow

it's love by whom
 (my beautiful friend)
 the gift to live
 is without until:
 but pitiful they've
 (big little and all)
 no power beyond
 the trick to seem

their joys turn woes
 and right goes wrong
 (dim worlds or bright;
 big little and all)
 whereas(my sweet)
 our summer in fall
 and in winter our spring
 is the yes of yes

love was and shall
 be this only truth
 (a dream of a deed,
 born not to die)
 but worlds are made
 of hello and goodbye:
 glad sorry or both
 (big little and all)

5

the first of all my dreams was of
a lover and his only love,
strolling slowly(mind in mind)
through some green mysterious land

until my second dream begins—
the sky is wild with leaves;which dance
and dancing swoop(and swooping whirl
over a frightened boy and girl)

but that mere fury soon became
silence:in huger always whom
two tiny selves sleep(doll by doll)
motionless under magical

foreverfully falling snow.
And then this dreamer wept:and so
she quickly dreamed a dream of spring
—how you and i are blossoming

fair ladies tall lovers
riding are through the
(with wonder into colours
all into singing)may

wonder a with deep
(A so wonder pure)
even than the green
the new the earth more

moving(all gay
fair brave tall young
come they)through the may
in fragrance and song

wonderingly come
(brighter than prayers)
riding through a Dream
like fire called flowers

over green the new
earth a day of may
under more a blue
than blue can be sky

always(through fragrance
and singing)come lovers
with slender their ladies
(Each youngest)in sunlight

7

it's

so damn sweet when Anybody—
yes;no

matter who,some

total(preferably
blonde
of course)

or on the other

well
your oldest
pal
for instance(or

;why

even
i
suppose
one
's wife)

—does doesn't unsays says looks smiles

or simply Is
what makes
you feel you
aren't

6 or 6

teen or sixty
000,000
anybodyelses—

but for once

(imag
-ine)

You

plant Magic dust

expect hope doubt
(wonder mistrust)
despair
and right
where soulless our
(with all their minds)
eyes blindly stare

life herSelf stands

9

now is a ship

which captain am
sails out of sleep

steering for dream

because it's

Spring
thingS

dare to do people

(& not
the other way

round)because it

's A
pril

Lives lead their own

persons(in
stead

of everybodyelse's)but

what's wholly
marvellous my

Darling

is that you &
i are more than you

& i(be

ca
us

e It's we)

I I

humble one(gifted with
illimitable joy)
bird sings love's every truth
beyond all since and why
asking no favor but
(while down come blundering
proud hugenesses of hate
sometimes called world)to sing

Me up at does

out of the floor
quietly Stare

a poisoned mouse

still who alive

is asking What
have i done that

You wouldn't have

13

o
 nly this
 darkness(in
 whom always i
 do nothing)deepens
 with wind(and hark
 begins to

Rain)a

house
 like shape
 stirs through(not
 numerably
 or as lovers a
 chieve oneness)each
 othering

Selves i

sit
 (hearing
 the rain)un
 til against my
 (where three dreams live)fore
 head is stumbling
 someone(named

Morning)

a great

man
is
gone.

Tall as the truth

was who:and
wore his(mountains
understand

how)life

like a(now
with
one sweet sun

in it,now with a

million
flaming billion kinds
of nameless

silence)sky;

15

at just 5 a
m i hear eng
(which cannot sing)
lish sparrows say

then 2 or per
(who can and do
fat pigeons coo)
haps even 4

now man's most vast
(unmind by brain)
more than machine
turns less than beast

at 6 this bell
's whisper asks(of
a world born deaf)
"heaven or hell"

e
cco the uglies
t

s
ub
sub

urba
n skyline on earth between whose d
owdy

hou
se
s

l
ooms an eggyellow smear of wintry sunse
t

17

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nobody could
 in superhuman flights
 of submoronic fancy
 be more not

conceivably future than mrs somethingwitz

nay somethingelsestein. Death should take his hat
 off to this dame:he won't be out of work
 while she can swarm. To doubt that in whose form
 less form all goodness truth and beauty lurk,
 simply to her does not occur(alarm
 ing notion for idealists?so what)

all politicians like the sight of vote

and politics,as everyone knows,is
 wut ektyouelly metus. Unbeside
 which limps who might less frenziedly have cried

eev mahmah hadn chuzd nogged id entwhys

19

everybody happy?
WE-WE-WE
& to hell with the chappy
who doesn't agree

(if you can't dentham
comma bentham;
or 1 law for the lions &
oxen is science)

Q:how numb can an unworld get?
A:number

fearlessandbosomy

this
grand:gal
who

liked men horses roses

& \$(in
that
order)is

wHISpEr

it
left;at the age
of

8

ysomethi
ng
(imagine)

with,pansies

2 I

why

don't
be
sil
ly

,o no in-

deed;
money
can't do(never
did &

never will)any

damn
thing
:far
from it;you

're wrong,my friend. But

what does
do,
has always done
;&

will do alw

-ays something
is(guess)yes
you're
right:my enemy

. Love

annie died the other day

never was there such a lay—
whom, among her dollies, dad
first (“don’t tell your mother”) had;
making annie slightly mad
but very wonderful in bed
—saints and satyrs, go your way

youths and maidens: let us pray

23

nite)
 thatthis
 crou
 ched

moangrowl-&-thin
 g stirs(m
 id)a
 life whats wh

(un)ich(cur
 ling)s
 ilentl
 y are(mi

dnite also conce
 als 2 ph
 antoms clutch
 ed in

a writewho room)as
 hows of
 whi
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25

a grin without a
face(a look
without an i)
be care

ful(touch noth
ing)or
it'll disapp
ear bangl

essly(into sweet
the earth)&
nobody
(including our

selves)
will reme
mber
(for 1 frac

tion of
a mo
ment)where
what how

when
who why
which
(or anything)

if seventy were young
 and death uncommon
 (forgiving not divine,
 to err inhuman)
 or any thine a mine
 —dingdong:dongding—
 to say would be to sing

if broken hearts were whole
 and cowards heroes
 (the popular the wise,
 a weed a tearose)
 and every minus plus
 —fare ill:fare well—
 a frown would be a smile

if sorrowful were gay
 (today tomorrow,
 doubting believing and
 to lend to borrow)
 or any foe a friend
 —cry nay:cry yea—
 november would be may

that you and i'd be quite
 —come such perfection—
 another i and you,
 is a deduction
 which(be it false or true)
 disposes me to shoot
 dogooding folk on sight

27

in heavenly realms of hellas dwelt
 two very different sons of zeus:
 one, handsome strong and born to dare
 —a fighter to his eyelashes—
 the other, cunning ugly lame;
 but as you'll shortly comprehend
 a marvellous artificer

now Ugly was the husband of
 (as happens every now and then
 upon a merely human plane)
 someone completely beautiful;
 and Beautiful, who (truth to sing)
 could never quite tell right from wrong,
 took brother Fearless by the eyes
 and did the deed of joy with him

then Cunning forged a web so subtle
 air is comparatively crude;
 an indestructible occult
 supersnare of resistless metal:
 and (stealing toward the blissful pair)
 skilfully wafted over them—
 selves this implacable unthing

next, our illustrious scientist
 petitions the celestial host
 to scrutinize his handiwork:
 they (summoned by that savage yell
 from shining realms of regions dark)
 laugh long at Beautiful and Brave
 —wildly who rage, vainly who strive;
 and being finally released
 flee one another like the pest

thus did immortal jealousy
 quell divine generosity,
 thus reason vanquished instinct and
 matter became the slave of mind;
 thus virtue triumphed over vice
 and beauty bowed to ugliness
 and logic thwarted life: and thus—
 but look around you, friends and foes

my tragic tale concludes herewith:
 soldier, beware of mrs smith

“right here the other night something
odd occurred” charlie confessed
(halting) “a tall strong young
finelooking fellow, dressed

well but not over, stopped
me by ‘could you spare three cents please’
—why guesswho nearly leaped
out of muchtheworseforwear shoes

‘fair friend’ we enlightened this stranger
‘some people have all the luck;
since our hero is quite without change, you’re
going to get one whole buck’

not a word this stranger replied—
but as one whole buck became his
(believe it or don’t) by god
down this stranger went on both knees”

green turns red (the roar
of traffic collapses: through
west ninth slowly cars pour
into sixth avenue)

“then” my voice marvels “what happened”
as everywhere red goes green
—groping blank sky with a blind
stare, he whispers “i ran”

29

the greedy the people
(as if as can yes)
they sell and they buy
and they die for because
though the bell in the steeple
says Why

the chary the wary
(as all as can each)
they don't and they do
and they turn to a which
though the moon in her glory
says Who

the busy the millions
(as you're as can i'm)
they flock and they flee
through a thunder of seem
though the stars in their silence
say Be

the cunning the craven
(as think as can feel)
they when and they how
and they live for until
though the sun in his heaven
says Now

the timid the tender
(as doubt as can trust)
they work and they pray
and they bow to a must
though the earth in her splendor
says May

one winter afternoon

(at the magical hour
when is becomes if)

a bespangled clown
standing on eighth street
handed me a flower.

Nobody, it's safe
to say, observed him but

myself; and why? because

without any doubt he was
whatever (first and last)

most people fear most:
a mystery for which i've
no word except alive

—that is, completely alert
and miraculously whole;

with not merely a mind and a heart

but unquestionably a soul—
by no means funereally hilarious

(or otherwise democratic)
but essentially poetic
or ethereally serious:

a fine not a coarse clown
(no mob, but a person)

and while never saying a word

who was anything but dumb;
since the silence of him

self sang like a bird.
Most people have been heard
screaming for international

measures that render hell rational
—i thank heaven somebody's crazy

enough to give me a daisy

31

POEM(or
 “the divine right of majorities,
 that illegitimate offspring of the
 divine right of kings” Homer Lea)

here are five simple facts no sub

human superstate ever knew
 (1)we sans love equals mob
 love being youamiare(2)

the holy miraculous difference between

firststrate & second implies nonth
 inkable enormousness by con
 trast with the tiny stumble from second to tenth

rate(3)as it was in the begin

ning it is now and always will be or
 the onehundredpercentoriginal sin
 cerity equals perspicuity(4)

Only The Game Fish Swims Upstream &(5)
 unbeingdead isn't beingalive

all which isn't singing is mere talking
and all talking's talking to oneself
(whether that oneself be sought or seeking
master or disciple sheep or wolf)

gush to it as deity or devil
—toss in sobs and reasons threats and smiles
name it cruel fair or blessed evil—
it is you(né i)nobody else

drive dumb mankind dizzy with haranguing
—you are deafened every mother's son—
all is merely talk which isn't singing
and all talking's to oneself alone

but the very song of(as mountains
feel and lovers)singing is silence

33

christ but they're few

all(beyond win
or lose)good true
beautiful things

god how he sings

the robin(who
'll be silent in
a moon or two)

“nothing” the unjust man complained
“is just”(“or un-” the just rejoined

35

the trick of finding what you didn't lose
 (existing's tricky;but to live's a gift)
 the teachable imposture of always
 arriving at the place you never left

(and i refer to thinking)rests upon
 a dismal misconception;namely that
 some neither ape nor angel called a man
 is measured by his quote eye cue unquote.

Much better than which, every woman who's
 (despite the ultramachinations of
 some loveless infraworld)a woman knows;
 and certain men quite possibly may have

shall we say guessed?"

 "we shall" quoth gifted she:
 and played the hostess to my morethanme

if in beginning twilight of winter will stand

(over a snowstopped silent world)one
spirit serenely truly himself;and

alone only as greatness is alone—

one(above nevermoving all nowhere)
goldenly whole,prodigiously alive
most mercifully glorying keen star

whom she-and-he-like ifs of am perceive

(but believe scarcely may)certainly while
mute each inch of their murdered planet grows
more and enormously more less:until
her-and-his nonexistence vanishes

with also earth's

—“dying” the ghost of you
whispers “is very pleasant” my ghost to

now that,more nearest even than your fate

and mine(or any truth beyond perceive)
quivers this miracle of summer night

her trillion secrets touchably alive

—while and all mysteries which i or you
(blinded by merely things believable)
could only fancy we should never know

are unimaginably ours to feel—

how should some world(we marvel)doubt,for just
sweet terrifying the particular
moment it takes one very falling most
(there:did you see it?)star to disappear,

that hugest whole creation may be less
incalculable than a single kiss

silently if, out of not knowable
night's utmost nothing, wanders a little guess
(only which is this world) more my life does
not leap than with the mystery your smile

sings or if (spiralling as luminous
they climb oblivion) voices who are dreams,
less into heaven certainly earth swims
than each my deeper death becomes your kiss

losing through you what seemed myself, i find
selves unimaginably mine; beyond
sorrow's own joys and hoping's very fears

yours is the light by which my spirit's born:
yours is the darkness of my soul's return
—you are my sun, my moon, and all my stars

39

white guardians of the universe of sleep

safely may by imperishable your
glory escorted through infinite countries be
my darling(open the very secret of hope
to her eyes,not any longer blinded with
a world;and let her heart's each whisper wear

all never guessed unknowable most joy)

faithfully blossoming beyond to breathe
suns of the night,bring this beautiful
wanderer home to a dream called time:and give
herself into the mercy of that star,
if out of climbing whom begins to spill
such golden blood as makes his moon alive

sing more will wonderfully birds than are

your homecoming will be my homecoming—

my selves go with you, only i remain;
a shadow phantom effigy or seeming

(an almost someone always who's noone)

a noone who, till their and your returning,
spends the forever of his loneliness
dreaming their eyes have opened to your morning

feeling their stars have risen through your skies:

so, in how merciful love's own name, linger
no more than selfless i can quite endure
the absence of that moment when a stranger
takes in his arms my very life who's your

—when all fears hopes beliefs doubts disappear.
Everywhere and joy's perfect wholeness we're

4 I

a round face near the top of the stairs
speaks in his kind sweet big voice:
then a slender face(on the mantelpiece
of a bedroom)begins to croon

more particularly at just
midnight this hearty fellow'll exist
—whereas that delicate creature is most
herself while uttering one

a third face,away in the sky
finally faintly(higher than high
in the rain in the wind in the dark)whispers.
And i and my love are alone

42

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OthI
n

g can

s
urPas
s

the m

y
SteR
y

of

s
tilLnes
s

43

may i be gay

like every lark
who lifts his life

from all the dark

who wings his why

beyond because
and sings an if

of day to yes

Now i lay(with everywhere around)
me(the great dim deep sound
of rain;and of always and of nowhere)and

what a gently welcoming darkestness—

now i lay me down(in a most steep
more than music)feeling that sunlight is
(life and day are)only loaned:whereas
night is given(night and death and the rain

are given;and given is how beautifully snow)

now i lay me down to dream of(nothing
i or any somebody or you
can begin to begin to imagine)

something which nobody may keep.
now i lay me down to dream of Spring

45

what time is it?it is by every star
 a different time,and each most falsely true;
 or so subhuman superminds declare

—nor all their times encompass me and you:

when are we never,but forever now
 (hosts of eternity;not guests of seem)
 believe me,dear,clocks have enough to do

without confusing timelessness and time.

Time cannot children,poets,lovers tell—
 measure imagine,mystery,a kiss
 —not though mankind would rather know than feel;

mistrusting utterly that timelessness

whose absence would make your whole life and my
 (and infinite our)merely to undie

out of midsummer's blazing most not night
 as floats a more than day whose sun is moon,
 and our(from inexistence moving)sweet
 earth puts on immortality again

—her murdered selves exchanging swiftly for
 the deathlessness who's beauty:reoccurs
 so magically,farthest becomes near
 (one silent pasture,all a heartbeat dares;

that mountain,any god)while leaf twig limb
 ask every question time can't answer:and
 such vivid nothing as green meteors swim
 signals all some world's millinary mind

never may partly guess—thus,my love,to
 merely what dying must call life are you

47

without the mercy of
your eyes your
voice your
ways(o very most my shining love)

how more than dark i am,
no song(no
thing)no
silence ever told;it has no name—

but should this namelessness
(completely
fleetly)
vanish,at the infinite precise

thrill of your beauty,then
my lost my
dazed my
whereful selves they put on here again

—to livingest one star
as small these
all these
thankful(hark)birds singing wholly are

t,h;r;u;s,h;e:s

are
silent
now

.in silverly

notqu
-it-
eness

dre(is)ams

a
the
o

f moon

49

faithfully tinying at twilight voice
of deathless earth's innumerable doom:
againing(yes by microscopic yes)
acceptance of irrevocable time

particular pure truth of patience heard
above the everywhereing fact of fear;
and under any silence of each bird
who dares to not forsake a failing year

—now, before quite your whisper's whisper is
subtracted from my hope's own hope, receive
(undaunted guest of dark most downwardness
and marvellously self diminutive

whose universe a single leaf may be)
the more than thanks of always merest me

while a once world slips from
few of sun fingers numb)

with anguished each their me
brains of that this and tree
illimitably try
to seize the doom of sky

(silently all then known
things or dreamed become un-

51

but

he" i
staring

into winter twi

light(whisper)"was
my friend" reme
mbering "&

friendship

is a
miracle"
his always
not imaginably

morethanmostgenerous

spirit. Feeling
only
(jesus)every(god)

where

(chr
ist)

what absolute nothing

who are you, little i

(five or six years old)
peering from some high

window; at the gold

of november sunset

(and feeling: that if day
has to become night

this is a beautiful way)

53

of all things under our
blonder than blondest star

the most mysterious
(eliena, my dear) is this

—how anyone so gay
possibly could die

timeless

ly this
(merely and whose
not

numerable leaves are

fall
i
ng)he

StandS

lift
ing against the
shrieking

sky such one

ness as
con
founds

all itcreating winds

i
 never
 guessed any
 thing(even a
 universe)might be
 so not quite believab
 ly smallest as perfect this
 (almost invisible where of a there of a)here of a
 rubythroat's home with its still
 ness which really's herself
 (and to think that she's
 warming three worlds)
 who's ama
 zingly
 Eye

“could that” i marvelled “be

you?”

and a chickadee

to all the world, but to me some

(by name

myself) one long ago

who had died

,replied

57

mi(dreamlike)st

makes
big each dim
inuti

ve turns obv

ious t
o s
trange

un

til o
urselve
s are

will be wor

(magi
c
ally)

lds

& sun &

sil
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e

very

w
here
noon
e

is exc

ep
t
on
t

his

b
oul
der
a

drea(chipmunk)ming

59

who is this
dai
nty
mademoiselle

the o
f her
luminous
se
lf
a shy(an

if a
whis
per a where
a hidi
ng)est

meta
ph
or
?la lune

2 little whos
(he and she)
under are this
wonderful tree

smiling stand
(all realms of where
and when beyond)
now and here

(far from a grown
-up i&you-
ful world of known)
who and who

(2 little ams
and over them this
afame with dreams
incredible is)

61

one

t
hi
s

snowflake

(a
li
ght
in
g)

is upon a gra

v
es
t

one

now does our world descend
 the path to nothingness
 (cruel now cancels kind;
 friends turn to enemies)
 therefore lament, my dream
 and don a doer's doom

create is now contrive;
 imagined, merely know
 (freedom: what makes a slave)
 therefore, my life, lie down
 and more by most endure
 all that you never were

hide, poor dishonoured mind
 who thought yourself so wise;
 and much could understand
 concerning no and yes:
 if they've become the same
 it's time you unbecame

where climbing was and bright
 is darkness and to fall
 (now wrong's the only right
 since brave are cowards all)
 therefore despair, my heart
 and die into the dirt

but from this endless end
 of briefer each our bliss—
 where seeing eyes go blind
 (where lips forget to kiss)
 where everything's nothing
 —arise, my soul; and sing

63

(listen)

this a dog barks and
 how crazily houses
 eyes people smiles
 faces streets
 steeples are eagerly

tumbl

ing through wonder
 ful sunlight
 —look—
 selves, stir: writhe
 o-p-e-n-i-n-g

are(leaves;flowers)dreams

,come quickly come
 run run
 with me now
 jump shout(laugh
 dance cry

sing)for it's Spring

—irrevocably;
 and in
 earth sky trees
 :every
 where a miracle arrives

(yes)

you and i may not
 hurry it with
 a thousand poems
 my darling
 but nobody will stop it

With All The Policemen In The World

65

“though your sorrows not
any tongue may name,
three i’ll give you sweet
joys for each of them
But it must be your”
whispers that flower

murmurs eager this
“i will give you five
hopes for any fear,
but it Must be your”
perfectly alive
blossom of a bliss

“seven heavens for
just one dying,i’ll
give you” silently
cries the(whom we call
rose a)mystery
“but it must be Your”

D-re-A-mi-N-gl-Y

leaves
(sEe)
locked

in

gOLd
after-
gLOW

are

t
ReMbLiN
g

,;:·:;,

67

enter no(silence is the blood whose flesh
is singing)silence:but unsinging. In
spectral such hugest how hush,one

dead leaf stirring makes a crash

—far away(as far as alive)lies
april;and i breathe-move-and-seem some
perpetually roaming whylessness—

autumn has gone:will winter never come?

o come,terrible anonymity;enfold
phantom me with the murdering minus of cold
—open this ghost with millionaire knives of wind—
scatter his nothing all over what angry skies and

gently

(very whiteness:absolute peace,
never imaginable mystery)

descend

what is
a
voyage

?

up
upup:go
ing

downdowndown

com;ing won
der
ful sun

moon stars the all,& a

(big
ger than
big

gest could even

begin to be)dream
of;a thing:of
a creature who's

O

cean
(everywhere
nothing

but light and dark;but

never forever
& when)un
til one strict

here of amazing most

now,with what
thousands of(hundreds
of)millions of

CriesWhichAreWings

69

!hope
 faith!
 !life
 love!

bells cry bells
 (the sea of the sky is
 ablaze with their
 voices)all

shallbe and was
 are drowned by
 prodigious a
 now of magnificent

sound(which
 makes
 this
 whenworld squirm

turns
 houses to
 people and streets
 into faces and cities

to eyes)drift
 bells glide
 seethe
 glow

(undering proudly
 humbly overing)
 all bright all
 things swim climb minds

(down
 slowly swoop wholly
 up
 leaping through merciful

sunlight)to
 burst
 in
 a thunder of oneness

dream!
 !joy
 truth!
 !soul

pity his how illimitable plight
who dies to be at any moment born—
some for whom crumbs of colour can create

precision more than angels fear to learn

and even fiends:or,if he paints with sound,
newly one moving cadence may release
the fragrance of a freedom which no mind

contrives(but certainly each spirit is)

and partially imagine whose despair
when every silence will not make a dream
speak;or if to no millionth metaphor
opens the simple agony of time

—small wonder such a monster's fellowmen
miscalled are happy should his now go then

71

how many moments must(amazing each
 how many centuries)these more than eyes
 restroll and stroll some never deepening beach

locked in foreverish time's tide at poise,

love alone understands:only for whom
 i'll keep my tryst until that tide shall turn;
 and from all selfsubtracting hugely doom
 treasures of reeking innocence are born.

Then,with not credible the anywhere
 eclipsing of a spirit's ignorance
 by every wisdom knowledge fears to dare,

how the(myself's own self who's)child will dance!

and when he's plucked such mysteries as men
 do not conceive—let ocean grow again

wild(at our first)beasts uttered human words
—our second coming made stones sing like birds—
but o the starhushed silence which our third's

all worlds have halfsight, seeing either with

life's eye (which is if things seem spirits) or
 (if spirits in the guise of things appear)
 death's: any world must always half perceive.

Only whose vision can create the whole

(being forever born a foolishwise
 proudhumble citizen of ecstasies
 more steep than climb can time with all his years)

he's free into the beauty of the truth;

and strolls the axis of the universe
 —love. Each believing world denies, whereas
 your lover (looking through both life and death)
 timelessly celebrates the merciful

wonder no world deny may or believe

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

NOTE: All first lines are treated as single-line entries even when their physical elements have been typographically separated. A single slant (/) has been used to indicate such a separation; i.e.

for 'the/sky/ was'
 read 'the
 sky
 was'.

When the first lines of two or more poems are identically worded, a double slant (//) has been used to indicate the presence of a second line; i.e.

for 'why// do the'
 read 'why
 do the'.

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E. E. CUMMINGS

was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1894, and died in Madison, New Hampshire, on September 3, 1962. He took his bachelor's degree from Harvard in 1915 and his master's degree in 1916. Out of his experience in World War I came his first book, *The Enormous Room*, published in 1922, a classic among war books.

Throughout his life Cummings was interested in a variety of literary and art forms. Examples extend to plays—*Him*, performed at the Provincetown Playhouse in 1928, and *Santa Claus: A Morality*; a ballet, *Tom*, based on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and a collection of pictures, *CIOPW*, done in charcoal, ink, oil, pencil, and water color. Other books are *Eimi*, a journal of a trip to Soviet Russia; *Anthropos: The Future of Art*; and *i: six nonlectures*, originally delivered as the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard University. He painted all of his life, and once referred to himself as “an author of pictures, a draughtsman of words.”

“The two modes of his poetry, lyricism and satire, he joined in a unified vision of the modern world; in this he was unique. A New England aristocrat, he was in the great tradition of the dissidence of dissent: it was dissent from all that was easy, liberal, and vulgar: he was his own man. Estlin Cummings was a non-political, radical reactionary who in a dehumanized world went back to the roots of our humanity. He was first and last a deeply religious poet.” — Allen Tate

Jacket photograph by Marion Morehouse

“Miracles are to come. With you I leave a remembrance of miracles ...” -E. E. CUMMINGS

