

XXII

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