

IV

light cursed falling in a singular block
her,rain-warm-naked
exquisitely hashed

(little careful hunks-of-lilac laughter splashed
from the world prettily upward, mock
us....)

and there was a clock. tac-tic. tac-toc.

Time and lilacs....minutes and love....do you?and
always

(i simply understand
the gnashing petals of sex which lock
me seriously.

Dumb for a while.my

god—a patter of kisses, the chewed stump

of a mouth, huge dropping of a flesh from
hinging thighs

....merci....i want to die
nous sommes heureux

My soul a limp lump

of lymph

she kissed

and i

....chéri....nous sommes