

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)