

IX

o my wholly unwise and definite
lady of the wistful dollish hands

(whose nudity hurriedly extends
its final gesture lewd and exquisite,
with a certain agreeable and wee
decorum)o my wholly made for loving
lady

(and what is left of me
your kissing breasts timidly complicate)

only always your kiss will grasp me quite.

Always only my arms completely press
through the hideous and bright night
your crazed and interesting nakedness

—from you always i only rise from something

slovenly beautiful gestureless