

XI

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