

there are thrice-three-hundred
 doors carven of chalcedony and
 before every door a naked
 eunuch watches
 on their heads turbans of a hundred
 colours
 in their hands scimitars like windy torches
 each
 is
 blacker than oblivion

the ladies
 of the emperor's
 harem are queens
 of all the earth and the rings
 upon their hands are from mines
 a mile deep
 but the body of
 the queen of queens is
 more transparent
 than water, she is softer than birds

2.

when the emperor is very
 amorous he reclines upon
 the couch of couches and
 beckons with
 the little
 finger of his left
 hand
 then the
 thrice-three-hundredth
 door is opened by the tallest
 eunuch and the queen
 of queens comes
 forth
 ankles
 musical with large pearls
 kingdoms in her ears