

One

I

FIVE AMERICANS

I. LIZ

with breathing as(faithfully)her lownecked
dress a little topples and slightly expands

one square foot mired in silk wrinkling loth
stocking begins queerly to do a few
gestures to death,

the silent shoulders are both
slowly with pinkish ponderous arms bedecked
whose white thick wrists deliver promptly to
a deep lap enormous mindless hands.
and no one knows what(i am sure of this)
her blunt unsleender,what her big unkeen

“Business is rotten”the face yawning said

what her mouth thinks of

(if it were a kiss
distinct entirely melting sinuous lean...
whereof this lady in some book had read