

VIII

my lady is an ivory garden,
who is filled with flowers.

under the silent and great blossom
of subtle colour which is her hair
her ear is a frail and mysterious flower
her nostrils
are timid and exquisite
flowers skilfully moving
with the least caress of breathing, her
eyes and her mouth are three flowers. My lady

is an ivory garden
her shoulders are smooth and shining
flowers
beneath which are the sharp and new
flowers of her little breasts tilting upward with love
her hand is five flowers
upon her whitest belly there is a clever dreamshaped flower
and her wrists are the merest most wonderful flowers my

lady is filled
with flowers
her feet are slenderest
each is five flowers her ankle
is a minute flower
my lady's knees are two flowers
Her thighs are huge and firm flowers of night
and perfectly between
them eagerly sleeping
is

the sudden flower of complete amazement

my lady who is filled with flowers
is an ivory garden.

And the moon is a young man

who i see regularly, about twilight,
enter the garden smiling to
himself.