

II

my strength becoming wistful in a glib

girl i consider her as a leaf

thinks

of the sky, my mind takes to nib

-bling, of her posture. (As an eye winks).

and almost i refrain from jumbling her

flesh whose casual mouth's coy rooting

dies also. (my loveFist in her knuckling

thighs,

with a sharp indecent stir

unclenches

into fingers....she too is tired.

Not of me. The eyes which biggish loll

the hands' will tumbling into shall

—and Love 's a coach with guilt hopeless wheels mired

where sits rigidly her body's doll

gay exactly perishing sexual,