

II

I.

When parsing warmths of dusk construe
The moon a noun of personal blood
Subject to that veteran verb
Of imperative vacancy

The velvet tiger of my soul
Washing in fundamental mind
Ellided chaos hating
Leases sensation absolute

Then clustering to the average green
Slants the huge ship of total lust
Footed with foam and clewed with stars
Into my gaunt uneating heart