

V

by god i want above fourteenth

fifth's deep purring biceps, the mystic screech
of Broadway, the trivial stink of rich

frail firm asinine life
(i pant

for what's below. the singer. Wall. i want
the perpendicular lips the insane teeth
the vertical grin

give me the Square in spring,
the little barbarous Greenwich perfumed fake

And most, the futile fooling labyrinth
where noisy colours stroll....and the Baboon

sniggering insipidities while. i sit, sipping
singular anisettes as. One opaque
big girl jiggles thickly hips to the kanoon

but Hassan chuckles seeing the Greeks breathe)