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spring omnipotent goddess thou dost
 inveigle into crossing sidewalks the
 unwary june-bug and the frivolous angleworm
 thou dost persuade to serenade his
 lady the musical tom-cat, thou stuffest
 the parks with overgrown pimply
 cavaliers and gumchewing giggly
 girls and not content
 Spring, with this
 thou hangest canary-birds in parlor windows

spring slattern of seasons you
 have dirty legs and a muddy
 petticoat, drowsy is your
 mouth your eyes are sticky
 with dreams and you have
 a sloppy body
 from being brought to bed of crocuses
 When you sing in your whiskey-voice

the grass

rises on the head of the earth
 and all the trees are put on edge

spring,
 of the jostle of
 thy breasts and the slobber
 of your thighs
 i am so very

glad that the soul inside me Hollers
 for thou comest and your hands
 are the snow
 and thy fingers are the rain,
 and i hear
 the screech of dissonant
 flowers, and most of all
 i hear your stepping

freakish feet
 feet incorrigible

ragging the world,