

## VIII

her careful distinct sex whose sharp lips comb

my mumbling grope of strength (staggered by the lug  
of love)

sincerely greets, with an occult shrug  
asking Through her Muteness will slowly roam  
my dumbness?

her other, wet, warm

lips limp, across my bruising smile;  
as rapidly upon the jiggled norm

of agony my grunting eyes pin tailored flames  
Her being at this instant commits

an impenetrable transparency.  
the harsh erecting breasts and uttering tits  
punish my hug  
presto!

the bright rille  
of jovial hair extremely frames

the face in a hoop of grim ecstasy