

II

when i have thought of you somewhat too
 much and am become perfectly and
 simply Lustful....sense a gradual stir
 of beginning muscle, and what it will do
 to me before shutting....understand
 i love you....feel your suddenly body reach
 for me with a speed of white speech

(the simple instant of perfect hunger
 Yes)

how beautifully swims
 the fooling world in my huge blood,
 cracking brains A swiftly enormous light
 —and furiously puzzling through, prismatic, whims,
 the chattering self perceives with hysterical fright

a comic tadpole wriggling in delicious mud