

XV

my naked lady framed
in twilight is an accident

whose niceness betters easily the intent
of genius—
 painting wholly feels ashamed
before this music, and poetry cannot
go near because perfectly fearful.

meanwhile these speak her wonderful
But i(having in my arms caught

the picture)hurry it slowly

to my mouth,taste the accurate demure
ferocious

 rhythm of
 precise
laziness. Eat the price

of an imaginable gesture

exact warm unholy