

tremendously  
floats  
in the bright shouting street of time  
her nakedness with its blue hair

(all is eaten by yester-  
day  
between the nibbling timid toothful hours  
welts the stern texture of Now

the arrow and the  
pillar pursue curiously  
a crumbling flight into the absolute stars  
the gods are swallowed

even  
Nile  
the  
kind black great god)

Cleopatra you  
are eaten  
by yester-  
day

(and O My Lady Lady Of  
Ladies you  
who move beautifully in the winds  
of my lust like a high troubling

ship upon the fragrant  
unspeaking ignorant darkness of New  
Lady whose kiss is  
a procession of deep beasts

coming with keen ridiculous  
silks coming with sharp languid perfumes  
coming with the little profound gems and  
the large laughing stones

a sinuous problem of colour  
floating against  
the clever deadly  
heaven      i salute