## XXII

utterly and amusingly i am pash possibly because

.dusk and if it perhaps drea-mingly Is(notquite trees hugging with the rash, coherent light

)only to trace with stiffening slow shrill eyes beyond a fitand-cling of stuffs the alert willing myth of body,which will make oddly to strut my indolent priceless smile,

unti

this very frail enormous star(do you see it?) and this shall dance upon the nude and final silence and shall the (i do but touch you) timid lewd moon plunge skilfully into the hill.