

IX

in making Marjorie god hurried
a boy's body on unsuspecting
legs of girl. his left hand quarried
the quartzlike face. his right slapped
the amusing big vital vicious
vegetable of her mouth.
Upon the whole he suddenly clapped
a tiny sunset of vermilion
-colour. Hair. he put between
her lips a moist mistake, whose fragrance hurls
me into tears, as the dusty new-
ness of her obsolete gaze begins to. lean....
a little against me, when for two
dollars i fill her hips with boys and girls