## XII

my love is building a building around you,a frail slippery house,a strong fragile house (beginning at the singular beginning

of your smile)a skilful uncouth prison,a precise clumsy prison(building thatandthis into Thus, Around the reckless magic of your mouth)

my love is building a magic,a discrete tower of magic and(as i guess)

when Farmer Death(whom fairies hate)shall

crumble the mouth-flower fleet He'll not my tower, laborious,casual

where the surrounded smile hangs

breathless