

VIII

irreproachable ladies firmly lewd
on dangerous slabs of tilting din whose
mouths distinctly walk
your smiles accuse

the dusk with an untimid svelte subdued
magic
while in your eyes there lives
a green egyptian noise. ladies with whom time

feeds especially his immense lips

On whose deep nakedness death most believes,
perpetual girls marching to love

whose bodies kiss me with the square crime
of life....Cecile,the oval shove
of hiding pleasure. Alice,stinging quips
of flesh. Loretta, cut the comedy
kid....

Fran Mag Glad Dorothy