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you asked me to come: it was raining a little,
and the spring; a clumsy brightness of air
wonderfully stumbled above the square,
little amorous-tadpole people wiggled

battered by stuttering pearl,
 leaves jiggled
to the jigging fragrance of newness
—and then. My crazy fingers liked your dress
....your kiss,your kiss was a distinct brittle

flower, and the flesh crisp set
my love-tooth on edge. So until light
each having each we promised to forget—

wherefore is there nothing left to guess:
the cheap intelligent thighs,the electric trite
thighs;the hair stupidly priceless.