

PORTRAITS

I

when the spent day begins to frail
(whose grave already three or two
young stars with spades of silver dig)

by beauty i declare to you

if what i am at one o'clock
to little lips(which have not sinned
in whose displeasure lives a kiss)
kneeling,your frequent mercy begs,

sharply believe me,wholly,well
—did(wisely suddenly into
a dangerous womb of cringing air)
the largest hour push deep his din

of wallowing male(shock beyond shock
blurtd)strokes,vibrant with the purr
of echo pouring in a mesh
of following tone:did this and this

spire strike midnight(and did occur
bell beyond fiercely spurting bell
a jetted music splashing fresh
upon silence)i without fail

entered became and was these twin
imminent lispings bags of flesh;
became eyes moist lithe shuddering big,
the luminous laughter,and the legs

whereas,at twenty minutes to

one,i am this blueeyed Finn
emerging from a lovehouse who
buttons his coat against the wind