

## XIV

the ivory performing rose

of you, worn upon my mind  
all night, quitting only in the unkind

dawn its muscle amorous

pricks with minute odour these gross  
days

when i think of you and do not live:  
and the empty twilight cannot grieve  
nor the autumn, as i grieve, faint for your face

O stay with me slightly. or until

with neat obscure obvious hands

Time stuff the sincere stomach of each mill

of the ingenious gods. (i am punished.  
They have stolen into recent lands  
the flower

with their enormous fingers unwished