

III

i have loved,let us see if that's all.
Bit into you as teeth,in the stone
of a musical fruit. My lips pleasantly groan
on your taste. Jumped the quick wall

of your smile into stupid gardens
if this were not enough(not really enough
pulled one before one the vague tough

exquisite

flowers,whom hardens
richly,darkness. On the whole
possibly have i loved....?you)
sheath before sheath

stripped to the Odour. (and here's what WhoEver will know
Had you as bite teeth;
i stood with you as a foal

stands but as the trees,lay,which grow