

## XIV

she sits dropping on a caret of clenched arms  
a delicately elephantine face  
(It is necessary to find Hassan's Place  
by tiny streets shrugging with colour)  
the mouth who sits between her cheeks  
utters a thud of scarlet. always. More  
interesting, as i think, her charms  
en repos.....a fattish leg leaks  
obscenely from the dress. one nipple tries.  
playfully to peek into the belly  
whose deep squirm nibbles. another couches,  
weary, upon a flabby mattress of jelly....  
than when to the kanoon she totters, slouches,  
with giggling hips and frozen eyes