

IV

first she like a piece of ill-oiled
machinery does a few naked tricks

next into unwhiteness, clumsily
lustful, plunges—covering the soiled
pillows with her violent hair
(eagerly then the huge greedily

Bed swallows easily our antics,
like smooth deep sweet ooze where
two guns lie, smile, grunting.)

“C’est la guerre” i probably suppose,
c’est la guerre busily hunting
for the valve which will stop this.
as i push aside roughly her nose

Hearing the large mouth mutter kiss pleece