

VII

when time delicately is sponging sum after
sum memory after memory
from the neatening blackness
of my mind

and i am not exactly old,

(but Spring is

Plunging in the big absurd world with
a difference)and when the mauled

flower of your mouth
is old and cold,and bold....

i think(excuse me if i
speak the truth)you will be yellow & sick
for me(your
mouth and the rest of you whatever
that is,i suppose

breasts and throat,legs and hands.) Lady
in that
day i think
(it's only thinking. Your pardon if i err.)
i think you will be tired of telling
me & my dreams to go to hell