is it

because there struts a distinct silver lady

(we being passionate O yes)upon the carpet of evening which thrills with the minuteness of her walking, for she walks

upon the evening

shy and luxurious

.and because

we being

passionate perceive o Yes where(immensely near) simply,

but with a colour like the ending of the world rises

slow

ly

balloonlike

the huge foetus of The Moon

—with our gestures we pry and our mouths battle into distinctness. It is this kiss which builds in us ever so softly

the coarse and terrible structure of the night.