

## VII

After your popped hair inaugurates  
Twilight, with earnest of what pleading pearls;  
After the carnal vine your beauty curls  
Upon me, with such tingling opiates  
As immobile my literal flesh awaits;  
Ere the attent wind spiritual whirls  
Upward the murdered throistles and the merles  
Of that prompt forest which your smile creates;

Pausing, I lift my eyes as best I can,  
Where twain frail candles close their single arc  
Upon a water-colour by Cézanne.  
But you, love thirsty, breathe across the gleam;  
For total terror of the actual dark  
Changing the shy equivalents of dream.