

XI

god pity me whom(god distinctly has)
the weightless svelte drifting sexual feather
of your shall i say body?follows
truly through a dribbling moan of jazz

whose arched occasional steep youth swallows
curvingly the keenness of my hips;
or, your first twitch of crisp boy flesh dips
my height in a firm fragile stinging weather,

(breathless with sharp necessary lips)kid

female cracksman of the nifty, ruffian-rogue,
laughing body with wise breasts half-grown,
lispish flesh quick to thread the fattish drone
of I Want a Doll,

wispish-agile feet with slid
steps parting the tousle of saxophonic brogue.