

SONNETS—ACTUALITIES

I

when my love comes to see me it's
just a little like music,a
little more like curving colour(say
orange)
 against silence,or darkness....

the coming of my love emits
a wonderful smell in my mind,

you should see when i turn to find
her how my least heart-beat becomes less.
And then all her beauty is a vise

whose stilling lips murder suddenly me,

but of my corpse the tool her smile makes **something**
suddenly luminous and precise

—and then we are I and She....

what is that the hurdy-gurdy's playing