

## XII

I have seen her a stealthily frail  
flower walking with its fellows in the death  
of light, against whose enormous curve of flesh  
exactly cubes of tiny fragrance try;  
i have watched certain petals rapidly wish  
in the corners of her youth; whom, fiercely shy  
and gently brutal, the prettiest wrath  
of blossoms dishevelled made a pale  
fracas upon the accurate moon....  
Across the important gardens her body  
will come toward me with its hurting sexual smell  
of lilies.... beyond night's silken immense swoon  
the moon is like a floating silver hell  
a song of adolescent ivory.