

LI

a clown's smirk in the skull of a baboon
 (where once good lips stalked or eyes firmly stirred)
 my mirror gives me, on this afternoon;
 i am a shape that can but eat and turd
 ere with the dirt death shall him vastly gird,
 a coward waiting clumsily to cease
 whom every perfect thing meanwhile doth miss;
 a hand's impression in an empty glove,
 a soon forgotten tune, a house for lease.
 I have never loved you dear as now i love

behold this fool who, in the month of June,
 having of certain stars and planets heard,
 rose very slowly in a tight balloon
 until the smallening world became absurd;
 him did an archer spy (whose aim had erred
 never) and by that little trick or this
 he shot the aeronaut down, into the abyss
 —and wonderfully i fell through the green groove
 of twilight, striking into many a piece.
 I have never loved you dear as now i love

god's terrible face, brighter than a spoon,
 collects the image of one fatal word;
 so that my life (which liked the sun and the moon)
 resembles something that has not occurred:
 i am a birdcage without any bird,
 a collar looking for a dog, a kiss
 without lips; a prayer lacking any knees
 but something beats within my shirt to prove
 he is undead who, living, no one is.
 I have never loved you dear as now i love.

Hell (by most humble me which shall increase)
 open thy fire! for i have had some bliss
 of one small lady upon earth above;
 to whom i cry, remembering her face,
 i have never loved you dear as now i love