

XI

O Distinct
Lady of my unkempt adoration
if i have made
a fragile certain
song under the window of your soul
it is not like any songs
(the singers the others
they have been faithful
to many things and which
die
i have been sometimes true
to Nothing and which lives
they were fond of the handsome
moon never spoke ill of the
pretty stars and to
the serene the complicated
and the obvious
they were faithful
and which i despise,
frankly
admitting i have been true
only to the noise of worms.
in the eligible day
under the unaccountable sun)
Distinct Lady
swiftly take
my fragile certain song
that we may watch together
how behind the doomed
exact smile of life's
placid obscure palpable
carnival where to a normal
melody of probable violins dance
the square virtues and the oblong sins
perfectly
gesticulate the accurate
strenuous lips of incorruptible
Nothing under the ample
sun, under the insufficient
day under the noise of worms