god gloats upon Her stunning flesh. Upon the reachings of Her green body among unseen things, things obscene (Whose fingers young

the caving ages curiously con)

—but the lunge of Her hunger softly flung over the gasping shores leaves his smile wan, and his blood stopped hears in the frail anon

the shovings and the lovings of Her tongue.

god Is The Sea. All terrors of his being quake before this its hideous Work most old Whose battening gesture prophecies a freeing

of ghostly chaos
in this dangerous night
through moaned space god worships God—

(behold! where chaste stars writhe captured in brightening fright)