

VI

when you went away it was morning
(that is, big horses; light feeling up
streets; heels taking derbies (where?) a pup
hurriedly hunched over swill; one butting

trolley imposingly empty; snickering
shop doors unlocked by white-grub
faces) clothes in delicate hubbub

as you stood thinking of anything,

maybe the world.... But i have wondered since
isn't it odd of you really to lie
a sharp agreeable flower between my

amused legs

kissing with little dints

of april, making the obscene shy
breasts tickle, laughing when i wilt and wince