

II

through the tasteless minute efficient room
march hexameters of unpleasant
twilight,a twilight smelling of Vergil,
as me bang(to and from)
the huggering rags of white Latin flesh
which her body sometimes isn't
(all night,always,a warm incessant gush
of furious Paris flutters up the hill,
cries somethings laughs loves nothings float
upward,beautifully,forces crazily rhyme,
Montmartre s'amuse!obscure eyes hotly dote
....as awkwardly toward me for the millionth time
sidles the ruddy rubbish of her kiss
i taste upon her mouth cabs and taxis.