

II

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)