

## III

ladies and gentlemen this little girl  
with the good teeth and small important breasts  
(is it the Frolic or the Century whirl?  
one's memory indignantly protests)  
this little dancer with the tightened eyes  
crisp ogling shoulders and the ripe quite too  
large lips always clenched faintly, wishes you  
with all her fragile might to not surmise  
she dreamed one afternoon

. . . . or maybe read?

of a time when the beautiful most of her  
(this here and This, do you get me?)  
will maybe dance and maybe sing and be  
abslatively posolutely dead,  
like Coney Island in winter