



Hurl Forth I My Heart

in striding sweeps

it breaks,

it dangerous gall    ah gash

from    in

in

in

he makes this gold, drawn

here

then thee themselves are

air

air

brute embers high

& from & in as king-

doms fall    bleak,

*Dear Heart*

vermillion dawn

my plume,    my shine

rebuffed

See !

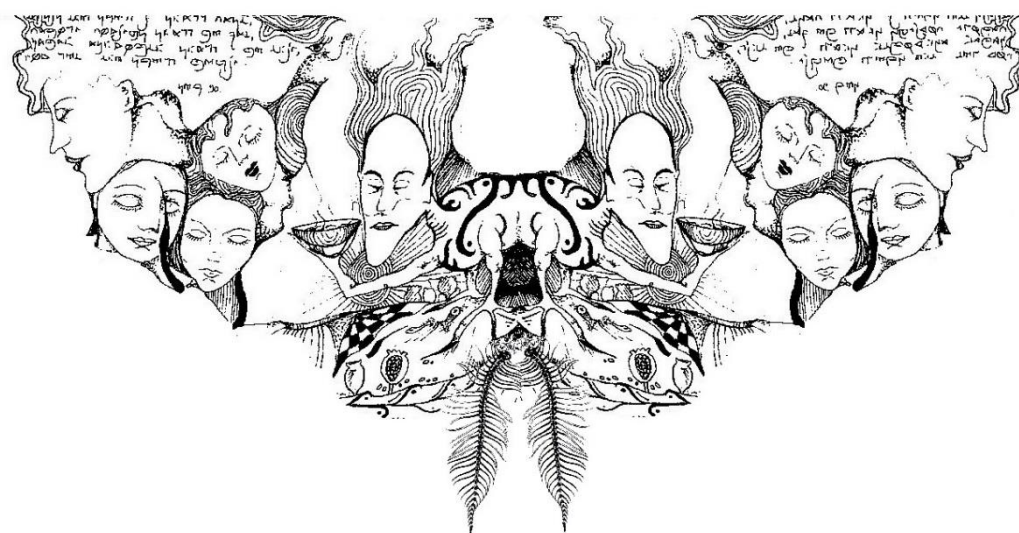
I do not possess these blushing  
adornments :

his gentleman's tail tipped  
bright with crimson

But do you?

*We have not time to tell*

*how very pink the blossoms are*



## A Bird Daylights Beneath a Cloak of Mists

tiny silver tongues cluster like tendrils

heavy with perfume    Dark pupilled-eyes

in fulvous orange,    burning & burst-

ing, lashed to my follies

my lips grown pale

with the anguish of exile    -

A death-blow to decadence

A binding fold turned in on its absence

*Dear Tongue*

*Dear Toad, my Pretty Poll,*

*Cock Robin*

my bright-winged birds o *Blessed Thing*

[ The quiver of her hand  
as she lifts up her skirt  
cuts a square inch of  
flesh ]

Masks of green. Velvet masks of the heads of birds with  
feathers of gold & peacock eyes

I carried my bird like it was a jewel

singing,

singing

Bloodied &



Tous les Chevaliers dans la Forêt

their slender hands stretching towards each bulbous stem / parallel-

veined

[ o handsome fellows ! ]

round and round another curls

ever tightening

until both rearing upwards like snakes, dripping with odours

beneath the sombre eyes & mouths

too cruelly undone

my long tongue forces its head under the arch

the eye follows into silence

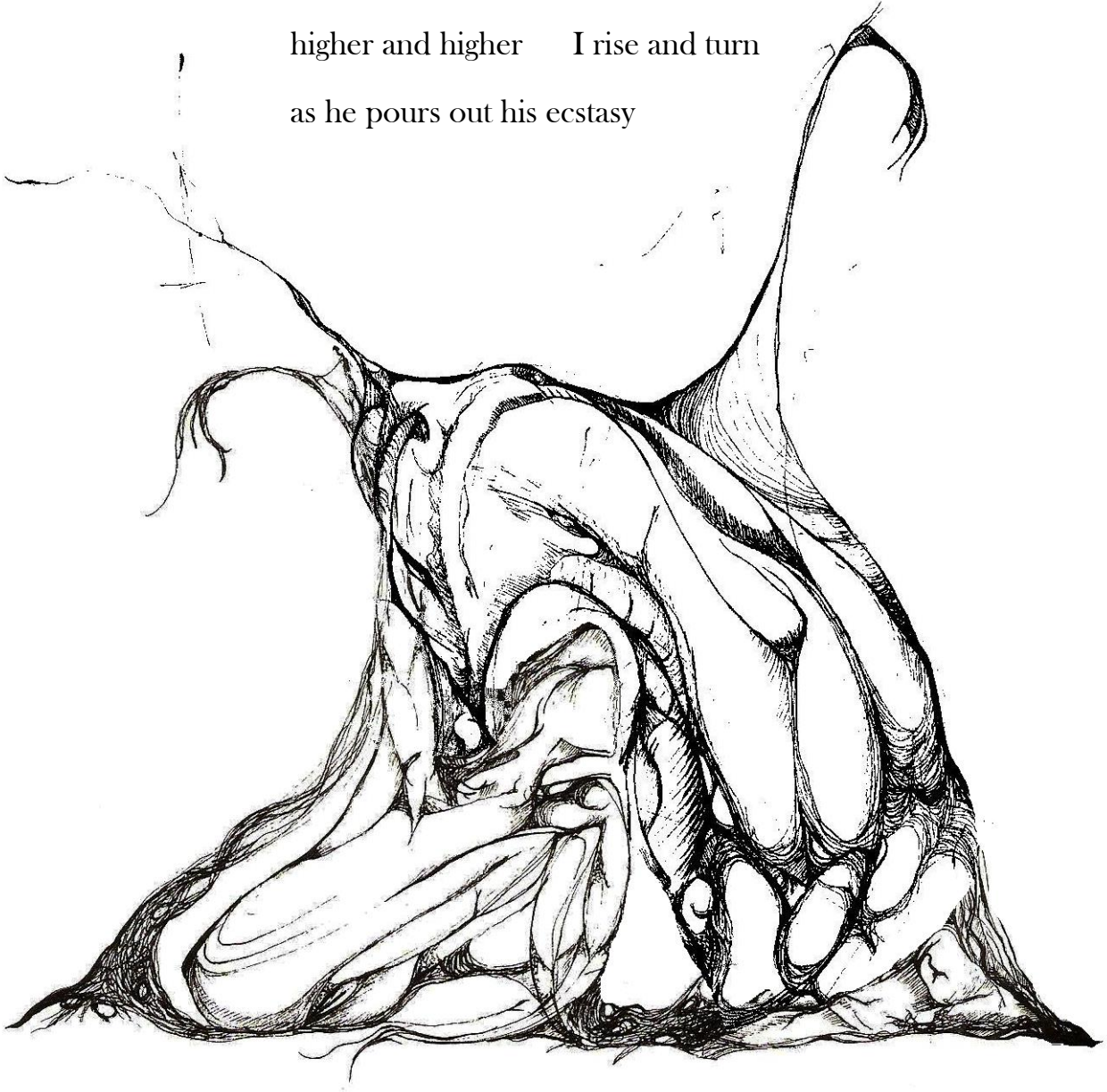
*up and down, round and round, forward and backward*

enclosed in your rapacious maw



This Morning's Pastoral Aroused

perhaps by intoxication;  
the fragrance of sweet-  
scented flowers, the sun mounting  
higher and higher    I rise and turn  
as he pours out his ecstasy



*Dearest Lip      Dick-dock*

nine red cocks, nine peacocks' eyes & scars  
& violence I did not confess

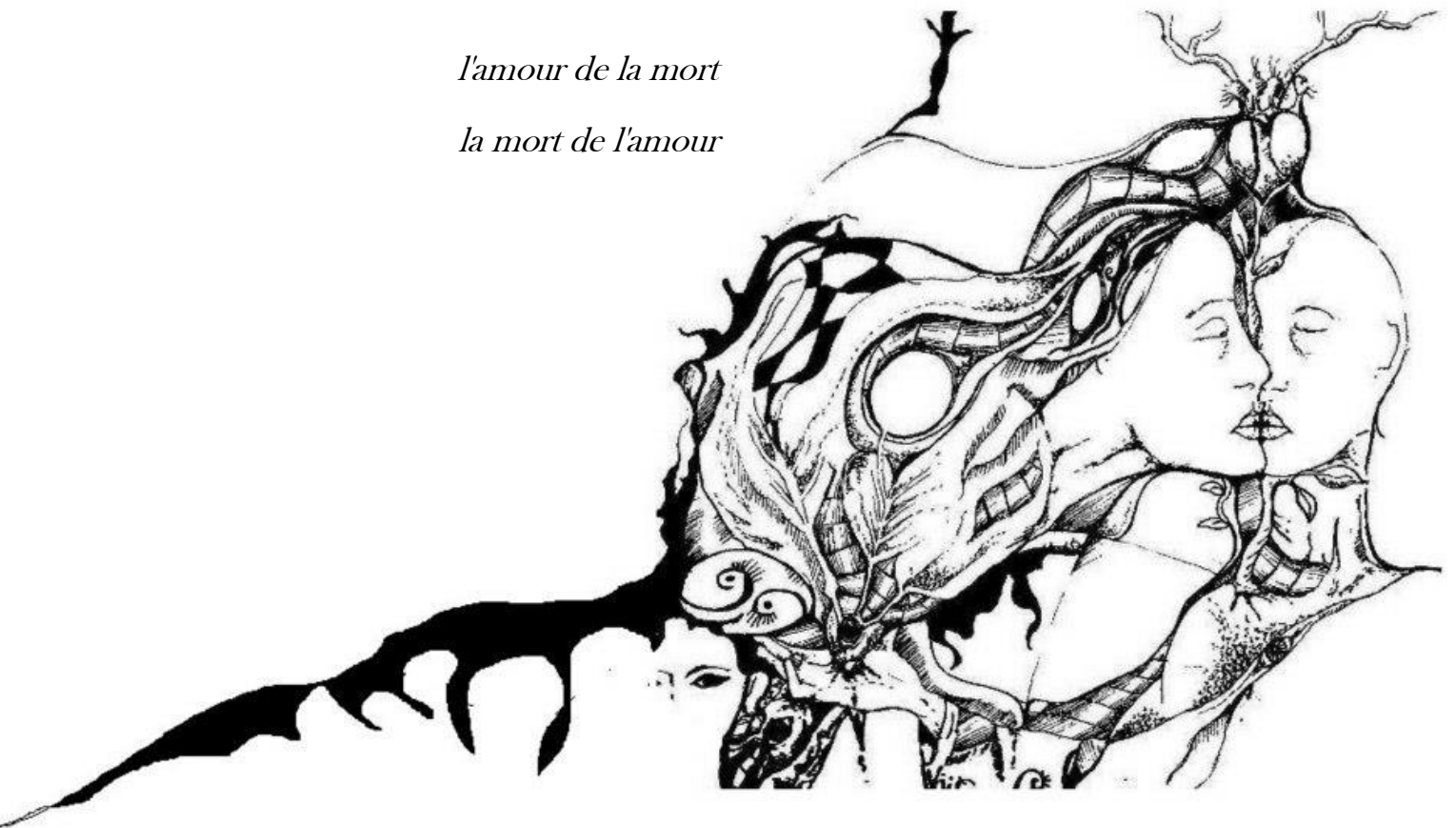
Having Only the Folly but not the privilege of youth  
having been in my sick bed  
my hand is caught

Let me know thee  
*let me know thee even as I am known*

For Prodding or Pricking or Whipping or Cutting  
For instruments of Pleasure  
For making a Hole

her violent slit mimicked my lips  
& so it was

*l'amour de la mort*  
*la mort de l'amour*



Then kiss that image upon his mouth  
Then kiss my mouth, impure with memory