

(just at the edge of day) is surely
make a millionth poem which will not wholly
miss you; or if i certainly create, lady,
one of the thousand selves who are your smile.

(from &, 1925)

conversation with my friend is particularly

to enjoy the composed sudden body atop which always
quivers the electric Distinct face haughtily vital clinched
in a swoon of synopsis

despite a sadistic modesty his mind is seen frequently
fingering the exact beads of a faultless languor when
invisibly consult with some with some delicious the a little
strolling lips and eyes inwardly crisping

for my friend, feeling is the sacred and agonizing
proximity to its desire of a doomed impetuous acute
sentience whose whitehot lips however suddenly ap-
proached may never quite taste the wine which their
nearness evaporates

to think is the slippery contours of a vase inexpressibly
fragile it is for the brain irrevocably frigid to touch a
merest shape which however slenderly by it caressed
will explode and spill the immediate imperceptible
content

my friend's being, out of the spontaneous clumsy triva-
al acrobatic edgeless gesture of existence, continually
whittles keen careful futile flowers

(isolating with perpetually meticulous concupiscence
the bright large undeniable disease of Life, himself
occasionally contrives an unreal precise intrinsic frag-
ment of actuality),

an orchid whose velocity is sculptural

(from *Xli Poems*, 1925)

,mean-

hum

a) now

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heads are

legs think wrists

argue)short(eyes do

bang hands angle

scoot bulbs marry a become)

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(to is

see!so

long door

golf slam bridge train shriek

chewing whistles hugest

to

morrow from smiles sin

k

ingly ele

vator glide pinn

)pu(

acle to

rubber)tres(plants how grin

ho)den(tel

und

ead the

not stroll

living spawn imitage)ce(re

peat

credo fais do

do neighbours re babies

while;

(from *W (Vivva)*, 1931)

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whose whorlclown of spreadnessed bE

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(from *Xli Poems*, 1925)

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(from *no thanks*, 1935)

pity this busy monster,manunkind,

not. Progress is a comfortable disease:
your victim(death and life safely beyond)

plays with the bigness of this littleness
—electrons deify one razorblade
into a mountainrange;lenses extend

unwish through curing wherewhen till unwish
returns on its unself.

A world of made
is not a world of born—pity poor flesh

and trees,poor stars and stones,but never this
fine specimen of hypermagical

ultraomnipotence. We doctors know

a hopeless case if—listen:there’s a hell
of a good universe next door;let’s go

(from *I x I*, 1944)

PERMISSIONS

“[the bigness of cannon]” and “[Buffalo Bill’s]”
Reprinted from *The Dial*, 1921.

“[the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls],” “[Take for example this:],” “[conversation with a friend is particularly],” “[,mean- / hum],” “[innerly],” “[floatfloatloflf],” and “[pity this busy monster,manunkind,]”

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