from La Guerre

I

the bigness of cannon is skilful,

but i have seen death's clever enormous voice which hides in a fragility of poppies....

i say that sometimes on these long talkative animals are laid fists of huger silence.

I have seen all the silence filled with vivid noiseless boys

at Roupy i have seen between barrages,

the night utter ripe unspeaking girls.

(1921/from Tulips and Chimneys, 1923)

Buffalo Bill's defunct who used to ride a watersmooth-silver stallion and break onetwothreefourfive pigeonsjustlikethat

Jesus

he was a handsome man

and what I want to know is how do you like your blueeyed boy Mister Death

(1921/from Tulips and Chimneys, 1923)

from Sonnets-Realities

I

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds (also, with the church's protestant blessings daughters, unscented shapeless spirited) they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead, are invariably interested in so many things at the present writing one still finds delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles? perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy scandal of Mrs. N and Professor Dthe Cambridge ladies do not care, above Cambridge if sometimes in its box of sky lavender and cornerless, the moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

(from Tulips and Chimneys, 1923)

Take for example this:

if to the colour of midnight to a more than darkness (which is myself and Paris and all things) the bright rain occurs deeply, beautifully

and i (being at a window in this midnight)

for no reason feel deeply completely conscious of the rain or rather Somebody who uses roofs and streets skillfully to make a possible and beautiful sound:

if a (perhaps) clock strikes, in the alive coolness, very faintly and finally through altogether delicate gestures of rain

a colour comes, which is morning, O do not wonder that

(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 approached 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 frigied 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 trivaal 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 fragment of actuality),

an orchid whose velocity is sculptural

(from Xli Poems, 1925)

,meanhum a) now (nit y unb uria ble fore(hurry into heads are legs think wrists argue)short(eyes do bang hands angle scoot bulbs marry a become) ened (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)

innerly

UningstrolL (stamens&pistil silent A s groupingThe 6around one darks to 7th s o howpale) bluedmufFletomben

outerly

jeT ting lip ssixs ting sWervesca rletlycaR v Ingharness Of curvish(

, males await she patiently 1

)littlecrown Grave whose whorlclown of spreadnessed bE richfrom-soft quites(now)ly Comes;; :lush ly-smootHdumb droopnew-gree

N.lyestmonstsaresl e A v e S

(from Xli Poems, 1925)

floatfloafloflf lloloa tatoatloatf loat fl oat f loaI ngL

```
у
```

&fris klispin gly T w irlErec , t, ;d ;:a: nC,eda:Nci;ddaanncciinn

```
(GlY)
```

a

nda n-sait dance!Dan Sai ntd anc

&e&

```
--cupidoegosum
spun=flash
omiepsicronlonO—
megaeta?
P
aul D-as-in-tip-toe r
```

apeR

(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 *1 x 1*, 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]," "[floatfloafloflf]," and "[pity this busy monster,manunkind,]"

Reprinted from *Poems 1923-1954* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968). Reprinted by permission of Liveright Publishing Corporation.