

IMMENSE BREAST OF THE HUGE SEA (1920)

then the sea-girls (seagulls)
lifting up their redder than the jewel
the secret word to the seaman's will

though the heavens harden the treasure hung down
rounded

 a piercing reed
 a blue-edged sword

 a great battle ax consumes me
sticky, salty sweetness, the slow withering
offspring of breasts that are empty

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skirt as flighty as a wing

I am a naughty lamb
giving sphery grapes their sheen

The wood is talking in its sleep.
branches finger the leaning moon

a marriage bed of moist green mould,
kisses of her mouth like dew

pure as a naked flame, blue veins of morning glories,
elfin-softly, the bluebells rang
wild, wet words as beauty came:
 in the rainbow—
 in the sunlight—
 in the rain

watered by mist and lashed
fierce milk drips
the wilted anger of her scarlet lips

slim, high-bosomed maidens bring flesh
thrust to the sky one red, rebellious branch

some reach and climax, warped threshold
of your mouth
 prows, creamed with foam

out with the suns, throb loud
let me rest

and close