

PURE GOLD OF INTENSE MANHOOD (1935)

this lovely day  
of softly dripping rain  
I offer men  
a friendly meeting place

the utter peace of sleeping pigs  
the light random  
syllables of birds

dew-spattered, frondage-green  
in Georgia  
the night  
is full of pounding

with sexless light  
red lilacs and Marxist facts  
how these working people  
expect us, moths  
were drugged with beauty

for lazy rich people, white flawless things  
tippin' into Dixie's  
for culture, for technique

dear little puppies, I  
slept in a basket of squid  
pistil swollen, under strange moons

jerking in thralldom of tractor, I  
renounce scheming  
as combines shave prairies a mile wide

minds in the audience smile  
and we know why

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