

Our mother's or that
Of a never to be forgotten lover.

When you turn over and wake
We listen together.
When you drift back to sleep
I lie watching you.
I listen to your breathing
And the rain-talk tells me
That our time together
Will always be happy.

AT THE END

Let no mortician be her
last lover I have sent

to Benares for two cords
of the finest sandalwood.

DAWN (from *Byways*)

after Daphne and Apollo (Ovid)

And speaking of those
With whose destruction
The gods amused themselves
Notable was Dawn of Santo, Texas,
The most perfect face and body
That ever I beheld,
Each part perfection,
Modeled on the Venus of Milo
And perhaps, who knows for no one
Ever saw her, the Kyprian herself,
She violet-eyed, born of the seafoam.
Her father began tampering with her