

a purple lullaby or hymn, with last couplet unfinished

As such blue-black plumped berries *enrobée, comme les français, en chocolat noir* become, in someone's mouth; flow dark loam, burst voluptuous into blooded pearls they'd offer onto any tongue, or yours, round clots of grace like a good good-night kiss run to abrupt hot surge; gone full, gone limp, gone blurt—that we who were last year learnt to preen, to pose, half-turned to beg and trick of love (though it alone becomes us); that we would now be simply asked to stop, give hard up our grapple, slip grasp of no-hope with its sharp-lipped top; desert our pendant grope, hold that's of a sudden less an unhand's edge; that we'd allow us to grow ownsome, let alone drop off, left and lost, lopped urge uncalled, disowned, lust slack and fled of taut—so we of all fools must: must let, must burgeon, be; be dirty, earthéd, be (convulsive) swallowed—fall unearned.