

down the sound of his arched bridge
I pour your white wine,
down, down these avenues
I pour the spirit of the penis
of a sacrificed bull the embodian river,
I pour the juice of gongon cooked in
that heat of figs and wine
I pour the lakes of ^{the} ^{embodian} ^{river} ⁱⁿ ^{concrete}
in concrete of infested Europe.
I pour

I trace with the still saliva of my pen
that is the ancient dust of Quince
his road

— flow of the teeth of snow
forming tracks of the being by

I drink with him the old position
and the new unknown face.
As far as the rich shouting
where fresh will is engaged by nets.
Then, across his bones I, these old tattooed knots
break like chips from deep rolled faces
and the soft contours of his ^{the} ^{highland},
winged under by dried angles
break with the brittle omniscience of coral

and a hot pit air rising...

The captain of the galle speaks

with the voice deep murmurs of distant geyser

from the heart scoured with woman's dust

with the rest among the deep rocks,

from the path with its futile ledge of rocks

with vile odours of seaweed

from the satisfaction of the crystal and flower

with the deep dark trees walls

of your injured nights, with

frail dreams broken from

aquatic branches, with

a herd of bachelors that are betrayed

He speaks... and her heart trembles

in a dream gazed on by skeletal horses,
that his of dead water appeals to fable stars
that are lost and lower on the ^{aloud} ~~mouth~~ ^{of}
of to bind to wounds, outside, and tracks,
on the vast expanse of the aboriginal
Using them help her to know...

Real like on
the eternal present of a stone.

But she is dead!
She with her black eyes
She with burning nose for her black eyes,
where I have often entered and flamed;
She is dead! The body, her shallow looks
do not show it, opposite where it may end!
Gracious belly, ground of every accident,
her drunk blood, prodigious seasons
filled with waves of knotted maps.