

*from* THE ISLAND

A part is the rising tendrils at day, then an island begins. So the island touched me plain with slim finger. I am said to have exquisite sense of how gristle comes inside a shore and close along the tendrils. I came reddened by sea to a mountainous island. For the stomach coils in waves and has its proper fingers, thus vines grew, under them a husband was. Not rained on but immaculately veined. Either because of the perfection of sense, so skin which covers a shore and is as mine the palm of the hand, or because a bloom arises where I do not say it should, I did not touch the feathers of what waded. I am like a girl. What is the privacy of stomach? What is the privacy of a tussock of grass? At the highest point standing where grasses catch on a tide smell. I want a plentitude of noise where gushing comes. I do not drink what I find, for especially finger-ends hath an exact perception of day, so I mistake tendrils as strokes. Very tractable is each end or cup. A stream begins embarrassed by sun, touchable qualities which blood rings announcing,

The mouth of the stomach is not surrounded in cherry trees like the mouth of a desired pit, for perhaps it is not fruiting. In spring my husband walked across our island of most exquisite long vines and leaves and sense of velvet, that it might apprehend and feel the exhaustion. I was given all the velvet I wanted. I was given many flowers or emptiness, and the suction or appetite of waking at morning to still water. I was followed into the water, birds trickled from branches to watch. Or else suction is a knot kept very tight in my necklace, or the appetite of other parts sweating? Parts of generation where the island quivers. Do I know of the long-banded creatures? Both sexes have in them a strange lick. I spoke of my desire for lemons and the slick of vines, then had it. Where will our island next allow tendrils, I am longing after their proper satisfaction and the roses are not filling,

Because the body of man is what consumes each lemon or fruit for tea, it is not for doves, and moreover my island's devotion and marrowy substance which hath in it many dens was slick with artery. The sky lit us behind the tidepool, arriving as we did so late to the shore. I intended the anatomy to be but an entrance, to stand at the mouth of rock. But for the work of the hand who crafted out the lace of bridal veil, I would not have seen the blue snake gullied in its stream. I gave a sweetness up, for cheeks are sensible only by the reason of flesh. It is bluely curled. I had a husband who found his way to my mouth. This orifice in some upon extreme grief is braided or snuck, a contracting of porcelain, that they cannot swallow any whole meat. One or other of the parts is reams of triggerfish and a hand laid on quiet. An island will open in rich yellows but I woke leaved and the waves were increasing. This orifice is a whole drawn together, not porcelain, I do swallow the shore down,