

FEMME ACCROUPIE

SWIFT and subtle and thin are the arrows of Art :
I strike through the gold of the skin to the gold of
the heart.

As you sit there mighty in bronze I adore the twist
Of the miracle ankle gripped by the miracle wrist.
I adore the agony-lipped and the tilted head,
And I pay black orisons to the breasts aspread.
In multiple mutable motion, whose soul is hid.
And the toils of confused emotion the Master bid
Lurk in the turn of the torso for poets to see
Is hid from the lesser and dull—hidden from me.
She squats, and is void and null ; I know her not ;
As God is above, but more so, she sits, to blot
Intelligence out of my brain, conceit from my ken ;
And I class myself, idle and vain, with the newspa-
per men.