

GLASS PRINCESS

The dream of the glass princess is a cool moonlight of glass wings each wing a beat of the heart to greet the glass princess she is you no bigger than a thimble as you tip-toe daintily down the tall glass corridor of my soul wearing your glass slippers tinkle by tinkle tinkle by tinkle until I know I shall go mad with suspense but just as you are opening your mouth to speak there is a shattering of glass and I wake up to find I have knocked over the pitcher of ice-water that in summer always stands like a cold sentinel on the mirrored table by our bed.

EMBRACE ME YOU SAID

Embrace me you said but my arms were riveted to the most exacting of walls, embrace me you said but my mouth was sealed with the huge hot fruit of red wax, embrace me you said but my eyes were seared by the severities of two thousand winters — embrace me you said in such a low and feline voice that my eyes began to open like frightened shutters, in such a low and feline voice that my mouth became unsealed like red ice in a bowl of fire, in such a low and feline voice that my chains dropped like silver needles to the floor and my arms were free to encircle the white satin nudity of your voice which I tore into thin strips of music to store away in my heart whose desert had been threatened with vast armies of female laborers marching down dusty roads strewn with the prickly leaves of the cactus plant.

INSPECTION

A ferocious animal breaks suddenly into our new bathroom where we are disporting ourselves in a hot bath. I can recall your expression of contempt at the intrusion but although you threw the nailbrush and the cake of soap at him and although I made use of a golf club (I believe it was our silver cleek) we were not able to beat him into submission and we were compelled to submit to a sly and searching inspection which evinced on the part of the ferocious animal more than one exclamation of surprise.

GIRLS UNDER TEN

I begin to take it as a matter of course that no girl under ten years can in any circumstance swim more than a given number of strokes and naturally when the whole question has become one of formula I am not surprised when the girls look up at me and drown without more than a perfunctory show of resistance but you can imagine my horror when the last of the little girls looks up at me through eyes that could never be any but your own.

ON THE GROUNDS OF INDECENCY

A giraffe is gorging himself on your lace
garters a Parisian doll is washing herself in
my tall glass of gin fizz while I insist on their
electrocution on the grounds of indecency.

WE HAVE FORGOTTEN OUR CALLING-CARDS

The man in the moon is as rose-colored as our finger-nails as we go hand in hand into the garden you and I to somewhere beyond the sleeping roses but although you remove your silk stockings and I my silk socks (we have forgotten our calling-cards) the star butler with his silver tray never reappears and we are forced to find our way home along the bottom of the lake.

NO INDICATION OF WHERE I MIGHT FIND YOU

I am kissing a name on a wall when a little takeyourhandaway girl appears from behind the aerodrome. She tells me you told her to tell me to tell her to tell you the name of the taxicab driver who was accused of kissing a horse (giving no reason for this strange request) the absurdity of this dream being no more than averagely characteristic of the sleeping state although it was far from a pleasant dream in that the little girl disappeared behind the aerodrome without giving me any indication of where I might find you.

GAME OF TAG

I am astonished at the remarkable erudition of the art critic who is seated upon a high mountain of catalogues from which he is haranguing a regiment of bespectacled students on the superiority of contemporary French painters over the masters of the past. He is bold and daring in his assertions. He is eloquence at its zenith. But I prefer to go on with a game of tag which I am playing with you on the hot sands of a beach feeling the electric touch of your fingers on my naked shoulders, hearing the hilarity of mockery in your laughter, pursuing the mad impulsiveness of your body as you dodge back and forth like white strokes from the brush of an artist.