

TO CORRADO CAGLI

*Upon a Moebus strip
materials and the weights of pain
their harmony*

*A man within himself upon an empty ground.
His head lay heavy on a huge right hand
itself a leopard on
his left and angled shoulder.
His back a stove, his side a hole into the bosom of a sphere.*

*The head passed down a sky (as suns the circle of the year)
His other shoulder, open side and thigh maintained
by law of conservation of
the graveness of his center
their clockwise fall.*

*The he knew, so came to apogee
and earned and wore the moon as amulet.*

*I saw another man lift up a woman in his arms
he helmeted, she naked too, protected as Lucrece by her alarms.
Her weight tore down his right and muscled thigh
but they in turn returned upon the left
to carry violence its outcome in her eye.*

*It was his shoulder that sustained, the right,
bunched as by buttocks or by breasts,
and gave them back the leisure of their rape.
And three or four who danced,*

*so joined as triple-thighed and bowed and arrowed folk
who spilled their pleasure once as yoke
on stone-henge plain.*

*Their bare and lovely bodies sweep, in round
of viscera, of legs
of turned-out hip and glance, bound
each to other, nested eggs
of elements in trance.*

CHARLES OLSON,
Washington, 1947