

THE SUN BATH OF NARCISSUS

To H. A. L.

How the brown-ant kingdom is put out
by the withered clothes I cast off all about
and from whose petals I emerge
a tall white flower.

The Flower.

From the verge
of that far rock my body hearkens to the mountain
as my belly to the sunlight.

How these two too lusty ants do lengthwise go
copulating. As they run. As they lurch across my toe
into the cavernous interior of my trousers.

Upon that leaning wall upon that lonely rock
what is that long white animal body?
What falls? What flies? What flowers?

Against his luxurious solitude, consider the buzzing
community of flies, blackflies and butterflies;
against the idleness of that naked man regard the beetle
who deposits a clod into his shoe.