



Two conceits

for the Eye to Sing, if Possible

I

Sing a song of 'sistence
 Pocket full of Eye
 Two billion Turtle-doves
 Mourning in a sty
 When the sty was open
 The Doves began to sing
 Wasn't it a stylish dish
 To Turtle-doves to fling

Sing a song of Agapé
 Loving's in the I
 Two billion Messieurs Gide
 Drinking rock-et-rye
 When the rye was open
 The State began to fling
 Rockets at the stratosphere
 A present for the King

Sing a song of London
 Paris and Berlin
 Washington and Moscow
 Where the Ids are in
 When the I's were opened
 They saw ne'er a thing
 But Phoenix in the Turtle
 The Turtle on the wing

Sing a song of Bethlehem
 Star of all the Idmen
 Everybody's Jesus
 Now if never then
 Sing Phoenix and the Turtle
 Defunctive in the sense
 King Jesus eat by Turtle-dove
 In mutual flame, from hence

II

Big, inside the tub,
 Rubbed hey dub-a-dub,
 Little did with rub
 Dub the spinning tub
 Big-Little, Great-
 Small; Big then ate
 Little and his plate,
 Small a little Great;
 Little big as Big
 Apple round the pig,
 Apple little and trig
 Inside little Big:
 All inside the sky
 'S voluminous eye
 Whose singular surpury
 Laughed as belly-sky.
 So the dubbed conceit
 Played nursery of cheat
 To clear the I of sleet;
 Wiped Eye dripping conceit
 And tipped by tubby fear
 Slipped into the ear
 All the I's old gear,
 Semicircled a tear
 With blind sound . . .

But Mary

Mary quite contrary
 Light as a green fairy
 Dances, dances. Mary.

ALLEN TATE