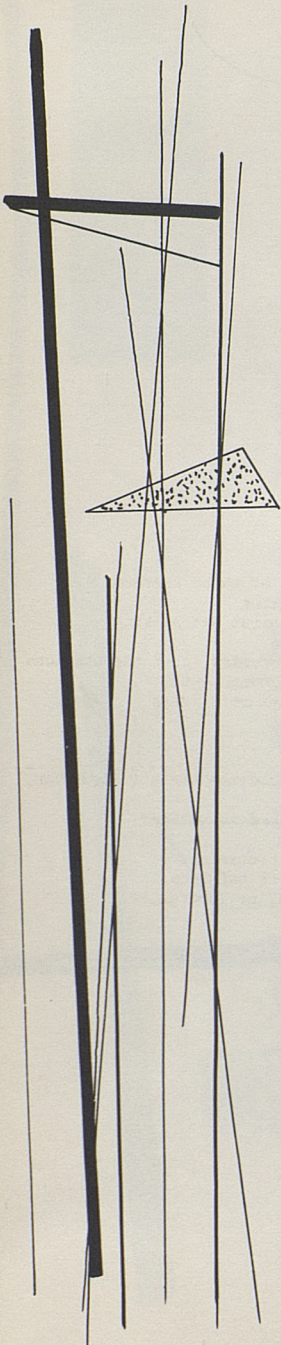
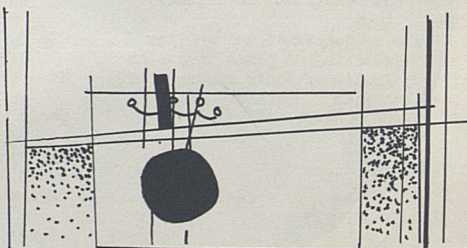


... Out in

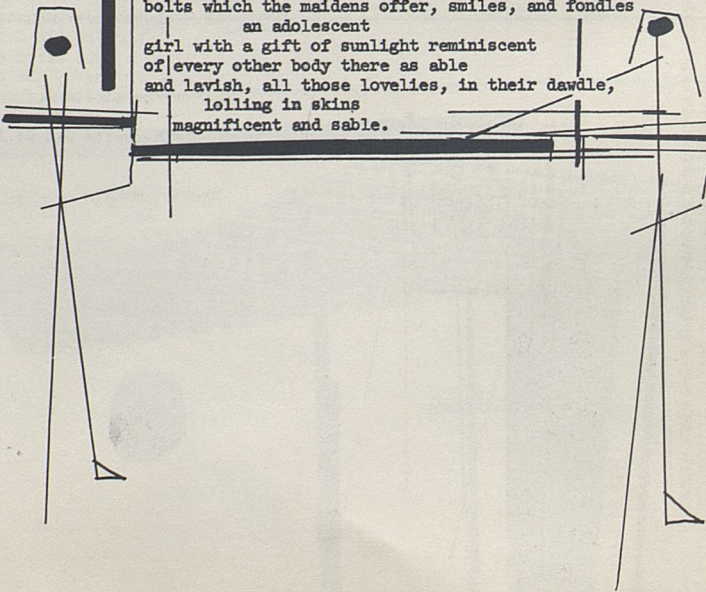


If royalty persists in paying visits,
 the regal entourage
 through heat and sandy Sudanese mirages,
 the Queen had better
 look with a deeper gaze at all that glitter
 rather than blot the sun with her umbrellas,
 abandoning quaint caution and court physics
 to view the ribs
 of actual gorillas.

Casting aside those silks, that worm's protection,
 one feels the weight of Asia
 or Africa upon him, some vast pleasure
 steamy and sodden
 and like the juices of the jungle sudden-
 ly rising in the ears with its green liquor
 singing the heart the drunk of its perfection
 higher than deep
 and slenderer than thicker.



Seeing the women working loom and treadle,
 the Queen dismounts and handles
 bolts which the maidens offer, smiles, and fondles
 an adolescent
 girl with a gift of sunlight reminiscent
 of every other body there as able
 and lavish, all those lovelies, in their dawdle,
 lolling in skins
 magnificent and sable.



The Dependencies ...

Beside them, royalty shall wear its pallor,
breathing a scanty nostril
northern and cold and constitutions mistral,
bereft of pollen
blooming the native melons sweet and swollen
and causing queens feasting on plums to ponder
the frail and very fruits of their own squalor
too long unsoiled
in beds of joy and wonder.

Even touching the fabrics of those weavers
or, on the tongue, taking
words in Swahili out of thirst and slaking
the conflagrations
far in the throat's back-country, past the stations
ruled by the codicils of governmental
regulation: even these meek retrievers
remind the veins,
rescue the fundamental

statute that wills the blood the highest sovereign,
and any clever other
mere masquerader mannequined in weather
feigning the Asian
or African, but milky as Caucasian.
Only a touring by the blood suffices,
under the single sun familiar-foreign,
and artifice
left to its own devices.

HERBERT MORRIS

