

## GLOIRE DE DIJON

WHEN she rises in the morning  
I linger to watch her;  
She spreads the bath-cloth underneath the window  
And the sunbeams catch her  
Glistening white on the shoulders,  
While down her sides the mellow  
Golden shadow glows as  
She stoops to the sponge, and her swung breasts  
Sway like full-blown yellow  
Gloire de Dijon roses.

She drips herself with water, and her shoulders  
Glisten as silver, they crumple up  
Like wet and falling roses, and I listen  
For the sluicing of their rain-dishevelled petals.  
In the window full of sunlight  
Concentrates her golden shadow  
Fold on fold, until it glows as  
Mellow as the glory roses.

## ICKING