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D12 CLAMOUR

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3 March 1928, p 813*

CLAMOUR

*Over the yellow arm of down
I lay and watched the teeth of tide
Wounding the sea-scarred shore again,
While at my beating side,
Sweet Unimpressible,
Colossal by your tongue — you lay!
Prattling about the shipping in the bay.
And from your mouth, mouth-pressed a hundred times,
I knew that men were fools, clamouring and getting not,
Kissing to cover up their groans.
And suddenly at your side, hot
With your pulsed companionship, I lay
And shut you out, and kissed dark earth,
Passionately bleak against your voice and ships and bay.*