

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