

**If bob, be dead:**

Lovely bob and him so warm; him so firm  
and rudely male -- yet softer yet in form  
of hand and tone of voice that sets our blood  
to singing in our ears of bob to bob.

If that occur which must needs be that bob  
depart from flesh-life, violently rent  
from tissued transaction (his perfections  
would require no less that age should not  
defile a form of proportions as  
his are -- but see that he's removed therefrom  
that we may share in memories only  
the triumphs of genetic art that are  
the person-thing of our gentle bob)

If bob were but cold corpses, dead flesh, road-kill  
en-wombed in the warm ground (vapors expatiate);  
His form and order of male flesh turned  
back to the soils where ere' he proposed --  
(i imagine him done in in a bar-fight  
Romance; the passive, dispute object  
of limitless male appetite and  
the reformations of a proper need;  
Smoky bar midst smoky cold night;  
Boys in their leathers and khakis.  
Boys in their steel-toes; stubble-headed  
warriors of anonymous, men's room  
encounters; moments of release against  
the relentlessness of easy living;  
commerce is soft cavities; explosions  
upon a horizon of male need.

Courting bob contenders engage; enrage.  
bob taken down with edge of bottle-glass  
and they cry: "None shall have him, if not I!"  
His blood from mouth of wound anoints apostl's  
of a brave new faith; consecrates killers.  
Crimes of passion recognized as above  
the laws of plain boys and family men)

Given these things that bob be lost to warmth  
of maul and probe and spasms of reply:  
i'd burrow with hands the earth where  
under conducts the business that will  
disorganize this firm physique and make  
of bob a formless thing -- how shall love hinge?  
On what ground love, if love's no solid thing?  
Love requires object, if love is to be love.  
An indigent's grave i dig the ground that  
i may bathe and luxuriate  
in the liquidity and settl'd  
soils that once were the mass that i kissed  
as bob, and responded as bob-object.  
i shall have him -- he shall be mine; And we  
two shall become as one as we are joined  
in wallowing warm communion.

• Cde.X.