

ANGEL'S LIPS

Spencer Ledyard

Do you see? Do you see the lips' beauty?
Blue and white, cream and blue, black as night, too.
Beauty's kiss, kiss beauty in heaven be.
Pale glowing, glowing blue angel's lips whitish blue.
Do you feel? Do you feel the lips as real?
Soft and plush velvet soft as peaches oft',
single beds each of veal, feel of youth's zeal;
flesh of lips, lips so soft, sorrow that limit's "off."
Do you taste? Do you taste the cool lips' waste?
Pasty white-pinkish blue an oyster hue
Honey breath berry laced and flower faced
escapes the lips *not* blue... Escapes the lips of you.
Do you hear? Do you hear the blue lips in your ear?
You do not I fear. Cool blue lips are dead my dear.

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