Joy

from Chicago Poems (1916)

Joy keep you. Reach out your hands

and let it take it when it runs

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singing, singing, smashed to the heart.

under the ribs with a terrible, terrible, terrible

terrible love. Joy always.

joy every where— joy every where— Joy! Joy! Joy!
Let joy kill you! Let joy kill you! Keep away from the little deaths.

Let a joy keep you. Joy!


_circa 2'00_

Berlin 29 I 2009