

Lions' Jaws by Mina Loy

O far away on the Benign Peninsula

That automatic fancier of lyrical birds
Danriel Gabrunzio
with melodious magnolia
perfumes his mise en scene
where impotent neurotics
wince at the dusk

The national arch-angel
loved
several countesses
in a bath full of tuberose
soothed by the orchestra
at the 'Hotel Majestic Palace'

the sobbing
from the psycho-pathic wards
of his abandoned harem
purveys amusement for 'High Life'

The comet conquerer
showers upon continental libraries
translated stars
accusations of the alcove
where
with a pomaded complaisance
he trims rococo liaisons
a tooth-tattoo of an Elvira
into a Maria's flesh

And every noon
bare virgins riding alabaster donkeys
receive Danriel Gabrunzio
from the Adriatic
in a golden bath-towel
signed with the zodiac
in pink chenille

Defiance of old idolatries
inspires new schools

Danriel Gabrunzio's compatriots
concoct new courtships
to intrigue

the myriad-fleshed Mistress
of "the Celebrated"

The antique envious thunder
of Latin litterateurs
rivaling Gabrunzio's satiety
burst in a manifesto
notifying women's wombs
of Man's immediate agamogenesis
Insurance
of his spiritual integrity
against the carnivorous courtesan
Manifesto
of the flabbergast movement
hurled by the leader Raminetti
to crash upon the audacious lightning
of Gabrunzio's fashions in lechery
and wheedle its inevitable way
to the "excepted" woman's heart
her cautious pride
extorting betrayal
of Woman's wholesale
to warrant her surrender
with a sense of Victory

Raminetti
cracked the whip of the circus-master
astride a prismatic locomotive
ramping the tottering platform
of the Arts
of which this conjuring commercial traveller
imported some novelties from
Paris in his pocket
souvenirs for his disciples
to flaunt
at his dynamic carnival

The erudite Bapini
experimenting
in auto-hypnotic God-head
on a mountain
rolls off as Raminetti's plastic velocity
explodes his crust
of library dust
and hurrying threatening nakedness
to a vermilion ambush
in flabbergastism
..... he kisses Raminetti
full on his oratory

in the arena
rather fancying Himself
in the awesome proportions
of an eclectic mother-in-law
to a raw menage.

Thus academically chaperoned
the flabbergasts
blaze from obscurity
to deny their creed in cozy corners
to every feminine opportunity
and Raminetti
anxious to get a move on this beating-Gabrunzio-business
possesses the women of two generations
except the few
who jump the train at the next station....
..... while the competitive Bapini
publishes a pretty comment
involving women in the plumber's art
and advertises
his ugliness as an excellent aphrodisiac

Shall manoeuvres in the new manner
pass unremarked?

These amusing men
discover in their mail
duplicate petitions
to be the lurid mother of "their" flabbergast child
from Nima Lyo, alias Anim Yol, alias
Imna Oly
(secret service buffoon to the Woman's Cause)

While flabbergastism boils over
and Ram: and Bap:
avoid each other's sounds
This Duplex-Conquest
claims a "sort of success"
for the Gabrunzio resisters.

ENVOI

Raminetti gets short sentences
for obstructing public thoroughfares
Bapini is popular in "Vanity Fair"
As for Imna Oly
I agree wiht Mrs. Krar Standing Hail
She is not quite a lady....

Riding the sunset
DANRIELGABRUNZIO
corrects
the lewd precocity
of Raminetti and Bapini
with his sonorous violation of Fiume
and drops his eye
into the fatal lap
of Italy.

From "Three Moments in Paris" by Mina Loy

One O'Clock at Night
Though you have never possessed me
I have belonged to you since the beginning of time
And sleepily I sit on your chair beside you
Leaning against your shoulder
And your careless arm across my back gesticulated
As your indisputable male voice roared
Through my brain and my body
Arguing dynamic decomposition
Of which I understand nothing
Sleepily
And the only less male voice of your brother pugilist of the intellect
Booms as it seemed to me so sleepy
Across an interval of a thousand miles
An interim of a thousand years
But you who make more noise than any man in the world when you clear your throat
Deafening woke me
And I caught the thread of the argument
Immediately assuming my personal mental attitude
And cease to be a woman
—
Beautiful halfhour of being a mere woman
The animal woman
Understanding nothing of man
But mastery and the security of imparted physical heat
Indifferent to cerebral gymnastics
Or regarding them as the self-indulgent play of children
Or the thunder of alien gods
But you wake me up
Anyhow who am I that I should criticize your theories of plastic velocity
—
"Let us go home she is tired and wants to go to bed."