Male and female created he them, Aldous Huxley

MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM

DIAPHENIA, drunk with sleep,

Drunk with pleasure, drunk with fatigue,

Feels her Corydon's fingers creep—

Ring-finger, middle finger, index, thumb—

Strummingly over the smooth sleek drum

Of her thorax.

        Meanwhile Händel's Gigue

Turns in Corydon's absent mind

To Yakka-Hoola.

        She can find

No difference in the thrilling touch

Of one who, now, in everything

Is God-like. "Was there ever such

Passion as ours?"

        His pianoing

Gives place to simple arithmetic's

Simplest constatations:—six

Letters in Gneiss and three in Gnu:

Luncheon to-day cost three and two;

In a year—he couldn't calculate

Three-sixty-five times thirty-eight,

Figuring with printless fingers on

Her living parchment.

        "Corydon!

I faint, faint, faint at your dear touch.

Say, is it possible . . . to love too much?"

The end