

AFTER WRITING POETRY

Bodenheim, Maxwell, 1892-1954

My mind is a naked child
Living in the little half-crimson garden of my soul.
I bring people to the child in the garden.
Perhaps an apple-vender whose face is like a new wood-cut;
A shop-girl, like the quickly-sketched princess in some old water-color;
Or a window-washer who seems to have been taken
From a cool swarthy fresco. . .
At night when they have gone,
I and the naked child sit beneath a red bush
And chat about them:
Half-regretting the flowers they have taken away.