

gaining entrance entrances the soul  
wholly centered for the hole,  
however unholy, however unchaste,  
hastily pushing for the pull,  
to be full of that feeling of filling,  
of spilling, spelling success  
in an excess of splendor, slender  
fury growing tender, the waxing  
of the blood and then the waning,  
gaining entrance is the sole  
preoccupation of the soul,  
the whole annunciation,  
though it fears renunciation,  
of the body that is beating  
for its soul.

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