

## TWO POEMS

by

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1.

*The pure products of America  
go crazy -  
mountain folk from Kentucky  
or the ribbed north end of  
Jersey  
with its isolate lakes and  
valleys, its deaf-mutes, thieves  
old names  
and promiscuity between  
devil-may-care men who have taken  
to railroading  
out of sheer lust of adventure -  
and young slatterns, bathed  
in filth  
from Monday to Saturday  
to be tricked out that night  
with gauds  
from imaginations which have no  
peasant traditions to give them  
character  
but flutter and flaunt  
sheer rags - succumbing without  
emotion  
save numbed terror  
under some hedge of choke-cherry  
or viburnum -  
which they cannot express -  
Unless it be that marriage  
perhaps  
with a dash of Indian blood  
will throw up a girl so desolate  
so hemmed round  
with disease or murder*

*that she'll be rescued by an  
agent -  
reared by the state and  
sent out at fifteen to work in  
some hard pressed  
house in the suburbs -  
some doctor's family, some Elsie -  
voluptuous water  
expressing with broken  
brain the truth about us -  
her great  
ungainly hips and flopping breasts  
addressed to cheap  
jewelry  
and rich young men with fine eyes  
as if the earth under our feet  
were  
an excrement of some sky  
and we degraded prisoners  
destined  
to hunger until we eat filth  
while the imagination strains  
after deer  
going by fields of goldenrod in  
the stifling heat of September  
Somehow  
it seems to destroy us  
It is only in isolate flecks that  
something  
is given off  
No one  
to witness  
and adjust, no one to drive the car*