

# Queen-Anne's Lace

By William Carlos Williams

Her body is not so white as  
anemone petals nor so smooth—nor  
so remote a thing. It is a field  
of the wild carrot taking  
the field by force; the grass  
does not raise above it.  
Here is no question of whiteness,  
white as can be, with a purple mole  
at the center of each flower.  
Each flower is a hand's span  
of her whiteness. Wherever  
his hand has lain there is  
a tiny purple blemish. Each part  
is a blossom under his touch  
to which the fibres of her being  
stem one by one, each to its end,  
until the whole field is a  
white desire, empty, a single stem,  
a cluster, flower by flower,  
a pious wish to whiteness gone over—  
or nothing.

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