

The American
Theme and Variations

A man was going home to wash his feet
And in the doorway he thought about his toes.

^A
~~The~~ man marched home to wash his feet.
In the stone doorway he paused, remembering the toes.

The obelisk seized the air with its point.
At its base stood an ~~undressed~~ undressed man
Gushed over by the waters of the base.
~~The point is a mistake.~~ But in the homely waters grew *refractions.*
Impressions ~~Reflections~~

~~The shoes marched over stone pavement~~
~~At home the acres of hot water were waiting.~~ *leave in?*

The stone shore marched over itself
The hot pavement mud of the cleansing shore
In which it grew one tower
To unlike itself in the disturbed distances
The lye places a mud hand around
Sand-blossom too pale to be a flower
In the real dirt of a country yet dying of it--
A country beside the sand.

The strangled sea urchin gasped beside the
Mud plant tide. Nine o'clock.
And the hot mud they threw from the tower
Caused

The plants grew. In their area they waited
Not growing, just being
What they had been. In this way
~~Orchids~~ devour men and are less,
Their behavior less. ~~All that matters is~~ ⁱⁿ getting away from it.

~~It is time to pass from theory to effect.~~
~~XX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ In serious cases of hygiene
Such as ~~the~~ eskimos, the helplessness is important
~~To be lived~~

Man and his feet ~~the~~ unembarrassed yearning
For better apology of ~~the~~ giant flowers,
Weep ~~in~~ on the bank of the river
Carrying the dirt away. ~~To the west~~
~~The somber wooded line plunges~~
Under the ~~map~~ of mud. Only rarely
Rocks point in the plains. Thick tower
Cold ~~decomposed soil~~
Confined little by little to the valleys *minutely*
Beyond the somber territory ~~slopes~~ ~~insibly~~ toward the sea
The eye will no longer have to stop
At ~~the~~ a few sand ~~mountains~~
In the low spreading plains