

An Average Day

# Stupid song... that weather bonnet protected  
Is all gone now. But  
The apothecary biscuits dwindled. All must pay.  
In wedge-shaped zinc compartments, where a little spectral  
Cliffs, teeming over into irony's  
Gotten silently inflicted on the passes  
Morning undermines, the daughter is.  
Be sure the giant would know falling asleep

But the frozen droplets reveal  
A mixed situation in which the penis  
Scored the offer by fixed marches into what is.  
One black spot remained.

Is it because apples grow  
On the tree, or because it is green?  
You may never know how much is pushed  
Into night, nor what may return  
To sulk contentedly, half asleep and half awake  
By the arm of a chair ~~XXXXXXXX~~ pointed into  
The painting of fire, or reach, in a coma  
From the garden for foreign students.

If I should... If I said you were there  
The... towering peace about us might  
Hold up the way it breaks--the monsoon  
Move a pebble, to the plumbing contract, cataract.  
There has got to be only-- there is going to be  
An accent on the portable bunch of grapes  
The time the mildewed seas cast the <sup>You</sup>  
~~Hygrometer~~ Hygrometer too far away. ~~It~~ read into it  
The meaning of tears, survey of our civilization.

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John Ashbery