

Benedictions

1. Foaming Starts

"Seems they was all out of hyena-vomit
Up to the library, Sarge." A true laugh
Eviscerated this retort, all that remained of gin ~~and~~ⁱⁿ summer ~~was~~.

~~And yet hyena vomit how d'ocures would be served later
In the shade of the fir trees
And ice cubes clink in the tall frosty glasses.~~

As though all [Turkish or oriental] rugs were merely a [new] way
Of walking, a kind of glorified place to put your feet
And these affairs merely occasions to sit together or speak.

2. Where the Anointing Happened

In the past year only two of our tribe
Have ~~xxx~~ succumbed to the pernicious effects of pleasure,
And these, like mountains veiled by water or the sky
On the wall of some Italian restaurant
Or close to the sea, where slow boats come and go.
The hours undo their pack, unsweetened by dust and fatigue
As one prowls among shipyards, hopeless of a design
Which faints at the border of intuition carried to new and sunless heights.
A kind of monsoon is watching over Hawaii
In the restaurant mural in my dream.

3.

On the way out from your walk
You beheld the little girl with the bottle of lemon soda
And the photographs of the way things were before they were the way they are
now~~x~~
Sullen, and concealing half of the photographs
In a black woollen coat, out of keeping with the bright day.

The sun has warmed your fingers, they creep swollenly toward your ~~xxxxxx~~
breast.

~~This is the day they said, that the sun sets still~~
Like the landscape in your pocket
Turning in from the too-dark day.

(Benedictions)

4. The Brainstorm

We put everything in order,
A museum of thought was the result.

The page ended just at the burnt edge,
The reader's puckered lips. He is looking for "milk"

In the directory, but ~~this~~ volume ends with the "MI"'s.
Another time will do as well, at school last year

Or elsewhere, /in praise of bushes
Or wandering. / Everywhere, "D.E.L.I.G.H.T."

Is pinned up; loquacious, others
Block the entrance; it had been taken down and put up again.

5, Epilogue (written later)

Intrigued, I pressed for details. It seemed the carbuncle really had existed, not later, as I had thought, but at a considerably earlier period--say about the 6th century B.C. If my calculations were right, the bottle of ~~XXXXX~~ wine we had sampled must have been of that era--it had a sandy taste, like blood on stone. As for Rufus, there seemed no earthly reason why he should be detained any longer, and accordingly he was let go.

But one week later a curious thing happened, which I like to think of as a kind of epilogue to all this. Walking near the canal one night, I was startled to hear a man's voice in the darkness ahead of me. I summoned him to halt. To my endless surprise, Rufus' tow head emerged out of the shadows. Questioned, he said ^{that} he had been looking for the length of lead pipe ~~that~~ ^{which} had disappeared so mysteriously from the principal's office, that he was positive it had been dropped there.

Sure enough, a few days later it was discovered by a member of the local gendarmerie, half imbedded in the sticky ooze and small white pebbles of the canal, casting unintentional blinding shimmers as he bent to pick it up.