

The Chalet

It must have been the pure arrangement
To breathe on the indescribable
On the left of hydrangeas.
She placed a leaf beside the dawn.

The timid path ~~to~~ ~~up~~ up to the stable
(That bitch... in the dawn)
And happily you remove white bands.
The face is ~~still~~ all there,

And turn to the mahogany calendar
In which an ember is fixed.
It must have been you big ginseng palace
From where rotten breakers rise

Staying out of this ~~fort~~
You carried a leaf ~~on~~ your head
To place beside dim bells and smoke
That day in ~~1004~~

The explanations
In the severe heart of drowned
~~Where~~ a scrubwoman slept. Diamond
Marching over the trees

To see if not some relief
Brought into the football town
The first parishioners ~~walking~~
~~Down~~ over the business platform

She placed beside the electric bell
A cranberry-colored leaf.
~~Because~~ of the season.
That day did not went away.

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Behind blue bottles in the hospital behind the factory I too often
laugh, think, or smile, take up pencil to write on ~~and~~ ball the
purest that you despising erupt into my solitude--the portion of me
which is always breaking.

The perfumed zither clanged a door opened a fox
chased down the street What is that up on the mountain They
say the whole town is burning

So in spring with my ~~softball~~ on vast plain with the drip drip drip

The door opened white fire and hand with the melting black letters I
did not get the job