

Evenings in Rochefort

Caps

Now that those houses have been closed by law

CC A former marine could think himself in China
(Beneath the orange glow forgotten lanterns
— At twenty far from Rochefort the heart breaks,,,

... A glass of rum a record a kiss suffices,
The well-heeled ensigns' ^{debauch} ~~debauch~~ behind the screen
But the sleeve barren of stripes and ~~KKK~~ cap with red
Pompom, in the ~~KKKKK~~ false ~~XX~~ day of ~~KKKK~~ neon-reflectors ^{exhibits} ~~exhibits~~

slanted

The Hand under obi eye on the string of months
That ~~KKKKKKKK~~ canal harbor and crossed Equator
Connects the round gate with the Place Colbert
Far from the ~~dream~~ look of knowing dolls).

— How insipid is the kiss of nauseous red
The caress and cheek are slippery under salves
Their venal art is like some stagnant flower
When nude succumbing to lucrative emotion,
They laugh at some naive lad's disordered ardor
Back there they knew ~~once~~ once the raw silk ^{to} doifed

How to

(The hours ^{were} ~~were~~ reckoned ~~KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK~~ by fevers and by suns)
To ~~play~~ ^{How to} Ivory, black ribbons, fragile beneath the fingers
Playing the instrument, expert at the task

To ~~make~~ make the cutter, swerve the frigate pitch
Tilt the azimuth, file the mizzen-~~royal~~ ^{masts}
Accompanying the slow climb to the crow's nest
With a damp concert viol flute and oboe)
The ~~last~~ of this harbor ~~know~~ know the sea ^{only}

Caps

CC Of a former barques beached amid lively reefs
Which erstwhile brought to caulker and to hammer
Their hulls to scrape of mother-of-pearl and coral

... Henceforth in the Museum a model prolongs
— With its winches, rigging, decorative flags
(Like hieroglyphics before Champollion
Ill-washed symbol of what it represents) —

the Memory of sounds and smells ⁱⁿ the Arsenal
The cry of workmen discovering in the hold
A flower forgotten by a Tahitian girl

Ac

CC As decked with straw my brother ^{might} ~~might~~ see her
The essential by ebony tresses obfuscated
An insular queen and virile truth to tell
Was indeed if other ^{(Anyades can be} ~~KKKKKK~~ trusted)
So that with its cobbles its ~~base~~ ^{sharp} angles the city ^{made}
Linked with the open sea by routes too long
(Sister of ~~Q~~ that where Marie ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~KKKKK~~ Berenice,
Bade farewell to Louis who ~~would~~ ^{was} (although a king;
Of the other from which the last crusade departed
That slowly ~~were~~ ^{the} removed from notions of time

~~KKKKKK~~ Revives ^{the waves} ~~already~~ already dead, already lost, ...)))

Patience for a little bronze against the skin

~~Excel~~

~~BBBBBBBB~~

As a place where quarts are played near leisure-net,

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

palatine for a aspenia

Swell

Narcissuses admiring ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ their image in others,

Which they ~~XXXX~~ so little noon harasses them

a weighty pain in their lower annals

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Beneath the slim triangle of scant decency;

Which at the rolling of ocher on green at the movies

Lacks nevertheless salt on lip on cut

Together ~~with~~ the horizon which shuts its compass

In the sky the myriad of familiar stars

A guide whose beacons turn fright blue and even

even

The continual waking of the internal ear

Balance of the hip and of the confident foot ~~assured~~

Swing Equilibrium

Or sleep the hollow of the wandering ~~shell~~ hull

Locates the heart at the heart of invented routes

Know

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Experience love only as a daily dream

Fragments, ~~always~~ cut out of the hottest scene, the hottest scene always cut out

That crouching you tear ~~away~~ from the comma'd partition

Unknown America's planet truly livable ~~pleasant livable~~

Impudent

resembling assembly in the desk, to scold bowed

Powerless emperors badly married princes

Old lovers one on the other burning a sad past

Open stomachs baptised by a delirious priest

And for ~~time~~ to live in this paper palace

one

The insolent face ~~XXXX~~ She allows one to admire

But alert beneath the skirt and the bitter bodice, pleasing

Curves reserved for conjugal delight

With roof, ~~XXXX~~ burl-walnut bed, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and tall armoire

With mirror, machine where perspiration foams

The football scores when ~~XXXX~~ steams the soup tureen,

Wan world within ~~XXXXXXXX~~ feasy range of weary gazes,

And the same beaten track from ~~XXXX~~ dusk till dawn

The ~~black~~ surprise beneath the trousseau sheet,

Clouded

~~XXXX~~ regular drunkenness

Which multiplies dismal humors gluts the liver

Erects remorse, curl-papers at the temples

Empties the wallet and engenders monsters

~~XXXX~~ With drooling eyes, rubber bones and ill-sealed skull

A pierced heart ~~XX~~ that is cured across the Atlantic

After shame and honor of public collects

Too many tiny coffins ~~XXXX~~ rotting ~~XXXXXX~~ in holes

That must be decked with flowers (November first)

When ~~one~~ can look at wax behind the glass,

When ~~one~~ can go cruising in the cove of perfumes

When you touch the fold they have in their armpits

When you lick the pink and sepia at their neck

When you hear pleasure sung ~~straight~~ from carrouzels whose calm is hard to keep

(In the grain of some two-bit photogravure)

When you wander among the intermingled algae,

Turning ~~and~~ compass in the ill-guarded calm

Black anchor-and they cut the chain, and howl

In vain, so many vessels suddenly swollen with blood

cups

Gather each evening their where ~~former~~ swamps

To the gray ~~XXXX~~ walls where only a watchtower calls

Memory) stars a sky ~~with~~ water-lilies

As around meat ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ a squad of flies; around

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ A lonely flower emerging from level wheat

A dozen bees ~~the~~ hive being swept away bumble-bees when the hive is ~~empty~~;