



John Ashbery  
Jan. 5. 1962

The confusion of stillness, dominate air-fact.

Loud device to inject

The steps nothing more than wood spinners.

~~The drum, the pressure is ice.~~

Out of autonomy, clearing

To refuse the square hive

To be gotten out of the shadow, a hole

In itself a clever context, and cold and

Thin ends are alive with rebuttal,

Into the same place. The perishing

It is the property to be lifted again

Your quaint grave, the highway strewn with tacks.

Heads in hands, waterfall of simplicity--

In another sense it is quiet and beautiful.

~~trying to know how to get out of here, how to breathe.~~

The parcels pin you to the door

Breathes, in the transparent but breathing flood.

But only a sobbing--certain notes

Only a note on the floor. The ~~breath of time,~~

In space, the mother of distance

Offered no repose, only a little discontinuity

The green chair

Only a little spilled. Gray on the snow.

The glass of nourishing whiskey fallen inside it

But was still shiny and new. A few corners.

Dropped in the snow, it had come apart

~~Written with the Left Hand~~

2

Vertical Pro of a  
4/2/47

Longclump  
Longclump

34 but see  
34 but see  
34 but see

From?  
word and?  
extroverts?

bridge

Leaving