

Houlgate

Actively examining the dispersal end,  
Water, the way nothing should do  
Exclaimed light the mocked aphasia--butt  
Toward, seeping vertical--  
~~There~~ is a practical side to experience.  
Hay that rings open ridges.  
Sneeze that you never were  
Shy street leading there, to hold,  
The octave--unbelieved curse--of shine,  
To hold. You temporarily  
I am perfectly responsible for the crimes  
I have committed.  
It has no need to advertise itself  
And there is little doubt it may never touch,  
Though it may outlive, death, and perform alone  
Anxiously like seaweed.

6/21/81