

But is the egg suggesting the quietness  
Of its forms. And the malt of sleep, <sup>honey</sup> beams  
For ~~the~~<sup>its</sup> patronizing dome.

But sleep is on all fours,  
A beautifully written but inaccurate  
~~memory~~<sup>directive</sup> ~~changed~~<sup>omitted</sup> with follies  
A personal memento engraved in the sidewalk  
Tormenting the absolute future into lines of  
acceptance.  
Ready to dispatch the dearest part of this  
And all laws for the equation you remain  
Nothing is to be preferred to this sleep.  
~~That is a mass of dots guiding you nowhere~~  
At once the kindness and friendly clause  
and mouth of the sea applied to your <sup>flank</sup> ~~side~~  
Forever at odds with, and draining. <sup>yet</sup> ~~case~~

This should be a letter telling you of changes  
of desire throwing you a minute to one side  
and then the other, like baby alligators in  
a <sup>peared</sup> box  
Of how this tossing looks harmonious from a  
like the sea or the tops of trees, and how  
Only when one gets closer ~~does~~ its sadness small  
and appreciable.  
I can be held in the hand.

all this must go into a letter,  
also the feeling of being lived  
The after-lunch thing, looking for people  
who are out. and the gradual peace and  
That boils down, through rays of cold and fatigue  
at the end of day to a <sup>relaxation</sup> ~~musical deposit~~.  
Smearing much of the day into fatigue  
at finding you ~~not~~ <sup>throwing</sup> into fatigue  
and ~~scarcely~~ incomprehensible. done in

I meant to say these things  
if I had time. But an architect  
~~For things we cannot afford built of signs~~  
much ~~of~~ us like <sup>flat</sup> ~~ruin~~ commands a view  
Of this ~~flat~~. There's  
Nothing like it for not leading footsteps

To its footman's empathy, ~~with~~  
~~and all destroyed.~~ <sup>is</sup> There is the attraction of this  
But there is no personal involvement ~~micers~~  
These sudden bursts of hot and cold  
Are wreathed in <sup>(a)</sup> shadowless intensity  
whose moment says them of all <sup>characteristic</sup> other ~~qualities~~.  
Thus in beginning <sup>rest</sup> ~~to~~ ~~peace~~ you feel once  
The absurdity of any <sup>loss of motion</sup> ~~gesture~~ know  
It heaves open in still pieces  
~~around the~~ ~~consumptive~~ we crown all the guests  
(We can have <sup>no</sup> ~~know~~ <sup>information</sup> ~~knowledge~~ of this ~~when~~  
Only the ~~enter~~ of becoming — a sealed consciousness.

Poems of Sleep

In this hutment or abode I'll  
Invoke "mitred domes" and suchlike  
Awaking to this penitential psalm now  
That purgatory's  violet ways have ended  
In sleep and satisfaction for each one.  
I have decided to write you this poem of midemeanors and small penalty.  
This volume is geometrical beauty,  
Its slabs cannot keep up with the hungering into breath  
And final dreams~~x~~

But is the egg suggesting the quietness  
Of its forms. And sleep is beams  
For its patronising dome.

But sleep is on all fours,  
A beautifully written but inaccurate  
Directive charged with ~~follies~~  
A personal memento engraved ~~XX~~ in the sidewalk~~x~~  
Tormenting the absolute future into lines of acceptance.  
Ready to dispatch the elegant part of this  
And all ears for the equation you remain on the sill:  
Nothing is to be prepared ~~for~~ this sleep.  
At once the kindness and friendly clause  
And mouth of sea applied to your case  
Forever at odds with, and yet draining.

This should be a letter telling you of changes  
~~Of desire throwing you a minute to one side~~  
~~And then the other like~~   
Of how this tossing looks harmonious from a distance  
Like the sea or the tops of trees, and how  
Only when one gets closer is its sadness small and appreciable.  
It can be held in the hand.  
All this must go into a letter.  
Also the feeling of being lived, looking for people,  
And the gradual peace and relaxation  
That boils down, through rings of cold and fatigue  
Smearing much of the day into fatigue  
At finding you not in, bloody from beating doors in  
And incomprehensible.

I meant to say these things  
If I had time. But an architecture  
Made of us like rain commands a view  
Of ~~this~~ plain. There's ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
Nothing ~~like it for not~~ leading  
To its footmen's empathy. It is the attraction of this mucus  
But there is no personal involvement  
These sudden bursts of hot and cold  
Are wreathed in shadowless intensity  
Whose moment saps them of all characteristics.  
Thus beginning to rest you at once know