

The Vacationers

Perhaps she, in her way  
By the day's last rays, reads my letter,  
~~And I am~~ promised and never sent.  
On flat landscapes the projections occur,  
And one wishes to escape civilization.  
A world of alien diseases is best,  
Tyrant fruits, and big-voiced birds  
Bespeaking the awe of peace in orange groves  
By seaweed fires. ~~But~~ at home the bespectacled  
Reader of newsprint shuns the baroque kiosk.  
To send a sheet of paper through the mails  
Is hugely difficult. Dirt, darkness and destruction abound  
In the so-called modern "paradise"--he thinks  
As the trolley draws away from the tracks.  
There, leafy near ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ sewers in the enchanted dusk  
(5) The one you say goodbye to, and wait for and return to  
In a straw hat, next to the automatic dispenser's tired  
Aluminum mirror, ~~the~~ the open door in front of a mop.

Food is the only problem here. What foods  
To cram down our throats?

blind?

But somehow the mirth of everything rolls us along  
Laughing and tired, and commenting on our journey  
Before it happens, and leaves us at the end.

But the boys always return  
Mechanically to the docks, in the squinting sunset, and in the end the  
feeling of peace  
Is traded for light hands winding something  
You cannot see, around your head,  
Perhaps a band with numbers and the colors  
Of a flag, or a message of typewritten  
Punctuation marks, or a sentence: "Incandescent death  
Sprays me, moos. There is perfection in feeling  
That I might have died." But this cannot be put into words.

*intended words.*