

An Average Day

Stupid song... that weather bonnet protected
Is all gone now. But
The apothecary biscuits dwindled. All must pay.
In wedge-shaped zinc compartments, where a little spectral
Cliffs, teeming over into irony's
Gotten silently inflicted on the passes
Morning undermines, the daughter is.
Be sure the giant would know falling asleep

But the frozen droplets reveal
A mixed situation in which the penis
Scored the offer by fixed marches into what is.
One black spot remained.

Is it because apples grow
On the tree, or because it is green?
You may never know how much is pushed
Into night, nor what may return
To sulk contentedly, half asleep and half awake
By the arm of a chair ~~XXXXXXXX~~ pointed into
The painting of fire, or reach, in a coma
From the garden for foreign students.

If I should... If I said you were there
The... towering peace about us might
Hold up the way it breaks--the monsoon
Move a pebble, to the plumbing contract, cataract.
There has got to be only-- there is going to be
An accent on the portable bunch of grapes
The time the mildewed seas cast the ^{You}
~~Hygrometer~~ Hygrometer too far away. ~~It~~ read into it
The meaning of tears, survey of our civilization.

Out of

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John Ashbery

Benedictions

1. Foaming Starts

"Seems they was all out of hyena-vomit
Up to the library, Sarge." A true laugh
Eviscerated this retort, all that remained of gin ~~and~~ⁱⁿ summer ~~was~~.

~~And yet hyena vomit how d'ocures would be served later
In the shade of the fir trees
And ice cubes clink in the tall frosty glasses.~~

As though all Turkish or oriental rugs were merely a new way
Of walking, a kind of glorified place to put your feet
And these affairs merely occasions to sit together or speak.

2. Where the Anointing Happened

In the past year only two of our tribe
Have ~~xxx~~ succumbed to the pernicious effects of pleasure,
And these, like mountains veiled by water or the sky
On the wall of some Italian restaurant
Or close to the sea, where slow boats come and go.
The hours undo their pack, unsweetened by dust and fatigue
As one prowls among shipyards, hopeless of a design
Which faints at the border of intuition carried to new and sunless heights.
A kind of monsoon is watching over Hawaii
In the restaurant mural in my dream.

3.

On the way out from your walk
You beheld the little girl with the bottle of lemon soda
And the photographs of the way things were before they were the way they are
now
Sullen, and concealing half of the photographs
In a black woollen coat, out of keeping with the bright day.

The sun has warmed your fingers, they creep swollenly toward your ~~xxxxxx~~
breast.

~~This is the day they said, that the man sets sail~~
Like the landscape in your pocket
Turning in from the too-dark day.

(Benedictions)

4. The Brainstorm

We put everything in order,
A museum of thought was the result.

The page ended just at the burnt edge,
The reader's puckered lips. He is looking for "milk"

In the directory, but this volume ends with the "MI"'s.
Another time will do as well, at school last year

Or elsewhere, /in praise of bushes
Or wandering. / Everywhere, "D.E.L.I.G.H.T."

Is pinned up; loquacious, others
Block the entrance; it had been taken down and put up again.

5, Epilogue (written later)

Intrigued, I pressed for details. It seemed the carbuncle really had existed, not later, as I had thought, but at a considerably earlier period--say about the 6th century B.C. If my calculations were right, the bottle of ~~XXXXX~~ wine we had sampled must have been of that era--it had a sandy taste, like blood on stone. As for Rufus, there seemed no earthly reason why he should be detained any longer, and accordingly he was let go.

But one week later a curious thing happened, which I like to think of as a kind of epilogue to all this. Walking near the canal one night, I was startled to hear a man's voice in the darkness ahead of me. I summoned him to halt. To my endless surprise, Rufus' tow head emerged out of the shadows. Questioned, he said ^{that} he had been looking for the length of lead pipe ~~that~~ ^{which} had disappeared so mysteriously from the principal's office, that he was positive it had been dropped there.

Sure enough, a few days later it was discovered by a member of the local gendarmerie, half imbedded in the sticky ooze and small white pebbles of the canal, casting unintentional blinding shimmers as he bent to pick it up.

The Bodice

There is a special something in this for the
Inkwell. There are oranges.
The first time you hit the ball it was
Impossible to see the dust.

It has a special charm for the hearts.
Inkwell. There is orange dust
The impossible time you killed the fall.
The camera photographed the dust.

heads?

The dust is special. There is dust everywhere.
The way you dealt with the oranges
The time you were killed--your body
Propelling dust. They photographed you.

There was no special reason why they should have chosen you,
The way the oranges of your body flared, you
Had killed his love for your body
That was taking pictures of you.

The hod-carrier stopped. For this reason alone
Your body took over. Write it in orange ink,
Please. Love, once more,
And the impossible situation of the pictures.

The reason the hod-carrier, perhaps,
Your body, orange and full of grass.
Please. Forget the offer of love
Or the impossible will return to your hand.

Perhaps the hod-carrier had not voiced
The orange barley, wheat and grass
Those flags the altar of love
And I return, impossible, to give you my hand.

The hod, vivid, and the air of the morning
Pierced with fresh satisfactions, and alarm.
Flags altered, love of places.
The land is returning. The printed stream.

By the time they got the filter working, the passageway'd
Gone all silver. The tin bathroom was closed.
It was now impossible to return to the flag.
The floor (slowly) reunited their dreams in a single hand.

JA May 1962

The Chalet

It must have been the pure arrangement
To breathe on the indescribable
On the left of hydrangeas.
She placed a leaf beside the dawn.

The timid path ~~to~~ ~~up~~ up to the stable
(That bitch... in the dawn)
And happily you remove white bands.
The face is ~~still~~ all there,

And turn to the mahogany calendar
In which an ember is fixed.
It must have been you big ginseng palace
From where rotten breakers rise

Staying out of this ~~fort~~
You carried a leaf ~~on~~ your head
To place beside dim bells and smoke
That day in ~~1004~~

The explanations
In the severe heart of drowned
~~Where~~ a scrubwoman slept. Diamond
Marching over the trees

To see if not some relief
Brought into the football town
The first parishioners ~~walking~~
~~Down~~ over the business platform

She placed beside the electric bell
A cranberry-colored leaf.
~~Because~~ of the season.
That day did not went away.

* * *

Behind blue bottles in the hospital behind the factory I too often
laugh, think, or smile, take up pencil to write on ~~your~~ ball the
purest that you despising erupt into my solitude--the portion of me
which is always breaking.

The perfumed zither clanged a door opened a fox
chased down the street What is that up on the mountain They
say the whole town is burning

So in spring with my ~~softball~~ on vast plain with the drip drip drip

The door opened white fire and hand with the melting black letters I
did not get the job

CLEOPATRA'S LAST CLASS

Bottom drank the arithmetic pastrami sandwich
While Romeo dined on couscous--actually, it was a double
arithmetic sandwich,
A sandwich so enormous that Banquo turned from his arithmetic
smorgasbord--
He whirled so hard he fell on arithmetic Rosalind eating spaghetti.
She was flattened to a crepe suzette near the arithmetic Iago,
Then sizzled away to nothing while Cymbeline solved arithmetic
problems with chunks of ossi bucco
Which became so large that it was soon the turn of arithmetic
halva Beatrice
To close Dogberry's arithmetic book as they became even more
enormous.
Cordelia, drinking American coffee, found this the most wonderful
arithmetic
In the universe of pressed duck. Macbeth glanced at his arithmetic;
But Goneril, gulping pineapple upside-down cake, stared even
harder at the arithmetic
Until her eyes bored seven holes soon filled with kidney stew
by Friar Lawrence who always threw up at the sight of arithmetic.
Baked alaska overflowed from the holes at the sound of Hotspur's
arithmetic,
Inundating Dromio's potato pancake arithmetic hut
And washing it away to justify Mistress Quickly's sharkfin soup
arithmetic
Problem arrangements, and finally dissolving it into borscht, as
Charles the Wrestler laughed at arithmetic--
He fainted with laughter. Cicero's sukiyaki arithmetic grew
larger
In Celia's evening, which was bright with shishkabob, until it
became too huge to be measured by arithmetic
And finally even huger than the arithmetic of Mustardseed's
Virginia ham pyjamas,
Which were, if truth be told, an enormous arithmetic tent sheltering
Timon of Athens who was dealing a hand of schav
Which gradually became several paella hands of Fleance arithmetic.
These hands were onion soup arms which held the Nurse in Arith-
metic Penitentiary--
So tightly did they clasp her that Cassio swallowing gnocchi
grew aware of his sister's arithmetic,
Which he soon had by heart. King John conquered arithmetic with
a cannon of ham and eggs
Reducing it to a ruin of smoking watercress salad. Charmian's
brother's wrist arithmetic
Now covered his entire body. Prospero's weinerschnitzel book
on arithmetic
Is the definitive work on arithmetic. A cry of Gildenstern yogurt
Insisted that it was the denitive work on everything, and La Pucelle
destroyed her almond cookie arithmetic,
Which was totally obliterated by the Thersites baked beans. An
arithmetic drum
Was ten drums. Arithmetic lay sobbing. King Lear turned to
raw fish.

Edelweiss

Minces, clairs, légers, ils restent un moment
Ensemble au bord de la houle obscure de nuit;
Clairs, fauves, souriants, ils s'effacent dans le long enlèvement
de la clarté --

Deux soldats, deux flots, pour qui j'avais écrit
Un monde de gentillesse,
Une page... Le soleil
Me rapporte à leurs frères, ceux qui auront
Tout cela quand nous ne l'aurons plus,
Le vent noir et doré.

Où bien le sentier
M'amène-t-il entre leurs rochers?
Vais-je mourir ici, à l'ombre de la ruée vivante de leurs lueurs?

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} doiled

How to

(The hours ^{were} ~~were~~ reckoned ~~KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK~~ by fevers and by suns)

To ~~play~~ ^{How to} 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

CC As decked with straw my brother ~~eyes~~ might see her
The essential by ebony tresses obfuscated
An insular queen and virile truth to tell

Ac

Was indeed if other ^(Anyades can be ~~KKKKKK~~ trusted) ~~KKKKKK~~ trusted
So that with its cobbles its ~~base~~ ^{sharp} angles the city ^{make}
Linked with the open sea by routes too long

(Sister of ~~Q~~ that where Marie ~~the~~ ~~KKKKK~~ Berenice,
Bade farewell to Louis who ~~w~~ (although a king;
Of the other from which the last crusade departed
That slowly ~~was~~ removed from notions of time

~~KKKKKK~~ Revives ^{the waves} ~~S~~ 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 ~~planet livable~~

Impotent

Powerless emperors badly married princes

resembling assembly in the dark, to scardel bowed

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

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

one

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 ~~XXXXXX~~ feasy range of weary gazes,

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

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

Clouded

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 ~~rmpits~~

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 ~~XXXXXX~~ walls where only a watchtower calls

to

Memory) stars a sky ~~into~~ 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 ~~demolished~~

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 le
34 but see le
34 but see le

From?
word and?
extroverts?

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

Lists

New ~~the~~ Long the days
Shepherded out of November
Into the most northern and calmest of
~~the~~ areas.

a The plumes
Pungent together announce
The white stalk bristling of its time
To forwardness.

glet
swad As though a song (broke)
Out of the wood.

The closed ground
Open on kind thoughts, tears, ~~sweetmeats~~ and confusion
Because this started out of the ground.
~~Dear triangle,~~

The weather abhors you
To prop up
The new storm with shrugging wood of
~~The lace of~~ private saints
Into days drier (than) ~~beyond~~ belonging
Privy to everything
Arranged, worried about

Desperately leading the new year over mountains (o)
Your ballots looked like this. Yellow in a white year.

Growing out to the nickname
Creating what I am, I,
Put off, waiting separately

Sold to the trunk
Sold to the leaves

Worn out by others' eyesight, (pressed by ~~the~~ delight
~~Suggesting a varied climate~~
Displaying all old cares.

1/1/64

The New Realism

That night rain came pattering in from the suburbs.
The plates were still unwashed by the sink.
Near the sink lay a pencilled list
Of things to buy, and to do.
The word "china" appeared on the list, and also the word "clitoris."
Also on the list were the words "Pepsi-Cola," "twitch,"
"Spark plugs," "butter," "eggs", "milk" "garage," "sandwich,"
"Hose," "Dad," "movie," "bench," "quiet," and others.
Near the sink lay an open book
Open to page seventy-seven.
In the illustration a woman wearing gloves
Was holding some flowers. A man
Sideways, was seeming to look up at her.
A man with a cap was holding the door open
And through the door could be seen the word "Regent's."

At the top of page 77 was a title: "A Perfect Fool."
Underneath were printed words: "decided to call
Vince Vance. If Owen had been menaced, Vince Vance
Would surely know, and by whom. Carefully
She dialed the number, nervously waiting while
at the other end the phone was ringing.
No answer. Maybe Vince was out of town.
Perplexed, Vera started to pace up and down.
What should she do? Suddenly an idea came.
Reaching in her pocket she felt the crumpled bit of white card
With the address on it. "Remember, if ever you need help--"
Some dust, or shadows, obliterates the rest.
The book is not really interesting.

Poem

The Baby Leroy rain crushed the station with love.
Caesarion skipped into the barn. Happy snow demolished him,
And fog entered the Bonita Granville gazebo in surprise
At the Dickie Moore coliseum whose heatwave, in the shyness
Of the Ganymede silo typhoon, doubted the permanence
Of the hailstone cloister where Jane Withers was feeling glum.
The electric "Baby Stuart Garage" sign blinked off in wrath as ~~xxx~~ the slush distilled
The Dan Cupid dust storm warehouse with a groan of tenderness.
The Little Mary Mixup icehouse was perforated with mist and worry
But when ~~xxx~~ Swee' Pea swept the fog out of the medieval castle, it was perforated with
ecstasy.
The frost of hope melted the Skippy igloo.
Charlie Brown stood in the aviary chatting joyfully with the humidity.
Young Tom Edison came out of the shed. He wiped the smog from his face. An expression
of pity fell on it.
The Bonnie Prince Charley birdhouses on Hatred Street smelled overcast
And the Aiglon's resentment inflated the hospital like a breeze.
Raggedy Ann was thrilled by the lightning in the geodesic dome
And flunked out of Marcia Mae Jones Thermometer School with a hurricane of contempt.
Chartres Cathedral smiled horrifiedly at the Nathalia Crane thunder
And the Frankie Darro turrets collapsed before the fury of the advancing squall.
Skeezix, however, stayed inside the gas station, glaring sullenly at the disappearing
monsoon.

Poem with Mistakes

These

~~Then~~ redmen was to Kellerers and forfended
Like the "being nice to them" part Andraitx
The Perganom leashed bundles to upset Tartuffe stores?
Much produce legislation fag boom--them the upper
Stripes not so much as inert Moon Mullins stand.
Then "Little Annie Rooney" pet the fringe decided it.

His down--awful maginations parted wage town
Purple exploding coffee, phaeton object
Imperfect ledger cancel top wheat dope
Weet leger impress tele axel bust dome
Porridge belike most "booted obviously
Back into the sea." Egyptian ~~ZIGARETTEN~~
Cigarettes--looted doorstep maze inter
The toe forcep 25 zigaretten Egyptische.
Merd pal ovens delete pedale schedule
Price tag goofy miracle lead dunk fink
Abstract belch enema partition cube stall
The diet you take elephant metal inversion
Order protect Siegfried fringe matter pep.
The accision beam peristalsis fright hippopotamus
And chasing the bell lash bring hypoteneuse.
Magic acre unhide laugh cash register pew
Mad character take--unlike risen you with
Hedge of dim murk abstalsis octagon you.
The last cenotaph widgin bronze kitkat trust you
Bran permanent the demurge planned scotch elastic
Umbilical foreskin margin top phoo "pan
The way"--you uproot tender garment cared
Twinkle mash perfit underwear pendulum zipper cloth
Forget much Jane Arden pants--fig underwear
Cotillon's disease floral musk parts ask disease.

But is the egg suggesting the quietness
Of its forms. And the malt of sleep, ^{honey} beams
For ~~the~~^{its} patronizing dome.

But sleep is on all fours,
A beautifully written but inaccurate
~~memory~~^{directive} ~~changed~~^{omitted} 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 ^{flank} ~~side~~
Forever at odds with, and draining. ^{yet} ~~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
Of how this tossing looks harmonious from a ^{peered} ^{a box}
like the sea or the tops of trees, and how ^{distance}
Only when one gets closer ~~does~~ its sadness small
& can be held in the hand. and appreciable.

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 ^{relaxation} ~~musical deposit~~.
Smearing much of the day into fatigue
at finding you ~~not~~ ^{throwing} 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~~ ~~Out of us like~~ ~~ruin~~ commands a view
Of this ^{flat} ~~flat~~. There's
Nothing like it for not leading footsteps

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

To a Waterfowl

Where, like a pillow on a bed

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron
And one clear call for me —

~~Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
The desire of the moth for the star, And with thee fade away into the forest
When first the College Rolls receive his name. dim~~

~~If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song
Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not...~~

~~I have desired to go
Too happy, happy tree~~

~~Here, where men sit and hear each other groan.
Our lingring parents, and to the Eastern Gate
Forget this rotten world, and unto thee
Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.~~

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair
And she also to use newfangledness...
Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction?
Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Unaffected by "the march of events,"
Never until the mankind making
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
O death, O cover you over with roses and early lilies!
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you
Sunset and evening star
Where roses and white lilies grow.

Go, lovely rose,
This is no country for old men, The young
Midwinter spring is its own season
And a few lilies blow. They that have power to hurt, and will do none.
Looking as if she were alive, I call.
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground.
Even as a child, of sorrow that we give
Of Walsingham, ..

(Obscurest night involved the sky
When Loie Fuller with her Chinese veils
And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with sedge...
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
In drear-nighted December
Ripe apples drop about my head
Who said: two vast and trunkless legs of stone
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!
O well for the fisherman's boy,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless.

Fra Pandolf's hand
Steady thy laden head across a brook...
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun

My General
Spent's fail

Fills the shadows and windy places
Here in the long unlovely street.
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The freezing stream below.
To know the change and feel it...

*Ah, what awaits the captured soul!
I have desired to go.*

Ah, what the form divine!

At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips
Where the dead feet walked in.
She dwells with Beauty--Beauty that must die,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.

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.

D'une autre façon en isolant les deux ~~XXXXXXXX~~ sections

De la flotte ~~de l'~~ ennemi de ~~sur~~ que la terre ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~Ecartait~~ les grand navires flottants.

La lumière rebondissait des bouts sur les extrémités

Des petites vagues grises pour ~~XXXX~~ raconter d'une

A ceux dans l'observatoire

Le grand drame qu'on était en train de gamer qu'on se s'aperçoit en at instant

Pour qu'on ~~obtienne~~ les machines

Pour circuler qu'on circule à travers de champs pas sage

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ calmement dans le paysage rustique

~~Ecopé~~ de la neige aux montagnes, rincer

Les plus grossiers que l'amour,

~~Montant~~ silencieusement pendant de l'abandon avait abordé

Mouillant ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ pétale et oreiller

Détermine de qu'il est à poser la lettre

Sur le bureau du président ~~est~~ assassiné

Afin qu'un timbre puisse reproduire tout cela

En détail, jusqu'à la dernière feuille d'automne

Et que ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ de juin puisse ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ prendre la large

Lentement a travers de parlé dans le paysage noirci de soleil.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ dans le paysage noirci de soleil.

le fleau
de juin
parlé
dans le

s'éloigne

Qu'on

Griffon

et cr