

We children are ashamed of our bodies  
 But we laugh and, demanded, talk of sex again  
 And all is well. The waves of morning harshness  
 Float away like coal-gas into the perennial sky.  
~~Toilet training provokes an instinct of happiness in the adult.~~  
 But how much survives? How much of any one of us survives?  
 The articles we'd collect--stamps of the colonies *sofa cushions*  
 With greasy cancellation marks, mauve, magenta and chocolate,  
 Or funny looking dogs we'd see in the street, or particularly bright remarks.  
 One man collects bullets. An Indianapolis, Indiana, man collects sli gshots of  
 all epochs, and so on.

Subtracted from our collections, though, these go on a little while, collecting  
 aimlessly. We still support them.

*True then*

But so little energy to tide them over! And up the swollen sands  
 Staggers the darkness fiend, with the storm fiend close behind him!  
~~True~~, melodious tolling does go on in that awful pandemonium, *terrific*  
 Certain resonances are not utterly displeasing to the frightened eardrum  
 Some paroxysms are dinning of tambourine, others suggest piano room or organ loft  
 For the most dissonant night charms us, even after death. This, after all,  
 may be happiness: tuba notes awash on the great flood, ruptures of xylophone,  
 violins, limpets, grace notes, the musical instrument called serpent, viola  
 da gamabas, aeolian harps, pinball machines, electric drills, que sais-je encore!  
 The performance has rapidly reached your ear; silent and tear-stained, in the  
 post-mortem shock, you stand listening, awash  
 With memoiries of hair *in* particular, part of the welling that is part of you,  
 The gurgling of harp, cymbal, glockenspiel, triangle, temple block, English  
 horn and metronome! And still no presentment, not feeling of pain before or  
 after. The passage sustains, does not give. Thus you have come far indeed.  
*And*

clavicles

Yet to go from "not interesting" to "old and uninteresting,"  
 To be surrounded by friends, though late in life,  
 To hear the wings of the spirit, though far...

your

Why do I hurriedly undrown myself to cut you down?  
 "I am yesterday," and my fault is personal, *eternal* curr ent  
 I do not expect ~~my~~ constant attendance, knowing myself insufficient for your present  
 demands

My

And I have a dim presentiment that I am that other "I" with which we began.  
 My cheeks as blank walls to your tears and eagerness  
 Fondling that other, as though you had let him forever get away.

The evidence of the visual henceforth replaced  
 By the great shadow of trees falling over an active life.

The great problem is a child's devotion  
 To this normal ~~and~~ shapeless entity...

~~And the young polyphonist seizes a penholder, to write~~  
~~Across that dirt rose that is our "scraps," the little punishment booth~~  
 Forgotten as the words fly briskly across ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ each time  
 Bringing down meaning as snow from a low sky, or ra bbits flushed from a wood.  
 How strange that the narrow perspective lines  
 Always seem to meet, although parallel, and that an insane ghost could do this,  
 Could make the house seem so much farther in the distance, as ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~