Ellen

Seemed it to the horse, dragging the sledge of a perspective line. Dim banners in the distance, to die... And nothing put to rights. Carol wondered at the pigs in their cages,

At so much snow, but it is to be littered withwaste and ashes
So that cathedrals may grow. Out of this spring builds a tolerable KXXXX
Affair of brushwood, the sea is felt behind the oak wands, noiselessly pouring.
Spring with its promise of winter, and the black ivy once again
On the porch, itsyellow perspective bands in place
And the horse nears them and weeps.

Some minutes ago, and it is already after lunch. The men are returning to their positions around the cement mixer

And I try to sort out what has happened to me. The bundle of Gerard's letters And that XX awful bit of news buried on the back page of yesterday's paper. Then the news of you, this morning, in the snow. Sometimes the interval of bad news is so brisk that... And the human brain, with its tray of images Seems a sorcerer's magic lantern, projecting black and orange cellophane shadows

On the distance of my hand... The very reaction's pursey, pury
And when we seek to move around, wondering what XX our position is now, what the arm
of that chair.

A great wind lifted these cardboard panels
Horizontal in the air. At once the perspective with the horse
Disappeared in a bigarrure of squiggly lines. The image with the crocodile in it
became no longer apparent.
Thus a great wind cleanses, as a new ruler
Edits new laws, sweeping the very breath of the streets
Into posterior XXXXX trash. The films have changed—
The great titles on the scalloped awnings have turned dry and blight-colored.
No wind that does not penetrate a man's house, into the very bowels of the furnace
Scratching in dust a name on the mirror—say, and what about letters,
The dried grasses, fruits of the winter—gosh! Everything is trash!
Thus wind poi ts to the advantages of decay
As the same time as removing them far from the sight of men.
The regent of the winds, Aeolous, is a symbol for all earthly potentates
Since holding this sickening, festering, process by which we are cleansed
Of afterthought.

A XXXXXXXXX girl slowly descended the XXXX line of steps.

The wind and treason are partners, turning secrets over to the military XXXX police.

Lengthening arches. The intensity of minor acts. As skaters elaborate their distances, Taking a separate line to its end. Returning to the mass, they join each other Blotted in an indescribable messof dark colors, and again reappearing to take the theme Some little distance, like fishing boats developing from the land different parabolas, Taking the exquisite theme far, into farness, to Land's End, to the very endsof the earth!