

But the livery of the year, changing air  
 Brings each to his turn. Leaving phrases unfinished  
 Gestures half-sketched against woodsmoke. Now oozes the abundant sap  
 And in girls' throats the sticky words, half-uttered, half undesired  
 Spread ~~XX~~ annual unction. A blanket unbelief  
 Quickly supplanted by idle questions that fade in turn.  
 Slowly the moods turns to look at itself in the morror of an urchin  
 Left by some road-bed... New schemes are gotten up, new taxes,  
 Earthworks spring up apace. Now all-conquering Sol  
 gilds each new found reason with the celluloid coating of truth  
 And girls wake up in it.

For these reasons

It is best not leave the house. Because there is  
 Error in the exactness of air. As flames are fanned, so the wishful thinking arises  
 That bears its own prophets, pointed refusals. And as a wish  
 Settles down at the end of along spring day, over smudged heather and watered shoot, and  
 dried rush field

So fatal error ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ is plaited into thoughts still unborn.  
 The pose must be resumed. Is being falsified  
 To be forever involved, tragically, with one's own <sup>rit</sup> image?

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