

But the ~~XXXX~~ livery of the year, ^{ent} the changing air
 Brings each to his turn. Leaving phrases unfinished
 Gestures half-sketched against woodsmoke. The abundant sap
 Oozes in girls' throats, the sticky words, half-uttered, unwished for,
 A blanket disbelief, quickly supplanted by idle questions that fade in turn.
 Slowly the mood turns to look at itself as some urchin
 Forgotten by ~~a road-bed~~ ^{the roadside}. New schemes are gotten up, new taxes,
 Earthworks. And the hour becomes light again.
 Girls wake up in it.

~~For these reasons~~

It is best to remain indoors, Because there is error
 In so much precision. As flames are fanned, wishful thinking arises
 Bearing its own prophets, ~~its pointed refusals~~ ^{capricious}. And just as a desire
 Settles down at the end of a long spring day, over heather and watered shoot and dried
 rush field

So fatal error is plaited into ~~XXXXXXXX~~ desires not yet born.

Therefore the post must be resumed (is being falsified
 To be forever involved, tragically, with one's own image?)
 The cooler studio light suddenly invaded by ~~the~~ long casement--values were the one
 She knows now. But the floor is ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ being gradually pulled apart
 Like ~~elastic~~ ^{straw} under those limpid feet. ^{slowly}

The most you can say is that she does return.
 And that the added time for ~~XXXXXXXX~~ long thoughts, "a bed of nails," could not, in any
 case, have been avoided.
 The skaters waltz. She had been asked not to participate that day