

~~But~~ is the egg suggesting the quietness  
Of its forms. And sleep is beams  
For its ~~patronizing~~ dome.

*unshucked "Oh shucks!"*

*Shales' Waltz*

The ~~Waldteufel~~ disc is volume, geometrical beauty  
Its slabs cannot keep up with the hungering into breath  
And final dreams.

~~XXXX~~ But an architecture  
Made like us of rain commands a view harmonious like the sea or the tops of trees  
Of its plain, ~~XX~~  
But when you get closer its sadness issmall and appreciable.

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~~ *fear*  
At finding you not in, bloody from beating doors in  
And incomprehensible.

And mouth of sea applied to your case  
Forever at odds with, and yet draining.  
Triggered to a partial ~~XXXX~~ zone of understanding  
Of the myths of fading ~~day~~ ~~XXXX~~ (~~Six o'clock~~ again.)

*Time The birds*

The sea, each ~~time~~ *one* ~~time~~ *double*, has no ~~rhyme~~.  
It can be held in your hand.  
All this must go into a letter:  
At once the kindness and friendly clause

Beating, turbulent on the stalls of death.  
The roofs quickly return ~~and~~ what you ~~burn~~  
Thought of them before. Day with a violet awl,  
Or a chisel, in that land of dust and dreams.

~~But~~ There is no personal involvement: leaves of the ginkgo tree  
~~Made~~ a frame ~~for~~ the photo. A woman advances out of the ~~thicket~~ *woods*  
Holding a book, for which her hand is too small, and whose title  
Although printed in large letters, cannot be distinguished.

*melting*

That is all, except a spot of white or black in the bottom corner  
Like phantom poodles, and a jagged row of gray at the top, *violet*  
~~Extending~~ a little down one side,; and she is slightly turned inside her ~~dress~~.  
~~As watching at something~~  
The color of death promulgated to the rank of blossoms

Is drawing breath again for fear  
And its implements, and would enter the transparent years of life  
Which is carelessness, is  
Mind drifted from its triple cannon, to the starting line.