

Part II

Pyrography. Running Amok. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Solitude '63. The Windward
 and Leeward Islands. Lines Written during a Period of Insanity. Loving
 You? Election Day. ~~XXXXXX~~ On a Separate Dying. The Sentimental Image.
 A
~~XXX~~ Fork in the Road. Poor People. His Own Invention. The Chase. Iris
 Becomes a Mother. In Which All Ends Badly. An Invention: the Telephone.
 Waking and Felt there a Certain Rightness. *A Well of Fire* The Flame Fighters. The
 Avalanche. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ The New Job. *The Bluff*

Under the window marked "General Delivery"...

~~And didn't mind that being too warm like that, waking up to
 The new rules, exploited almost as soon as planted, In this ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
 Hatment or abode I'll invoke "untired domes" and suchlike
 Awakening to this penitential psalm now
 That purgatory's ways have ended
 In sleep and satisfaction for each one.~~

~~I have decided to write you this poem of misdemeanors
 This volume is geometrical beauty,
 Its slabs cannot keep up with the hungering into breath
 And final dreams~~

But iis the egg suggesting the quietness
 Of its forms. And sleep is beams
 For its retracted dome.

~~But, as we saw, sleep is all fours
 A beautifully written but inaccurate
 Directive charged with savage lispng
 A personal memento engraved in the sidewalk
 Tormenting the absolute future into lines of acceptance.
 Ready to dispatch the elegant part of this
 And all ears for the equation you remain on the sill:
 Nothing to be prepared for this sleep.~~

~~At once the kindness and friendly clause
 And mouth of sea applied to your case
 Forever at odds with, and yet draining.~~

~~This 'should be a letter telling you of changes
 Throwing you a minute to one side
 Of how this tossing looks harmonious from a distance
 Like sea or the tops of trees, and how
 Only when one gets closer is its sadness small and appreciable.
 It can be held in the hand~~