

II-B

(no space here)

[All this must go into a letter.]  
Also the feeling of being lived, looking for people,  
And the gradual peace and relaxation  
~~That boil down, through rings of cold and fatigue~~  
~~Sweeping much of the day into fear down~~  
At find you not in, bloody from beating/doors, and i comprehension *de*

~~But an architecture~~  
~~Made of us like rain commands a view~~  
~~Of its plain. There's nothing leading to its footman's empathy. It is the~~  
~~attraction of this mucus~~  
But there's no personal involvement  
These sudden bursts of hot and cold  
Are wreathed in shadowless intensity  
Whose moment saps them of all characteristics  
Thus beginning to rest you at once know.

Once there was a point in these islands,  
Coming to see where the rock has rotted away,  
~~Buying milk, and becoming a ~~XXX~~ tiny point in the distance.~~

But war's savagery.... Even the most patient scholar, now  
Could hardly reconstruct the old fort exactly as it was  
That trees continue to wave over it. That there is also a small museum somewhere  
inside  
That the history of costume is a no less fascinating study than the history of  
great migrations.  
I'd like to bugger you all up  
Deliberately falsify all your old suck-ass notions  
Of how chivalry is being lived. What goes on in beehives.  
But the whole ~~rotten~~ <sup>messy</sup> mess, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ misunderstandings included  
Problems about the tunic button etc. How much of any one person is there.

Still, after bananas and spoonbread in the shadow of the old walls  
It is cooling to return to the shadow of eaves in the shower  
That probably fell while we were inside, examining bowknots  
Old light-bulb sockets, places where the whitewash had begun to flake  
With here and there an old map or illustration. Here's one for instance--  
Looks like a weather map... or a coiled bit of wallpaper with a design  
Of faded hollyhocks, or abstract fruit and gumdrops in chains

The wind soughs carefully in the umbrella pines.  
How nice to lie on one's back, looking up  
Into that ~~XXXX~~ bird-hopping world of flecked sunlight and shadow.  
But how is it you are always indoors, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
*finger-printed* peering at too-heavily cancelled stamps through  
a greasy magnifying glass?

And slowly the incoherencies of day melt in  
A general wishful thinking of night  
To peruse certain stars over the bay.  
Cataracts of peace pour from the poised heavens  
And only fear of snakes prevents us from passing the night in the open air.  
The day is definitely at an end.