

II-E

Pulling, tugging us along with them, by means of streamers  
Golden and silver confetti. Smiling, we laugh and sing with the revelers  
But are not quite certain that we want to go--the dock is so sunny and warm  
That majestic ship will pull up anchor who knows where?

And full of laughter and tears, we sidle once again with the other passengers  
The ground is heaving underfoot. Is it the ship? It could be the dock...  
And with a great whoosh all the sails go up... Hifecous black smoke belches  
forth from the funnels  
Staining the gold carnival costumes with the gaiety of its jet-black soot

*Smiling*

And, as into a tunnel the voyage starts  
Only, as I said, to be continued. The eyes of those left standing on the dock  
are wet  
But ours are dry. Into the secretive, vaporous night with all of us!  
Into the unknown, the unknown that loves us, the great unknown!

So man nightly  
Sparingly descends

The birches and the hay all of him  
Pruned, erect for vital contact. As the separate mists of day slip  
Uncomplainingly into the atmosphere. Loving you? The question sinks into

That mazy business  
About writing or to have read it in some book  
To silently move away. At Gonnosfanadiga the pumps  
Working, argent in the thickening sunset, like boys' shoulders

And you return to the question as to a calendar of November  
Again and again consulting the surface of that enormous affair  
I think not to have loved you but the music  
Petting the enameled slow-imagined stars

A concert of dissatisfaction whereby gutter and dust seep  
To engross the ~~XXXX~~ mirrored image and its landscape.  
City in dirt, favorable mirth.

*how page?  
fucwobly*