Part III

Now you must shield with your body if necessary (you Remind me of some lummox I used to know) the secret your body is.

Yes, you are a secret and you must NEVER tell it—the freezing vapor

Of the stars would quickly freeze you to death, like a tear-stiffened handkechief
In some liquid air. No, but this secret isin some way the fuel of
Your living apart. A hearth-fire picked up in the glow of the polished
Wooden furniture and picture frames, something to turn away from and move back to—
Understand? This is all a part of you and the only part of you.

Here comes the answer: is it because apples grow
On the tree, or because it is green? An average day you may never know
How much is pushed into the night, nor what may return
To sulk contentadly, half asleep and half awake
By the arm of a chair pointed into
The painting of fire, or reach, in a coma
Out of the garden for foreign students.
Be sure the giant would know falling asleep, but the freezen droplets reveal
A mixed situation in which the penis
Scored the offer by fixed marchesinto what is.
One black spot remained.

If I should... if I said you were there
The... towering peace about us might
Hold up the way it breaks—the monsoon
Move a pebble, to the plumbing contract, cataract.
There has got to be only— there is going to be
An accent on the portable bunch of grapes
The time the mildewed seas cast the
Hygrometer too far away. You read into it
The meaning of tears, survey of our civilization.

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