

III-C

Burning, sealing its way into my consciousness.

Smooth out the <sup>sand</sup> flowers, pick up where you left off

But leave me immersed in dreams of sexual imagery:

Now that the homecoming geese unfurl in waves on the west wind  
And cock covers hen, the farmhouse dog slavers over his bitch, and

horse and mare go screwing through the meadow!

A pure scream of things arises from these various sights and smells

As steam arises from a wet shingle, and I am happy once again

Walking among these phenomena that seem familiar to me from my earliest  
childhood.

We put everything in order.

A museum of thought was the result.

The page ended just at the burnt edge,

The reader's puckered lips. He is looking for "milk"

In the directory, but this volume ends with the "MI"'s.

Another time will do as well, at school last year

Or elsewhere, in praise of bushes or wandering.

And someone I have never seen

Is thinking of me right now.

Perhaps she, in her way

By the day's "last rays", reads my letter.

I promised and never sent.

On flat landscapes the projections occur.

And one wishes to escape civilization.

A world of alien diseases is best.

Tyrant fruits and big-voiced birds  
bespeaking the awe of peace in orange groves

By seaweed fires.

At home the bespectacled

Reader of newsprint shuns the baroque kiosk.

Dirt darkness and destruction abound

In the so-called modern "paradise"--he thinks

As the trolley draws closer--a sheaf of newsprint

Perpendicular to the thorax--is the one you draw close to

And say goodbye to, and wait for and return to

And hunger for inspiration from, in leafy enchantment

Of urban dusk. But somehow the mirth of everything rolls us along

Laughing and tired, and commenting on our journey

Before it happens, and leaves us at the end.