

III-H

Another time I thought I could see myself.  
This too proved illusion, but I could deal with the way  
I keep returning on myself like a plank  
Like a small boat blown away from the wind.

It all ends in a smile somewhere.  
Notes to be taken on all this,  
And you can see in the dark, of which the night  
Is the continuation of your ecstasy and apprehension.