

IV-B

Will be ablaze with drops of rain  
Like ~~XXX~~ tears in the eye of sad presidents  
On ~~these endless rolls~~ of cancelled stamps.

In the forest of unknowledge, sedge  
Overtops the canyon of unprovoked reality  
And thought is drowned out by the roaring of the cascade of ignorance;

That the proof of everything  
Really proves so little. With still the madness  
Of everything barking through the years.  
Perhaps sleep is only another thing, a piece of wood

You ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ stooped to pick up years ago.

~~Shortly after that the bird flew curiously away.~~  
Or a crumb of moss, too tiny to be clearly distinguished.

The day was gloves.

How far from the usual statement  
About time, ice--the weather itself had gone.

I mean this: through the years  
You have approached and inventory.  
And it is now that tomorrow  
Is going to be the climax of your casual  
statement about yourself, begun  
So long ago in humility and false quietude.

The sands are frantic  
In the hourglass. But there is time  
To change, to utterly destroy  
That too-familiar image  
Lurking in the glass  
Each morning, at the edge of the mirror.

The thing is that your continuity  
Is never what is expected,  
Thus... In the end we have your  
Complete image just the same  
Just as the setting of a play never changes.  
~~XXXXXX~~ The voyage hasnot yet begun.

The train is still in the station.  
You only dreamed that it was in motion.  
So there is freedom to be moved  
Again. To slowly raise oneself  
Hand over hand, lifting one's entire weight  
By oneself. Forget there was ever