

Today

A few snowflakes are falling in the airshaft
And my exile is full of meaning to me in this way.
The minute the door shut behind me I laughed
And gripping the jamb of the door, began to sway

Backward and forward, daft
With the sensation of loneliness, a fray
Of colored sensations that waft
Peacefully across the gray
Of ordinary feelings, like ~~XX~~ small craft
When they put up storm signals late in May.
Henceforth, a prisoner on a bobbing raft

Of ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ indifference, I'd ~~XX~~ ^araft
Of feelings to sort out. That one day
~~It was a question of me, or that people may~~
Have spoken of me, was one and the same: no shaft
Could now wound me, no craft
Perplex. Across the way
The sun was sinking, casting gray
Shadows on the front of the buildings. I laughed
Again, feeling sadness waft
Like a soothing current. The sway
Of melancholy had officially begun, could fray
A curtain. Daft

Little birds harped on it; ^{half} daft
I remembered a peach orchard, like a raft
Of fragrant blossoms, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ to fray
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ a path through hushed seas. Another day
It was the same, ~~XX~~ tall ~~XXX~~ reeds sway
And yet things remain the same. Thus one may
Live on and on, mindless of peanuts that waft
Their smell y our way, like a shaft.
The old janitress laughed
To hear us ther e

He will have managed to
find out all about it, the
way that people do