

lying  
I thought I saw you on the Recamier couch.  
Maybe this was just another one of my visions.

Once when coffee and tea were offered  
On the Veranda of the ~~its~~ flower ~~root~~ palace  
You appeared wearing mended stockings which did not match.  
The other guests have long since forgotten the disgrace, but I have not forgotten.  
Nor can I believe your embarrassment has been ~~so~~ short lived.  
Each of us offered flowers to the other. Mine was geraniums  
And water lilies in a rusted metal can.  
Yours was ~~just~~ a bunch of old dandelions.

That was a good joke you played on the other guests.  
A joke of silence.

H The last tadpoles have turned into frogs.

The spring, though mild, is incredibly wwt.  
The roof leaks onto ~~this~~ <sup>the desks</sup> blurring the yandwriting.  
If only there was enough money to repair the roof!  
Suddenly, as ~~fish become a ducks~~, *leave the side of a stream*  
The rain stops, and the wind starts beating among the tiles

I have spent the afternoon blowing soap bubbles  
And am no longer fit for the company of my fellow humans.

Seventeen years in the capital of Foo-Yung province  
~~A-hi! A-hi!~~  
Surely woman ~~XX~~ was made for something  
Besides almost continual fornication, interrupted by menstrual cramps.

The birch-pods come clattering down on the moss-grown marble pavement.  
And a curl of smoke stands above thr triangular wooden roof.

Engineer Y said, "The clouds hang in the heavens  
Like hungry hawks above a cornfield." It is time  
To go inside now,  
To slam the back door, and curl up with the misery of a good book.

How many scrolls in yo8r library  
How many illustrious fronds decking the branches of your family tree!

True, but ancestors aren't everything.  
Even good breeding isn't everything.  
A lot depends on the will to good behavior,  
And quiet, natural manners.

The "second position"  
Comes in the seventeenth year,  
Watching the meaningless girations of flies above a sill.