

use to end Part III

When through soft air calling  
Day distantly resounds with this cry: Postpone the evil! underlining  
The reply you feel sweating out ~~the~~ dream

That the fragments are castrated, caught up in mouths <sup>tunnels</sup>  
And spat out like commands. And the whole thing definitely turns on itself  
To return exactly to you.  
That is the penance you have already done:  
January, March, February. We are living towards a possible definition  
Of the peacefullest appetite, then you see  
Them standing around limp and hungry like adjacent clouds.

Soon there is to be exchange of ideas and  
Far more beautiful handshake, under the coat of  
Weather is undecided right now.  
Postpone the explanation.  
The election is to be held tomorrow, under the trees.

You felt the months keep coming up  
And it is December again.  
The ~~xxxx~~ snow outside. Or is it June full of sun  
And the prudent benefits of sun, but still the postman comes.  
The true meaning of some of these letters is meager.

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.