

It was caught in strings,
A "public instruction."
How far from the usual statement
About time, ice--the weather itself had gone.

The day was gloves.

I think there is a funny sandbar
Your face's milk
Beyond the old boardwalk
Your intrigue makes you understand.

} was at
end of
IV

The captain's sigh.

I've enjoyed having them and
No dishonor black uncorked

To you, an earlier litigation
Wind hard in the tops
Of the committee laying wreaths
Pointing down the story, ~~using~~ and ungathered,
A seal on that day's comics.