

"The person" is lonely

As that Weenix "Head of a Man," or an old and discolored umbrella.

Near the postoffice calendar with its amazing digits

The colored perfume of "sense" appropriations makes a kind of shroud

Of mere slips and postscripts of meaning--here is the central orifice

Of all the gigantic vocabulary of meaning, like a garden with a central spot:

A granite terrace extends out into so much that is fresh and green

As though buoyed up by the negation of its own dishonoring weight.