

Pinch ball

Some sounds, of course, it is almost impossible to reduce to writing, as, for example, the hollow "skaw" and murmur produced by a multitude of skaters, or the roar of an excited crowd, but in listening to these sounds, it is useful to remember that we may often obtain a key to one to work ~~xx~~ upon by closing the ears,--just as a painter can often find the prevailing tint of a confused mass of objects by partly closing the eyes."

A poem in five

The Skaters

part

Part ~~XXXXX~~ 1

Three Hundred Things
First digression:
Description of the actual scene. Abe. His way with children. Portrait of a Spendthrift. His bad habits. Nobody to help him. "Only a mother could ever love a guy like that." Possibility of happiness in another world. Life after death--a possibility? A kind of musical night is invoked. The poet thinks of friends and other people he has known. Abe again. A child's devotion. Penmanship. The forest at dawn. At sunset. The natural habits of animals. Instinct in general. Can animals think? What makes the human brain tick? Second digression: Wind and its Effects. Parabolas. Return of a beloved likened to the lengthening season. Paris. The Skaters' Waltz. Her handout. "Weasel-face." Dandruff and what to do about it. Leaves of the Ginko tree. Photo. Phantom Poodles. "I have to watch Charlotte." Cremated Alive. Silkworms. The Points. The man in the hall. The Critique of Pure Resin. "Blue-bottles drive me crazy!" Good-bye. Bubble Balloons.

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Dandruff and what to do about it. Leaves of the Ginko tree. Photo. Phantom

Poodles. "I have to watch Charlotte." Cremated Alive. Silkworms. The Points.

The man in the hall. The Critique of Pure Resin. "Blue-bottles drive me crazy!"

Good-bye. Bubble Balloons.

and been
put
expat
at it

These ~~xxxxxxxx~~ decibels
Are a kind of flagellation, an entity of sound
Into which being enters, and is apart.
Their colors on a warm February day
Make for masses of inertia, and hips
Prod out of the violet-seeming into a new kind
Of demand that stumps the absolute because not new
In the sense of the next one in an infinite series
But, as it were, pre-existing or pre-seeming in
Such a way as to contrast funnily with the unexpectedness
And somehow push us all into perdition.

Here a scarf flies, there an excited call is heard.

The answer is that it is novelty
That guides these wift blades oer the ice
Projects into a finer expression (but at the expense
Of energy) the profile I cannot remember.
Colors slip away from and chide us. The human mind
Cannot retain anything except perhaps the dismal two-note theme
Of some sodden "dump" or lament. ~~(Leave in)~~.

The feet of the animals
Scrape the ground.

There is meaning in the evident mastery
Of someone who tries to show you the trick in such away as will be understandable to all

And all who come may understand, and go away
Before night reaches ^{this} shore.

"The person," ~~the~~ is lonely
As that Weenix "Head of a Man," or an old and discolored umbrella.
Near the postoffice calender with its amazing digits *cool company*
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 or ~~flower~~.
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.
~~Here skulks and ethereal man. The children used to crowd around with toys and goodies,~~
~~He... always had a kind word or some little thing for them.~~
~~He used to offer them presents of candy or lollipops...~~

~~In suppressing the iron links that chain you to the grim desires of reality.~~
~~Be careful not to substitute gold ones,~~
~~The execrable charity of platinum cufflinks that views~~
Darkness and disaster surrounding us,
~~ZZZZZZ~~ Masts pitched on the slow and denominating tide of ice,
The perpetual calendar of rubies, emeralds and sapphires
And other precious stones, gleaning the heart of runnels of
The milk of human kindness, down to my last unspent dollar,
Gladness of waking, sportive humor after ^{the} terrible strangeness
Of being asleep, yet the leather film that still ~~XXXXXXXX~~ confines us
Asks in vain ~~XXX~~ of the pear-shaped head of the governor striding into the room
Black as pitch after an uneasy night applying seals to the brown scroll
Of debtor's prison, jail and panic
Under the uneasy awnings of a careless life.
Not everything is picknicking on the campus, *helicopter*
Harlotry and perfection, toddling over green fields *flakes*
Breathless with ectoplasm, from the long run, *by helicopter,*
Shirttails hanging out nurtured by coalfields
Who have taught you to exist in the Pyreiness of confusion *pyres*
That is your youth's living image and damnation.

~~Abe lifted the bottle slightly closer to his knee.~~
~~The bairn (disquieting personage) raised the bottom of a tumbler~~
~~to the level of someone~~
Snow, flirt and piano to the level of someone
Imbibing various personal flares. A jackdaw of *Absorbing*
Undrifting dark, dust rose of the center of gray
Bottles; wheedled cabs broached the theater's
Indigo and marble resonances. A guy got out.
~~"Where we are that factor encrusts dental XXXXX work~~
~~On the umbilical low summits of average pleasure.~~
A ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ lug's mother is his true measure, and
No mother could love an ugly boob like that," and, like a tailor
Removing the tape measure, "Bats flit around town; Some,
Not all, will roost; the others fry stupefaction
For wise guys' wry brains. *The commuter trains*
Pull slowly away from the planet. Time is a smudge,
~~Reckoned by district attorney's impute.~~
Square box of decay mixing grain and grape
To fraulein's necklace, short-circuited systems of abuse."

Sitting watching the indifference of a child, the young polyphonist
 Grows, precisely, away from the musical night invoked by prestidigitation
 The smoke-covered alley thought better about. A sail
 Which vanishes has no more adherence.

Therefore we should give over this absence, petrifying coal-dust
 The way leagues ofimps do. "The ship came sailing up the," and so on,
 But as the water surface ripples, the whole light changes. Skies are aghast.
 Some defacing of private property goes on, and the wild life in this region is
 You answered him in lying articles. The column never appeared again. luted.
 So wails one possible answer next to the discreet head of the young cartomancian.

Baroque dummies of fallen mist could , in a pinch
 Unwind the false patinas you've read about. Through a hole in the
 Cardboard case half full, the skaters can be seen.
 At this stage everything depends on a special bottle
 Covered by its tin case, and a second glass beneath
 The bottle in its position, now two bottles instead.
 Again, the cases are put over the bottles, and again they
 Are raised, nipping the special bottle with its
 Two linings, and the space for the glass to stand within its
~~XX~~ Dumb patina. There are many false starts, and you can
 Choose among them. Obligated to play with two or more, you
 May not know the skaters' false chips, in the night of turns
 Coming back once again the the anchor of morning. In your arms
 lie the pasteboard remains. Now your only choice is to begin over.
 Secretly dip the point of the glass rod in oil of vitriol, and touch the mass.

Few of them were present on that occasion:

The teacher, and a few friends. ~~The thought of a child's devotion~~
~~To penmanship.~~ It is necessary to trace each letter
 Of the alphabet quite a few times to get them right.
 The "c's" and "i's" can resemble each other quite a lot.
 Now loosen the writing a little, and presently it will spread
 On the farm landscape. The squares are called "White" and "Black" whatever
 their actual color may be.

For invisible writing, dip a quill in some goose grease and write
 On the pad. Then dust some powdered charcoal over the surface
 And the magic writing will appear. For plain writing
 Try beginning with an easy word, such as "neck"
 If you want the whole pad to be a success. The magic words can appear.
 On an easily prep red pad.

Old sol was just reappearing on the tangent slope

We children are ashamed of our bodies
 But we laugh and, demanded, talk of sex again
 And all is well. The waves of morning harshness
 Float away like coal-gas into the perennial sky.
~~Toilet training provokes an instinct of happiness in the adult.~~
 But how much survives? How much of any one of us survives?
 The articles we'd collect--stamps of the colonies *sofa cushions*
 With greasy cancellation marks, mauve, magenta and chocolate,
 Or funny looking dogs we'd see in the street, or particularly bright remarks.
 One man collects bullets. An Indianapolis, Indiana, man collects sli gshots of
 all epochs, and so on.

Subtracted from our collections, though, these go on a little while, collecting
 aimlessly. We still support them.

True then

But so little energy to tide them over! And up the swollen sands
 Staggers the darkness fiend, with the storm fiend close behind him!
~~True~~, melodious tolling does go on in that awful pandemonium, *terrific*
 Certain resonances are not utterly displeasing to the frightened eardrum
 Some paroxysms are dinning of tambourine, others suggest piano room or organ loft
 For the most dissonant night charms us, even after death. This, after all,
 may be happiness: tuba notes awash on the great flood, ruptures of xylophone,
 violins, limpets, grace notes, the musical instrument called serpent, viola
 da gamabas, aeolian harps, pinball machines, electric drills, que sais-je encore!
 The performance has rapidly reached your ear; silent and tear-stained, in the
 post-mortem shock, you stand listening, awash
 With memoiries of hair *in* particular, part of the welling that is part of you,
 The gurgling of harp, cymbal, glockenspiel, triangle, temple block, English
 horn and metronome! And still no presentment, not feeling of pain before or
 after. The passage sustains, does not give. Thus you have come far indeed.
And

clavicles

Yet to go from "not interesting" to "old and uninteresting,"
 To be surrounded by friends, though late in life,
 To hear the wings of the spirit, though far...

your

Why do I hurriedly undrown myself to cut you down?
 "I am yesterday," and my fault is personal, *eternal* curr ent
 I do not expect ~~my~~ constant attendance, knowing myself insufficient for your present
 demands

My

And I have a dim presentiment that I am that other "I" with which we began.
 My cheeks as blank walls to your tears and eagerness
 Fondling that other, as though you had let him forever get away.

The evidence of the visual henceforth replaced
 By the great shadow of trees falling over an active life.

The great problem is a child's devotion
 To this normal ~~and~~ shapeless entity...

~~And the young polyphonist seizes a penholder, to write
 Across that dirt rose that is our "scraps," the little punishment booth
 Forgotten as the words fly briskly across ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ each time
 Bringing down meaning as snow from a low sky, or ra bbits flushed from a wood.
 How strange that the narrow perspective lines
 Always seem to meet, although parallel, and that an insane ghost could do this,
 Could make the house seem so much farther in the distance, as ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~~~

But the livery of the year, changing air
 Brings each to his turn. Leaving phrases unfinished
 Gestures half-sketched against woodsmoke. Now oozes the abundant sap
 And in girls' throats the sticky words, half-uttered, half undesired
 Spread ~~XX~~ annual unction. A blanket unbelief
 Quickly supplanted by idle questions that fade in turn.
 Slowly the moods turns to look at itself in the morror of an urchin
 Left by some road-bed... New schemes are gotten up, new taxes,
 Earthworks spring up apace. Now all-conquering Sol
 gilds each new found reason with the celluloid coating of truth
 And girls wake up in it.

For these reasons

It is best not leave the house. Because there is
 Error in the exactness of air. As flames are fanned, so the wishful thinking arises
 That bears its own prophets, pointed refusals. And as a wish
 S ttles down at the end of along spring day, over smudged heather and watered shoot, and
 dried rush field

So fatal error ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ is plaited into thoughts still unborn.
 The pose must be resumed. Is being falsified
 § To be forever involved, tragically, with one's own ^{rit} image?

~~XXXXXX~~

But the ~~XXXX~~ livery of the year, ^{ent} the changing air
 Brings each to his turn. Leaving phrases unfinished
 Gestures half-sketches against woodsmoke. The abundant sap
 Oozes in girls' throats, the sticky words, half-uttered, unwished for,
 A blanket disbelief, quickly supplanted by idle questions that fade in turn.
 Slowly the mood turns to look at itself as some urchin
 Forgotten by ~~a road-bed~~ ^{the roadside}. New schemes are gotten up, new taxes,
 Earthworks. And the hour becomes light again.
 Girls wake up in it.

~~For these reasons~~

It is best to remain indoors, Because there is error
 In so much precision. As flames are fanned, wishful thinking arises
 Bearing its own prophets, ~~its pointed refusals~~ ^{capacities}. And just as a desire
 Settles down at the end of a long spring day, over heather and watered shoot and dried
 rush field

So fatal error is plaited into ~~XXXXXXXX~~ desires not yet born.

Therefore the post must be resumed (is being falsified
 To be forever involved, tragically, with one's own image?)
 The cooler studio light suddenly invaded by ~~the~~ long casement--values were the one
 She knows now. But the floor is ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ being gradually pulled apart
 Like ~~elastic~~ ^{straw} under those limpid feet. ^{slowly}

The most you can say is that she does return.
 And that the added time for ~~XXXXXXXX~~ long thoughts, "a bed of nails," could not, in any
 case, have been avoided.
 The skaters waltz. She had been asked not to participate that day

~~But~~ is the egg suggesting the quietness
Of its forms. And sleep is beams
For its ~~patronizing~~ dome.

unshucked "Oh shucks!"

Shales' Waltz

The ~~Waldteufel~~ disc is volume, geometrical beauty
Its slabs cannot keep up with the hungering into breath
And final dreams.

~~XXXX~~ But an architecture
Made like us of rain commands a view harmonious like the sea or the tops of trees
Of its plain, ~~XX~~
But when you get closer its sadness issmall and appreciable.

Also the feeling of being lived, looking for people,
And the gradual peace and relaxation
That boils down, through rings of cold and fatigue
Smearing much of the day into ~~fatigue~~ *fear*
At finding you not in, bloody from beating doors in
And incomprehensible.

And mouth of sea applied to your case
Forever at odds with, and yet draining.
Triggered to a partial ~~XXXX~~ zone of understanding
Of the myths of fading ~~day~~ ~~XXXX~~ (~~Six o'clock~~ again.)

Time The birds

The sea, each ~~time~~ *one* ~~time~~ *double*, has no ~~rhyme~~.
It can be held in your hand.
All this must go into a letter:
At once the kindness and friendly clause

Beating, turbulent on the stalls of death.
The roofs quickly return ~~and~~ what you ~~burn~~
Thought of them before. Day with a violet awl,
OrA chisel, in that land of dust and dreams.

~~But~~ There is no personal involvement: leaves of the ginkgo tree
~~Made~~ a frame ~~for~~ the photo. A woman advances out of the ~~thicket~~ *woods*
Holding a book, for which her hand is too small, and whose title
Although printed in large letters, cannot be distinguished.

melting

That is all, except a spot of white or black in the bottom corner
Like phantom poodles, and a jagged row of gray at the top, *violet*
~~Extending~~ a little down one side,;and she is slightly turned inside her ~~dress~~.
~~Aswatching at something~~
The color of death promulgated to the rank of blossoms

Is drawing breath again for fear
And its implements, and would enter the transparent years of life
Which is carelessness, is
Mind drifted from its triple cannon, to the starting line.

8 9 F

Where, exactly, is the sky?

What is the matter with plain old-fashioned cause-and-effect?
Leaving one alone with romantic impressions of the trees, the sky?
Whok actually, is going to be fooled one instant by these phoney explanations,
think them important? So back we go to the old imprecise, feelings, the
common knowledge, the importance of duly suffering and the occasional glimpses
of some balmy felicity. The world of Schubert's lieder. I am fascinated
though by the urge to get out of it all, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ by going
Further in and correcting the whole mismanaged mess. But am afraid I'll
Be of no help to you. Goodbye.

As balloons are to the poet, so to the ground
Its varied assortment of trees. The more assorted they are, the
Vaster his experience. Sometimes
You catch sight of them on a level with the top story of a house,
Strung up their for publicity purposes. Or like those bubbles
Children make with a kind of ring, not a pipe, and probably using some detergent
Rather than old fashioned soap and water. Where was I? The balloons
Drift thoughtfully over the land, not exactly commenting on it,
These are the range of the poet's experience. He can hide in trees
Like a hamadryad, but wisely prefers not too, letting the balloons
Idle him out of existence, as a car idles. Traveling faster
And more furiously across unknown horizons, belted into the night
Wishing more and more to be unlike someone, getting the whole thing
(so he believes) out of his system. Inventing systems.
We are a part of of some system, thinks he, just as the sun is part of
The solar system. Trees brake his approach. And he seems to be wearing but
Half a coat, viewed from one side. A "half-man" look inspiring the disgust
of honest folk
Returning from chores, frozen milk, the pump heaped high with a chapeau of snow,
the "No Skating" sign as well. But it is here that he is best
Face to face with the unsmiling alternatives of his nerve-wracking existence
Places squarely in front of his dilemma, on all fours before the lamentable spec-
tacle of the unknown.
Yet knowing where men are coming from. It is ^{this} his, to hold a candle up to the album.

Part II

Pyrography. Running Amok. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Solitude '63. The Windward
 and Leeward Islands. Lines Written during a Period of Insanity. Loving
 You? Election Day. ~~XXXXXX~~ On a Separate Dying. The Sentimental Image.
 A
~~XXX~~ Fork in the Road. Poor People. His Own Invention. The Chase. Iris
 Father
 Becomes a Mother. In Which All Ends Badly. An Invention: the Telephone.
 Waking and Felt there a Certain Rightness. *A Well of Fire* The Flame Fighters. The
 Avalanche. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ The New Job. *The Bluff*

Under the window marked "General Delivery"...

~~And didn't mind that being too warm like that, waking up to
 The new rules, exploited almost as soon as planted, In this ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
 Hatment or abode I'll invoke "untired domes" and suchlike
 Awakening to this penitential psalm now
 That purgatory's ways have ended
 In sleep and satisfaction for each one.~~

~~I have decided to write you this poem of misdemeanors
 This volume is geometrical beauty,
 Its slabs cannot keep up with the hungering into breath
 And final dreams~~

But iis the egg suggesting the quietness
 Of its forms. And sleep is beams
 For its retracted dome.

~~But, as we saw, sleep is all fours
 A beautifully written but inaccurate
 Directive charged with savage lispng
 A personal memento engraved in the sidewalk
 Tormenting the absolute future into lines of acceptance.
 Ready to dispatch the elegant part of this
 And all ears for the equation you remain on the sill:
 Nothing to be prepared for this sleep.~~

~~At once the kindness and friendly clause
 And mouth of sea applied to your case
 Forever at odds with, and yet draining.~~

~~This 'should be a letter telling you of changes
 Throwing you a minute to one side
 Of how this tossing looks harmonious from a distance
 Like sea or the tops of trees, and how
 Only when one gets closer is its sadness small and appreciable.
 It can be held in the hand~~

II-B

(no space here)

[All this must go into a letter.]
Also the feeling of being lived, looking for people,
And the gradual peace and relaxation
~~That boil down, through rings of cold and fatigue~~
~~Sweeping much of the day into fear down~~
At find you not in, bloody from beating/doors, and i comprehension *de*

~~But an architecture~~
~~Made of us like rain commands a view~~
~~Of its plain. There's nothing leading to its footman's empathy. It is the~~
~~attraction of this mucus~~
But there's no personal involvement
These sudden bursts of hot and cold
Are wreathed in shadowless intensity
Whose moment saps them of all characteristics
Thus beginning to rest you at once know.

Once there was a point in these islands,
Coming to see where the rock has rotted away,
~~Buying milk, and becoming a ~~XXX~~ tiny point in the distance.~~

But war's savagery.... Even the most patient scholar, now
Could hardly reconstruct the old fort exactly as it was
That trees continue to wave over it. That there is also a small museum somewhere
inside
That the history of costume is a no less fascinating study than the history of
great migrations.
I'd like to bugger you all up
Deliberately falsify all your old suck-ass notions
Of how chivalry is being lived. What goes on in beehives.
But the whole ~~rotten~~ ^{mess} ~~mess, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ misunderstandings included~~
Problems about the tunic button etc. How much of any one person is there.

Still, after bananas and spoonbread in the shadow of the old walls
It is cooling to return to the shadow of eaves in the shower
That probably fell while we were inside, examining bowknots
Old light-bulb sockets, places where the whitewash had begun to flake
With here and there an old map or illustration. Here's one for instance--
Looks like a weather map... or a coiled bit of wallpaper with a design
Of faded hollyhocks, or abstract fruit and gumdrops in chains

The wind sighs carefully in the umbrella pines.
How nice to lie on one's back, looking up
Into that ~~XXXX~~ bird-hopping world of flecked sunlight and shadow.
But how is it you are always indoors, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
finger-printed peering at too-heavily cancelled stamps through
a greasy magnifying glass?

And slowly the incoherencies of day melt in
A general wishful thinking of night
To peruse certain stars over the bay.
Cataracts of peace pour from the poised heavens
And only fear of snakes prevents us from passing the night in the open air.
The day is definitely at an end.

II-c

Old heavens, you used to tweak us above us
Standing like rain whenever a salvo... Old heavens
You lying there above the old, but not ruined, fort,
Can you hear, there, what I am saying?

For it is you I am parodying
Your invisible denials. And the almost correct impressions
Corroborated by newsprint, which is so fine.
I call to you there, but I do not think that you will answer me.

For I am condemned to drum my fingers
On the closed lid of this piano, this tedious planet, earth
As it winks to you through the aspiring, growing distances
A last spark before the night.

There was much to be said in favor of storms
But you seem to have abandoned them in favor of endless light.
I cannot say that I think the change much of an improvement.
There is something half-fearful in these summer nights that go on forever...

We're nearing the Moorish coast, I think, in ^a bateau
I wonder if I will have any friends there
Whether the future will be kinder to me than the past, for example,
And am all set to be put out, finding it ~~XXXXXX~~ to be not.

Still, I am prepared for this voyage, and for anything else you may care to mention.
Not that I am not afraid, but there is very little time left
You have probably made travel arrangements, and know the feeling.
Suddenly, one morning, the little train arrives in the station, but oh, so big,

It is! Much bigger and much ^{old bossy} faster than anyone told you.
A bewhiskered student in an ~~over coat~~ ^{old bossy} much too big for him is waiting to take it.
"Why do you want to go there" they all say. It is better in the other direction
And so it is. There people are free, at any rate. But where you are going no-
body is.

Still there are parks and libraries to be visited "la Bibliotheque Municipale"
Hotel reservations and all that rot. Old American films dubbed into the foreign
language
Coffee and whiskey and cigar ^{bulbs} stubs. Nobody minds. And rain on the bristly
wool of your topcoat.
I realize ~~no~~ that I never knew why I wanted to come.

Yet I shall never return to the past, that attic.
Its sailboats are perhaps more beautiful than these, these I am leaning against,
Spangled with diamonds and orange and purple stains
Bearing me once again in quest of the unknown. These sails are ^{life} like itself to me.

I heard a girl say this once, and cried, and brought her fresh fruit and fishes,
Olives and golden baked loaves. She dried her tears and thanked me.
Now we are both setting sail into the purplish evening.
I love it! This cruise can never last long enough for me.

But once more, office desks, radiators--No! That is behind me.
No more dullness, only movies and love and ~~XX~~ laughter, sex and fun.
The ticket seller is blowing ~~XX~~ his little horn--hurry before the window slams down
The train we are getting onto is a boat train, and the boats are really boats this
time.

But I heard the heavens say--Is it right? This continual changing back and forth?
Laughter and tears and so on? Mightn's just plain sadness be sufficient for him?
No! I'll not accept that any more, you bewhiskered old caverns of blue!
This is just right for me. I am cozily ensconced in the balcony of my face

Looking out over the whole darn countryside, a beacon of satisfaction
I am. I'll not trade places with a king. Here I am then, continuing yet ever be-
My perennial voyage, into new memories, new hope and flowers ginning
The way the coasts glide past you. I shall never forget this moment

Because it consists of purest ecstasy. I am happier now than I ever dared believe
Anyone could be. And we finger down the dog-eared coasts...
It is all passing! It is past! No, I am here,
Bellow the coasts, and ~~be~~ even the heavens roar their assent

As we pick up a lemon colored light horizontally
Projected into the night, the night that heaven
Was kind enough to send, and I launch into the happiest dreams
Happier once again, because tomorrow is already here'.

Yet certain kernels remain. Clouds that drift past sheds —
Read it ~~once~~ in the official bulletin. We shan't be putting out today.
The old stove smoked worse than ever because rain was coming down its chimney.
Only the bleary eye of the fog accosted one through the mended pane.

Outside the swamp water lapped the broken wood step.
Nearby a rowboat was moored in the alligator-infested swamp.
Somewhere, from deep in the interior of the jungle, a groan was heard.
Could it be...? Anyway, a rainy day--wet weather.

The whole voyage will have to be cancelled.
It would be ~~XXXXX~~ impossible to make ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ different connections.
Anyway the hotels are all full at this season. The junks packed with refugees
Returning from the islands. Sea-bream and flounder abound in the muddied waters...

gone

They ~~XXX~~ in fact represent the background of the island economy.
That, and cigar rolling. Please leave your papers at the desk as you pass out,
You know. "The Wedding March." Ah yes, that's the way. The couple descend
The ~~XXXX~~ steps of the little old church. Ribbons are flung, ribbons of cloud

And the sun seems to be coming out. But there have been so many false alarms...
No, it's happened! The storm is over. Again the weather is fine and clear.
And the voyage? It's on! Listen everybody, the ship is starting,
I can hear its whistle's roar! We have just time to make it to the dock'.

And away they pour, in the sulf~~XXXX~~urous sunlight
Toe the aqua and silver waters where stands the glistening white ship
And into the great vessel they pour, a motley and happy crowd
Chanting and pouring down hymns on the surface of the ocean...

II-E

Pulling, tugging us along with them, by means of streamers
Golden and silver confetti. Smiling, we laugh and sing with the revelers
But are not quite certain that we want to go--the dock is so sunny and warm
That majestic ship will pull up anchor who knows where?

And full of laughter and tears, we sidle once again with the other passengers
The ground is heaving underfoot. Is it the ship? It could be the dock...
And with a great whoosh all the sails go up... Hifeous black smoke belches
forth from the funnels
Staining the gold carnival costumes with the gaiety of its jet-black soot

Smiling

And, as into a tunnel the voyage starts
Only, as I said, to be continued. The eyes of those left standing on the dock
are wet
But ours are dry. Into the secretive, vaprous night with all of us!
Into the unknown, the unknown that loves us, the great unknown!

So man nightly
Sparingly descends

The birches and the hay all of him
Pruned, erect for vital contact. As the separate mists of day slip
Uncomplainingly into the atmosphere. Loving you? The question sinks into

That mazy business
About writing or to have read it in some book
To silently move away. At Gonnosfanadiga the pumps
Working, argent in the thickening sunset, like boys' shoulders

And you return to the question as to a calendar *of November*
Again and again consulting the surface of that enormous affair
I think not to have loved you but the music
Petting the enameled slow-imagined stars

A concert of dissatisfaction whereby gutter and dust seep
To engross the ~~XXXX~~ mirrored image and its landscape.
City in dirt, favorable mirth.

*how page?
fucwobly*

II-F

As when
through darkness and mist
the pole-bringer
am convinced that
demandingly watches
I ~~XXXX~~ these things are of some importance.

Firstly, it is a preparing to go outward
Of no planet limiting the enjoyment
Of motion--hips free of embarrassment etc.

The figure 8 is a perfect symbol
Of the freedom to be gained in this kind of activity
The perspective lines of the barn are another and different kind of example
(Viz. Rigg's Farm, near Aysgarth, Wensleydale, or the "Sketch at Norton")
In which we escape ourselves--putrefying mass of prevarications etc.--
In remaining close to the limitations imposed.

Another example is this separate dying
Still keeping in mind the coachmen, servant girls, duchesses, etc. (cf. Jeremy Taylor)
Falling away, rhythm of too-wet snow, but parallel
With the kind of rhythm substituting for "meaning."

Looked at from this angle the problem of death and survival
Ages slightly. For the solutions are millionfold, ^{like} waves of wild geese returning
Scarcely we know where to turn to avoid suffering, I mean spring
There are so many places.

As a man will leave his wife

The question of separation--"corps et biens"--is rapidly answered
By movement, parallel, unwinding movement, in the nicest sense.
It is the balance between strings and winds, between winds and percussion, that
provides the overture.

So, coachman-servile, or scullion-slatternly, but each place is taken.

The lines that draw nearer together are said to "vanish."
The point where they meet is their vanishing point.

* * *

~~Parallel lines, as they recede, vanish to a point.
Horizontal, receding lines, if they are below the level of the eyes, appear to rise.
Horizontal, receding lines, if they are above the level of the eyes, appear to descend.~~

Spaces, as they recede, appear to become smaller.

But another, more urgent question imposes ~~XXXXXX~~ itself--that of poverty.
How to excuse it to oneself? The wetness and coldness? Dirt and grime?
Uncomfortable, unsuitable lodgings, with a depressing view?
The peeled geranium flowering in a rusted tomato can,
Framed in a sickly ray of sunlight, a tragic chromo?

A broken mirror nailed up over a chipped enamel basin, whose turgid waters
Reflect the fly-specked calendar--with ecstatic Dutch girl clasping tulips--
On the far wall. Hanging from one nail, an ~~old~~ old velvet hat with a tattered
bit of veiling--last remnant of former finery. *lean*
The bed well-made. The whole place scrupulously ~~made~~, but cold and damp.

All this, wedged into a pyramidal ray of light, is my own invention.

* * *

Under a reddish-brown and greenish picture of excited beagles and calm huntsmen
A mass of squalling and retching arose from the messed-up crib.
The newborn offspring was given the name of Charles.
He grew up to become a successful business executive.

↓

But to return to our tomato can--those spared by the goats
Can be made into a practical telephone, the two halves being connected by a length
of wire.

You can talk to your friend in the next room, or around corners.
An American inventor made a fortune with just such an ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ contraption.

The branches tear at the sky--

The blight is on the ~~snow~~^{-ure} of inert space
Footage to dig under you so
Things too tiny to be remembered in recorded history--the backfiring of a bus
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ street in Paris in 1932, and all the clumsy seductions and amateur
paintings done

In a

Clamber to join in the awakening (the levee with its chocolate)
To take a further role in my determination. These clown-shapes
Filling up the available space for miles, like acres of red and mustard pom-poms
Dusted with a pollen which we call "an air of truth." Massed mounds
Of Hades it is true. I propose a general housecleaning
Of these true and valueless shapes which pester us with their raisons d'etre
Whom no one (that is their weakness) can ever get to like.

kidnappers

~~On with the parade:~~ the killers had ~~XXXXXX~~ parked their automobile behind some
black shrubbery.

Meanwhile Doris all unsuspecting was walking in the backyard with her lover.
Her father, the fire-chief, had told her he refused to have him inside the house
But he was off battling flames that day, a mysterious fire having broken out

In the Jones & Col warehouse, the latest in a ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ series of fires
Which had the nerves of the whole town on edge. Hearing a noise, Arthur
(that was the name of Lois' boyfriend) dashed into the side yard. Returning
Around the edge of the clapboard house he was ~~XX~~ astonished to note Lois' disappearance
ce

Already, behind the ragged foliage, on the back seat of the black Pontiac,
Not wanting the gag to be thrust into her mouth).

There are moving parts to get out of order,
However in the flame fountain. Add gradually one ounce, by measure, of sulphuric
acid

to five or six ounces of water in an earthenware basin. ~~XXXX~~ add to it, also gra-
dually, about three--

Quarters of an ounce of granulated zinc.
A rapid production of hydrogen gas will instantly take place. Then add,
From time to time, a few pieces of phosphorus of the size of a pea.
A multitude of gas bubbles will be produced, which will fire on the surface of the
effervescing liquid.

The whole surface of the liquid will become luminous, and fire balls, with jets of
fire,
Will dart from the bottom, through the fluid with great rapidity and a hissing noise.

Sure, but a simple shelter from this or other phenomena is easily contrived.

II-H

But how luminous the fountain! Its sparks seem to aspire to reach the sky!
And so much energy in those bubbles. A wise man could contemplate his face in them
With impunity, but fools would surely do better not to approach too close
Because any intense physical activity like that implies danger for the unwary and
the uneducated. Great balls of fire!

In my day we used to make "fire designs", ~~XXXX~~ using a saturated solution of
nitrate of potash.

Then we used to take a smooth stick, and using the solution as ink, draw with
it on sheets of white tissue paper.

Once it was thoroughly dry, the writing would be invisible.

By means of a spark from a ~~XXX~~ smouldering match ignite the potassium nitrate
at any part of the drawing,

First laying the paper on a plate or tray in a darkened room.

The fire will smoulder along the line of the invisible drawing until the design
is complete.

Meanwhile the fire fountain is still smouldering and welling

Casting off a hellish stink and wild fumes of pitch

Acrid as jealousy. And it might be

That flame-writing might be visible right there, in the gaps in the smoke

Without going through the bother of the solution-writing.

A word here and there--"promised" or "beware"--you have to go the long way round
before you find that the entrance to that side is closed.

The phosphorescent liquid is still ^{heaving} ~~heaving~~ and boiling, however.

And what if this insane activity were ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ itself a kind of drawing

Of April sidewalks, and young trees bursting into timid leaf

And dogs sniffing hydrants, the fury of spring beginning to back up along their
veins?

Yonder stand a young boy and a girl leaning against a bicycle.

The iron lamppost next to them ~~XX~~ disappear into the feathery, unborn leaves that
suffocate its top.

A postman is coming up the walk, a letter held in his outstretched hand.

This is his first day on the new job, and he looks warily around

Alas not seeing the hideous bulldog bearing down on him like sixty, its hellish
eyes fixed on the seat of his pants, jowls a-slaver.

Nearby a young woman is fixing her stocking. Watching her, a fellow with a hat ^{chap}

Is about to walk into the path of a speeding ~~JXX~~ hackney cabriolet. The line
of lampposts

Marches up the street in strict array, but the lamp parts

Are lost in feathery bloom, in which hidden faces can be spotted, for this is
a puzzle scene.

The sky is white, yet full of outlined stars--it must be night,

Or an early springtime evening, with just a hint of dampness and chill in the air

Memory of winter, hint of the autumn to come,

Yet the lovers congregate anyway, the lights twinkle slowly on.

Cars move steadily along the street.

It is a scene worthy of a poet's pen, yet it is the fire-demon

Who has created it, throwing it up on the dubious surface of a phosphorescent
fountain

For all the world like a poet. But love can appropriate it,

Use or mis-use it for its own ends. Love is stronger than fire.

The proof of this is that already the heaving, sucking fountain is paling away

Yet the fire-lines of the lovers remain fixed, as if permanently, on the air of the
lab.

VI-I

though!

Not for long now. And now they too collapse
Giving, as they pass away, the impression of a bluff
Its craggy headlands outlined in sparks, Its top crowned with a zigzag
Of grass and shrubs, pebbled beach at the bottom, with flat sea
Holding a few horizontal lines. Then this vision, too, passes slowly away.

glides?

III-B

sharks

Only one thing exists: the fear of death. As widows are a prey to loan
And Cape Hatteras to hurricanes, so man to the fear of dying, to the
Certainty of falling. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ And just so it permits him to escape
from time to time

Amid fields of boarded-up posters: "Objects, as they recede, appear to
become smaller

And all horizontal receding lines have their vanishing point upon the line
of sight,"

Which is some comfort after all, for our volition to see must after all
condition these phenomena to a certain degree.

But it would be rash to derive too much confidence from a situation which,
in the last analysis, scarcely warrants it.

What I said first goes: sleep, death and hollyhocks

And a new twilight stained, perhaps, a slightly unearthlier periwinkle blue,
But no dramatic arguments for survival, and please no magic justification of
results.

Uh... stupid song... that weather bonnet protected

It is all gone now. But

The apothecary biscuits dwindled. All must pay.

~~In wedge-shaped zinc compartments, where a little spectral~~

Cliffs, teeming over into irony's

Gotten silently inflicted on the passes

Morning undermines, the daughter is.

Its oval armor

Protects it then, and the poisonous filaments hanging down

Are armor as well, or are they the creature itself, screaming

To protect itself? An aggressive weapon, as well as a plan of defense?

Nature is still liable to pull a few fast ones, which is why I can't

emphasize enough

The importance of adherence to my original ~~XXXX~~ program. Remember,

No hope is to be authorized, except in exceptional cases

To be decided on by me. In the meantime, back to dreaming

Your only important activity. Last night I dreamt of a wayside fen.

Full of ~~leaves, such as the~~ strawberry, potentilla, goose-grass,

buttercup, dandelion and many wayside plants.

~~When the stalk or principal vein is too succulent or thick, it would be well
to pare it down, to permit of easier rubbing.~~

S

"The not difficult of all is an arrangement of hawthorn leaves

~~In different tones of colour, and intended for a title-page or elaborate mount,"~~

But the sawing motion of desire, throwing you a minute to one side

And then the other, will, I think, ~~XXXX~~ permit you to forget your dreams for
a little while.

In reality you place far too much importance on them. "Free but Alone"

Ought to be your motto. If you dream at all, place a cloth over your face

: ~~XXX~~ Its expression of satisfied desire might be too much for some spectators.

The west wind grazes my cheek, the droplets come pattering down

What matter now, whether I wake or sleep?

The west wind grazes my cheek, the droplets come pattering down

A vast design shows in the meadows parched and trampled grasses

In reality a game of "fox and geese" has been played there, but the real
reality,

Beyond truer imaginings, is that it is a mystical design, full of a certain
significance,

III-C

Burning, sealing its way into my consciousness.

III-C

Burning, sealing its way into my consciousness.

Smooth out the ^{sand} flowers, pick up where you left off

But leave me immersed in dreams of sexual imagery:

Now that the homecoming geese unfurl in waves on the west wind
And cock covers hen, the farmhouse dog slavers over his bitch, and

horse and mare go screwing through the meadow!

A pure scream of things arises from these various sights and smells

As steam arises from a wet shingle, and I am happy once again

Walking among these phenomena that seem familiar to me from my earliest
childhood.

We put everything in order.

A museum of thought was the result.

The page ended just at the burnt edge,

The reader's puckered lips. He is looking for "milk"

In the directory, but this volume ends with the "MI"'s.

Another time will do as well, at school last year

Or elsewhere, in praise of bushes or wandering.

And someone I have never seen

Is thinking of me right now.

Perhaps she, in her way

By the day's "last rays", reads my letter.

I promised and never sent.

On flat landscapes the projections occur.

And one wishes to escape civilization.

A world of alien diseases is best.

Tyrant fruits and big-voiced birds
bespeaking the awe of peace in orange groves

By seaweed fires.

At home the bespectacled

Reader of newsprint shuns the baroque kiosk.

Dirt darkness and destruction abound

In the so-called modern "paradise"--he thinks

As the trolley draws closer--a sheaf of newsprint

Perpendicular to the thorax--is the one you draw close to

And say goodbye to, and wait for and return to

And hunger for inspiration from, in leafy enchantment

Of urban dusk. But somehow the mirth of everything rolls us along

Laughing and tired, and commenting on our journey

Before it happens, and leaves us at the end.

III-D

That one day
It was a question of me, or that people may
Have spoken of me, is one and the same.
An exile from the life of city streets
For firmly than if placed on some desert island
In the middle of nowhere, in the Pacific's vast anonymous stretches.

The gray wastes of water surround
My puny little shoal. Sometimes storms roll
Tremendous billows far up on the gray sand beach, and the morning
After, odd tusked monsters lie stinking in the tropic sun.
They are inedible. For food, there is only
Breadfruit, and berries ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ garnered in the jungle's inner reaches,
Wrested from scorpion and poisonous snake. Fresh water is a problem.
After a rain you will find some nestling in the hollow trunk of a tree,
or in hollow stones.

One's only form of distraction is really
To climb to the top of the one tall cliff to scan the distances.
Not for a ship, of course--this island is far from all the trade routes--
But in hopes of an unusual sight, such as a school of dolphins at play,
A whale spouting, or a cormorant bearing down on its prey.
So high this cliff is that the pebble beach far below seems made of gravel.
Halway down, the chaffs and crows look like bees.
Near by are the nests of vultures, ~~and~~ they cluck sympathetically in my direction
(Which will not prevent them from rending me limb from limb once I have kicked off
Further down, and way over to one side, are nests of eagles,
Always fussing, fouling their big nests, they always seem to manage to turn their
backs to you.)
The glass is low; no doubt we are in for a storm.

Sure enough; in the pale gray and orange distances, to the left, a
Waterspout is becoming distinctly visible. Beautiful, but terrifying;
Delicate, transparent, like a watercolor by that 19th century Englishman whose
name I forget
(I am beginning to forget everything on this island; if only I had been allowed
to bring my ten favorite books with me--
But a weathered child's alphabet is my only reading material--luckily,
some of the birds and animals on the island are pictured in it--the albatross,
for instance--that's a name I never would have remembered)

It looks as though the storm-fiend were planning to kick up quite a ruckus
For this evening. I had better be getting back to the tent,
Make sure everything is shipshape, weight down the canvas with extra stones,
Bank the fire, and prepare myself a little hard-tack and tea
For the evening's repast. Still, it is rather beautiful up here

III-E

Watching the oncoming storm. Now the big cloud that was in front of the water-spout

Seems to be lurching forward, so that the waterspout, behind it, looks more like a three-dimensional perspective photograph. Above me the sky is a luminous, silver gray. Yet rain, like silver porcupine quills, has begun to be thrown down. All the lightning is still contained in the big black cloud however. Now thunder claps belch forth from it, causing the startled vultures to fly forth from their nests. I really had better be getting back down, I suppose.

Still it is rather fun to linger on in the wet, letting your clothes get ~~XXX~~ soaked. What difference does it make? No one will scold me for it, or look askance. Supposing I catch cold? It hardly matters; there are no nurses or infirmaries here to make an ass of one. A really serious case of pneumonia would suit me fine. Ker-choo'. There, now I'm being punished for saying so. Aw, what's the use. I really am starting down now. Goodbye, Storm-fiend. Goodbye, vultures.

In reality of course the bourgeois apartment I live in is unlike a desert island. Cozy and warm it is, with a good library and record collection. The fridge stacked with toothsome victuals; the medicine chest with the latest wonder drugs. Yet I feel cut off from the life in the streets. Automobiles and trucks plow by me, ~~XXXX~~ spattering filthy slush on my garments. The man in the street turns his face away. Another island-dweller, no doubt. In a store or a crowded cafe, you get a momentary impression of warmth: Steam belch s out of the expresso machine, fogging the panes with their modern lettering. Of a type that has only been available for about a year. The headlines offer you in giant type, news that is so new you can't realize it yet. A revolution in Brazil! Think of it! Bullets flying through the air, men on the move; Great passions inciting to massive expenditures of energy, changing the lives of many individuals. Yet it is all offered as "today's news," as if we somehow had a right to it, as though it were a part of our lives. That we'd be silly to refuse. Here, have another--crime or revolution? Take your pick.

None of this makes any difference to professional exiles like me, and that includes everybody in the place. We go on sipping our coffee, thinking dark or transparent thoughts... Excuse me, may I have the sugar. Why certainly--pardon me for not having passed it to you. A lot of bunk, none of them really care whether you get an? sugar or not. Just try asking for something a little more difficult and see how far it gets you. Not that I care anyway, being an exile. Nope, the motley spectacle offers no interest whatever for me--

And yet-- and yet I feel myself caught up in its coils-- Its ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ defectuous movement is that of my reasoning powers-- The main point has already changed, but the masses continue to tread the water of backward opinion, living out their mandate as though nothing had happened. We step out into the street, not realizing that the street is different. And so it shall be all our lives; only, from this moment on, nothing will ever be the same again. Fortunately our small pleasures and the monotony of daily existence are safe. You will wear the same clothes, and your friends will still want to see you for the same reasons--you fill a definite place in their lives, and they would be sorry to see you go.

III-F

There has, however, been this change, so complete as to be invisible;
You might call it... "passion" might be a good word,
I think we will call it that for easy reference. This room, now, for instance,
is all ~~black, white, and blue~~ black and white instead of blue.

A few snowflakes are sinking in the airshaft, across the way
The sun was sinking, casting gray
Shadowson the front of the buildings.

Lower your left shoulder.
Stand still and do not see--saw with your body.

Any more golfing hints, Charlie?

Plant your feet squarely. Grasp your club lightly but firmly in the hollow of your
fingers.
Slowly swing well back and complete your stroke well through, pushing to the very
end

When putting, grasp the club firmly, swing back very slowly, and go well through
with the stroke.

"All up and down de whole creation"
Like magic lantern lslides projected on the wall of a cavern-- catles, enchanted
gardens, etc.

I am slowly coming round. But please don't ask for any news.

The traditional anagrams of moonlight
Projected on those walls--chunks of meaning in them--
Your ~~story~~ ^{the} subsides quietly into plain historical fact.
You have, in fact, chosen the traditional images of youth, old age, and death
To keep harping on this traditional imagery.

~~For childhood you chose a wreath of roses
As fitting the season and the general mood.
Maturity is symbolized by a shepherd's crook
To bring ~~erent~~ ~~sh~~ ~~ee~~ ~~p~~ ~~back~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~path~~.~~

Later life is a clock with the hands magnetized at noon
Unable to go back or forward, in the surprise of pain
And its amaze. Hips of trees that protect noon squatters
looking for flowers in the grass.

With death an angry fist
Summoning the injured family home
After a lifetime of errata. In these four pictures
The total history of mankind is enchained. The reader

Will not have been taken in.
He will have managed to find out all about it, the way people do.
so The moonlight congress backs out then. And with a cry
He throws the whole business i to the flames: books, notes, pencil diagrams,
everything.

No, the only thing that interests him is day
And its problems. Freiheit, freiheit!
To be out of these dusty cells once and for all
Has been the dream of mankind ever since the beginning of the universe.

III-~~W~~ G

His day is breaking over the eastern mountains, at least that's the way he tells it.
Only the crater of becoming--a sealed consciousness--resists the profaning ^{sun.} mess of the
You who automatically sneer at everything that comes along, except your own work ^{of} course,
Now feel the curious force of the invasion; its soldiers, all and some,

A part of you the minute they appear. It is as though workmen in blue overalls
Were constantly bringing on new props and taking others away: that is how you feel
the drama going past you, powerless to act in it.

To have it all be past! To wake suddenly on a hillside
With a valley far below--~~the kind that are flat on the bottom, with long tails,~~
Roll away, leaving a ^{the clouds--}oplastron of illfeeling...

As
~~And in some bright environment daft
Imaginary cohorts join the fray~~

~~The cuisine of this place has driven me mad
I shall have to run away--I been so long away from you--
There is a cheaper figure, however, called "The Talking Hand."
Quite a number of these make a good decorative frieze.~~

~~You might try interspersing them with separate flowers--
Peonies and violets are good to begin with--oh I know
You don't want to hear the rest of it--Sardinia violets
especially those from the region of Gonnosfanadiga, rapturously
snatched from the surrounding slopes)talk more about the stormsO inhabitants,
characteristics--loving to go out at night--etc.)
--how the storm fiends lie in wait in mid-summer, athirst for calamity.
When through soft air calling
Distant day resounds to thy cry: Postpone the evil! underlining
The reply you feel sweating out a dream~~

~~That the fragments are castrated, caught up in tunnels
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 toward a definition
Of the peacefulllest appetite, then you see
The m 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 if to be held tomorrow, under the trees.

You felt the months keep coming up
And it is December again,
The 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 his letters is slight--

III-H

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.

IV

The Stamp Album. From Pagoda Land. A Bird Brain. Youth and Shrubbery.

I love staying in ~~XXXXXX~~ at night
To take down the stamp album
Weeping over the dry holes
And those where only a printed drawing of the stamp is
Like this New Zealand number coated with poisonous
Reptiles--what color could it be? Possibly
A pale cabbage green
Or this Hungarian one with two heads
Of founders of the Communist party in pale blue
With the eyebrows inked in in deeper blue

IV

The Stamp Album

Though certain of my eyes,
Final meeting with you, the way we live through
These silent periods without fear or surprise
I believe I shall write you (here a red bird breathes,
a little red ink bleeds onto the page; you see
The mildness does go on) to tell you what your brother has done.

Looking through some of my old poems
To get inspiration for things to talk to you about
I had lost track of the time. It was only
With a secret feeling of delight
I realized ~~that~~ all those around me had long since gone to bed
And I all alone in the eye of darkness.

These moments, one catches
As they come along, afraid to believe too much
In the happiness that might result
Or confide too much of one's love and fear, even in
Oneself. It was thus that I turned to the dark
As to a mirror, an enchanted smile.

These moments of the "population"
Of the night by the body are not wasted:
The next day the body returns
In costumes "of all nations" holding hands
In a chain of freedom. And,
As one might back a car into a garage
I remained in my chair, steady with sleep, with the desire of sleep.

I think sometimes the things you take up in your hands
Mean all of you, and the proof of this
Is that you are always part of me
In my nearest dreams. In the forest of unknowledge,
Sege overtopping the canyon of unproved reality
Deeper than ~~any~~ man's soul, and the tremendous sun, rising,

That is the proof of everything
And, in reality, proves so little. Why is it, then,
We are obliged to turn sideways
Facing each other in the tremendous, but embraceable,
Glare that subdues everything around us?
This is space in which only we may stand.

With still the madness

Of everything harking back through the years.

Perhaps sleep is only another thing, a piece of bark

You ~~XXXXXXXX~~ stooped to pick up long ago.

Shortly after that the red bird flew quietly away.

Or a crumb of moss, too tiny to be clearly seen.

IV-B

Will be ablaze with drops of rain
Like ~~XXX~~ tears in the eye of sad presidents
On ~~these endless rolls~~ of cancelled stamps.

In the forest of unknowledge, sedge
Overtops the canyon of unprovoked reality
And thought is drowned out by the roaring of the cascade of ignorance;

That the proof of everything
Really proves so little. With still the madness
Of everything barking through the years.
Perhaps sleep is only another thing, a piece of wood

You ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ stooped to pick up years ago.

~~Shortly after that the bird flew curiously away.~~
Or a crumb of moss, too tiny to be clearly distinguished.

The day was gloves.

How far from the usual statement
About time, ice--the weather itself had gone.

I mean this: through the years
You have approached and inventory.
And it is now that tomorrow
Is going to be the climax of your casual
statement about yourself, begun
So long ago in humility and false quietude.

The sands are frantic
In the hourglass. But there is time
To change, to utterly destroy
That too-familiar image
Lurking in the glass
Each morning, at the edge of the mirror.

The thing is that your continuity
Is never what is expected,
Thus... In the end we have your
Complete image just the same
Just as the setting of a play never changes.
~~XXXXXX~~ The voyage has not yet begun.

The train is still in the station.
You only dreamed that it was in motion.
So there is freedom to be moved
Again. To slowly raise oneself
Hand over hand, lifting one's entire weight
By oneself. Forget there was ever

A possibility

Of some more politic movement.

That freedom, courage

And pleasant company could exist.

That has always been

Behind you. You have never wanted

The equation your heart was set on.

So back into the night

Of stamps. I'll take that one

Of Sun yat Sen--it will just fit

Into the album. Meanwhile, a tragedy

Is unfolding on the upper story.

~~To you, an earlier litigation~~

Wind hard in the tops

of trees I think there is a funny sandbar

Beyond the old boardwalk

Your intrigue makes you nderwtand.

*in pale blue, the eyebrows of paler blue
inked in with all
the passion of*

*which the
yellow*

race

is

coequable

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

From Pagoda Land

V

A Funny Grace. The "Second Position." Man's Indifference Explained.
Apology for Human Life. Drunkenness and Its After-Effects. No matter
how kind you are to other people, they will hate you for being yourself.
A wish formulated for future periods of temperance and relaxation.
The British Tea Industry and Its Development. A History of Tea.
From Pagoda Land. Gipsy Tea-Leaves. Past Masters of Eloquence. Rapid
View of the Houses of Parliament. Brief discussion of the parliamentary
System. A "Bird Brain." Pencils and Pens. The Colors of the Spectrum.
A Dusty Road. All Oysteria Venti. A Sound of Peeing. The Avalanche.
Wednesday Morning. Appendix. The Constellations.

The wind thrashes the maple seed-pods,
The whole brilliant mass comes spattering down.

This is my fourteenth year as governor of C province.
I was little more than a lad when I first came here.
Now I am older, but scarcely any wiser.
So little are white hairs and a wrinkled forehead a sign of wisdom!

We were waiting for you under the broom-tree.
We called but you did not come.

I keep a pocket diary
In which I note down random jottings and impressions.
Today I wrote, "The spring is late this year.
In the ^{early} mornings there is hoar-frost on the water-meadows
And ~~delicate~~ ice shields the frozen mud on the highway."
If you go out to the western gate, will anybody be likely to meet you?

The wind continues its tiresome threnody
In the baggy branches of the eucalyptus?

There are only a few travelers on the Z high road.
~~XXXX~~ From behind slatted shutters a pair of black eyes are watching them.
They ~~XXX~~ belong to the wife of P, the high-school principal.

It was forty-odd years ago I first saw you
Coming over the self-same track.

And I still go out to meet you.
The screen door bangs in the rising wind, one of the hinges is loose.
And together we look back at the house.

It could use a coat ~~X~~ of paint.
Except that I am too poor to hire a workman.
I have all I can do to keep body and soul together
And soon, even that relatively simple task may prove to be beyond my powers.

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~~ ^{the desks} 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.

V-III

The wind has dropped, but the magnolia blossoms still
Fall with a plop onto the dry, spongy earth.

The evening air is pestiferous with ~~gnats~~ (midges)

We walk back to the house taking our time about it
Because there is nothing for dinner
Only hot water and a couple of shit-smearred eggs.

There is only one way to complete the puzzle:

By finding a roof-shaped ~~XXXXX~~ piece that is lime-green fading to buff at one ^{side} ~~edge~~.

I had thought of announcing my engagement to you
The day of the first full moon of X month.

Though it is only the beginning of March, a few
Russet and yellow wall flowers are blooming in the border
Protected by some moss-grown, fragmentary masonry.

Termites are at work in the long central roof-beam.

One morning you appear at breakfast

Dressed, as for a voyage, in your worst suit of clothes.

An over a pot of coffee, or, more accurately, rusted water

Announce your intention of leaving me alone in this cistern-like house.

In your own best interests I think I shall decide not to believe you.

A curious wooden vehicle you have, neither cart nor sled.

The wooden runners swish quite merrily over the oozy grass.

You had thought it only big enough for one but in reality it holds two quite comfortably.

In the distance, academic spires.

We are approaching M, a sub-prefecture of Z province.

Here we shall find food, a night's lodging, and, if we are lucky, intelligent conversation. (lively)

"Hard-boiled eggs and honey

Have ever been my principal sustenance.

A little water taken at dawn, in the evening some seaweed-broth

~~XXXXXXXX~~ With perhaps some corn-sugar crystals on special feast-days

Are enough for the sage. Cinder-block cushions on a granite couch

He ~~is~~ too soft for him; ~~he~~ ^{and} weeps with gentle rage."

The tiresome old man is telling us his life story.

He was born, it seems, long ago, near the frontiers of D district

In the heart of the famous pitch-pine forests there. A lifetime ~~XX~~ among trees

Has made him sallow and listless; his heart is like a fungus

Deep in the heart of some dismal wood.

"At thirty-two I came up to take my examinations at X university.

The ~~U~~ wax factory, it seemed, wanted a new general manager.

I was the sole applicant for the job, but it was refused me.

So I have preferred to finish my life

In the quietude of this floral retreat."

The passions that inhabit a man!
And the belief that , with them, everything will somehow turn out all right!

"R was a former on the ~~XX~~ P-Q ranch

After a brilliant ~~XXXXX~~ beginning as a poet *hacienda,*
He fell in love with a ~~ewe~~ from a neighboring ~~farm~~.
His name is unknown in the university
And in the wooden pavillion of the Lotus Court.
He spends all his time reciting poetry to an empty corral."

Tomorrow our way lies beneath strange cliffs,
Across murky currents and impossible champaigns.

I suggest that we both get a little shut-eye.

All night long I shall be muttering apologies.

I guess I
shall

There is nothing worse than being drunk on apricot brandy

Unless it is waking up the next morning, your

Head encircled by ~~ridges~~. *gnats*

A servant girl in a striped dress brings you a pot of cold water to wash in.

But the logey feeling persists until well into the afternoon.

How

I long for future periods of temperance and relaxation!

There is less drunkenness in China than elsewhere.

True, they sing the delight of wood-alcohol

With all the passion of which the Yellow Rade is capable.

Yet tea, the fermented and dried leaves of the tea-shrub steeped in boiling water,
is the national beverage.

The British, though not averse to hard liquor, are a nation of tea drinkers

Their liners have a habit of scouting the seven seas in search of the ephemeral brew
Alas, the capricious bush is partial only to certain shades and climates.

Often the tea-captain must push on to the furthest shores of sullen Cathay

To satisfy the whims of his reagent. There, a slit-eyed potentate

Regales him in the Tea Palace over a steaming pot of an unnamed brew.

The British tea industry has had a phenomenal rise in the last hundred years.

Britons are the biggest tea-consumer, followed by the United States and Norway.

In Bolivia last year some 7 millions ~~XX~~ gallons of scalding tea was served

In little bowls, while the Peruvians like to sip it through a porcelain tube.

But all this is nothing in comparison

To the interest in fortune-telling via tea-leaves.

A careful fortune-teller can discern

Signs peculiar--wreathed woodsmoke, a mounted cowboy

With spurs and holster, or a cat arching its back on some roof.

Sometimes a necklace of diamonds, or a snake, or a speeding express train

Or barred windows, are among the shapes assumed by the capricious herb.

We are still sitting in the courtyard of the little inn

Near an open drainage ditch. The wind has dropped again

And the sun, on the backs of our necks, feels quite warm.

And stooped to pick
a tiny, yellow flower.

V-V

You see, though you thought I was in love you
I actually gave you the worst mark on the test.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~His great-grandfather studied with d!Indy at the Schola Cantorum.~~

A sound of peeing interrupted by cornflowers

There is perfection in the feeling that I might have died.

It is the property to be lifted again
~~Alive with rebuttal~~
In itself a clever context, and cold fringe
To be ~~cut~~ out of the shadow, a hole.

In the April rain, little to distinguish--
The outline of the blockhouse
Its steps nothing more than wood splinters.

Peaches are darkening on the western wall
Of Tee Hee Palace.
The sun has rested there too long.

Only a ~~XX~~ sobbing, certain note--
Breathes, in the transparent, deafening flood.

Only a little discontinuity
In space, the mother of distance.

Extending your lives into a kind of penumbra.

The trout are circling under water--

~~How cold and dismal is your hospital,
How beautiful and silent the gray walls of that clinic!~~

~~Fast~~ Masters of eloquence
Glisten on the pages of your book
Like mountains veiled by water or the sky.
that
You can disappear into the moment.

You were happy in that prison
Next to the sea where slow boats come and go
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Or over the land, checkered with prosperity and strife.
To know how to get out of there, how to breathe.
In another sense it is quiet and beautiful

Heads in hands, waterfall of simplicity
Tye delta of living ^{into} everything
Childhood, death and ^{old} age
~~Are upon us.~~

The pump is leaking--I shall have to have it fixed.

Like that marvelous thing you haven't learned yet.

Your knotted hair,
Around your shoulders
A shawl the color of the spectrum

~~The peaks pin you to the floor.~~
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

To refuse the square hive
Out of autonomy, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ postpone the highest

The apples are all getting tinted
In the cool light of autumn
~~Life is erupting XXXXX you~~
Though you know it not.

The constellations are rising
In perfect order: Taurus, Leo, Gemini.

IV

The wind thrashes the maple seed-pods,
The whole brilliant mass comes spattering down.

This is my fourteenth year as governor of C province.
I was little more than a lad when I first came here.
Now I am old but scarcely any wiser.
So little are white hairs and a wrinkled forehead a sign of wisdom!

To slowly raise oneself
Hand over hand, lifting one's entire weight;
To forget there was a possibility
Of some more politic movement. That freedom, courage
And pleasant company could exist.
That has always been behind you.

An earlier litigation: wind hard in the tops
Of the baggy eucalyptus.

Today I wrote, "The spring is late this year.
In the early mornings there is hoar-frost on the water meadows,
And ice papers over the frozen ~~meadows~~ on the highway."
If you go out to the western gate, will any ody be likely to meet you?

The day was gloves.

How far from the usual statement
About time, ice--the weather itself had gone.

I mean this; through the years
You have approached an inventory.
And it is now that tomorrow
Is going to be the climax of your casual
Statement about yourself, begun
So long ago in humility and false quietude.

The sands are frantic
In the hourglass. But there is time
To change, to utterly destroy
That too-familiar image
Lurking in the glass
Each morning, at the edge of the mirror.

The train is still ^{sitting} in the station
You only dreamed it was in motion.

There are only a few travelers on Z high road.
From behind ^{the} shutters a pair of black eyes are watching them.
They belong to the wife of P, the high school principal.

It was forty-odd years ago I first saw you
Coming over the self-same track.

And I still walk out to meet you.
The screen door bangs in the wind, one of the hinges is loose.
And together we look back at the house.
It could use a coat of paint
Except that I am too poor to hire a workman.

I have all I can do to keep body and soul together.
And soon, even that relatively simple task may prove to be beyond my powers.

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

One seizes these moments as they come along, afraid
To believe too much in the happiness that might result
Or confide too much of one's love and fear, even in
Oneself.

The spring, though mild, is incredibly wet.
I have spent the afternoon blowing soap-bubbles
And am unfit for the company of my fellow humans.

And ~~so~~ it is with a feeling of delight I realize I am
All alone in the skittish darkness.

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

Seventeen years in the capital of Foo-Yung province!
A-hii-y! A-hii-y!
Surely woman was born for something
Besides continual fornication, ^{retarded} ~~interrupted~~ only by menstrual cramps.

I had thought of announcing my engagement to you
On the day of the first full moon of X month.

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

To refuse the square hive, postpone the highest...

The apples are all getting tilted
In the cool light of autumn.

The constellations are rising
In perfect order: Taurus, Leo Gemini.

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 ^{tunnels}
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.

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, unring and ungathered,
A seal on that day's comics.

tripling
It had been "damned" or dammed up:
Afloat on its platform the ~~multiplying~~ reflector gave a little cry
As your naked justicer hovered ~~over~~

ppp
Like that marvelous thing you haven't learned yet.
All the air protrudes on your breathing theory
(You used to say everything breathed).

The fourteen-year-old mist is plumbed
By Plato in one of his books;
~~The~~ woven story of his conical sandbox.

It seemed a bird ~~was~~ perched in the tree.
You had broken a small bone in your wrist
Extending your lives into a kind of penumbra.

How cold and dismal is your hospital,
How beautiful and silent the ~~white~~ walls of that clinic!

Gray

But often a breathing space
Comes, as when yellow bands, or stale green ones, infest some wood
Through which a tiger walks on flint paws. All states of human excitement
and anguish can be observed in the animal kingdom. The lion drew close to Androcles.
Horses can think faster than men, as well as move faster
The sound of hoofs silences the chariot's voluptuous squeak.
Adrool over this keyboard I remember some cat or badger, and offer up sad, fond
thoughts to you

But nothing escapes the intesnity of minor acts.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

The chestnuts

fall

"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.

I'm going. It can escape me.
When we look through a railway tunnel, it looks as though the way out
At the other end were smaller than the way in at this,
But we know they are of the same size.
The lines of brass round the keyhole follow the same rules.
The lines that draw nearer together are said to "vanish."

Objects, as they recede, appear to become smaller.
All horizontal receding lines have their vanishing point upon the line of sight.

The receding lines of the road, the grass edges, the walls--
All parallel retiring lines have the same vanishing point as each other.
The front of the farmhouse is so much foreshortened
The white feathers of chickens in the snow seem outlined in gray or black.
The frozen pump's encrusted with ice which seems gray-blue against the white of
the snow.

The lamp casts monstrous shadows. All flies upward. My gosh, white scraps
~~XXXXXXXX~~ From the scrap-basket, that were the snow-chickens
Fly upward as to some ceiling-roost, covered with platinum dust.
The rooster screaming among the grape and hawthorn leaves is upended.
A shallow wooden drawer shot open; what looked like dust-covered wooden discs
spilled out onto the turkey carpet

Whose linted scarlet threads adhered to the porous surface.
The color will have penetrated the muslin and gone a little way into the wool
Still irregular grayish patches still stood out on the dust-covered part of the
surface

Contrasting with the newly-stretched pleats, like a dark delta in some flat,
sandy river valley;

An illusion destroyed by the ham-shaped flecks of leaves spotting the regular
texture

(You will find that leaves are not alike in character: some are covered with hairs,
like the mullein's, or have a strong smell;

Perhaps you had better begin upon such leaves.) The spilled threads

Merged upward with the moan of the leaves; the boiler emitted one last small white
puff.

Blazing our nights with spectral thunder, the young polyphonist
Grows, precisely, away from the musical night & invoked by prestidigitation:
A smoke-covered alley. A sail

Which vanishes has no more adherence.

Therefore we should give over this absence, petrifying coal-dust,

The way legions of imps do. "The ship came sailing up the," and so on,

But as the water surface ripples, the whole light changes. Skies are aghast.

Some defacing of private property goes on, and the wild life in this region is
polluted.