

Through a hole in the half-full cardboard case, 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, or 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
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 anchor of morning. Now your only chance is to begin over.
Secretly dip the point of the glass rod in oil of vitriol, and touch the mess.

Few of them were present on that occasion:
The teacher, and a few friends. 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."

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 sky.
But how much survives? How much of any one of us survives?
The articles we'd collect—stamps of the colonies
With greasy cancellation marks, mauve, magenta and chocolate,
Or funny looking dogs we'd see in the street, or bright remarks.
One collects bullets. An Indianapolis, Indiana man collects slingshots of all epochs,
and so on.

Subtracted from our collections, though, these go on a little while, collecting
aimlessly. We still support them.
But so little energy they have! 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,
Certain resonances are not utterly displeasing to the terrified 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, raptures of xylophone, violins,
limpets, grace-notes, the musical instrument called serpent, viola da gambas,
aeolian harps, clavicles, 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