

Mild effects are the result.

I cannot think any more of going out into all that, will stay here
With my ~~mild~~ ^{in agony} schmerzen. Besides, the storm is almost over
Having frozen the face of the bust into a strange style with the lips
And the teeth the most distinct part of the whole ~~whole~~ *business*.

just

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ It is this madness to explain...

What is the matter with plain old-fashioned cause-and-effect?
Leaving one alone with romantic impressions of the trees, the sky?
Who, 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, by going
Further in and correcting the whole mismanaged mess. But I 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 asserted they are, the
Vaster his experience. Sometimes
You catch sight of them on a level with the top story of a house,
Strung up there 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 to, 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 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, the milk frozen, 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,
Placed squarely in front of his dilemma, on all fours before the lamentable spectacle
of the unknown.
Yet knowing where men are coming from. It is this, to hold the candle up to the album.