

III

Now you must shield with your body if necessary (you  
Remind me of some lumox I used to know) the secret your body is.  
Yes, you are a secret and you must NEVER tell it--the vapor  
Of the stars would quickly freeze you to death, like a tear-stiffened handkerchief  
Held in ~~some~~ liquid air. No, but this secret is in some way the fuel of  
Your living apart. A hearth-fire picked up in the glow of polished  
Wooden furniture and picture frames, something to turn away from and move back to--  
Understand? This is all a part of you and the only part of you.

Here comes the answer: is it because apples grow  
On the tree, or because it is green? One average day you may never know  
How much is pushed back into the night, nor what may return  
To sulk contentedly, half asleep and half awake  
By the arm of a chair pointed into  
The painting of the hearth-fire, ~~or reach, in a coma~~  
~~Out of the garden for foreign students.~~  
Be sure the giant would know falling asleep, but the frozen droplets reveal  
A mixed situation in which the penis  
Scored the offer by fixed marches into what is.  
One black spot remained.

If I should... if I said you were there  
The... towering peace ~~around~~ about us might  
Hold up the way it breaks--the monsoon  
Move a pebble, to the plumbing contract, sataract.  
There has got to be only-- there is going to be  
An accent on the portable bunch of grapes  
The time the mildewed sea cast the  
Hygrometer too far away. You read into it  
The meaning of tears, survey of our civilization .

Only one thing exists: the fear of death. As widows are a prey to lean sharks  
And Cape Hatteras to hurricanes, so man to the fear of dying, to the  
Certainty of falling. 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 needs 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