

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.

The wind has stopped, but the magnolia blossoms still  
Fall with a plop onto the dry, spongy earth,  
The evening air is pestiferous with midges.

There is only <sup>one</sup> way of completing the puzzle:  
By finding a ~~red~~-shaped piece that is light green shading to buff at one side.

It is the beginning of March, a few  
Russet and yellow wall-flowers are blooming in the border  
Protected by moss-grown, fragmentary masonry.  
~~Territes are at work in the long central roof-beam.~~

One morning you appear at breakfast  
Dressed, as for a <sup>journey</sup> ~~day~~, in your worst suit of clothes.  
And 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 shall decide not to believe you.

I think there is a funny sandbar  
Beyond the old boardwalk  
Your intrigue makes you understand.

"At thirty-two I came up to take my examination at the 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 tiresome old man is telling us his life story.

Trout are circling under water--

Masters of eloquence  
Glisten on the pages of your book  
Like mountains veiled by water or the sky.

The "second position"  
Comes in the seventeenth year,  
Watching the meaningless gyrations of flies above a sill.