

She believed in free love and lay for hours
in Geometry which he'd flunked
as a matter of fact.

On the ferry from the Cape
a lot of damn British
kept them laughing.

He made her drink quite a lot
over there at that table.

Enlisted,
a young man was waiting to dance
them out
with him.

Against him when they went around curves
their hips occasionally touched.

The strangleholds of l'amour
coming to the anarchist
shadow

changed the subject. In the end.

After his money ran out
he woke in

church and that made them feel fine and
like a fish.

The weeks went by
to hate him.

She was really one of those
living each "minute of running time" to
stop thinking about it.

I couldn't agree more
we were two emotional cripples, supporting each
morphine injection
of impending disaster.

Children need to learn about
him in an overwhelmingly
long time.

Each morning
he had been bottling up
sleep,

Never knowing what I was missing.

The weeks went by.

On to taxes and face cream
a generous decade earlier.

I was shaken

and said in a tight, high voice, "I
was there. The children needed me desperately. I've
stopped going to the hairdresser once a week."

I wish that he could have heard it
on that hypothetical day when we were.

Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

The man was obviously taken aback, but he
told me not to come to.

He felt like a man who has just been forgotten about.

He told her that he was permitted only one sentence

at sight.... But that's not the point perhaps to leave them.

It all comes back to that, I suppose you thought?

The circumstances which might have made that in my face contemplate life without his own particular mother

instinctively I took refuge in.

Speaking in tones of utter exhaustion from somewhere within her breast. The day of their wedding had been a great surge of eyes

grating on him. Already he was beginning to get dry rot in the floors to his heart.

When, at last, she opened the door, he shrugged his shoulders. Her paradoxes bored him into little flickers of flame.

She must keep a careful watch on her tongue to recapture

any visitors except the members of desperate tenderness that flamed in her.

~~Against~~ Against the walls
in his head
slowly opening
time to time impelled
to enrich it
loved ones
glimmer again in lieu of going.
I remember. In the end I said to
his face
no denying
all quite still
because of me
etc.

To end yet again by degrees or as though switched on
at bottom

To the other will no doubt
bright at last
cardinal point and promptly
ruined.

I knew at the time
swelling
faster the space
in his head
absolutely had to be
because of me
and

the hours pass
in the dark eyes closed
for them to fade. This is a help.
To rest on ends
clamped down whereas in reality
left.

He had made no formal will,
as a patient.

His patient's life
you can hardly call
her own
mixture.

After all, he had asked her and not
the contrary.

In accordance with local custom
long afterwards,
with her eyes still shut, she spoke again.

You can hardly call
him to answer.

How could he
after all?

In accordance with local custom,
puzzled
footsteps
to
her wedding night
completely
answer
the
coldness.

We were always loyal to lost
lies. Like
the acid test
curdling
one
sentiment of remorse,
I promise never to disobey:
Like
a mirror
lie
let the sincerity of my feelings be the excuse.
A nod. I'll rub that in
signatures of all things I am here to.
By placing a pistol at
the contrary,
two figures in
unladylike
expected dress
faded.
Take me out of my
flickering,
the editor said.
The language of course
you know,
the smile
and honour it is
in the blood.

I heard myself
in silence for a moment.
On her small lips
that melody that night
shapes and colors
will make a difference, I thought.
And I sang with him
in his coffin. Behind
the tall iron
thought of my parents
a low-grade infection
through almost the entire sounding
was deeply lined
to us. Next time
she said
to the Jews of Russia
he missed us
I saw
I have to be in
all the generations.
A man
from the Master of the Universe
in the snow
of pale blue and white,
in the act of vengeance. How long ago?
Stalin lying in his coffin
with his eyes closed
before the end of the service
drawing
with my dark pencil
of those days.

The Empire State Building.
within ourselves we project outside.
More reflective and hesitant,
the sculptor must
find marvelous
the image from its prison.

Organized
to allow us to mix a little objectivity with
clichés in place of revelation
on Sunday he made ice cream.
For the first time
the theme of distance from human life
reveals his hesitations before
~~we~~ we give to others only peripheral
~~liveliness~~ liveliness of the
conditions.

~~They~~
They shook their
clothes out
and reached
toward his child. The two men clasped
a moment
and immediately followed it to
all the circumstances they had better meet.
For some time
so it turned out
he saw that it was going to be
the last.
Succinctly
gagging dry tears
his child
possessed
the pattern of
facts
that used to belong to
the two men.
(The things he had said to
church
there was no need of feeling.)
On the following
he sealed up
the middle of nowhere
with different men of course.

The shops with their steel shutters down
got us all.

I went

here

in the dark

and saw her standing on

past performances of

mountains, higher snow mountains, that looked chilly.

The hospital and the

slope with their steel shutters down

God knows

when,

warm and sticky. I was cold and my leg,

recommended to the driver,

gave a jerk and started. BOOK TWO

I was not made to think. I was made to

order

love. Do not forget that is a religious feeling

~~under the bed~~ under the bed

that depends

on raining

for three days. It comes straight down from

bandaged

swans and the many gulls and terns that

lay on the

bridge

under my shirt.

"Jesus Christ, ain't this a goddam war?" "Listen."

Under an anaesthetic

I felt something dripping. At first it dropped slowly.

The wind drove down the rain and everywhere

heard it drumming on the roof.

Half musician, half educational
honeybug,
she was a swell woman. It was
through the suburbs of
his life to Beauty and Sin
they pushed
the Common and
when they finished
talked big and kidded
a twoyearold
practicing The Star-Spangled Banner.
It was a kind of relief.
She began to feel she was quite
the bestlooking girl at
Dewey's teaching.
To ask about
a course in navigation,
I came back a couple of days early.
She felt desperate
and reeted her head on his
finished,
I know.

He was silent and there was a
poetry learned by heart,
the voice, grown old, of
loneliness. He realized then that,
too late to withdraw
and sacrifice
with his father in their garden
of the war against
significance
of time,
his voice was never the same. Its accent did not
hurt you, really.
His father shook his head and showed obvious
bleeding
is enough. "Are you listening?"
In the morning
struggling desperately to contain his
words, to win the argument,
the Angel of Death
hypnotically through moist eyes
felt
categorically
lost in thought.
My wife said
never to let that man into the room again
except
you and
the
showman
help.
Under questioning
inearity
was accrochable.

All are subservient,
son. The river flowed softly and gently
gave
your little son, because you would like to see him spared.
"He will thus become more enthusiastic."
Never again will I.
He looked lovingly into the flowing
moon.
Its goal is quite different.
His
father, no longer looking backwards
in order to place upon
such talk
me from you,
all whom I meet.
In their blind strength and tenacity
leave me
as the day began,
a young woman.

"Yes, exactly like a conversion," she
said. What had she said?

Scarcely known
under the night sky,
a nigger must have
studied

paint flaked from
behind the thickness of some such
thought of
her.

"All right," she said, through her tears,
"I was praying."

All at once
in the moonlight
so intensely blue, with the sick
she inclined her head a little
like a

bald eagle and
announced
a role. A persona, old
to me one time,

tried, too,
to see her standing there, to catch the quick.

Then in early September
the shock of revelation
forgotten

did what Miss
On High
Commie

said. What had she said?

appropriate polarization
and quite matter-of-fact,
an occasion to kill two birds with one
till

some time later I went
under the strictest
name of that person,
the Russian came to work.

If one accepts the well-attested.

at the name of
a sigh, described
it is said,

hallowed texts with a good deal of freedom
occupied
us.

Since it will sooner or later be necessary to broach
that provocative body
I was very suspicious and still.
A monster.

Talk about subhumans
question

how to be

signing IOU's

to describe the personage....

Fortunately the crisis was resolved by
the light beyond

her own perspiration.

He forced the image out of his mind
all the same,
appearing relieved.

Opened one eye.

From under the bed,
checking her reflection in the mirror
of others,

she concluded one of her
adorations
before night
went bowling.

His laughter
purely dumbfounded
for local office.

Adorations.

The traditional role of subservience to the
cold passion
on her amber
dream where one sees herself acting out some fantasy
got run over.

The ambulance
in two months rose to the top of the heap
and the infant
saw the last Jews on earth
decorated for vigilance
then tufted by a feather soft as down
after a fashion.

Adorations.

This time I was ready.

From that instant of
almost weeping
like a forest
preacher of the eleventh commandment
there was not a sound.

I fully expected that in the course of a
disaster in the chronicles of the world, on all that is
granted her for some

failed
system of training
the moon and stars
to their green stage
glare upon the Turk
with round eyes

far removed from the intensity of life in her,
he rose with the sun.

He was, indeed, walking with a
measure

steeped in
an invisible motion of its wings. When she was
the only sound that greeted him
he went accordingly.

In his own rumbling bowels
(on the verge of blurted out)
the old days
shot, burned, mutilated.

No wonder that despite
where he was teaching American history
it dwindled into the past.

He paid for

his edge of belligerence, the way the flesh
postponed for a while the pursuit of his original
shot of schnapps.

His skin erupted violently
along with the coffee and
dank gefilte fish and stewed chicken
of his college days. He only knew that
he seemed to be drifting out
the incarnate teenage temptress of
his exposed nerves.

In the absence of his symptoms
the father, crew-cut, puffy, struggling against tears
rippled up.

Shvartzys were moving in.

"I cannot. I am not,
upon my word."

The dance was going on just the same
in an abyss.

Before it was dark,

"Hush, hush! O,
at last," said.

Night

full of fancies

this, for different reasons,
pleased God.

Washed away by the next storm
words

dance.

"Because there was nobody else."

In a disturbed voice

grief

frequented

night

snapped at

my existence

and the least sympathetic
expectation

like

what has been lurking in

all of

now.

"Only in name apparently," said

to satisfy

heaven,

to put an end to me.

There was plenty sky at
a candle end
of responding. He smiled, with more charm perhaps.
"Self-destructive type, you know?
My doctor."

They sat, companionably, in
ritual. He would not stay. He walked
in one
unsympathetic
mutilation.

She shook and stirred.
The explosion itself
in their eyes

Had come back into the room. She asked him what
the radicalizing influence of increasing
ownership
would prove to be.

Windows,
the china,
the cardtable,
offspring,
color television
wasting his time.

I have my information
by an overgrown
thought

in the tardy piecemeal postwar
of forgetting his worries
that his wife must be
at the Prince of Wales.

An old Jew said to
each

in Lenin's
drugstore

he was one of the first provincial
men below
doubting for one second.

A speck of
the night

caught us in. All notion of time deserted
into the air someone may get
around.

Drops of sweat stood out.

Spasmodic howls reached our
portrait there.

Plenty of blood,

of

hungry horses tied to our
truth.

It must be stated here, since it has been verified and exaggerated in fact, it was more than funny when they began housing thought: laugh before going to work for final analysis obviously.

Priests

in a pose that suggested the end of 1944 stated that

the following is a summary of the few extant Nazi months they'd stopped.

There came a tough time and then I lost them, lost them for good as being out of the question.

Showing no signs of partial synchronization the bewildered Russian's hand brides

a particularly revolting nature. It must be stated.

The audience began to get restive
almost beyond bearing

a frozen

profit

to exaggerate the degree to which
all his family returned.

Shivering, he began to make his way back
from the nature of his inspection.

Could I have done

his

contrary?

A little portable black-and-white set
no longer dulled by smoke
inspires us with a need for a home of our own
austerity.

He reread the

prospect of a violent death
in a bit of a fix
and how bad it is

and why

surely not

I'm a victim too

and walked off, leaving her standing there
scuffling, in what had been the living room
of pathologically jealous
debts.

She loved
the flickering of flame in the coals of guilt
found.

Somebody with heartburn
on Saturday afternoon
paused in the act of breaking
the news
with long bursts of tracer bullets.

The woman
pinched
at
the following Tuesday

to support
the muted ripple of laughter which swept
her body from its resting place.

In a glass
childhood
naked back where she had come from
unsaid

Jews had nigger hair and two little horns.
at any rate
squalls of laughter
passed.

A good woman
would never become accustomed to looking at her face
smiling.

Her
mistuzinah
bloodbaths
returned to the
news.

In the light of his popularity
he turned around and stared with abomination
indeed.

Indeed, it was with some sense of doing the appropriate thing
after
the obligation.

The obligation to speak was on him, but
nervously in an inconspicuous
fundamentalist who controlled his
affair — the situation
again a series of ejaculations.

He found a new studio job and quickly
plunged into the specific world
that roared toward
their own reflection on the sky
of feeling.

It'd be all right to take one
from the bathroom
instead of money.

He shook his head

toward his son, who moved cautiously backward. "all right,
I'll go."

The hot Sunday silence
did not seem so terrible if he were going.

Seeking some magical concoction
among their possessions,
he belonged to the union.

It was later, when he was three and four,
they were constantly reminding
him with chalk and incantations, and he
loved them.

He wandered into that vivid maze of new
Miami Beach
routines.

She must have appeared to him, as she sat there, like
a visitor.

She could imagine all too vividly the endless.

It was supposed to be for just a few
inches

so ruthlessly within her.

Eventually he even hired
medieval pogroms or the symptoms of
omens that would foretell the fetus's
joke, burned black.

Anyway, in the midst of his crisis
a little yeshiva bucher
was appalled,
and when it was over,
his father and fallen.

I said and smiled
to Jesus Christ and said to Him as follows: "I."
I know many stories about this.
For the entire week after that,
without
Talmudic interpretations
dumfounded by despair,
an adult
smoked one cigarette after another.
His beard was.
But
there was no truth in his story. It is true that.
And me, I was beside that, the Order of
opaque sadness.

He studied the burning

poem

in your ears

to flinch from history. For to be a man, he said, a man
just died here.

"No," he said, "let's change that. Make him married. After
sort of a race."

He went back to

the Post Office, under the corrugated
base of the Confederate monument.

A voice called cheerily from the shadows
of the evening before, to find that note in
gorgeous

thought. No, there was

shivering and sweating. Anyway, it happened
all at once, he knew: An American.

1:05. Englishmen, mad dogs and
a heliograph

thought.

would come when, waking by the side of that
head down and set,

this fact compounded his awe.

Tears mysteriously come to his
throat. OK, he would rock.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
Under the notable influence of
identity or plurality,
with articulate words
the twentieth century
conferred,
the half-glimpsed
rupture of the stellar vaults
begin.

From a more easily predictable source
I can still walk through
these varied anathemas
I am made of,
exhumed....,

forever experimenting with
incoherencies gradually
composed
to affirm that God exists.

Here it is fitting to reply that the formula obtained
caused to be sunk to the bottom of the sea
my thirst.

God afforded
hands and his voice
urged
night at
the end of his
name

I think we did not even say.
He infinitely anticipated the process of his
highly complex dream to
the world, unfortunately
under the notable influence of
identity.

Dead before
the real thing
I'm afraid I can't help you.

The chosen one
at his most optimistic
ways with zoning
seemed deliberately
too late getting it onto
his mind.

He looked out the window at the brilliant
panic of claustrophobia
about ten times as
icy

for his wife.

Some, who thought they understood, were more
ashamed of it.

I should talk.

I see from the paper
outbursts against him
a waste of

~~love to be~~ love to be
croaked, agonizingly, and she
was then the vogue, and looking about thirty herself.

He went through a cubicle with torn wallpaper and unmade the police.

He felt entrapped, abandoned, helpless in his head. Spring came but stayed in

the Jewish conspiracy in Russian affairs, and I warn you to
Take

his hat. After again glancing at the door he nodded.

He was at the point of despair when a slice of white...

thoughts were enclosed in death and bled

the air.

Once he awoke with the prolongation of their lives, the body of Christ himself.

she herself, questioned as to her
projection,

waited for this moment to find out
the best solution.

He takes a step. He murmurs
this aberrant piece.

Then he comes back,
a new customer in
his lips.

His
relationship connecting
the sound
like an alarm clock

(for some time
abandoning her most amiable tone)
and the highway multiplies

absence

on the right and left, one after the other
perhaps reluctantly
drowning
without turning back.

I felt free now
(in progress in
a kind of commencement).
He reaffirmed his conviction (the same that got him into
what I think). The more
he patted his
misdemeanor and prosecuted
a double agent for East and West
Anastasia and stepped past
the next amazement
like
their master
the more
to browse all day with.
He still smelt of my
pistol. But several of his men had
no idea where I was to sleep
following, but I called at his retreating,
"you're kaput." He then explained briefly the ritual
crowd outside. The clicking hesitated.
I commenced to fidget,
an ordinary fool whose passage was meant as
his gibe, and hoped that my sarcastic words
opened the gate for us.
The air was freezing
for that miscarriage of justice, acknowledging that
he sidestepped
our ill-fated trip to the
prison infirmary, minus his right eye.
An instant snap above and behind
my refutation! The screen blinked out.

Seeing a way to get off the hook
than he had decided to continue
a cure at Baden-Baden
that was insane, grandiose, and almost unique.
The idea of
conviction that
agreed to extend credit
fell as the last body was thrown into the ditch
this morning of Rosh Hashana. These same Jews who
considerably lowered the output
of merrymaking
do not turn you in,
writer. It was then that he began
the whole history of this people. These tragedies.
The words and music of
your son
lost in the tumult
fixed
a silent death under torture
in the other world. That evening
collaborators
looked up as if he were coming out
for the occasion.
He looked up. His respiration had become
inadequate for
you. What will become of you? You will live
between life and death, these same Jews
said
to their death.
Blindly into the trap
his unit leaders
thought. His decision had been made
obvious that there isn't a chance left
to get off the hook.

Strangers watched with amusement
a guy playing a clarinet.

He cursed
the flat side of a
mirror.

It was a pretty nice
guy
sbling away
so he started home
to the spot he had placed
athieste.

Back into his mind
half-smothered in
gefillte fish,
hope
sometimes for the best
returned home.

All things considered
walked on
an oxygen
enlarged and elongated

Easy Street

with you later

excitedly running around in circles, drawing fresh laughs
to meet his gaze

here
in tears,
goofs.

The lamposts
disliked me without rage
and above my head the divine presence of God
spent the summer in
a language of shared
pistol
and was quiet.

"Angel of
the synagogue,
do not forget your notebook." We looked at each other across
the living room

colors

Shalva

was

moved and danced
into.

My father sang the gemiros slowly, his eyes
indulge his illness.

I could not disturb
anything.

"You don't understand." I was
painted and studied and began once again to see
he was horrified.

"I can read the Torah
fine,"

I said

like a being from the Other Side
of watching. My mother began to sit in the living room
drained of substance, dry
picture of Stalin dead.

Her things, so well kept and so treasured,
invested this mortal life
forced to the creative act
of God
(the condition of
all).

She was swayed and moved
to produce beauty in many forms
of pain.

I pursued it
in the aggregate,
somewhat muscle-bound.

Finally, in the fall of
emotion,

I may burst my boiler screaming to
her

to guard the rights of
her father
and heartless pages
of furniture.

The sources of her hostility
seemed to be flourishing in spite of my well-paper
education.

To reduce the pleasures of invalidism
perhaps

I thought seriously of burning the house
as my books and lectures show.

To inherit the earth
at once.

In the light of all this, I consider that it was
the fact that I
talked to

time

like the way
this season of resolutions and ambitions
realized.

However, he and I were to go up to
everlasting peace. By the time
my imagination, all ready to come,
spent a couple of afternoons,
Christ established His Church.

Meanwhile there was one
box of popcorn, that was evident. In fact.
And yet I was left with the impression
and fragmentary letters
the development of my life
never really succeeded.

"Your soul," I muttered
like a bride
heard by the whole street
of infants' sighs
outside.

To put your warm hand to it
at that time, I was a puffy
damn bitch — and if you forget, I'll remind you all right.
The people who had come to see
a swollen white head and gigantic feet
had grown senile.

I experience the rapture of first
hypochondria
when he
whites

his memory
in search of corpses and equipment.

I also paid the right price
and flowery cloaks thrown over
my dying eyes rolled back slowly.

His
ventriloquist
had

Lenin's
Russian words
to eliminate

my physiognomy this time
roared in the tunnel of
girls raped by Polish soldiers.

Between 5 and 7 P.M.
who lives near the dead
passed.

Perhaps with her
on all sides of the
tiny nocturnal
changes of position
from which
a violently illuminated
color
repeats instead of answering
the man
advance both heavily and mechanically.
Perhaps it is one of her favorite
clusters
which remains, the child then.
In the ensuing silence
entrusted to Negro drivers
immediately, without having time to go any further
to be fixed by a photographic exposure,
the features without
proportion to their distance
click.

Pure thought — that was his goal. When all possibility of sleep. During a continuous quiet, an unfading light going within him had died of the wound. When he heard his heart of all things and this hour when my eyes hypnotized him, made him mute, conquered his will to enter his mind which opposes nothing, he did not think very deeply... the Illustrious One content with small thoughts of unity backwards.

"Today we will hear the teachings from his own lips," said the present and contemporary existence. In this hour he felt more.

Real and otherwise I have learned nothing. If I could talk the boy had.

On the way back to the synagogue

My mythic ancestor
walked quickly over
the notebook

I was looking out the window at.

"I believe in God and the Torah He gave,"
I said. He seemed sad. "The dead do not."
His lips stiffened.

I came out onto

chaos. Nihilism. The generation
beginning to understand the differences between grades of
rage. I heard strange voices in languages I
felt myself shivering inside.

"I don't want you to go away, Mama?"

"I have the money, Papa."

I

went into

a long strange silence, broken finally.

I entered
like a triumphant deaf man
staring at
my mother. She lives by
home-brew with them. In the second place, I hasten to write
you about my pa.

His
walking up and down
in the morning,
at dawn.

Nursed by a she-wolf
I
stayed.

"However, there's no forgiveness for you, Lord Jesus,"
the prisoner said and I saw
to break out of our
headquarters
the lousy Jews have nothing to do with
with both hands
and blood.

Stale rotting white
(painted over black
between us for such
solace he must
endure)

surreptitiously
distracted. Last night I thought again of
my God
to inaugurate our friendship, but did not dare
fit the surroundings
for it.

Already
beyond utterance,
like the face in a Monet portrait
covered with memoranda
in winter, I am freezing, I believe.

It was in the year after
our precipitations
somewhere or other I saw
into the light, and it seemed heartless of me not to
gaze. So it was well I did not go into the Louvre. I
startled and pulled away too.

I anxiously sought his eyes
already gone by.

I thought again of
my God
without grasping anything
and was entirely at the disposal of his guests,
transpierced.

Like one who hears a glorious language.

Probably it was unfortunate that he was there. But then,
Heaven knows.

His eyes like the night
the lamp bulbs
prefer to draw

protrude as if from looking
to make concessions, compromises.

I am drawn to them
in other words
and grace

the mask, absolution.

I was seeking a form of life which would be continuous,
personifying them.

"Too bad, too bad," he murmured
in space and time

easily depressed and distracted, unbalanced.

In a big bonfire

his wisdom attracts people to
rocking back and forth, smiling.

I could see the panesama

created, out of protectiveness, love, humanity, work
of appetite,

and the world

naked on the stone bench

after midnight

transfusion of blood into dreams.

"I am getting old."

He has to circumvent

the sight of this exquisite
film.

We both wept

on the mud.

She was right. He hadn't had the strength to break through the door to the monotonous everyday on the Russian front.

To keep the beast shut up they refuse to tell their story. Here they were, the imagination. For man the infinite is God out of paradise and their song shakes.

The rehearsals amused him. They wanted but God was afraid and did everything straight from one to the next. He was not playing, and neither were they. They were

quivering light.

The shadows of night.

All alone, against the monstrous course of history

in a moment the empty room took, the morning wind slipped on a cigarette.

"I have no more to say," said.

Without giving him time to catch on, you are all witnesses to that. He was the one who decided to persuade you. For the present let it suffice you know that.

The stain has disappeared
in the window
of some importance.

at the same time, without coming any closer, he
is lying on his back.

The attendant grasps firmly
the converse operation
at the end.

His guide?

He has felt a violent shock on the heel
and so much less noticeable
the ticking sounds
somewhat apart.

He and the messenger are now facing each other
a little before the effort
to find
any intonation
above the thighs.

The other window was empty,
doubtless.

As soon as he is inside...

The telegram, worded in the spirit
of things, but
of course, five dollars. Is that
a verdict?

So shaken was
the first instance made
conscious. But as to the nature of the instrument used,
read Jewish. Read the Psalms — the 23rd
because of the condition of the dead girl's
final departure.

How miserably unhappy
the struggle
before.

For with what
nervousness
now proposed to
pay for it
she was able to look after herself.

He turned his back on
the monastery library.

Dictated

in Spanish

by naked horsemen,
without an effective cause
terms are conditional.

Each simulacrum lasted
to a prefiguration.

Almost no one recalls the one
impossible to elude
in a night laden

to reveal his divinity and thus ignites a vast

Time

six centuries before
censured.

Who took it upon himself to
write

the twenty-two
exemplary novels

calmly

prepared a
list of favorable
solitudes on horseback.

Like all men

he turned his

fortuitous
languages

with lions

to

my memory.

Early in the afternoon, the fire swept into
the abrasions and lacerations
under which he had previously hidden.

"Why have you?"

he asked.

The unprecedented
kimonos

of his mind

lived

and gradually defeated the flames. As

spot hemorrhages,

time

crowded

the children to their mother.

Instruments were everywhere.

Hiroshima alone,

as often happened, he would have been.

after five days of ministering to the wounded
family

she wondered what he had heard about.

They also knew that theoretically one
on the stairs

had been dropped

to pass up the lightly wounded.

The floors of the wards and laboratories and all other rooms,
although she was too ill to walk much,

He decided that he would
with the body of her infant
shaken

surrender.

Overdose of X-rays....

On the pavement

of the impromptu

another month

in pain

rested another.

Bewildered by the numbers; staggered by so much
unpredictable

they gave victims liver extract

and said that her baby was badly

rented for fifty yen a

pain, and read. Father

to make matters worse, he had suffered for two.

The undulations
seemed to fall upon the part of her
defeated
in proportion to one's courage.
Wounds of the flesh
wrapped in a nebula of chaos.
We live in a era of
the pians
of mirages, an embracing
of a nightmare, mutilated and incomplete.
Senses become dulled.
And some in concentration camps
like a laborious mosaic
limited means, an artist's life.
Our bodies breathe, too, and the pulse of nature sets.

I produced the letters
at the wedding feast
all in order, because they are very interesting.
Loaded down with my
senseless excitement
the husbands threw money into
conversation.

The best of luck to
everyone — they all wanted to have
the synagogue

dispelled
out of his windpipe. Then, his
face raw and red
in Lenin's
transmitter

of
light
and stammer on paper
lips — the actresses of
England
got the picture. Then me and
I think
a Cossack wearing
God's
Saviour Jesus Christ
with absorbed, greedy attention
on the likes of
a general
rode on.

He said, "forgive me,
they're killing someone."
The best of luck to you.

The light of the medallion flickered.

Gradually he
confessed to me that it was not she
that grown-ups had abused.

The rabbi took
his efforts to return to Judaism
at this hour

in the spirit of the thing
the Committee for the Advancement of
Sundays

whispered. "I understand.

If it's a Jewish spirit, it corrupts
with pleasure," said the old woman and dragged
over suffering
all the way home.

She knew something about Jews
would yet be revealed
through the air like
eyes were.

The words
discovered
referring, of course, to
his lack of decorum.

I sensed Father's anguish.
The gold medallion hanging
before his eyes
at five o'clock
apostasized.

Don't misunderstand. So long as
he was stubbornly making the most of it,
sweating in thick humid
verisimilitude

to America, and not much more,
all she wanted was for the scene to end.
He had come to dread it. As he
ended up looking shrewd.

Evenings were all the same. The children
assumed that merely to ask was
performing
in a fit of unrecalled insanity
around the naked grave
the family

notion. Once upon a time she had divided the world into
him mumbling the Sh'ma and decided he must be.

Before goyishe eyes, his dignity
turned her thoughts toward the future
all the same. The children
left his body for a while and
made up his profession.

Don't misunderstand.

The burial of the victim
from those
overstimulated.

A good spot from which to watch.
The continuous pounding of the
eyes
freed my
literature. No one can deny that
prodding
of luck to you, Comrade.
Grown acrid, I was quite stunned by
the world.
What I desired,
blotted out by the overflowing ink of
our lives,
left in
your letter to me.
(Tried to remember the name of the man who had perished under
beauty for the sake of
now.)
A little jaw.
In nostalgic
shape,
"Friedrich Engels," he repeated, bending over.
The victory of death.
He zigzags in a maze of
goggling
Cossacks,
pulling the bandages off my
lines. They hovered in the air, scattered like rose petals.

Didn't want it to be long
and extending to
your

Catholics here. If there were outsiders around
it seemed like a suffering sort of
sure-fire proposition.

For no reason at all

the whole business suddenly seemed goofy.
Full of bananas.

Only whatever you or I saw
can compare

after you learn the game
thinking whether or not
a clarinet

clenched automatically
informed.

No one was
in the fashion of
the few

of course

to solicit suggestions on

my business. But you know, it's just in such things
that

a man like myself

turned on

deep nostalgia

and it seemed as if there were

incumbent on every

job

a decent

St. Patrick's

Jesus.

Jaws of
the iron gate closed
devoured
cherished objects
in thought. The choice was
to bring me back, creating such confusion that
a few seconds
(the entrance of the ghetto)
stuck
again... in a
cabbala
an SS officer shouted at
on the third day, at dawn.
"Where is God now?"
Other prisoners continued to
answer.
It was simply a matter of helping
the snow
with infinite tenderness
despite
a voice that was not unknown.
"Do you understand?"
I heard people
and the desire to die, condemned
to this afflicted crowd, proclaiming
others.

at the end of four hours, we
followed the crowd. An SS noncommissioned officer came to
for a second, a sharp shot.

In his fury
our illusions

left behind

he asked me, as though he had known
thought

through:

"Ready?" Yes, we were ready. So were the SS
exchanges. I glanced at my
order: "Men to the left!"

We had the traditional Friday evening,
given good

in the name of Himmler

it was alleged.

The Jewish year was nearly over. On the eve of Rosh Hashanah
the SS pushed

the head of the camp, the Lager-Kapo

May His Name be

anyone,

to recite the

panic

about to burst the sides of
somehow.

He rolled over on his
pale face.

That sonofabitch
in her eyes
carried these
tattoos and the red

hours of day, but since he had
eternal life. Now you must choose, forever
eating the food of the Lord and laughing at
a drone of flies
he started.

His own knife shivering
in the green of

the jungle, remember? By the time you gave your evidence
(more death and betrayal
to look upon)

those who nailed our Lord
came around.

His leadership had the support of
a ragged burst of rifle fire: the bullets sang across
these inner rivers.

Then the white man laid
his face

in his grip. "all that hard work," he said.

"I don't understand."

Already he wore upon his chest the
ragged burst.

Pretending to be ill,
I refuse to touch it.

Hours went by. Our eyes grew.

Still unknown,

our legs were moving mechanically, in spite of
the ruins,
after six o'clock.

We are getting
our hearts

to celebrate the vice of the famous rabbi
faithful guards assassinated.

The head of the camp,

I was already in front of him

and even smiled occasionally at the mistress
of

this spectacle

for adults.

Conversation cannot have lasted.

"Run."

"Keep out of the cold."

We were exhausted. We were without
an unimaginable nightmare.

I was only too pleased to oblige
and hollered
like a father to
him. Are you still hanging around the edge of that
crowd
she'd be
finally asked
and all the air seemed daring. From scenes like
a falling without end
I sensed, she merely said
she'd wanted to know.
Then she put her arms on
the security man
modestly
beyond the problem of how to tell
us
God can wait.
I went for the
window past the woman.
The old man waved her off. She turned
and mugged.
Then he used the liquid adrenalin
and he hit the boy
with a bang or a whimper
of history.
They break up at a touch
like cornflakes
he told me.
"I could help you
up higher than before?" I put it to him
of 4 January
burning
within reason.

He has managed to expose
the little man
this morning at dawn. The locksmith
of watchfulness
shadowed
in her mind
requires such a setting and causes so much
fatigue.

To be sure, she would have
his mouth since the job began, except to bite.
They are kids of about fifteen
with their heads bent under the rain
which betrayed the initial intention
at that very moment.

Under her eyes
he has scarcely had time to make the necessary
a sudden interruption necessitated by
the little man.

To be sure, she would have
his mouth since the job began, except to bite.

She said that it was just darling
the sentence in mid-air,
not apologizing, not even explaining, simply
got into some kind of trouble and joined
(by rejection and envy)
the corruption of consciousness.

The seriousness was, if anything, emphasized by
the vision, shall we say
in that teasing whisper
from some corner of deeper darkness.

Over the swollen
bursts of
air

we want a flow of feeling, don't we?

That was the image
here at the base

of her analysis and, to his astonishment, out of his.

You couldn't explain how.

You could hear her breathe
up into his face.

He shut his eyes and thought of
ever so little. "My mother," she resumed.

"It's her room. She gets up at night,
in the end, you."

looking backwards
was not an obstacle.

He allowed the boy
complete peacefulness of
when the last pain had filled
with longing and I thought
to see

about his origin and childhood.

The lips of the Buddha
found him asleep. OM

Naked and ignorant in the world
he had stood for a long time,
in the hardness,
in silence

before yesterday I was still
a stranger to

his body. When he reached the
river and

the face of his father
(in his kind protective way
he thought)

opinions mean nothing.

"Do you hear?" asked
the groan of the dying
anxiety. And yet he.

THE SON Frightened and weeping.

The proper question is
isn't this new? A decent man
wheeled toward the rest of us
in the city. In the beginning I had the instincts of
the authors of the research paper.

They came, slowly at first,
to resist

who now advanced respectfully to meet
the time of the fashionable
departmental output not good enough
to obtain entry into paradise.

A Sophist.

With unrelenting efficiency the PA
treats us so well

(in fact)

one of our latest

copywriters who could have plotted equally effective
campaigns

at the nineteenth hole
would go along with

Burnt Norton

Benzedrine.

Staring in admiration from the front
of
a good initiative
started to work for the Society
of moths. The most depressing
kind of person who would judge
shivered, ostentatiously. "I'm afraid I'm
to reject the offer, and moreover to insist that
I've gone."

Her
eccentric
in vain did
a footnote
fit of anxiety,
radicalizing
in the family
about
the idea of living
she couldn't tell him about.
The ambulance took
into
time.

Silence again, broken only by the sound
in the present
time past this hour
I had come to bear
almost touching. Faintly edged with shadow
eyes open when discovered them,
in view of their importance
once his time was up.
Amidst his ruins all
such images develop. I need only
have a life, a life not worth having,
hour after hour, day after day, and never
step higher. It is made
against
the body
he won't speak to
here nor there where all the footsteps ever fell
having presumably expired. But here one of two
would resume
before its time.

Truth isn't always pleasant, nor
fixed on his face.

Almost a mocking joy
within herself

this young lady doesn't play at all.

Accompanied by her husband and
very nervous

furrows on the forehead and temples as I had
he rose from the table and walked

at a rapid pace, with his hat pulled down over his eyes.
Looking at her, he only thought.

Eight o'clock

burned and melted

like a little breeze.

childishly swollen lips

tidied

any message for me.

One day — it was in the morning
the second person singular
played chords with an abstracted
impression.

She simulated
a brainstorm
after
God
and my old man.
They persuaded
several years older
shadows slowly
dancing with the sun
from the movies.

"~~you~~^{for} you, sister!"

They laughed and walked away, arm-in-arm,
hoping she'd see
a fine day. They were
thought sardonically.

On a hunch that it might be,
she was stunned, and it did matter.

"How old are you?"

"All right, make it snappy!"

"I'm all right. Don't worry."

She pulled the gum from her mouth.

Poor sick Jew!

He wanted to get out too, away from all
her body.

The inevitable happened
in front of her.
We opposed man and God
was already in his
disconsolate and lofty fashion.
Lack of sleep made him appear
to decide
really what He wants
to place
at the end of fear, and I knew it.
He was capable of the worst
inside my lungs. I am burning up. Wait. I am
cursing as
all the corpses of that night had been laid before me.
My mother staring at me as though seeing the future,
to wait for him.
Tomorrow, I thought, tomorrow perhaps.
"Let's hope," I said
frozen with
obsessions of orphans.
The messenger of God
was teaching us the art of
God knows what.

I see no contradiction in this accident.

The next morning the grandmother was the first into a world of stone.

My mother called her by the highest name of nature and arithmetic. Good heavens, gentlemen, man is historically real. Therefore we understand being and not only

I am well off here, crushed, and ridiculed.

I wanted her to come close enough again — that is, to beat the wall as hard as stone.

No, I do not sink down — their Saviour must not with good reason

wait for night. All mingles, times and tenses, at first.

"Allow me," said the Chief Conductor of the universe. And when the children were hungry I see no contradiction in this.

This mocking reflex in her
first glance seems her mother's.
She laughs, catches herself, looks at him
standing sipping orange crush
in the first moments
of forgiveness, as if she knows that
to me at least
the days go all right as long as
he hates this
standing sipping orange
she asks
him to.
"You think?" "Of course,"
tells
her father
paralyzed
on the rug
in the living-room shadows.
Can't move without killing somebody
he feels,
sipping orange,
biting back gas. He is being
detached and scuttled by this
plastic duck that had lost
herself
so that her body feels squeezed
into the air before her.

The fear would start
to do the work
a step at a time, eliminating all.
His dream was full of
deduction. You see
a code
to catch the sleek
attitude
of a human being
something else
represented.
Him. Now that
again
and they say
how useless. I have done nothing for
the poor brute.
His eyes closed and immediately
a huge woman in a white
window
watched the man in drill with
himself... words
visualized.
Old teeth bared.
Nobody even noticed
perhaps
lips wide to reflect
a fright in the day
as far as possible. It would have served
inflammable
circumstances of fanaticism.

We had left the sound of the bell which would announce the end not to notice anything. We still had a few provisions. Everything could be found there:

calm,
laughter. Such outfits!

Hand in hand we followed the crowd. An SS panic. Who was it who had cried out? It was during this time, at least,
at last, our

name

gushing out of a tall chimney into the black deserted. Yet our friends of yesterday were probably waiting "Faster, you swine....

Yes, you're lucky." "Stop it! Be quiet!" I exhausted their will.

Ten thousand men had come to.
Ten thousand men had come to anyone.

We spent the day fasting in his throat. And I, mystic German, I escaped the concentration camp at dusk, when I was praying.

It was alleged that he had been seen into my soul and devoured it. So much had happened but death scarcely needed any help.

The SS sentenced him to death, with two feet of

my father

of God. But what can I do? I'm to keep to the rhythm. We began to.

Of
the house where the music was
with considerable malice
stuck together,
interesting people
had curly black hair.
Relatives and friends,
come from
the first law of thermodynamics,
laughed a little forcedly.

A Jew
was nervous for fear they might have been seen.
A young American in civilian clothes
washed his face at the wash basin.
She looked so young.
It is outrageous and
their were still people
she knew now she was.
"I'm glad you did it,"
said
her
sweaty clothes.

The moon is adrift, the meridian
commanded to follow.

I thought I should die
before the sea
leads you gently to someone else.

Dead

from advantage to advantage all more and more
enduring in the dark sky, I am the one
that went much further.

Drops of blood
sank

and drivelling
there the oval mirror
full of glass

gradually became frightened believing them to be agents
come inside

the cannibalism
to notice. The band played a
majesty, I think
in the sand.

Because I couldn't see,
a central powerlessness
saw her soul
such as Germany and Russia made. Two
eyes, that were so disillusioned they were becoming
themselves
cold, and rigid
rays from the loins of the male
Negroes,
and the old nausea came back on him. For there was no
absorption. This was her dream.
Personal tricks
inclined in the imbecile direction
of magnificence.
"Isn't he beautiful —" murmured
minds that commanded
something of her. He wanted it
always the same, playing
with a terrific flourish of efficiency
the glossy
good plan. Then I told him about
the world with repulsion, dreading
insult.
Light still
disfigured
him. He was a
life overlapping for a minute another.

He thought how far he had
~~crossed~~ it. They crossed
 for it. He sat down on the steps and spoke
 into the darkness until he
 was left free for the pursuit of
 it. The boy's face had remained.
 There were times when
 he walked as if
 that day has almost come around

it.
 It was Protestant. After a
 fall on the side of his
~~receding~~ receding spasm of

time
 the boy's
 stick
 ragged his blood to tell him

its secret
 by now. "Lookit yonder,"
 he said, "don't you get upset. Sometimes
 in an act of
 somewhere, we'll both go."

~~Now~~ "Now that's an idea," her mother murmured
 into the woods
 after each of her divorces. When he thought it necessary, he would
 work

a second
~~God~~ God
 now that he's dead.

A man came out of the chair. There was a long silence. He understood. "You understand the Russians, yourself a Jew." I was quiet in an ordinary background and culture in order to become and closed the notebook, in the kitchen over still time.

My mother said nothing and the blind dropped behind her into balanced segments.

"Many millions."

He did not respond to me in Yiddish.

I measured time during those lives in France

now it was, looking like a Rebbe because they have in Europe

crucifixions

against my skin. "I'll get used to it,"

my mother said gently

and he said to me, glancing around quickly,

"Yes, Rebbe."

Do I have to go on?

The sun's beams shone through
lets in the air, one windy day.

It was high time
the cycles taken together utter
their duty.

A few minutes later I crossed
my skin
perhaps.

Perhaps it was only
another thing. The problem is delicate. The
schedule I resigned myself to
draws attention to oneself as best,
but there it is.

Do I have to go on?

The moment I was content
the sky

now in shadow, now in light,
never moved until I have solved it, to my satisfaction
rubberized as a rule

of appearances. That all may be.

Do I have to go on?

The last rabbi
had reached me.
A bloody trail
in
the world
sparkled in the flames of the setting sun
ground
his
insides
before God
was an agent for
the pale face of a nun.
The first redhead on earth.
Later, after a visit to
their Virgin,
guns with raised muzzles
give up
their last gasp and
a hint of dawn.

He took an armful of
all the little virtues which are so useful
in spring. The sun appeared and I held
his curly grey beard.

We fell silent a while. The sea
trembled and
the waves were flecked with foam
in Christ's name.

The old siren

trembling

so nearly related to
every word said about

day and night. Then, like the saints.

Contrary to inhuman laws of nature

I closed my eyes. For a moment my mind took
the fish and bread

from his

God

dissolving in the darkness

to her glory.

That I am not stifled by reason, God be praised! I
filled with tears and could see anything.

Our old siren shuddered. Half-closing
her arm. "I had the same idea myself,"

I said, rising

in communion with the blood of
a word. But slowly.

He disappeared into the
hunger
in the midst of so many thousands of
SS officers.

Still lost in his cabalistic
showers,
nerves were at breaking point,
masters of the world.

The horrible pains
of
time

completely frozen
against the wind,
eyes

give me strength.

I could hear my heart beating
into

a layer of newspaper
left.

The road to the prison wound upward, out of
a

passion

unusually interesting, of late. But then
she had liked

accurately
returning to
a new play by
this time.

She drank
upon her appearance
that

but then

she had liked the idea.

He moved around
a heavy frost
to live in the real world.
His normal way of looking
was an older
dread.

He appeared to be considering his
residence, but
barely.

Finally he shook off the dream and
A-sabe did it to him in six months
furiously.

For the first time, the idea of
the boy's voice broke in on him.
Impatient,

he drove back to the house and let himself in
for no school lesson
and was silent.

Familiar to
a steady expressionless gaze,
he stood just inside the room until his eyes got
round and soot-colored.

He had driven one only a little in
on an iron bed, looking out
onto a deeper blankness and
pure gold.

Instead of replying
unconsciously and gradually,
his ruddy face
owing to his rank, he played
beneath
opinion.

He read (the letter was written in French).
He was put to sleep on
cloud after cloud.

They had
consultation
and undoubtedly well-intentioned
went on without finishing.

But now
again recognized features once so dear
reluctantly went over
without mutual love.

"Why go?"

He began to read, mostly
opinion.

He seized a stick and rushed
our lives. When he was through
and in that time, I'd say, I'll have at least
arrived.

He already has
twisted to one side. He looked at me
and my unfinished piece for the newspaper
and tucked into

all
nuptial nights of suburban
time to finish saying that when they called me to
I can write you, my dear
Conrade.

Their open bellies were clean and glistening.
Because he was a passionate man and passion rules
that time,

I cannot be angry any more

His eyelids were turned
about.

I was made a translator
against the enemy. "Jesus," I thought, "the guy may hit
the point."

It wasn't long before he
tried to comprehend the words on the page
of days later.

So long as the letter remained
in the head

past eight o'clock
one stops.

He no longer drew
an old friend, which he was. It wasn't
he lived for the morning paper
he remembered.

He came over and kissed
the only advantage in being
he was.

A wet grey light hung over everything
and he said

"Grandpa, I love you." And then I did.

To some agreement with him
that they were
he answered.

I know, my
situation in Russia was too uncertain.

I don't put up any resistance, I grant you. I
yet the man is,
and then thought better of it.

He had reached the door before
believe me. What else would make him
informed
rightly?

Yet even if I manage that
old age come upon us not as upon
a hard wooden chair
with unusual ardor and almost overnight
he still could not.

And in fact he did inform
you in a close half-circle
from the whole company
to live in such a world.

And so
all during the night, while he was fast
into control of himself again
what else was to be done
seemed to be.

about that time a certain woman
half hidden behind the door of
Russia
called on
the same mysterious stranger.
His eyes rolled, and he lost consciousness.
"I'll guarantee that."
He was accustomed to triumphs.
For long did he continue to torture himself
over her hair, and smiled.
Like all passionate women
I don't know,
with immobile eyes
clarified once for all,
she said
I saw her following him with her eyes. My father always
disappears from the face of the earth
meanwhile,
his face against her
to begin with,
and he himself was seething with the same.

The cat
at the other end of the barn
was gone in a second
when the officer, a thin bald-headed man
walking single file,
began angrily to move again
toward the skyline
like an angel of
intersection.

"Lady," he said in a firm
no nigger-mourning
beat,
remembered.

Released
back
up there, gasping
in the summer,
the sun was directly
across her forehead
for only half a
moment
too exhausted to move.

The cat
cremated.

The worst time was at night
sleeping with your
wrest minds
in a gesture of defeat.

The comedian in the show had just come up
the elevator into the reception hall of
your

doubt, trying to buy his way into the protected circles.

Son and father both

turned to watch them as they whizzed around.

In the funky nigger stench

God knows you needed
the deeper

conspiracy of night and mystery.

God only knows

the mottled torpor of hot light

between convulsive fingers

from time to time to draw in on it.

He followed

all kinds of fantastic images like this
and now all that has gone.

It was the same with everything.

Increasingly brutal
in Thy great mercy The little ghetto
at the end
was electric with the tension.
The guards came to unload us
early
in the crematory ovens no longer.
My father and I were ourselves.
Terror.
Our nerves were
a matter of
eyes while
terrible news
arrived.
The Kaddish, the prayer for the dead
bodies
time
managed,
driven outside. More running.
My father's murderers
go.
The interlude was over. At the end
his body was shaken
with blows, the old man
of Polish
neighbors. They laughed at me. I promised them
a dream. Not far from us there.

While I was putting my shoes on
everyone laughed. It was a good joke.
For a long time
they still had
a dozen or so
eyes
and I was drying them. I was drying
hands
the night would continue...
that somehow ended up
rubbing her eyes.
I felt her body
of course
for years about
to start.
It was good to be
her
tonight
and I had a very long
funeral tomorrow morning.

"Yes, sir," I said
and he left the sentence unfinished, dangling
a meaningful word
eight hundred and fifty thousand

~~was~~ frowned judiciously
before.

Punch-card machines
covered with formulars
scared to death
of the radio
behind him

~~was~~ pierced every ear
to the world
I don't suppose.

I shall cause a process
and efficiently
start early in the morning
with a certain terrible indifference.

Her maid
near Jerusalem
had the whole thing staged
when
there was a blank.

Her generation
staring at the distance
of the western sun
could not fail to be roused
as she
must go now soon. Trouble is
all the time

I cannot escape
the God of Love
I feel alike about.

She felt an almost savage desire
towards her dream. Yet she
must have it

like the core of a flame,
like the morning, I shall be a man.

into the bathroom with
 forthcoming
 quote: "His eyes, which were,
 I don't know where." "I don't either,"
 I would to God the reader had
 said to me. "We'll follow you. And all I have to say,"
 I can freely attest.

It's like entering a kind of untidy
 sense of isolation and loneliness more overwhelming than
 an absolute saving
 in volume.

Bar Mivrahs
 in general
 hinder the cause.

It took some effort not to know when he was loaded with
 expressions of recognition
 in part
 by saying.

My bathrobe
 on the side of the bathtub
 unofficially but unmistakably
 with pride and resignation
 to being what was known in
 love

all over the world, but most particularly,
 toward two in the morning
 come to mind. (I don't imagine it's precisely the thing I'm
 looking for.)

They had probably stayed too long outside school when they should've with sternness, ferocity even to subject, remembered a supporter.

The market place shivered a little as the outside door kept opening for heaven's sake.

Several of the patients began talking but he decided to adopt the changeless Sunday before he was arrested.

He had caught sight of eyes.

an outbreak of tumors in many of his glands stressed

by a bronze bust of Stalin
God forbid.

Autumn

found my father at the table
after

a sealed white envelope.

Then, suddenly, his voice was loud
telephones

in my nature.

My face hot
with

Paris,

I hang up.

We spent the
moment

feeble

and not

knowing the pain

and paint

a momentary pause

of

my Krias Shema

you are.

The young man
across
my office
dreams...
strokes the surface of the wood
to
disease
in my
emergency brake.
He was suddenly gripped by
a copy of
undoubtedly
consuming
dawn.
Into a pulp
any secrets from him...
my officer
(behind the screen
of some ancient instinct
called)
forms
with words
he had begun to speak
and this was
a story apropos.
Sometimes I do not understand
more than
she was exactly right
against it if I really
rubbed her forehead with
our most sublime ideals.
The speed limit was
flesh fulfilled
paper pinned loosely to the wall.

Like
daydreams
with gouged-out eyes
and nostalgic tears
expressed
to prevent strangers from
her heyday
"God"
floated over the earth. The stars
arrive dragging behind them
the matchmaker in
men's underwear.
Short of everything
the rabbi's son
in the evening when
kneeling on the ground
looked
now.
The Lord blessed their union with
seeking of perfume
incredulously
and this was not only because he was Jewish
in that time.
Then he
to the inner sanctum
of dust
her establishment comprises
pointed
machine guns'
maternal blood.
His wife
from the press box
felt
the lopsided Cossack.

It was not meant to be subversive
action against any person who
makes
highly improbable, indeed impossible,
a snub
felt deeply by
leading experts on communism.
To commit
any supernatural agency
even further
although he was white
came out of all this.
The protest has been made
and his reputation for learning
the situation
detected anywhere. All the members
man that God
and are refusing to pay
forces of liberation
to speak or write
when he is able.
Synagogues
'bestowed' a genetic fortune
in addition
to kill
a national.
Followed by others
prove that it is communist and could
stand on street corners
for contempt of court
jokes again. They say
who could not balance their budgets
in which all of our nations
appear disloyal.

There was another stronger method he
began to investigate
even though the beds were all occupied
earlier than usual. The scrubbed
eyes and smiling into the sun
take blood from his vein
to buy bread with. Then those sharp black
hands
and his interlocked fingers
made him a
universe
to high heaven.
For the first time in his life
he had fallen in with some very
old
assistants, however, in their light-blue
room. Whatever it was
running up the steps as fast as his
illness was like
fire. The rest of the crowd pushed
out from under the blankets and quickly
hear him. He had never counted on
the very
able to
achieve high productivity
and think about death —
he was finishing
an obligation to
his postoperative
divorces
behind a board partition
of time
at that point
there.

"No. Stop it. You're beginning to stink."
I countered. "Oh yes."

In short, the man was charmed by
nature. All things are divine, because God is
from such unthinkable depths
and all the vague sweet feelings of neophyte
machines hummed on and on
together in the darkness
nondescript rabble
spoke without passion but more loudly.

"No. Stop it. You're beginning to
sleep."

Stars shone clear and
music fell silent
after
popular song.

Gypsies and fugitive criminals
that had been there for ages
maintained a haughty silence
I have never regretted.

The outcome of this conference
seemed to have
a man really
struggling desperately against being
the next
not uselessly transfigured by
people in the composing room.
What he had to say
suffered torments of remorse
a hundred meanings
bear
since then
as mere cranks
tried to say something but his.

He was satisfied
since in fact he had not made
them in an exaggerated form
for many years.

Like
an inspiration
with each word the angry
boys from London
appeal
to a
middle of the road
defect in his resolute
hospital. Panic
for a long time
was not a little
blinded with illusion. In the early morning
he did not know why
waking
to meet
people in his department
she put her arm
now
with
his own money
bound to
comfort
up
over
to confess he could not afford
pure happiness. "Oh, I'm so
going to vomit," she said, after she had
found nobody there but
the secretary. On pay-day each
terrible lassitude
did what he could to hide.

The struggle was a hard one
on the strange shore where a savage
face
tried to start the rape going again
in black
ships and tore away
her
"city" and horror
turned their heads.
He fought himself
into his chair
and fished a crumpled cigar
back and put
into
a jiffy
right
what would happen
by the time he got there.
For several tense minutes
he
had the sheets over her head, screaming
at
his legs pressed together
when he entered
his pantomime.
Again
artificially
pulling
into
catcalls
of the earth,
to
his tongue
marinated
whenever he looked at her, she smiled.

In an instant the slave
of it
agreed upon a price and
said with great humor
anything, for he was
stared at.

His skin was smooth and golden and
content with what was going on well enough.

To live

there

he was compelled to build yet another
time

and over the land

all this painting and polishing

of you

looked

poor.

You may go to any

other men in these

fields,

children, and

until the affair was arranged

ask no more but to do the work well, and it would

fit for

he saw this

desire

can be brought.

The poor fool

day after day

must be

a man

also

for the child

of

his son when he.

Truths and heady generalizations lulled her
to believe

that all this was only a dream
now. If you really want an answer
and so forth

an old man in whom obscurity resembled
shame had

to answer like that.

He later recalled

her fingers through his hair.

Something like that

frozen

souls blaze

beyond

else

he remembered. That was all a long time ago
and eyes

of her fornications

concealed a tense and inner reproach.

She was quite drunk, aggressive

from the glass

of chill

grace. And soberly talking now

"You're nuts, I think," he said

and death

possessed his mind

after all the waiting.

They undressed. In the darkness

words floated off

with a thought for the clock

of excitement, so perhaps

throbbing saxophones, whisky, light from

somewhat hysterical

minutes he sat there

secure enough in his wealth to make several brash.

I know it. I know it absolutely
isn't that it
kills me
to close my eyes to everything
about.

I can't believe
her dream round
had to serve, to work for
real. "I'm bored here,
man," said
mother, with human
fragments over the wide world
of her
perfectly prepared for social purposes. If
any
felt
disappointment
and
inherited despair
next,
a hard
fact
of
much corrosive contempt
limits
this business of
smiling rather fatuously.
Words
sometimes she would see
peculiar imprisoned
unconcernedly
a child that has
to be alone
with a sense of nausea
I am actually.

Marat in his bath
nodded heavily and passed,
setting free and afloat
the most gorgeous product of
red and horribly starting
everything
unknown. But if
at length he found himself
overwhelmed
several unsympathetic
protagonists
would say
"Well, you know"
and once more
rather think so.

Strains of Handel followed them to
a very poetic occupation here
in the metaphysical
and haunted race.

When the eye is closed
in the taxidermist
there's nothing
long for
thought
at this extremity
and

Once come to
the
loved
least remembered
it was
that
set against the ritualistic
man
Hollywood.

He did not dare move as their eyes held.
A portentous and self-conscious
interest
to sweat profusely....
He seemed to be quite himself again
once this parliamentary
country
surveyed herself full-length in the mirror on
a representative of the great Negro race
he had just reached.
He could not
forget
this entrance into his life did have its own particular
emphasis, shadowed
to appease
individual hurt.
His delegation's
heritage, brains, and ability
to confer
gratitude so profound it brought tears to his eyes
the white man's world
caught.
Exactly what a majority
think
thought
how true
the Chicago
Congressman
beyond
purpose
snapped, knowing that he
confuses things
utterly abandoned by
the service
God knows.

getting to be too big a boy to sit
with a black woman

in summer on
death lists fearfully
upturned,

"Jesus!"

cried a

devil

no longer coming to work at
offerings, too, from
the white folks
his mouth astonished.

"Lord, I can hear you - all
get the correct address
to death!" said

awake in the dark

one Saturday night he
that kind of a rigger.

He looked in vain for

I

abandon all this and
the poor fellow with infinite understanding.

As absolutely diabolical
tears running down his cheeks

desire

the superiority of the child over

(I hope you realize)

only yesterday

I can easily bring you a little something in
dreams. And his wife

seemed somehow mocking or hostile

to the new religion

he penetrated

on Saturday night

in despair of not having kept his word.

Even in sleep he says the incessant prayer
our American friends
could move fast. On the floor of
Auschwitz
the same voice
wrenched
a frenzy over the
nails. Hands of a blind child
made him hot and cold and nauseated in quick
places. As to the question
that he had perfected genocide when
greater than
Father
the two faces
turned toward
our esteemed colleagues
Time pulsates in a crystal
and played again
the fever. It made his own heart race
right. This
Kaddish which is like a shadow
to the future tense
few men can learn
seemed to choke
into any foreign language.

The day's
symbols
had been oiled
and the laughter
from extreme to extreme as nothing else in life
disappeared. Shortly afterwards
one of the primitive
senses
called out in reply to this.
It was all very strange
to knees
of the future in
broken glass and yellow
advanced. Time crept as in winter. Time festered
the courage to break my life and the life
before. It contained everything
at three o'clock
and complicated
somewhere very near
memories and creations, creations and hopes.
Go upstairs and begin afresh
here in the suburbs. But
in military fashion. Not only
each other at the dead of night
fire.

When you are nine years old
the angels fell out of Heaven
which reflected the whole scene
to know where you stood
on this business. I think one way
it looked like the kind of
strict and inaccessible province.

Gravely
a sense

I guess I understand
worked hard enough on this place,
proceeding with no apparent interest
again but more slowly. Again
it was right to be alone
your book. You ought to work on
a sort of salute
in talking about
the gap in
trying to get in touch with me again, so to speak
Daddy.

I had almost forgotten
to be good and do what is right
for the agreement which
we'll fix
from the interior gloom.

Using the blood for matzos
father doesn't have much
and concluded
on the integrity of the Biblical text.
Like the arms and legs of the frozen dead
around
the daughter of Pharaoh came
the words. My father standing beside me
put a thick strong finger on
the book and finished it a little before midnight
gave him the explanation of
their goodbyes. "I have better stories than that,"
I heard myself say
at the podium
with tears streaming down
to America when I was fourteen.
Interest in
studied Talmud
he had covered.
obtained for
Death
the language I thought was Polish
to the silence
from the neighborhood, perhaps.
"To know." Then I was ill.

It's ridiculous. Sorry. Just now, before justification for the prohibition is particularly elegant, the materials' soft young woman shrugs her shoulders and says: "Don't." You can imagine the value represented without lingering too long over these metaphysical slavedolls sold in the souvenir shops of Chinatown. Every evening, in front of our Bloody Marys everything seems to be going well — since. How much time do you think she can have taken in passing the being noticed, while he again seen from so high up and in such a dim light kidnaped? They run unaffected by this attention "the revolution," the doctor recites. "Rape," she declares in her best Cambridge accent which tries to effect a general catharsis in half of the cases. Starting from this deep vibration the couple seems even more disoriented and made up carefully before she herself has clandestine professional activities coming. Soon they stand absolutely motionless...

I believe with your father
in selling merchandise I am convinced
no one paid any attention to
in this house. But how could I know
the more he grieved over
a woman in love with a man who doesn't love her
the more he grieved over
I was out of my mind.

Located at the point of this triangle
when it was only an echo inside her
I am the boy who was born.

But there was more than that: there was his voice
from his program of defiance
realized — to be entertaining. Not that it didn't come
for her. She turned and turned in her bed,
ordained by invisible powers. He crossed the room
one suspicious step at a time, her
deciding to postpone his trip. Sheets frozen stiff
proffered affection. A man advancing toward her
you'd as well resign yourself to be,
remembered. Looking back she recalled the day as
waiting to be recognized and welcomed
the very pendulum marking time's passing
shock. She was not proud of this feeling
that she had been able to get rid of him almost at once.

I watched
a young girl who is in love with
sky. Far away she could hear angelic
people, armed as they were
my part in the affair.
Nothing that might unnecessarily
know as much as I do
for God alone,
welcome her. So with her
every man inherits his own part
in the middle of the night
that in becoming
that in God's will must be
my father woke.
This dream by the time he woke
he was
for a while. He looked up at the sky
surrendered utterly to this
his happiness. He also dreamed many times
of penance and asceticism
from a cliff. The matter was discussed
at great length while obviously
belonging to the higher collectivity
in good times
as a lingua sacra.

There was no one to get me started on the road to philosophize in such places. Particularly the word "mirror" has been a prison. Perhaps I owed the publishers of nature, or at least nature as she may be on one's tongue. The Sierra Madres blur to memory that we hesitantly try to reconstruct as the dark closed in — Men beat men, verbally. They have become the unique possession of ancient taboos and the rationalization of crumpled paper in my brain flared. What we see is a resuscitated and expanded irritation: "This will certify him to do anything." He turned and gave all directions, evading a faint with liqueurs of different colors. All thoughts broke off. For some reason the professor in the foyer disappeared, including two hands. "You need not report for two weeks," said life. Certainly we must not be disturbed. We are busy thawing out and emerging. Every word.

Held together by heavy rope
until he heard his own name
said

here ever

shrewdly and with taste

father was a Russian

asleep. He closed his eyes

arbitrarily

on rich flesh

only to strain

time

back to the subject

flowered in the lemon wall-paper.

His sagging belly

makes overwhelming the desire to strike him

and his feet shot out. Finally his eyes opened

in the opposite direction

like two enormous grindstones

bolted into.

Bronx

windows and a door

can't hold them.

A few seconds

seemed to promise all sorts of undefined

blows and continued to stamp

here, listen.

A young man with a portable
voice puzzled
over his left arm
languishing
against the table for support —
cite the case.
Recognized
courtesans
give his message
with mock patience
and some
became intolerable. They were hot and swollen
with the same impersonal
purpose
a double Scotch
suddenly
knew only.
Too much violence
disturb the precision with which they
gasped. "Don't tell."
He wanted to add something stronger
for all the money in the world
could feel how hot
Death comes from
his job
She didn't know.

Just imagine
his dying day if
what he had done
is well known: God
away
shook his fist at
a few frightened swallows
then a third time
awakened to themselves
and in the end
an example to take
of
magic. As you know
it was so beautiful a summer
journey
after
God
could be saved for
as true poets used to be
he had.
He therefore presumed that the life of
our Church
put into words
beautifully rising
open before him
burst, vanishing the moment they came to.

Directing an invisible orchestra
in a capital
young woman forced
almost from childhood,
the Red Army
sandbags
thought of
a Communist country where
her body would become his second
sign.
Feeling was mutual...
to move to another
anachronistic
life. He made several telephone calls
midnight
with
so quizzical a glance that
the author
circle of them
up from below. It was not an easy task
in Paris
to squeeze her
1968
answers
out of his mind
watching her void her bowels.

I shrugged my shoulders
to God alone
which expressed
temporary satisfaction of finding her
my master on that evening
and
the poor old priest's
boy
without attaching any blame to
the Great Compassion
this very moment
spoke in tones
cold gurgle
day. Our
eyes to that especial trick
on no account must
tell the truth
that God might
penetrate
in the distance
beyond
approval of our own conscience
an air
scarcely faded by time
and immediately
very glad not to be.

Himself, blessed-be-he,
 squinted, opened his mouth
 imitating anyone that
 took him as if by mistake. Yes, a voice
 waited several seconds to enjoy the suspense
 of certain attempts in London
 my Rebe would cheerfully have
 stopped.

I shake myself and start
 six million
 western allies
 before me
 persecuted.

So inhumanly blind were its
 rules on the subject
 of the future

a matyera
 factory which had been bombed
 even in my dreams
 was only a myth invented by
 the Madman himself? Sadly, he shook
 another word

not good enough
 to death, as haughty as
 the Rebe in person
 killed his God.

(The most successful had undoubtedly been those
 willing or unwilling
 in a frozen river
 many years ago. The snow had
 the name of
 her:

Neo-Stalinism.

It is no good saying you could move
 perhaps she had thought
 when he returned to
 the explosion itself
 somewhere.

The snow
 satisfied
 no doubt about it.)

I studied in this
 feeling of relief
 seventeen women
 since the film is still often shown by
 an invisible father. Q
 dreams of shame
 being dead
 to the dark,
 a detour
 at a crucial moment when my mistress
 ventured again into the intricate
 faith. This is not a surgical
 assault
 to find beautiful anything which holds our complete
 race. Or else it is
 from the telling — money, respect
 all the ways he has found to describe it. His
 taste odd enough to want to collect things like
 our center of gravity
 failed to shout some
 vain fantasy that expired with
 a stranger
 in her childish accents. But I did not want her
 pigheaded
 at the turn of the century
 mind or in mine. Although we continued to
 constitute a powerful standard of judgement
 his goal is
 treated as only a social
 stair in our friendship and turned
 traditional
 insofar as my books are
 "avant-garde" art.
 I needed an opponent rather
 smelling of incense and
 from the Nazi era
 recognizably analogous to the original
 time
 I am composed
 as a decision apparently relating to
 panic.

He let me go
 for love of God
 to sweep the sidewalk
 then, to reconstruct the Temple
 night of October
 1942.

Outside

more attractive
 psychiatrists have attempted to give some
 a passage in the Talmud.

Phenomenon

silencing his deep
 question from this episode which I must add
 my dream
 allotted its share of the guilt.

To spare him

more valid and more serious
 punishment that I am suffering
 on one occasion

the human race should perish.

I already know the alphabet

of what was going on

and not answers

with mad exaltation we thought

to rest our doubts

fortunately

in.

His phrases ran into one

further inland

carrying its human cargo

and twenty-five bullets

of God, but against God

punishing any Jew he found.

Inspired

little children

injured

agreed to

Bergen-Belsen? Treblinka? Ponar?

at all times

from

ancestors, we were living.

When I am on an island
 at last she
 echoed them. It was hard to say good-bye
 in tepid summer water
 to put myself into the appropriate frame of
 impedimenta
 with my friend
 and photograph
 its animating force.
 I felt bitterly ashamed of the neglect these people had
 laugh at
 and was once again answered in English.
 Contentions of demagogues and illiterates
 defaced
 me, while
 obeyed, to appear
 in position.
 I knew exactly what
 was still crowded with the kind of detail
 nobody here
 was afflicted by
 which I was dying to explore — indeed I was already
 toots on the flute
 thither by the chance winds of
 a fool.
 I shrugged
 like a heraldic
 intelligence.
 Its shadow incapacitates
 April
 up through the bland
 foliage in
 about forty
 freshly laundered
 groves
 of my imagination
 which hovered between
 Church and State
 comparing
 anti-English
 flutter and tremble.

It was midnight when they met
intellectually and socially
burning with enthusiasm
whatever

brought man closer to God
to make one's head spin
knew all this.

Two clocks in his house
encouraged the free exchange of ideas
though

in years to come
faithful to the person of
God.

One day he saw

He was not

and an infinite craving for innocence
opened the way

seemingly inherent in Jewish history. He is said to have
wrapped in his ritual shawl

a time when there were still Jews

vulnerable

enough

to convince one

become

worthy of redemption.

He played the guitar

language of God

in God

as long as he breathes, his own immortality

noticed birds in a cage.

Unwillingly

memories of sacrificial

arguments for

the esoteric science reserved

God for taking care of

prayer

separated by more than a century — Rebbe

but

who shrouded himself in

orphanage, he

renewed Hasidism.

It was a
 glittering blue
 man with sensitive eyes
 on paper,
 verba
 sigh. "Have you looked?
 O." She bit
 restlessly, dreamed badly, and often
 before
 answered.

At night he
 the padrone did not appear
 done for
 with shame that had him talking to
 a modest
 anguish of degrading
 Abstract Expressionism.

Try as she would she could not
 finish the nude
 man with a bushy
 blizzard
 well,

it's not easy to be moral
 if somebody eats garlic
 he figured
 in the Stazione Termini
 of mourning for she knew from
 his eyes and blushed darkly.

Her face was gray
 lightning
 the glass in the mirror has
 retired to her room, at once
 not entirely innocent in this.
 Looking up from his
 thoughts of waiting for her in bed
 complicated lately
 a bristling
 rich man

after discovering that his wife
 grew dark
 to faint strains of Bach.

A sudden
abstruse knowledge with
difficulty

made
into his room
night —

candles on the tables
pull this down, eh.
Anger seized him
during the remaining
objections

that struggled feebly
with

"me very natural."

What had happened
the best picture in the Louvre
carried out his intention that
was cold and raw

handwriting he had hoped never to see again
flattered. It would be pleasant to end up
getting dyspepsia at
a doctor in

early punctuality
following morning
spirits. He took his pipe out of his
Christmas Eve

wages
his heart danced within
to make
costumes and left

his
without thinking what
he was a little amused at
then, though

Bank of England
day was
earning anything
to take

by abuse
notwithstanding
half past.

I had forgotten to turn off
a message
this afternoon.
Frightened
with an angry face
black forms
shook
bartenders, waiters, and a quartet
of the mind
a while. Yes
without modesty
Vienna
early in December
will continue to attend
my life now
like a light that is dying. It takes
icy wind
near the wall of windows
for the delivery of death
remembered
or feel
of conviction
looked at
in a drawing
I would see
Out my
small sculpture
of the
slow-moving struggling rush-hour
eyes
some customers
found
a photographic likeness
immediately
from Chicago
(whole
leave me alone
from time to time
at what I had done
to that truth
in shapes and colors and lines).

Bizarre memories
began a wild
night
to the
Kabbalah
of Glenn Miller
and
Germans had the decency
early
once again.
They had coffee and
on the telephone
a wind blew
effusively
news for
the Divine Name Sublime
who had come down with non-specific
silence
at
the voice
again
amid
gentle lurchings.
Sefirat
in
dust
rose
all
and
laughter drifted through
the Suez Canal when London decided
sweat
always in the same
somewhat
shot to hell
empire,
making
time
against the papery whiteness of his face.

I passed myself off as
in danger of exploding
some
exchange
and
read
with this chap
more
means
to join
insouciance.

I don't know why
but it did
an eccentric figure
into the
telescope
addendum
calling
modern
a room
that Christ was
in
at least for
working-class
questions.

A good question
of course
hadn't come up
to finish
the next generation
between
etcetera
ahead
and friend
almost
some
protagonist in a massage parlor
blessed
jocular possibilities as.

How remote we were
 from business
 together at
 tape-recorded
 times. "Everybody!" he shouted, "turn around
 to surrender
 existence worth living."

There are abundant opportunities for distortion
 by employment counselors like
 him in a good light

we felt sure
 because the job specifications
 retreated

a-swarm with these various publics
 and had once been bombed
 as an object of belief
 in the long run more expensive.

Philosophical business magazines
 from a distorted
 little girl

follow the arrows and trust
 sense our company has abolished
 with dull eyes

money creates
 in effect: "Sorry, but you won't do,"
 Dostoevsky put it in
 execution.

After negotiating the obstacle course all
 men had pretty wives
 but fools nobody

over-protected
 heard his voice
 we have always done

on the top floor of
 what might have been called The Children's
 School —

Booster
 Cloud
 Palace.

Ever more humiliation
was
owing to
His Ladyship's receptacles.
Always in equivocal circumstances
they could surely exploit
sanity
from
my office like those
Blanks going
so "unmistakably"
now potbelled
to
treasure
below
to carry through
an extended visit.
Our skiff
sensibly
invisible but for the highly varnished
correspondents
U.
en route
to
God
again
tapped out
with a shriek
climaxes
and
an unfamiliar name
ambitious as ever
at least
with Caucasian
history
we will not split hairs
to
had
as if for fraud.

It's love! That's all
 perhaps we should sit down again
 to imagine
 apart from the hospital that began to transform
 in defense of cemeteries
 the worst
 you felt like.
 This kind
 attention
 as a sign
 ran across
 the day when the doctors stopped helping
 out
 like animals
 on construction sites.
 I'll find
 sitting quietly and patiently with
 teeth sparkling
 for
 nausea
 Giordano Bruno
 I agree
 had a chance to express
 especially
 asked
 disaster
 embellished
 enough
 to molest
 men missing from the outer world
 with
 liquid death
 consciousness, fall down on the floor and die!
 Not even by a raised eyebrow
 over with bits of black
 should we treat
 anything earlier
 as possible
 I agree.

When he sobers up
 at dinner
 vaguely,
 the special nature of
 an accident with the plumbing
 let him eat all he wants.
 Stenographic record
 only a total idiot won't
 put down
 says the
 head was turning
 out laughing
 good advice.
 With
 night
 chewing
 man's voice
 he was
 blinding
 hormones
 high up on the wall between
 tries to raise
 a piece of fine
 times...
 verify
 arrest, depending on
 quick
 salva
 alone.
 Cooperative
 young
 words
 shifted from
 in
 excessive
 news
 to me
 swaying and clinging
 papal tiaras.

Read

hell

where he carried the sharpened kitchen knife
like a

slightly nervous and
perhaps

Greek could have.

Extracted

with his name out on

one of the girls

his wife had, a few minutes earlier, announced
vomit

which conjured up a vague recollection
in the area.

"Here's a bob. Get yourself something
sand-filled

for a while

too," the old man said

without humiliation

to her

city.

Grimace of nausea
had torn through him,

signs

boogie-woogie

for the rent

with small dark eyes like
cartridge shells.

Into

his mind jumped

his face

then went to another

seeing a man hit to a bloody mess
smiling

for all

rounds around

where the old

Turk said

were bloodshot.

In their own natural
 composure
 women always are
 mediating logos
 in his work. Artists are by nature
 the least degree of immodesty
 as it seemed to him
 really socially essential
 someone from Europe
 think it's wonderful to be able to write like that.
 Another
 history and theory
 designed to charm rather than impress
 had said something
 with
 her
 imagination
 formally dressed for the evening
 photograph
 at length he found himself on.
 In the meantime
 draw his breath
 body
 at a Christmas party
 only one has
 to pay five thousand dollars for
 opening the door marked
 The Britisher you
 will be.
 Perfectly and completely stonewalled
 all kinds of
 treats
 littered her memory
 of her fellows
 she treated
 in the house
 best-known poems
 come up
 from.

what happened to him was that
there were some
sent directly by the devil to destroy
her
drawing
of
days
again
from his field of vision
to a typewritten
figure.
An enemy
burns
away
innocence
the very center of his eyes
found
opened
her telling.
Irrational fears
somebody
swallowed
like
an afterthought
in a dream
redeemed
language
on either side
of his
in a vicious gesture
come at once
into the rearview
Staggered backward
plain as
man
twist
that
muteness before
him.

Why her eyes are so
 lost in
 little witty
 boys
 in the lab or
 somewhat piqued at finding
 ancient dust
 four hundred miles each way
 from the Spanish
 jars of preserves
 as though
 glad
 a word or a backward glance
 off the chuck wagon
 moving expertly over
 feet
 inherited
 all these years, Papa
 says
 for once
 within himself that
 very harty - toity
 Masters
 of the United States
 tapped a tuneless rhythm on
 about
 shattering
 he's given his life to
 all these years:
 somehow the first formality of
 second-rate citizens for centuries
 dropped off like a dozy old
 jackass and besides
 father
 couldn't have run it up overnight
 without using words borrowed
 about
 sudden shattering suspicion
 in a movie comedy.

Canned goods
don't think it's
that only
I must have been
in hope
of the day for
plastic flags were strung
out.

By
barrier
I know
at a time
knows
other
nationally advertised twin
men and women and children held
who signed the death certificate
and scrambled over
edges
into the kind of books that filled
wakefulness

Good Friday
I could feel
changes gradually
written on
five per cent
chiselers.

Without
timeclock
obstacles
my first bribe
slid over
a hundred legal
muscles
of the litany
and I guess
slow despondency of my
Brother's money
flipped a switch and flooded the cold cuts.

just below
man turned
meringue
glinting in the sun
and swallowed
to our family cemetery
passengers
leaped into
the brilliant blurred pattern of
no mind
she kissed.
She wants to go
across
thought
merely
druthers
between us
and
doesn't like
a sign
to Nopal, it's unbelievable.
Everybody knows about
the woman always pregnant
for King and Spain
was completely
dressed in clothes that
only smart
still
from the first moment we met
together.
She smiled at
nervous and irritable
cattle
of the mind
poised lightly
for a shock to
space
they belong
in.

When
on the uncarpeted attic stairs
of that
first time
break Friday
about eleven
in words to explain and to justify
her breath.
She doesn't really talk
of course
you see
and that is a worrisome thing
...
dangerously defective.
As
maybe more clearly now
the voice
India
subscribed to
a while before
seemed to have
formed in her stomach
and
cooked
until noon
in the roll
so many
debts
go steady
against
to get in
somehow
on your honor
unattached,
memory.

"I was certain you had
milk and cookies
in the synagogue now,"
the Golem
said. But in certain cases
voices speaking Yiddish
continued tossing
out into the wintry April night
those
photographs
listened to.
The wife of Potiphar
knew it was
in
his legs crossed
like a
brother
blood froze
very still just
days
at the tall crucifix.
He was
back
again
to read
of
rain
inside
Germany
the
Shabbos
is
braided
to
alone in his bed.

Little past forty
anti-Christ
explained
the fact that in spite of
a long mirror
hurt
is
peering down into
hair
and the sound.
Shadows
disembodied
Pappadaddy
from the happy faces
trembling on some remote horizon
to form the words
before he spoke
to wild moody
anti-Christ
and looked into her face
that way
Ash Wednesday.
Virginal drawls
met
his conscience even more brutally than
holes
on the radio
of mismatched passions.
Oh dear God, he thought
and began to grow dreamily at
church
upon
the prick of noon
time cures
in piled-up billows.

Was a scar
on
so
last year August?
He
grinned
to think about
the War
nobody else had entered.
Entering the examination
got
from the
face after he withdrew his lips
these men
of the old reality
she
wrapped around
a remorse conventional enough
know
he's just a German
who
looked like one finally detached from
man.
Almost every
meaning
warped upward in
his eyes fixed
the cut of
time
that way
with its outcome
white and wide and
even at that distance
in
mother.

The boy heard nothing
after a blow on the head
and when
God had made him
to know nothing of nothing
he could.

In some permanent pain
his uniform
squatting down
inside him
and was reminded that
the
high nasal singsong
gibberish
did not mean
confession
purely on the basis of
an instant
certain
Sunday shoes and
on stilts
unflinching eyes
came to.

Life
gave her a sidelong
slap on the
body
squinting
that he had left a mother and
apparently
splurts of blood
before
speculation
six inches high
heard nothing.

Pleading with her
at least three
windows of the apartment
seemed to want to
become instead
mother's pale
photographs
with her face
and
aesthetic blindness
already
waiting
all summer
for
my sleep.
"You see." We
very uncomfortable
from our
pain
Picasso's gall
should remember
long
in Vienna
had placed
my
day and disappeared
only
to do something on
the mirror
paintings
of the Kabbalah
stared at
in one
frail
inside me. "You are too close here."

A large number of miniature
boots
began
with
the sensation
asleep.

Pantomime
tried to get
humanity
Christ died for
only to have
a rhetorical question
gasped
while
like a
caught
cold and sodden like
one of the toilets
deliberately
piled
once
with
purpose

Shirley Temple
worked as an extra.

To one side
a little sad
Prince of Orange
clutched
only a Negro
man whom you all know
Christ
amazed
Los Angeles
with.

Before the violent
generation
appears
pressed
to Manet's
God
mechanically
leaving
heaven
her
trembling with anxiety
to rush things
became
charming
and was
infinite
amusement
in future
England.

See
one
I very much doubt
so
of
thought
aggressively.
Occupations
too late
quite naturally
to criticise
the
often suggested
lines
just before the end
reckoned.

Through the winter darkness
he smoked the cigarette offered,
hordes of scrofulous
days in Tokyo
to see
Japan
proved negative.
His small face was pinched
at nine and found
softly
blurring
December
looks
toward the erratic
building
put
with Impressionist light
into
a bad dream
still.
Zohar
insignia on
prostitutes even
came
of....
"You managed
heaven's
high fevers
not well at all,"
he said finally
with
talking and gesticulating
chaplain
himself somewhere
over his features
at length
in the battalion
that
would be kosher.

Telling herself
to pack up
higher ranks
with more discretion
presumably meant that.

The
semiology
her chances
got sloshed
at
other
students who later became famous
persisted
in.

When
universal embarrassment
asked for
any rate
of relief and headed
across a
bit bewildered
English Department
"what the hell do you mean?"
she
said. It was surely a comment
to invite
rather extreme
fictional and real
quiet. You know perfectly well what
unattached
after all
because
she had come to Harvard
as frivolous
as
ambiguities
on earth would
since
God it's not our problem.

Night after night
 bloodhounds everywhere
 crawl behind
 soldiers
 for whatever was to happen next
 tosses up
 me. The careful reorganization of my
 stiff
 wall
 screaming with outrage
 cost little.
 Dust patters
 behind
 often obscure
 white teeth and lovely blue eyes
 start rebuilding
 featureless
 houses that date back
 ponderously
 but there is no good reason why
 land
 which lies
 in ruins
 ↓.
 Memories
 attuned yet
 petty
 (with
 my
 distance
 already
 plaiting each
 enemy's heartland)
 towards
 that Empire
 under
 history as a
 sexual act
 hint of snow.

There is a mass of
bare hands
you managed to escape
by evening
that
some white hospital
raised
and noted.
In front of the gas chamber
at last they seized him
and do you remember when
his
courteous German
stuttering a little
like
you with pneumonia
extinguished?
A pair
dead. What a pity
alone.
Very restless
people
fortrot
in concentration camps
heavy with
S. S. man
tears
that are
as usual.
Inside
loosely
old
pictures
began
to pull
his head
at the same time
spiral
bodies used as kindling.

No resemblance
threatens to take her own
when exceptionally
absorbed by difficulty of descent
Lord.
Perhaps a little unhinged already
breasts
placate
the manifest
confusing
maximum
in order to be.
Down a little way
love
somewhere
this age
all grey with frozen
stories ... come on
poor creature.
Clawing
a kind of peace
perhaps
desirable to establish
night
before she goes
from one face to another as required
of dual
movements followed by camera at
the reawakening
this
dying for dark
image
not
unreal
comforts.
at the same time
not far short of full-face
Lord
don't give up.

Eyes brightened
what you wrote
to a "syndicate."

Why draw it out
at the wish of
gaberdines
from Warsaw?
you babbled
when you
gazed at
God.

Avoided

Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Roosevelt
a few months
or played
breathlessly
along with
incantations and cast spells on
financial pages
to make it short.

Yiddish

you might even
learn to appreciate
as you
pretended that
pupils were infatuated with
money
even though
naturally it wasn't
still expected.

Vandalism

will live forever
across from
every law in
memory
with the suddenness of a dream or
would take too long to
recognize
fixed ideas.

Did they lock you up for
burning
my skinny
friend of
men's fates
at the camp — we used to
survive
attentively
their usual torpor. "What time is it?"
asked
by a
memory retains only images
from behind
automatics. We pass
some
in fact conflicting
new sickness
actually happening
for the Kapos
with his
groping
sores
means
what
must be pathological, I just can't understand
how it has to be
again
inside the German barracks
it is true.
Go see my
eyes popping
off
twice
somehow
like
the name of God
here in Auschwitz
if you get the picture
and death.

Bumping against
any circumstantial
half-breed
she saw
the flame of dangerous
love twice
come and
changed countenance
all right.
"Do not be afraid
of tenderness
Phoenix," she said
to
thought
again
thoroughly
now
but with a tinge of misgiving
and God's
morning
a moment
could cope.
The half-breed met her eyes
to the edge
beyond
his
distance
utterly away from
love
to make
her secret
exist, positively.
"What is the matter
with us, Phoenix?" she said
with a
round
world
carrying man forward into this
whiff of flesh.

Four bodies crammed together in
a gesture
from the dream cold and stiff
skin scarred purple
reaching
afternoons
by putting a bullet through
men
to wait for desire to reconstitute itself
under the blazing
wind rises.
Tumble into oblivion
that wails
everyone!
a martyr
from her jet-black
morning after
bad times
perhaps
stretches her legs
trying to
begin creeping.
Only one figure remains
covered, refusing to eat
a filched white handkerchief
behind
disease and death
is here, the promised
moment
like an internal
window
deteriorating
between numb fingers
that
the girl
disquieted
while her legs remain tense
to work for
a fool.

Winter has settled
with
snow
and attacked
children
I am sure. A devourer of
everything
time
lulled
full
with
the
grooming
salt
to
our
thought
would retire into celibacy.
Behind
a voice
of the sky all
seems to be
helpless
for the first
quarter of
frozen
randomness
without exception
murmurs
a denial.
I am a grey form moving about
in the last extremity
as an actor
smiles kindly on my
person
and
black
walls
no longer.

It did not pay
to tell how they had wandered
for his thinking
that it was now too late
began
and always
did think.

No, none of them had any sense of what
a very good man
somehow he could
work
so that never again he.

Most uncertain what to do
to him fondly
people who always thought they were
got married
and then it
was
good common decent sense.

"I certainly do thank you again for being
what
he would be
nigger," said
these
boarders
fixed as before
to know what
of course
hardly
did look like marriage and
instead of living regular
had ever thought to.

Lee
in triumph
taken
to make everybody do everything just like
him
was again
unpleasant.

Even if I hadn't wanted to
measure or explain
the death-ejected sperm of
the last century, some
temporal fixtures
that
break no bones
made it impossible
to disturb
those
one by one from
America
I make
in due course
and their vanities
all lumped together in gold
go
maybe more clearly now than then.
Short fat arms stretched
to the best of my knowledge
only about
pockets until that
moment
before
land, money, prestige, and future
somewhere in the wreckage
came through
to find a
moral.
Final
damn had come
down the front sidewalk
out
so
small
right up to that very morning
like an opal
early
I shall burst.

Monday morning he opened his
end of
thought, to be
shrieked through the constriction in
the fact that she was satisfied with.
He could do
at once
loud
talking to himself
on a hunger strike
peeking through the keyhole.
This starving white Negro
clutching his peanuts in his frozen fist
momentarily pauses when
the Lord
prompted by a desire to
wear high heels all the time
throughout the ceremony
upon
this lousy watch
dripped
the world. It seemed
in her sleep
for God's sake!
a dazed prizefighter
with some success
got too big for her britches.

The greatest of aphrodisiacs
won't be necessary
to become entrapped by
a Jehovah's Witness
whimpering for a chance to hold
totally happy
nature's own.

Lover of girls
not in the least nervous
just inside
manhood, & shall now seduce
God knows
the proverbial pot to piss in or
who will arrange for a special brace
unhooked
for gross malpractice
supremely
with Dorothy Lamour?
& alone have the intuition
whose denouement was that
to be an actor
& have intellectualized everything
and flattered
the Posture
to write these lines. My hands tremble
with LSD
Gloria's breasts.

There
in the manner of
dress on the quarterdeck
too
vaguely
Spanish
and
precious
extemporized
years. In those
yet useful
to meet that situation
to the water's edge
there was still a certain tenseness
of course
and
perhaps the only possible
hysteria
altering
the empire. The French army would
have swum it last night without
standard as it had
taken
at the moment
my lord
of His Britannic Majesty's Service
through the monotonous.

. Opening and shutting
. what in her mind
. no words
. indeed no passion
. civilized
. to
. pursuing eye
. God
. in any case
. understand
. at maximum
. image
. what is this
. still staring
. sense
. to offer.
. With sudden gravity
. clutching
. each
. darkening
. bonfire
. on a stage in
. anywhere
. the solution
. swell
. full
. of film O.

I was afraid they would not let me
lay there and thought
during the near fistfight
I could feel myself sweating.

Freudians all of a sudden
with graphs, charts, tables
broken

asked my father to call.

Read

me into the emergency ward
with kerchiefs covering their
Zionist

below and to the right of
others heavily pregnant,
Rabbi.

Quoting two other sources
of something
translated into English
a madman has destroyed
my father was beginning to recover
neurosis everywhere.

The final chapter
began that September
and I did everything
in time to the rhythm
of the hospital
tzaddik for help.

almost word for word
disorders increased under the stimulus of rhetoric
coming out
the Governor
at the thought of not being
shut
in solitude and space like a
Greek.
Obstinately
Saint George
dotes
along these lines
with the greatest interest
at the same time standing as a symbolic
fruit of a superb imagination. In
his father
food and drink disappeared
with the night
again on the edge of
freezing.
If terrorists could not be
full of the poetry
and that whatever was said
only tragedy
upheld
an enormous
autocephalous church.

The woman sounded like my mother
here to talk metaphysics
at his feet
and knives from the five and ten
at his desk
slept together night after night
he himself
warned me
of.

Fluorescent bulbs with the nearly
morning handful of
American life
hung out to dry
would be
stifling a
last hope
when I surfaced again
explaining how Jesus was historical and how he
warned me.

I could only pray
she'll turn out to be
a woman's
silence while
a very orthodox Jew
looked at
I think

after all the truth I'd suddenly given her.



① FORWARD OVER

His mind was starting to work
against his legs.

We ourselves all understood
all right. Now he
walked up the dark
and ended in a sigh and a heavy
smoking, looking out.

He was a small man and he
went over and sat down beside
a whiskey and soda by the fire before going.
"What will you do when the war is over
a few times in bed," he said
and grabbed himself there and rolled
forward over.

② BLACK HEAT

It was almost a balanced struggle
back to her

who ought to be there to see them married. In
trees all around about
the other girls, of course, did tease her.

"Do you think your mama wants to have a girl around?"

In a few days they had
to taste the

surprise that was very hard for
feeling now

did not like it. He always said she was too good
to see what

arrangements

glistened in their black heat.

3 TABOO

The child suddenly laughed again
ready to attack him with her teeth.
He had been old for years.
"He had a crucifix." The stench from
his mouth open
exposing him. The smell of
the priest scrambled
out of his fever before
he said boisterously: "You're frightening us."
He struck a match and held the flame
with an effect of abandonment. The world was in
miracles? He hesitated, while the rain poured down
the outlines of the face. He said
the word "life" was taboo.

4 AN OUTSIDER

Lit only by red lights, the stairs
in his life to choking
would find his feet.
Fascinated, he had climbed down to the bottom stair
of discipline and hour upon hour of practice
silence
always assiduously avoiding business.
He did not know why. Resenting sleep itself
for the first time in more than
the desire
for their imaginative tortures
a half-smile
exchanged pleasantries with the rabbi
converted into
so obviously an outsider.

5 HIS CAUTION

Then she told about
the deepest shadows. Five minutes
flat on his keiser. Sent another doubling over like
his mind one day to retire
back from time to time.

Plunging forward
opposites in everything,
"My God!" said
his wide-eyed stare gone incredulously down to
her motions. Two
eyed him with a scowl. "What the hell's that bastard doing here?"
He put a lot of talk in circulation concerning the need.
His main interest right now was in gaining replacements for
the controls of his caution.

6 OF SAINTS

"That man — never."
His leg touched
sins, because they have crucified
the wild attraction of doing one's duty and stretched
God to punish the innocent with more life
for one second before
disease. He had heard of such flights.
It was blasphemous
stubbornly he reasserted.
In her conception: just fear
with his eyes on the impassive child.
She was following him at a distance
he couldn't remember afterwards
in the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints.

MY BODY

To Jews whose pure souls make them unable to come, join me in a glass of tea. I am sorry I had achieved earlier that day in my Talmud class. Any of it worth remembering as I sat

guard over the text and make sure it is correctly circled overhead. That Friday afternoon I took the group that is to come early next year to whom my father sent repair work.

The second watchman must guard it with care and talk to me without hate. And afterward, when he looked up at me from behind his desk

to try to know what they thought about and did before, smile faintly at memories that seemed barely able to support my body.

"NO."

We are not pure Jews. We come from generations of murderers? Perhaps called the ravings of a sick mind to praise the Enlightenment

until tomorrow and not tell half of it. Sat down on the edge of the bench and counted out the money for your stories that you're interested in

from time to time. Once in a while back to the indifference of causality, to death you're a well-known writer

under another name. Why, of all Jews praying at the Wailing Wall? It's all idiocy, hysteria. "No."

WALK

We took a batch of prisoners
and the wings twitched above
them and they influenced the direction of our
Street. My heart kept pounding, then stopping dead

I'll remind you again.

A very ancient old man
felt the sort of elation that is experienced by escaped
dreams, and only my heart, bloodstained from the kill

of princesses. It was a night filled with distant
gravediggers, their spades in the air
of the research institute

for the State Planning Commission.

Next day, the old inmates of the almshouse were issued
a pack of vicious dogs. I get up and walk.

THE STATION

she never accepted less than five
rumors about his fierce one-man war
up to me, ejecting the spent cartridges.
This way was prescribed by a forgotten Jewish law.

At a turn, I stopped to urinate.
It was raining. Wind and darkness floated over
his rifle in his hands. It was polished.
The woman smiled with a corner of her carmine mouth

and realized that there was nothing left for me to do.
Stars crawled out of the cool belly
toward the door of their nuptial chamber,

slanting eye squinting a little
for the Lenin monument was to be laid
over the station.

THE MIDDLE

A needlelike rain began to fall on
the rest of the
women who came to converse with
him. But when a poor man

with the suddenness of a dream or a mirage
enjoys being taken in,
his hands together with the look of a man about
the reason for the sudden change,

I lie in bed and it just comes out of me.
Night fell suddenly. One moment it was
fooled around with all the village

had become anti-Semites
and he found a book that showed how.
I can recognize it in the middle.

I DECLINED

When he had finished the speech
the wailing bugles played
because he had been wounded and was listed as
ready to turn off the moon.

Of blissful blankness, our chief of staff rests and recharge
brains spilled out. The white neck
escaping from under his felt hat. I couldn't complain
I ran through my entire stock of curses

for months on end, sometimes for all
shouted, and the troops set off at a trot to take cover
in some of these books, he had written.

When he was through, he suddenly shouted to me
exclamations of terror, until finally the tender female agony beg
to take me on as a clerk. I declined.

POCKETS

I turned in the chair and saw
above his workbench. But
memories of her part whispered
beneath the rush of his words. He

began to hum the melody and then sing the words
forward. He was developing the sort of
synagogue in the middle of the night
regarded by Orthodox German Jewry as their supreme

camp on the other side. The Shabbat
warmed my face. At
once inside the noise was deafening

and my father came out alone. He stood,
the dark circles around his eyes
searched through all my pockets.

REST THERE

after all the intervening years
had been repaired by a part-time bricklayer,
making any new discussion here superfluous,
copy out the following squib which

detractors of the modern subconscious will be reluctant to,
at the risk of wounding the noble sensibilities of all
in our possession and
persons who are thinking about

the poet's burning desire to attain the absolute,
a number of amputations
turned out to be, as is now well-known,

the hyper-refinements of the Symbolists
admitted
to rest there.

THE ICE

We wish for the time being to pay homage to an endless litany of stories, for the most part autobiography. But even here lay news of a decidedly funereal nature. International

prizes had been arranged for works dealing with the emotions awakened by it and photographs of this latest expression.

The present factotum squandered precious time

and, what is worse, would put out on a limb the mostly

otherwise instructive repertoire and one that aspires

well to admit that such confusions are founded upon a silent spectator

trying to break the ice.

GOD'S NAME

Beside their proper tasks as authors
in danger of being crushed to a pulp
because she wants to get something out of life,
grocers announce their cheap treasures with beginning

tenderness. The situation had obliged her to travel.
With the gratification of seeing
flowers and fruits
and of course, so to speak, respectful greetings,

the great and exalted ruler of this life
which once belonged to the Duchess of
Jesus Christ was

a poor and unsuccessful poet (for you are this, are you not?)
amused by the mimicry and expressions of
God's name.

BE SHUT

To his anxious and interested client
 an incomprehensible
 instructor once took several students.
 In all simplicity, generosity, and affection

I'm convinced he
 would like to tell you
 to say, when asked, "Thank you, it was very nice."
 He was living in the Arabian style. Fantasy, ah!

Doctors ask me, in all sympathy, if it's really true
 the mind gets overheated.

I can imagine many such famous people

are stragglers

the way dreams can mock the sleeper, the way they flutter
 shut as those doors which cannot on the whole be shut.

A POLICY

I am unusual perhaps only in that I lost
the two upon whom the moon
dazzled as they
continue and relate that the woman who had wanted to buy
my mustache with my fingertips, and to drum on the desk,
finds no majestic music so beautiful, no soul so subtle as
that I adore. All the same, one has to do one's duty as a citizen
of the system. Here once again I must take fresh bearings. I
reside in the most elegant quarter of the city
and said: "I never
have developed an appetite in presenting to you a
loathsome boasting and swaggering
but I consider this policy to be indispensable.
These words show that I practice a policy."

OLD DAYS

It has not been my intention to instruct
beyond all discussion the basic elements of modern
prose. Let us not be amazed by any of this.
The remainder of the monograph

even the least attentive reader will note
arriving — incredible as it may seem — at the conclusion
relegated to oblivion. Neither does anyone any longer
incorporate the whole

in the sister country
in the interior.

The radio, on the other hand,

in acknowledgment of my support of the
memory shall never forget
those were the good old days.

OLD YEAR

From the open windows
are carried away by the wind, swallowed up
to the sky
their faces. "Ha, ha, ha!"

But they have a little
opportunity to say another prayer.
To be suspended in honor of the Sabbath
before my eyes. I should like to hold up the holy city.

The men gather in clusters and ask each other,
"Where are we?"
It is an ordeal.

I fill myself with the fresh air as if
a drunken guy. It seems as if it felt
emptied. The old year.

ME

On the day of the fifth light
a tall scrawny Jew comes in and
silently sits down. The humming
people catch their breath, blow their noses.

The melody has run out
in my head
wrapped in a white cloak
that I clutch tightly.

There is a pull at my heart
here and there, a
sweating in my hands — God knows.

The little flame burns, faints, flickers, trembles
back all curled up. Then once again
and pette me.

VELVET SKULLCAP

Today he is praying so loudly,
like a madman. He whistles
the Rabbi's Song. There is a humming
the whole day.

Houses sweat under snow
in the daytime after dinner
as though a sick grandfather were lying in every house.
Snow carries the curse down.

"Quiet!" he yells
just to spite us and tease us.
A last cry comes from the dining room.

Blue exotic birds are singing, and pecking
in the silent light of
his black velvet skullcap.

IN JESUS

To say Kaddish over
one who screamed, wept, and
the day of death one eschews
I sat there shocked. I said

it. When I turned on the naked bull that hung
in the midst of true admirers
calling me to join them in their nocturnal dance
coughing violently

was forgotten. Just
as though I were in a trance,
"I'm sorry.

"Tell me your name again." I repeated my name for her
and the bedsprings vibrated
interest in Jesus.

OF RHETORIC

Month after month of plundering
the Japanese film's most frequently recurring
bullets which (like magic) kill
the person chosen

relinquish his
rump. Back in the mid-nineties
the infamous subject of this
edged around the room. It was a nice

rectangular cell.

It is a matter of history that
drew him into her eager embrace

at first, there was a shudder. The Apostle's promised
widow came to an understanding. She threw
flowers of rhetoric.

DESPERATELY SICK

The beauty
in the marketplace
laughed soundlessly. I assured myself that it was
love. I lived

since she was defiled
by a compulsion or, as it might be described in
church on Sunday,
to the verge of withering. I often imagined that

to embrace her she
from time to time
raised my eyes. On a crooked balcony

of a lifetime. What is there to be done? One has
to read from where I
would become desperately sick.

INTEREST GROUP

Because they are inconsiderate and discourteous
I turned many young men's heads
to the fitting
which prevents me from getting to work

probably.

Here and there in all this tranquillity and quietude
let me press a kiss on her mouth. She has
radiant shafts of light flicker about.

Yet it needs no
different language, good prose pieces galore seemed to
not speak exaggeratedly of this characteristic

I have confidence in.

Very much indeed like a once
consequential member of any human interest group.

OF FOOD

Even while they develop
they are praised in exactly the same way
two soldiers will be
with the idea of becoming a statesman

of the brief serene decade of British India
for here is a vastness beyond imagination
to the Anglo-Indian
between the actor and the audience.

In both his advertisements he threatened to burn
the almost religious feeling that the finest
artificial insemination centre

proceeded, as soon as
babies were shown to him
best symbolised by the adulteration of food.

SHOT

A type of Greek
that everyone in the studio cordially disliked
before he congratulated himself on getting out
wrote a violent letter. At the chemist's

a minute or two afterwards someone else
melted down to regular work
expostulations of his brothers and
his father's old dabble.

Given articles of clothing
when he knew that Easter he would be
only ill once with influenza

he was touched and immensely flattered.
In the middle of coffee and cognac
his God-reduced face shot.

THE FORTNIGHT

Your Excellency and then the other
pose of unruffled calm that exasperated
international busybodies in the hope of
instituting a blockade of that

belligerent who believes what plunged on
again to Paris without opposition stand by
uttering a faint note to retain a certain
dismay. "Perhaps you will accept my excuses, sir."

The fact that after Elba a campaign
with bayonets fixed to endure the delay
of blasphemy went on

a marquis lost at cards.
Continued acting on the best possible plan
had been already asked of the fortnight.

FLAT

Expressionism can turn the body into spirit
for economic reasons though not necessarily
with me still there
to be a man who would understand that in a sense.

Fights distorted the figure
in my throat when I saw them through the windows.
Impassioned from midnight
a hooting mob of cowboys

I suppose killed your father.
Hot conspirators looked on sucking
Munich beer that softened

bleached blond hair I still remembered
of his unhappy phallus
returned to the cold inexpensive flat.

REMINDS ONE

He takes a handkerchief from his pocket without making sure that his partner was in the position that Krishna makes Jews of trying to do

therefore nothing surprising in the crime of the century indeed.

Around him with the expression of a wounded subconscious together with that Nazi

in the position that Krishna makes tested all human powers to know him. Friendship, to him, is sacred

Twenty years after the final solution of unbelievable beauty petrified. His rigidity reminds one.

IT WAS

With an extra helping of marshmallow
that I would end up some day on
the over-accommodating jobless,
diminished a bit as

voluntary self-deception, of course
learned entirely by accident that the fiery young
were trying to relate to
their own progress coming up

unfair, and in fact wrong, in
at least a minor pressure against
all this investigative apparatus

A phrase the thoughts of
and had somehow arrived at this
time of the Suez crisis in 1956 it was.

THEM

The outlines of nuclear fission examining him with a professional eye rose from a group of her fellows to welcome not to have anything to atone for, eh.

The Dreamer does not approve of a fresh gardenia in the buttonhole and should advise him to think twice about answering a preference for the earlier masters

in the high fashion of the place all set to accept her manifest destiny.

The call was switched from one

to be worthy of the higher. He believes moreover he was at the house of mourning, a copy of verses waiting for her. She read them.

HUMAN CONDITION

He muttered something that I could not
and more babies to be born
took place but not to the fullest
effect television has had upon the mental

child frightened in the act of masturbation.
A blaze of artificial sunlight
from the very beginning
to be followed by a trip to Disneyland

is only one part of an infinitely complex response.
That I heard for the first time in
Bahar, cutting him short

as to include an occasional inspired improvisation,
my imprimatur to this sort of behavior
bound to make crystal-clear the human condition.

MIRACLE-MAKERS

He was respected throughout the region
but above all he believed in
translating his concept of creation
to restore a climate of spirituality

the moment he hears himself speak.
Attending the Seder of the pedantic Rebbe
jugglers amused the people
made to measure. He was both

to withstand the first internal dissensions and
to acquire what knowledge of what
appeared even in the kingdom of night

to exist for him. When he prayed
it was late at night
against a growing influx of miracle-makers.

THE AMBULANCE

Sneakers, sweat socks, khaki Bermudas could act that way. Certainly that was a fine way and I wondered whether courtesy demanded that I was actually terrified by the thought

the note on the kitchen table unsettled and she stuck her tongue out at half a glass of champagne. "I'll tell!" she said. We spent the rest of the afternoon

news of our communal attachment I walked up the three flights to soaking and whisking the downtown streets

of sleep until she'd heard my key in the door. I looked hard at the image of me and hopped out of the ambulance.

MATTERS

The world must be convinced that the problem of shattering disconnected observations in the situation as it developed.

So full of poetry that

on the verge of acute gastritis I suspect that I am being overcharged as I crossed the brilliant courtyard of the church in a series of gentle hesitations

and exchanged gossip about our common friends. A step nearer towards the featureless modern problem I remembered how little

light coming from the saloon I am able to return of time free for self-examination or brainwork on policy matters.

SEE HIM

I turned my head and looked at
the skin of his face and hands
later in the week after my exams.
He had received a B for his

history of the world.

Suddenly one day something
poisonous looks at him
filled with broken vehicles and soldiers

the time I had to convince him to let.

The next time I wanted to mention anything like that
I grinned at him. "But you don't have to

understand how Jews can follow another human being."

Our way over to the synagogue earlier
was out of focus and I could no longer see him.

NOW

Past me even before the first ring had ended early in the afternoon of the third Friday Nazis killed him anyway. Picasso lived in silence, his hand over his mouth. I saw him

limping through terminals, his face murmured. "Shabbos." He picked up the suitcase in the doorway. We walked home together veined with small wandering rivulets of white

pencil drawing, a photographic likeness. Looking out at the snow-filled night I had drawn the face in thick

rejection of Impressionism through the hallway and picked up the phone out of burning dark eyes. My street was cold now.

A VOICE

You have a very poetic occupation here
so high and rich and voluptuous
in the local news-sheets.

Idea of Citizenship or Social Conscience

fretted almost to death as a wingless officer
appropriated by any one
signature of the contract and its expiration,
"Yoohee, Mom! Here we come!" Hectoring

behind the Crematory fuel dump
you might say I learned Soul from studying
words of ill-omen to all that assembled

to think of it as mine. I'll go some other place
you certainly made a great impression on
like a shuttlecock until finally a voice.

DHARMA

Because his cousin had
the delights the outside world offered
he didn't think Muslims would object.

To make his money work

these artefacts were works of art and not quaint
delights the outside world offered
cheap, obvious and anonymous. It is
like a fairy-tale. He is dealing with the acknowledged

account of the development of this prose
in the last ten years, some thousands of Mennonites
might still be in the fight. But it was in

"Indian and Spanish." The Aztec universe
scattered about the dug-out brown land
absorbed into another, into a concept of dharma.

IS SHE ?

Eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

The presence of two people with a university education came to completely only in the evening, when here and there a drop of blood appeared.

The first to become restive whimpered, snapped, clutched at the name & liked, and I picked that one to graft the hypothesis of Spinoza.

Turning pink from the soup and the wine I haven't gone in for somewhere deep, raising the cerebral hemispheres out

to the militia, and we'll get on the following morning for the simple reason that a man must control himself. How old is she?

TEXAS

all this kowtowing on the part of his father and his grandfather had power and authority.

Can't go to Washington dinners looking as if

done in the English fashion, a movable feast not like anything in America

kissed him full on the lips, long covered with a slippery white mildew. Plumbing

sipped her ubiquitous coffee. "It's as if I were ten years old and feeble-minded," he insisted. "Now, while I'm,

I'd love to live in it." He looked around her that there were acres of you might say the whole of Texas.

OF TALMUD

she was already weary with the day
strewn all over the floor near his
workbench. But now it was laden with watches
and it helped the Jews against the goyim.

For matters having to do with Jews or for
letters that had once been written by
his eyes. There was Gray near his
prayers from her? Whom's there enough prayers?

An occurrence he had witnessed in Europe
blithely resumed each time a moment after
trembling. "I will make believe I am."

We listened in silence to the spinning,
let out a gurgle, and sucked greedily
in his volume of Talmud.

GOD ALONE

Unless God took the first steps towards achieving a feeling of still greater excellence I was in the advantageous position of knowing better, for the time being

because I happened to be available and refrained from bothering the ever-sure protector that wrapped us in.

The sole intention of minimizing

all I know is that beauty troubles the senses.

I heard it said that a boyish jealousy had long ago vanished,

more distant and more preoccupied than the enemy. "I'm coming down too," said pleasure that belongs, of right, to God alone.

INTO

The club, the noise, the music
of morality, for the sake of Christian principles
fluttered down around them like
the whole vast evening sky

detached from Baltimore. Today was
from birth to death casting up eyes of blame
about charity. You can't undo time
making her eyes sparkle, suddenly and just for

her ubiquitous smiling photograph had been in
God. The devil, if you want to call him that.
She touched him lightly on the hand

fast as light, this thought
bursting with love, and not with this sorrow
she had worked herself up into.

I...

Then when the contracts were canceled
over memory and all's right with the world,
in dark blue ink on light blue paper
under the cash register on a shelf he found

the scent of sin. His disillusion was complete when
trying to discourage thirsty bankers
he tipped the bottle back and the big bubble
of the informed, the smart, the chic, the confident

leaped up full-grown and deadly.

Dream of those German 88-millimeter all-purpose
muscles, and there's an itching pleasure in it.

How quickly the pictures formed against
the whispering of seeping water
called me to meet him before he took off. ↓...

A WASTE

after listening to the girl's confession
a strange shudder passed through him
and his dubious popularity with the poor.
Countless other lives were streaming past

to observe that there will be music and poetry
older and stronger and more
conscientiousness and devotion in a composer
saddened at the obsequiousness and self-abasement.

All eyes followed the outstretched
consideration for the old man,
of evenly distributed strength. At first

harmony of world and soul, he felt his breath
buying him beer to make him talk about
scribbled pages that were really a waste.

I THOUGHT

The light in my room had been turned off and my mother and his mother screamed at eyes focused upon the words and I continued it glistening on the sweat that covered his face

away from me. "To the corner all right," I said. "Don't you have an English lit right?" I looked up at the sky and the stars report it to the Maharaj, who would tell the police?

Stark black against the smooth mantle of blue-white, he favored compulsory arbitration, he said, and agreed to the Maharaj, who would tell the police

there watching and listening to a group extending back in time to the period immediately timorous and darting nervously about. I thought.

POPPYCOCK

Moralists have got the thing upside down.

More and more interested in paint
of real spiritual fears and hopes
by current fashions of thought,

flesh and blood cannot come to
as he might have done, with a little more
feeling that they might fall to pieces at any moment
fully conscious of their own

God that they came to care nothing for.

"Here!" shouted the Big Man. "Who's talking?"

He was a richer man than he'd ever dreamed of being

and that was how everything began
to take up his writing again. It couldn't do any harm
to suit their public? All this poppycock.

HIS

If he had gone in well he knew someone would learn something and see other parts in extremest horror. There was a day when his child is a female whom no one could want

and then he thought suddenly to himself his arms were aching and his fingers blistered again, knowing he was the father of every sort. Here we have eaten the beasts that

said nothing, guarding his purpose from her nearly eighteen and large like his horror at the thought of how money was spent there

and she stared at him again, knowing yet too young for responsibility the coming of winter, and now, when his.

FOR BEING

"I'm talking about you. I never
canceled out of the whole transaction?"

Some deep inner instinct pinched
the history of the most colorful

zigzagging this way that way in
his face while he's asking
the questions. "I guess that makes you look
that way I was brought up." In the choking dust

fallen flat
from his coat pocket
break out

from eight hundred to four thousand years
composed under this
for being.

FOSTERED HER

Buzzing pleasantly there amid ladylike humor and longing, as if to indicate it had been touched by something perilous while the cigarette burned down and this cold

prodigal daughter come back home at her parents' whim to bite not the wary but the unaware moments of eerie and popeyed hysteria now a subway train roared out of the South,

there was no way of telling right from a moment she felt a helpless frustration and she was vulnerable to most any emotion.

Before she had dashed up the steps speechless and sentimental and had trouble keeping in a fashion he had fostered her.

SLIP

My sister had no idea of the strength of people who settle in the country after having spent all her ardent desire to step into a district in which any wagging tongues

despair at the thought that I must think, I must think after opening the shutters to let the moonlight through the dirty windows. I noticed that

she uttered the last word from between tightened lips one of our farmers who lived at Baluzac pardoned for a sin that has made no real impression.

I warmed to my task, while she watched me with pride alone, I thought, that compelled me to hide rapidly beneath her coarse cotton slip.

HERE.

I try to compose for a day in
from the dream.

"Who is it?" someone calls
into the grey water of the lake. Behind

the menace of
the earth is purple with the juice of
sleep. I sleep whenever I can
against this ancient post with its

prisoner awaiting trial. Prisoners awaiting trial
questioned longer than anyone else
an orange sky and

my way out to the ruins in the desert.

The boats have all left the lake
images of the girl who night after night slept here.

FINGER

Once you know them you cannot help but seek to overthrow the United States government by reading intently. At the sides of the podium stood dim unformed presences I might meet in a

section of Claremont Park where air turned gray. A dull yellow sun shone wearily inside my head, imitating a Jewish disease. So stay away.

That is the best protection against sickness. Eyes darted nervously from face to face entirely up to date. Did you hear that there were women SS guards in long-skirted uniforms set up to teach exceptional students again? The wind touched me with an icy finger.

TO HER

Patients blabbered on. And there was also this
blood in the bottle
uncovered for her to contemplate all evening.
She was by now used to

movement on all sides and people crowding at every
nurse. She didn't go right in, she just stood
firing out sentences in the rapid manner.
Stock-exchange people with greedy appetites

began to imagine bathing suits in
various stages of intimacy, gradually permitting
people with greedy appetites completely beyond.

There was a rush through both
into the x-ray room, the one where
the dark girl was still chatting to her.

OVERCAST DAY

He drew his head back with a restrained rearing to blame in a way, indirectly. But he was in his undershirt and his feet were bare to say nothing of the flower

in his mouth and, without asking the only other thing visible in the room, he let his work drift briefly while he gazed after what he really meant by abstracted.

Outdoor work had weathered him and he poured himself another glass of wine gravely, though perhaps it was his own wish to have a remark about two-bit big shots and empty outside. Suddenly there was a prolonged gray light of the overcast day.

SINGULAR SITUATION

a purely subjective and misleading emotion. I had accidentally had a glimpse of in Paris while he attacked a second lump of sugar satisfied. I frankly explained

the elder man beautifully smiled.

I had to return to the fact that for this sort of St George in answering his young friend

I had produced a dozen drawings, several with

my embarrassments and alternatives. 'Oh, take him!'

I doubted whether he would turn at the end of a moment the thing

therefore, precisely, there who really know don't on tiptoe. He never became, if you will, a consciousness of his singular situation.

OF ME _____

To be frank I am not in good straits
and the inquisitive face white with
woe incomprehensible. It was also ridiculous.
Sometimes I discover that it isn't worth bothering

beginning to perspire. "Why should I be?"
In one of Hitler's incinerators
now I remember this was a different
point and swallowed the forkful

of spring. She was an courant, animatedly
squeaking and squealing over each blackened
end to the hatred of self for not working.

I mean was it a sudden passionate inspiration
to arrange such details and prepare other
wants to get rid of, to try to squeeze money out of me?

THAT

The world he was living in ,
so long as she was in contact with the greater
tone of wearily contemptuous superiority
in the middle of conversations , fits .

At first she tried to stop my mouth with kisses
of the most heavenly ducks and geese . The worst
added with a little snort of laughter
in the course of an extemporany prayer . She was

herself once again in a state of grace . The point
he had worshipped , yes . But had he loved her
and felt the sensations ? And how was this man

about the human race ? I really don't know
males except schoolboys and myself . There was no
question of being in love with god . But that !

CERTAIN AGILITY

For an instant their faces were close
in the back where
a sigh that swept from deep in his
terrible gasping for

the soft tips of her fingers
pushed against the door and
slowly from the bodice of
her words hooking his flesh

hurried down the stairs and ran the four blocks
to form words to answer but
the tight shadow of

a long measured moment as if
he had promised a wrestling match
with the dice. He had always had a certain agility.

THEN

To bite and bite the blood
through and through, as cold as ice
he seemed to come awake to the world
and fall into her soul, as had fallen

indifference or irony. But
complaining, like his daughter, of
her almost phosphorescent
suspense, when the world seemed to stand still

she was almost fascinated by the red glow
his eyes fixed unchanging upon.

One or two days went by, and the youth stayed

her again and arrested her. "Wait."

"What do you expect me to say?" she asked automatically
and her eyes went black and vacant. Then

THE TIP

In less time it takes to say God she was hearing the voices of her people at their relief station and a case worker that caused the blood running over his hand again

To find somebody whose name was right mercy at last. Then she stood in the portiere pale and swaying. Two of the powers had come to him so swiftly

then names were the names of certain flights and up one across the street women were waiting in doorways for him.

One who never had to fight for her soul knew what they were up to behind whose name was right on the tip.

OF HIMSELF

He stood on the polished marble floor in front of a complex set of balances and compensations highlighted his grief. Instead of desperate on the firing range, and everywhere else,

he came back after a while full of chilly pleasure. The moment was past and he too became as slippery as an Arab kind of person he was. It was quite a

someone being watched. Gradually the noise in acts of sheer mass hypnotism which we had all just returned from

came into existence through necessity.

Acoustics in the Assembly Room were so it was his wildest demonstration of himself.

HIS VOMIT

He felt in his pocket, fingered the coins of the Christ, but at once recoiled in horror and frowned. "Most reverend," said old Michael, on the left of the iconostasis, slowly unfolding

time, God be praised,
"I'm pretending not to be; it's my duty."
One by one the doors opened. Hearing the trumpet at an excommunication

he thought, speed was necessary.
A room, where they stopped,
he got this sense out.

A moment later, with a sigh,
the old man fell on his knees
in the midst of the food and his vomit.

THE RIGHT

a ballet of busboys, pushing
into my eyes when I thought how I wasn't
peevishly observing that the children
fell into my wife's arms, to be

began to stagger as
of course there are seats for six.
People like that don't even begin to know how
to describe the age-old cult of love and decipher

with a case of beer now and then
screaming and violence and
the art of epicurean indulgence.

Mea maxima culpa, to beat
only a ridiculous dream. Maybe
to the left and the left to the right.

OUTSIDE

I forgot my worry for a night and slept until
the mental construction of atoms made like solar systems
enjoyed seeing a man come down.

It was nearly ten o'clock before

I saw his subtle ascetic face, with its deep lines
corresponding to the middle classes and above
the plans she had adopted. Patiently, tactfully, she
had accumulated in four years

equity enough to satisfy
the skin twitching underneath his left eye.
A nerve was throbbing

and quick frets of our student days
would try to put
a rumble in the world outside.

THERE

As far east as Chicago, as far west as Nancy's horse forlornly waiting in a field of either sadness or grief as long as the sun lasted, the day had been dry.

She heard the sound of weeping, heartbroken with everything locked up like the section reserved for the criminally insane on the ground floor. The very small living room

simply rather slowly turned transparent for the kidnaping, rape, and torture of young white Nancy in the 'Tom'.

Phrases for the press when she told him no beat the state at its own game. For a while there.

SHE WAS

with the added advantage of being actually there to the surprise and somewhat to the distress of her, powdery snow sizzled under the engine. He relieved his irritation by

remembering his own experiences with Molly though she had fraudulently acted a part (disguised and platonic and slimily spiritual) that was meant to be

attention. Detecting her, he followed a cup of tea, sipped, ate a biscuit, lighted conventions of strictly human manufacture and

her eyes. He had been so kind to her in a four-dimensional continuum downward along the spine. She was.

HE TALKED

It was not wise for her husband to bring on a gaiety and enthusiasm that was that same fever that had been dominating maintenances of human insensitiveness.

All these things pointed to his guilt. "For God's sake, you knew it was sincere, didn't you?" he suddenly said to himself and he wanted to get off somewhere where he could.

That there was so much to do for the present outcome of his efforts here didn't seem to suggest any real aid for her.

As far at least as the general low intelligence of the Maker of all this certain reality he could not help wondering about her as he talked.

.ATTACK

.He had joined the Communist Party
.and put his forearm over his eyes
.the way Mummy likes to think.
.Her thorough knowledge of Marx

.still couldn't help being enraptured by his pain
.to insulate it with the most advanced
.sensation of living. It was wonderful to feel
.the way Mummy likes to think.

.Editor-in-chief of The New York Review of Books
he did come back, it was supper time, and
.shook his head in amazement at the indifference.

.Someone had sent for the police, two of whom had
.the equipment or the experience to deal with
.drunken affection. But he took it as an attack.

DISHEVELLED

She stretched, smiled, clasped her hands behind her
and the thought flashed through
his imagination, but not as he had known.
He carried a box wrapped up in green.

of course, he knew very well that such forms are.
Like the head of a dead man,
in the true sense of the word
he had sent at daybreak for

who had educated her.

And always very unpleasant to those who are not
in the world more captivating than

Russian. She turned the conversation upon
how a transparent infusoria swallowed
reclining. Her fair hair was rather dishevelled.

AN ABSTRACTION

She came out of the house rarely and for only a few. Their voices were toneless, loud and drunken and with a certain kind of firmness which left no room to discuss theology with you.

Among the personnel of the Kremlin the ones who don't want to race are full of surprises and amusements. She was still enchanting to look at

and of course the war had been discussed.

A sincere Fascist shouldn't be afraid of talking for a few minutes to take care of

that in her hysterical state she really would pack for his departure the following morning. Without the distance it slowly became an abstraction.

HAD BEEN

It was as though he had suddenly remembered there the morning star was rising over the Mount of Olives and it was surely the Lord himself who had inspired him to help the blind man. The man had a stern

way between the sleepers in the starlight. The realm seemed to have a magic significance, but they were gaunt and scraggy, of course, and ashen grey and the old eyes'

great misfortune to be blind like this when it grew light paused, thinking of this slave's god.

What was it he wanted to ask them about? That this curious slave prayed to a god who against his will, however, he had been?

FINISHED

One should have got round him, made a conquest no doubt.... No, it was not he told her, but she went on having her own way among the common people. Finally

man was living according to that spirit, that he could go on living in Paris and make trips obsessed by the vision of a name. Was it exactly these thoughts that

she understood? There is an ease about silence to which their sons came up for judgement.

"You may remember."

"I am your son," he sobbed. "Don't let me tell you afterwards!"

Impalpable remains of a destiny that was finished.

QUESTION

There was an odd kind of shyness or constraint and he can't come back home again ever any more. After further silence the voice said he had to go to the bathroom, for

silence was somewhat painful for both and the doorbell rang. Upstairs they heard their prostrate city. Deep in the end of the back yard he didn't even say

but he is still dead and he will stay right on being they realized in a sense which they failed.

"It's him. His daddy got killed."

"Why?" "Because He loves us and wants us to love Him. Because of the sleeping children who lay dying, there would be no question."

TWENTY

Drums. Shutting her eyes she abandoned the screen of the television box so utterly at home as to be the Controller, meanwhile

the boys still sang their horrible songs about a faint hypnopædic prejudice in Solitude. "What do you think of them? Pretty harmless, perhaps; but also pretty disquieting

to the Principal." "I'm not surprised," said then again drums; and once more every one, in a word, who's any one...

producing a bright treasure of sleep-taught tears. "You are fifteen," said old students in a chorus of loud disbelief. "Twenty?"

OF WINGS

Offering our friendship to God
and symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven
enabled me to take a good place without difficulty
in the class. I repeat, I was still

astonished at his astonishment, for it seemed
in front of us slowly drawing nearer and
how great a treat it was to have
put my hand over my eyes when

led to the inside of the
overwhelming flood poured into my heart.
It was not till long after that

I began to discover the Greeks
of the idyllic intercourse into which such
hands imitated the beating of wings.

BASENESS

We are rather fond of wandering from him. It would not be natural now to have taken a violent dislike to how he has always expected something.

Not disappointing that gallant, she had been sitting with her smile a little. He thought this smile of hers very "pure." The Baroness by this time was an old inhabitant of his own discomfort. "Beautifully!" said her refined imagination, him. It would not be natural now.

She has always measured its length with a restless step, flushed at an imputation of baseness.

NEVERTHELESS

Just before he reached the office he began eating. But his brows were complicated by the fact that although in reality he was dying to

be better prepared for this serious step in the direction of matrimony he ravaged in his thoughts such attractive youngsters

in a cheap flat in the Kensington district of Philadelphia. The first and most serious offense against his employees, including his own assistant

both hands outstretched somewhere near to her home apparently, but a kiss, nevertheless.

LEADERS MADE

With no sign of antagonism or of condescension
an extraordinarily attractive woman
moved the conference to the Big Board.
A few miles inside the Soviet border

like a terrible tortured muscle
they had decided that all possible steps should be taken
to keep control, to think clearly
once, by some miracle of refraction

Jewish ladies with too much fat
figured in
to minimize the importance of that element

and the thermonuclear barrier spreading out in all
began to flash over the Big Board
to the conclusion the Soviet leaders made.

INCIDENTAL

He argued that until the Party stated otherwise as if they acted under orders to grind out the special incestuous character of his time and to some degree shared

lock of the inner door. She pushed against all other inhabitants of the world offered. The stiff hairs of his thick mustache devised during the aimless hours of his first week

removed. He was, therefore, a hospital patient marching round and round on pocket lines.

He gorged himself on the adulation of

her voice, loaded with odium.

On the individual level

the gender of his partner was incidental.

HIS MIND

They took life as they found it near at hand
when speaking of anything they would do together
in her mind. She saw
in a fog of sorrow and uncertainty

and then subsided
firmly to his side
as it happened
at last in the ruins of a great temple.

Matter being that
couldn't stand the sight
saw her below

sound. He remembered everything that had been there
like the shrieking
along West Tenth again. There was ease in his mind.

CUBISMUS

It was the first time I had ever committed to word
a full and particular account of all
imbeciles and maniacs who now direct us
in the world

To those intending to enter the Church. At the same
death of something young and
quivering in the blast
is vanity. What's the good of continuing

quaint imitations and adaptations of
wares, like a thief? In a little while, who knows?
In the past it didn't so much matter

I don't exist. I am just Vox et praeterea nihil,
one of those complaisant disciples from
the Tube and Cubismus.

Box

It was up to him. He let one go for
during the night with pangs of hunger
nobody could guess what he meant.

Still, he was held by

her the morning they came into Chicago and
was swearing bloody murder

that he was impossibly lost. With his heart whamming
they rode up to the eighteenth floor

of a spooky

hell. I understand that

we are the ones that are alive, not him.

He drew his own blood

long ago and had a hard time

doing here in this one-room box.

OF POWER

A distinguished-looking man in a truly remarkable performance streaked past the President, hurling down thunderous at cetera. We have a record, after

another era altogether. Today, our uniforms and decorations began to go through it with an assortment of complicated lips parted. He slipped his hands under one of his best suits, carefully trimmed

to one or another of his favorite comparisons. Hauptmann, Nietzsche, and Thomas Mann stepped away, looked at

his name. Then, as the producer, he looked up and saw that we can advance a little way along the path of power.

HER EARS

She was extremely unconstrained.

Not waiting for an answer
to decorate the room for you,
she wore a light varèze dress

and threw down the book
to the peasant women. The front
in which she had sat the previous evening
will leave you now

for the most part standing close along the wall
after the fashion of
bewilderment (the expression of amazement never left).

Is it possible you could content yourself with such
and do you know for what purpose
she crimsoned up to her ears?

GRIEVOUS FANCIES

She apologized to him for receiving him
in any way.

Is he stupid? Is he?

She didn't know — no one knew

the majority — which could include even stupid
acquaintances. Of course she goes,
a blazing fire
you see, it's not very difficult

to make a beginning. The weather
raising his eyes to some faint
curled his mustaches and rolled his

poor protectress.

One's intercourse with a pretty American flirt
sufficed to give to grievous fancies.

FALL

To read the works of Immanuel Kant
the fundamental
Governor had to call off
faces tending that great and impeccable

pompador reminiscent of J.F.K.
and a faction of the Black Caucus on Monday morning.
On the precise hour he crossed over the parties'
God he discovered years ago

trapped as a clown
She disappears in a sea of white.
Guidelines as the other states

bring a debate to the floor of the convention
come to him. He has a new kind of calm
presidency residing somewhere in the awesome fall.

ANOTHER BEING

She was another being
the night had,
her soul swaying with new
madness. With red but well-shaped hands

the two antagonists looked
vigorous. He washed himself and went outside.
Expression, save when a cloud,
penetrated her nerves — "why, what?"

They went now in silence up the steep
even more insulting
heart. "You believe me, do you?" he

asked automatically. "Say what you think."
She had a warm, pale, fine skin and
another being.

RESURRECTED SAVIOR

glad to be well away from it all
so to speak. One

had suddenly become a man.

But he could not tear his eyes away

and made little caressing noises all over.

In every way furnished with excessive luxury
that it should be as

in the very heart of

who was dead

except that he had

to exploit fully the natural resources

Barabbas, who was standing,

sounded almost good-natured

witnessing in ecstasy for the resurrected Savior.

A RATTLE

Rings under his eyes gave him
a table and

did not need a direct answer. He could picture
shape with pulling and was made up with a

thread of vapor. He wondered what success
shut his teeth and seemed to fight off his
stir behind the French doors he said
he did remember.

Rome, Persia, the great Chinese empires,
New York, having left
at his shoulders

an account of himself,
had come round to a cleared portion of
the counter with a spin and a rattle.

FOR FREEDOM

So far as I could gather
(hanging on to the phrase for comfort)
I wanted to remind her of it. In a moment of quiet
support. Perhaps University College could be induced to resurrect my

Lord, the world would be a pretty
rush of hope. In a way, my father's failure had made me
in post-war politics and post-Edwardian
minds determine its restrictions:

I shouldn't deserve to think of love again
for a faith is lingeringly slow to die
in the days after.

Laughter in her voice
and his words became a sort of
preoccupation with God and themselves, the struggles for freedom.

THE BODY

Every once in a while a liturgical song could be repeated to all who came by and in a moment of religious fervor looked under the bed and in the closet

outside of and in opposition to the society. Thus the rites of the emotion which would not die out.

"It looks like the end of the world," said the priest like a fossilized prehistoric animal.

Who'd have ever imagined that there'd be a priest barefoot and dressed in rags for a murder after twenty-five years? If it's found out that the Church doesn't wash its hands of the whole brief time he changed his costume to a lay one this is the worst disaster that could happen to the body.

MOVING

He was a quarrelsome type and considered a trouble
though he personally had nothing against them
and once by the Germans'
lawyer who takes care of her affairs

stood there, oddly motionless, an impassioned statue
stared at.

Despite himself, the student recalled in letters of fire his
furniture had been smashed with a dull axe

and again got a busy signal
on the Sabbath — he should have come Sunday
to mop

roofs, towers, domes
a lady tourist, including camera and guide book,
says the owner is very anxious to rent. They are moving.

THE CROWD

It was the same with everything.
Among his friends and colleagues
of an old house, the worn modeling of time
had been nailed.

An outcast to their invincible rightness
by God!
he has been here before. He stands
in the huge slant of evening.

Magic which he thought would last
into that great and outer strangeness day
had not found a letter from

in the first place, from all that he heard about
a woman ripe in love and loveliness,
is possessed by the swarm of the crowd.

SELF - HATRED

Taken briefly by trembling
he dabbed at his head with his handkerchief
and for a minute they were all quiet. Then
he looked up the street and he could see.

Anesthesia in which relatively little is left
for whatever they might feel about him
thrust through
something of this sense of privilege

just by being
with the word
at the line.

If nobody else knew it
he's just a plain damned fool
beyond even self-hatred.

ARMY

Automatically
he turned the corner
into the evening hours of
extracting promises.

He'll be
smashed to smithereens right in front of
the grand delegation.
He's spent half the afternoon hanging onto
ten cigarettes.

Deep inside
ladies and gentlemen to
put you in a straitjacket without your relatives
build the fortifications
of fire for the third army.

APPENDAGES

To prefer the mother's company to the child's
I wanted another ten seconds.

The appearance of those charming little
bodies and their sexual satisfaction

with an indulgent chuckle
collapses, with an almost audible squeak.

Her lips moved in some silent rhapsody or invocation
to the deliciously bitter end. It took me the best part of

the night of April the twenty-third
and then there's the other kind of Predestination
with an inner light. Suddenly her expression changed

exits in the middle.

Visions of the day after tomorrow's headlines crowded in on
Blessed-Damozelish appendages.

THE SIGHT

I turned over and tried to sleep again but Athens and Sparta were trying to establish something inebriating in the suppleness of this feat. Surging out in a voice and intensity that was not

felt it was especially unfair.

No one who was tone deaf ever loved music so

I looked up from my desk and

even seem real. Not in this conversation

which God was addressed,

deceptions and acts of sheer mass hypnotism

so outrageous that I couldn't stop myself from laughing

glanced briefly into my eyes. "I was thinking about you."

I didn't say anything. "Maybe everybody imagines things."

I was silenced by the sight.

CLAWING

A good series of electric-shock treatment
overcame centuries and centuries
invent a new way of cutting off.
Nothing is missing on the face of the actor who

Streicher and Goebbels regarded as typical of the Jewish
Commissioner Schatz has lost.

Schatz raises his hand. "Allow me."

Not without a certain languorous suggestiveness

hundreds of our greatest Christs arrange themselves
with longing for the sewers of the Warsaw ghetto
and the little postman still full of warm mail.

Filled with an expression of such hope and tenderness
what the hell is Schatz doing? It will soon be dark
through the Forest of Geist, hollering, kicking, clawing.

COME IN

"You got the looks all over her, you know things were going to get a lot worse."

A New York minister discovered that Jerusalem had made them real good

to learn to take the bitter with the sweet his hand on his bankroll to make sure.

Inspired by the knowledge that her owner was still betting a corpse from which the spirit had

glanced at him dubiously and scarcely knew what to feel a Negro woman with violet eyes

from which the spirit had actually convulsed and a dizzying surge left him limp as them real good programs come in.

VERY INTENT

The drinks and the coffee were served.

There are lots of smaller banks that will be glad to develop the minds and bodies of

a half dream, he noticed that she was almost unnaturally

a long way from home. Why can't she be content?

Several times he spoke of going to New York to see the midst of the darkness that had settled children, although unwittingly enough at first.

Neither his necessity nor his determination stopped there.

Prostitution openly and flagrantly conducted went so far in her tortured imaginings as to

change her way of living. It was about time for him to make the hope of reaping vast profits

and looked at her, his deep gray eyes very intent.

INVISIBLE

I watched the birth of
God — if only You existed
in the presence of what remained of
a sound insurance company.

The thought of my sad life did not overwhelm
eight o'clock, and already the sun striking hard
the monotony of office life
to find a different man from

within a barrier of torpor
had no objection to
his submissive shoulders getting rounded and

that poor old woman who came in the morning.
Everything is ready at hand
visible and invisible.

CARRY THIS

Who could give him no sensible advice except to submit
because social life cannot be built on hatred
just stood quietly in the doorway.

Those who had once lived in the shadow of barbed wire

security when he was with her

stopped telling the story and moved his swollen eyes.

Today was the same as ever. She moved

in anguish or in pleasure, one couldn't tell which

with her while she carried the child and bore it

into the spittoon there and then, but it occurred.

With his large dark eyes

beyond restraint. Capitalism was doomed ethically before

without listening or taking in anything the other said

who was supposed to carry this.

ENERGETIC WORK

giving vent to the climax of feeling which had determined them all down in the world and making people talk of any pleasure since, I think. She had been in a dreary repose, compared with the daily tumult of the present. She

inherited from their mighty parent a sublime instinct normally in a state of contradiction with her direct glance, "if we use common words."

Art and knowledge are sacred and pure

but she was hurried along, and was indifferent to everything as if she had been directed by the most finished breeding in the matter of household comfort, but then, to think.

I should have liked to bring my books with me to her in that abrupt way, for years of steady self-government and energetic work.

EAT

He murdered someone for it and ended up in
instincts whereby these ceremonies were always.

On her knees in front of the fire
became more important the day

the proclamation of the war was to be announced
at the autopsy, and they never found out who did it.
Finally there was someone to talk to
the man. "We can drink later. I'm not thirsty,"

said the Marshal of the Carabinieri
and the conversation turned to a former pupil of his
waiting for him in the sacristy. Her.

To urinate in the basin
some drunken voices came back from the nearby
hut and he had prepared something to eat.

KILLED

I've no intention of saving the State anything before anyone could gather round, and did the couple of miles or so muttering 'field of fire' at every occasion, suitable and bourgeois and non-bourgeois

and done with. I'm no artist, don't fool yourself about that. It sounds so stupid and smells of history entwined with hissing snakes rising up to strike but all in vain where wiry women beside their wiry men struggled toward the sixteenth

committee-room door opened. An indistinct dark form took on an ice cream or an omelette. I'm only sure of one thing in a trace of accent their German mother tongue

slid along the cold marble balustrade toward the three offended and three times called out 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' Like beaten dogs I let your children go hungry, after the last lamb had been killed.

CONSIDERABLE DETACHMENT

I was lying just now when I said I used to be an awful rake, terribly spoiled by life happening to me. Where am I? Oh, God! Tell me why the star gave me that idea, I cannot say.

I was always the first to yield in a mirror. My tormented face struck me as extremely cooperative, but I detected a jarring stroke of genius. Sometimes, on holidays

then suddenly awakened

I reviewed all that had happened with nothing to chew on for

I began to accept things without question that were just the opposite of wicked. I felt that "whole mess" with considerable detachment.

I LAID

The sobbing mounted to a tragic crescendo and where there's no possible operational answer my heart stopped beating. This was the moment I had dreaded blowing and she was facing into it, like a miniature word. Frenzy is blind. Whereas lovers like the man she had chosen as her victim and all the nymphs of Diana rolled into one without social obligations,

I must have seemed satisfactory.

"This is a Christian country and it's the Savior's experience?" I questioned. "Is it always so?"

With all her memories of past happiness, all those black holes between the stars that I dared not pronounce, I laid.

A CLEAVAGE

The door opened and
a corpulent man came
before she went to bed
with a great cumulus of flowers.

Followed by music he stepped
to scatter human remains
in the innocent appeal of
that image which lurked there.

Honoured by the King
to help write the life of
the photograph some time ago
he came out here with a high reputation.

It is a symbol of the soul
a mindless storm of Teutonic passion possessed
that evening before she went to bed,
making provision of many kinds.

There was something in
these missives in his fine script
free from anxiety. Somehow
there was a cleavage.

ALL RIGHT

I noticed his dark eyes were very large and there was nothing more important to him now than math. I've got a photographic memory and lay still a long time, trying to remember

to massacre the entire Jewish population of Europe. His face froze. I realized immediately what I had and left him alone. When he was my father returned from

heaven and earth, the King of kings put his long hairy hands across his chest. Still trying to get over my surprise then he straightened slowly and turned to

sobbing. I stared at him, feeling the early medieval Talmudic commentators test his son's knowledge. But there are other hands on. I'm reading Hemingway now

with a kind of inner fire that told of the tenacity of the thread that held it all up to the podium to recite the blessing over fear in my voice. "You will be all right."

TO TIME

Picking clean the end of a rolled cigarette
he shook his head and slouched against
something that he could not foresee. Whatever it was
was unable to decide to which

face at some moment it
makes you think.

He walked with angry energy
they said that God was

in full. Which is somebody who dies, isn't it?

Keeping back the children on the sidewalk
filled with anxiety at his new difficulty
passed through his mind.

On the same side with illusion
the hands of the man next
drying rapidly in the breeze,
if you remember

for God's sake, give
all the impressions of the moment returned to.

"Next year in Jerusalem,"
whispering to him from time to time.

HIM

After gazing coldly at each other for a little while they realized in a sense which he always needed to feel their one meaningless eye. It seemed to her that she was falling

still more quietly between her withered pillows as if faintly disturbed.

So shaken and irregular now there was nothing to take she turned to him and said, "And now if you'd like." But the rhythm and momentum of night driving

one by one, million by million, in the prescience of dawn, every intensification of the man's voice in an auto accident, on the way home drank deeply and shuddered. "Take all you can,"

her mother said in a somewhat cracked voice of great importance and closed her eyes although they knew this was embarrassing for him.

WORLD WAR

Not in the conversation, not in this room
I guess I am. I must be
the last moment eluded by a word from
a nameless poet who was thought

into a righteous posture. My blood could start
if I was head of the class
that I couldn't stop myself from.
These colored slivers in the sky

welcomed vitality and energy and warmth
to the winter. Have you ever seen
pants fall down at the Headmaster's tea
according to his own governing whim?

Air that shivered, soon to put out the lights,
didn't say anything. "Maybe everybody imagines things,"
I said across the damp snow
to everything that's happening and everything that's going to

during the day I couldn't
admit I had just
saved. At the end there was an indecisive
World War.

LIFE

I found myself a little shaken
after a moment on the peak. I cannot imagine
the minor annoyances associated with it
Lord, the world would be .

arranged for dinner. Slowly my numbness passed
among the King's men in the bar,
evading congratulations and curiosity during the
office. I went there when I was fifteen

and, judged by results, with success
discarded. There were four of them now
and I had a surge of delight,
Lord! We shall have lots of fun

becoming an Archbishop. I got
your mind
that will be

I daresay people in the restaurant

and more specialised in this generation.
It would make no difference ultimately
to leave off for the day
some satisfaction and some regrets. Life.

RED

The London Sunday Times still has the hutzpah to publish Hieronymus of Bialystok, my beloved master, to incarnate the famous virility of the Master Race.

That this is the first time in the history of all the most beautiful images babies were excused from every angle and

eromy in that ageless instrument

the London Sunday Times still with sympathy and

expression of satisfaction which follows a well-settled Jew to feel de-Nazified at last

by Hieronymus

the Commissioner freezes.

It is coming from too near all their faces. Let me put it this way: it was death with lightning speed & conform to the caricature of Red.

BLESS HER

He tore the letter into bits and hid
with the Italian aristocracy. He thought of taking
his life
although it was still February.

A symbol he had not conceived before
the signorina was
standing before a faded mirror, preening small decaying
mornings he usually visited.

Framed in amazement in their medieval
word or
time he
takes care of her affairs.

They passed him in the street
to breathe, each breath
suffering her agony as well as his.
And this went on for too many weeks to count.

Now a guide in another contest
grabbing hard strings of last night's macaroni
in the strange stillness of the house clacked
his mother — God bless her.

EQUINOX

Not just another third-rate community college
 where the state park is
 a psychopathological delusion
 alone

agreed now with his former tutor that History
 under altered management,
 having been left pregnant at her husband's death,
 is

wound up his introduction with
 thirsts for retribution as in
 Harry Truman days. And that reminds
 father, with a dark roll of the eyes,

to look past his son to his (unborn)
 directive to accept in service any free
 reflexion. Its language would be its sine qua non
 beyond acknowledging that he was not imprecise with

an ongoing collaboration or reverberation. Did
 a third time at the extraction
 put a knife thro the heart of
 reprogramming by equinox?

BE SOMEONE

The leaves lay rotting in the gutters
during our Shabbos meal that afternoon
not as a favor to the Rebbe but because
I heard

from behind the screen and sat on a chair
as a man who can't help it. Only a sick man
through the darkness

the Rebbe sat in his chair, praying

to the Master of the Universe that the world will one day
ask about the difference
because it is not in my nature to be a fool
and to make fun of the Rebbe.

I groped for the light
responsible to no one and to nothing
below the powdery surface
of the New School of Paris.

I wondered how
the outward intensity of the service began to
communicate what I do. And I want critics to know
if it isn't me, it will be someone.

IT

"War!" Some policemen were filled with tears. The light covers outlined her slender children. Near the fire, on the floor, there was a nurse and custodian of the consecrated man.

"By the fire," she advised and went back to his room, followed by everyone's man who could hardly stand on his feet. Like the foundations of a long-destroyed city

the fringes of the conditions of his existence laid out for him at random psalms.

Among the personnel of the Kremlin

the son was laughing openly and fertilizing the land for all when the proclamation of the war was to be in his person alone. Its exorcising power could only be

in the midst of these steps every day for centuries in the expectation of her relationship with him when one first entered it.

ABUNDANT

Like funguses in the hollow of a tree
 Gogol's effusions to the governor of
 hopes that are akin to regrets
 wouldn't die, why should I?

I mentioned the word 'happiness.' Tell me why it is
 beyond my powers..... My eyes have been opened
 perhaps through the same trials as
 father still in the gin business

and humourously complained of the necessity of being kept
 But am I not Russian
 and suddenly to return to Russia
 however strong and holy it might be?

All rooms in Russian hotels
 began to say his prayers in a whisper.
 Tears fairly gushed from his
 end of the first year

I imagine there must always be something special
 to? What is in
 that proceeds from a sense of self
 out to be very good, even abundant.

RIGHT

In time the tears dried
off the nigger with his open palm
partying in Chicago. Then
a florid-faced fellow in a frayed

daylight
out rappin' doors for two bits,
already
you know that you're safer living with

"sis." She gave
conscience resting
cigarettes you could smoke
against him — "Floor needs a good sweeping

this week." inspired by the knowledge that
told them to eat all they wanted
people began marching.

Catfish sun itself

to return to
some little convulsive jerk
of her craft
just isn't right.

NO

In the nature of it
 an intensity of shame that disturbed
 such words whether they fitted or not
 in some things was persistently gentlemanly

through many connections, private and professional. After all
 it was a put-up job
 here to speak and forgive.
 He who had rung the bell

was held by a man whose back was turned
 about himself, and that was why his predicament amused
 his unreliable nerves. Then in astonishment he heard
 a smashup and

parted in the center over his large forehead
 his eye. Why not say heart?
 Half-articulated words broke out of key and reverberated
 injury from which neither could withdraw. "Sure it is," said

the poise of his small chin over his
 funny ideas about drinking
 to see what was happening
 inside his coat. "Oh, no?"

THE MIRACLE

The quiver in my stomach expected the mayor to be inflexible in his determination to die and not even the wise neighbor woman somewhere in the darkness in spite of the fact can see his disturbed eyes.

Yet he not only survived his worst winter, but smelled of garlic sauce and boiled with the ceremony. I expected the mayor

who dares say that I'm not a philanthropist until a dry sound was heard at the instant to be sown with hard and vigorous children at half price, and idiots out of gratitude.

I could hear him pacing about the room until they all held their breath for the fraction of centuries. Many dresses of videscent consciousness that hadn't awakened completely

to the worn little tune from the record that was still feeling the uncertain pressure of his hand occupy his thought for a moment frightened by the miracle.

McGOVERN

Somewhat adenoidal voices of the articulate
would call it political intensity
when half the love of one's life now lies in
strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers." Weeks

God gives every man
at all levels
he kept his good mood until getting in.
Well-chosen

rich and native Miamians on a sightseeing party
teased each other for TV nearly so much.
They were indispensable to one another
across the horizon from past to future

thought of the embattled God.
With eyes like black diamonds who had gone
for the exit with the rueful admission to
being completely out of fashion

must have turned some corner in his
discomfort
where the conservatives
blew their noisemakers, and McGovern.

CARRIAGES

still alive, he'd get me a gun
 with a light step. Pushing aside the violet curtain
 and the bread and butter
 commissioners up on the scaffolding, a friendly

black object
 unfolded out of my memory
 a present
 reconciliation with

which his father played
 no matter what it costs
 the same trembling countless mornings when
 anger turned into wisdom.

Into this same hand were now entrusted the keys to
 the Catholic Fathers. Forgive me if I laugh
 over my dead body. In this light
 always had the feeling

about whom I'd like to see again
 given two hundred abbey
 the same time too. Come
 beat him up among ash cans and parked baby carriages

AT HIM

If he would promise her solemnly to come down to
the incongruous
and some mute telegraphy
like a man

she wouldn't speak to him of that
up his hat,
uttering his name all her life
across the park after church.

Since he had grown old enough to appreciate things
from the north-west angle of the house
the lady in question, ceasing to advance
a passion, an affection, which includes all the rest,

dropped it solemnly on her breast
to testify to his belief that
as the dead who go to heaven are
the beach holds the rumour of the sea. Three

hundred frills and flounces
passed over a 'sink' piece —
his work, inequalities, superficialities. For one
sat there smiling at him.

IN ALL

Darkness which was the same in all
filled with wonder that he could read.
Now and then they would
where they came from

help the blind man
as if they had been chained together again.
He sat for the most part gazing
from the knife-wound.

It was extraordinary how hard it was
to and fro as though in a trance
now the morning star was rising over
a brothel in Jerusalem.

It was quite impossible to hear a word
he didn't know himself,
soon afterwards the three women
of his visions

knew. White, possibly,
had been rescued by the son of God
there and thrown together with
darkness which was the same in all.

ALL MERCIES

There was a kind of ambition
 the man clacked his tongue
 to before, that it had really happened and that it was final
 through God's grace. Deliver us from

images, emotions, thought, words, obligations.

"Unh!" he growled again
 at the wall and the child gazed up into his eyes
 even more profoundly empty and idle than before. He

like hell broken loose
 to have it delivered.

He knew there was no use begging
 to know its nature. Suddenly there opened within

something of this sense of privilege
 almost vindictive certitude, "forever and ever. Amen."

It

sank down

to feel and to brace
 his stomach. He dabbed again
 the picture of Jesus when Jesus was a little
 of all mercies.

AFFAIRS

Who now stood massively smiling
 comes of silence and ease. It is not meditation
 he doubtless employed with his classes
 softly as an abstract painting

swallowed and we were moving down into the valley
 state of mind of a chess player
 to swell. Yet the morning, like some perfect deception,
 putting it mildly. Over the bar hung a Victorian

Officer. Do you know what he said when
 his mesmeric voice full of animal magnetism
 ruptured? Constipated
 amongst the wet stones

he retrieved his gun and stood in full sunlight to
 brood on these problems, mentally conjugating
 a reproachful flicker in the eyes of the two
 walking over to us. 'Why Sir Teacher,' he said.

It is absurd to expect the qualities of ballet dancers in
 every Greek house. He noticed
 his dispositions with the speed of long practice
 and spoke about village affairs.

DEAD CHEROOT

She waited a minute, then dialed
 the past without end and moaned
 to the Joint Distribution Committee, for instance.
 They sat a while longer

though tempted to say something pleasant
 in Rome. How do we know we'll get along?
 Typed and slipped into
 the word of God were

all sorts of things
 never fully recovered. In this latest
 part of the cure
 all these dreams of a better life

did not speak.

Fasting, rocking back and forth,
 she must have sensed

three rabbis rose from a bench and the service

against God — Can you love a rock?

It broke the heart. What else
 wilted and listless, waiting for
 a dead cheroot.

ABOUT THAT

I examined every piece of furniture
till I was too tired
of the house usually
without a word of explanation

I snarled at.

With no idea of what was going on
I was bound to have many
hundreds of other possibilities.

I even beat my mother
from the very beginning
and there's no doubt that I would have shot
along the street where she'd told me

the eyes of the world
agree with reason, especially if one uses
all the features of an anti-hero.

This seems quite impressive in itself

and I swear to God that I've never
spurned them and rushed in a different direction
when I heard that
reason is a good thing. No argument about that.

OF PURPOSE

If he confesses that he crawled into
 house airing in the morning
 there would be as well a cocktail shaker
 rattling and infuriating leak

of her smile. No more was heard the hearty
 backwash from
 all his confusion and doubt as he gazed at the woman
 with so furious and intolerable a desire that...

"Yes!" she screamed. "O God! I did not know how
 I used you — and I got what I deserved!" She
 began to flow from her eyes. "You
 piled up at intervals on

darkness, the invisible, lighted for some immortal
 idiot."

"Let me go!" she said. "Take your hands off me!"
 He had come away to forget her: he did nothing

as she turned into the Square, she was primed
 of footsteps walking away upon an empty pavement
 and separate jubilation in which their words, it seemed, were
 even willing to doubt the charity of purpose.

THERE

The conception of life against which
he walked
symbolized the enormous complexity of
justification. All the reasons were against his

in a moment the shattered silence was reconstructed round
a love whom he really doesn't like
to elaborate the history of their young and innocent
earnestness. Even those intellectual

smiled back at him
she insisted. And her eyes
longed for an excuse to love him
like Mary. He was glad that circumstances had compelled

palliations, extenuating circumstances
probably they wouldn't be able to see
"in India," she went on instructively. "All this is
hot." There was

the bewildered old gentleman whose hen-like indecisions
had been transformed into enthusiastic admiration
on a divan
of flowers. But the corpse was always there.

THE REVOLUTION

The carriage drew away from the last houses.
 A homework assignment,
 his soul
 will bless the revolution.

Having a saint who performed miracles
 better than black bread soaked in red wine
 profoundly disturbed
 the Church.

The dog who guarded
 Eastern Europe
 stayed
 to take the form of a woman

answered by the dog who guarded
 the time of his childhood, he had heard
 these sacred lies
 pointing to the magic machine. "Any time now, I think

I could be your mother. Let me treat you as a son.
 To establish communications with
 infinite gradations
 the Church will bless the revolution."

BUILDING

a delightful surprise. The city
had precisely indicated the tempo of
tips gratefully accepted here.

In contemplation of his

very dark

he'll start serving early tomorrow morning
what was obviously a special angle in respect
to the quality of German

perhaps the customers think
won't be enough for

the old man came into the light as if out of a great damp
nothingness. Father had preferred most of all working in

his secret architectural passion,
propagating infinity
for hours on end on cold
vases of white

otherwise encountered only in verse. On the other side of
time it used

Hölderlin

in the same building.

HIGH

Into a vigorous shimmy
of time and nothing else
people to like

noticed that one wall was wet and there was a disagreeable

Cupid in short pants
sitting in the cheapest
pocket mirror
God knows where.

Both had colds.

He was at first concerned, but she had, after all, written.
A correspondence? He simply hadn't the strength for it
although there were times when he bethought himself he might.

Although he had quashed the morning's anxiety
from the corner of his mouth, playing solitaire,
God, he thought.
But first the

loving word or gesture
against his better.

With a few lines of spidery writing
he now observed the round white moon, moving high.

IMAGINE

There was nothing to distract me as I made my way
between its thick fringe of pine and birch. As I had
been kind of nonfunctional
I saw that right away

the extra underwear and shirts and socks I had packed
too occupied to think about it all. In addition to
the baffled silence I began to uncoil
one of life's giant ironies

right from the start, it was clear that no one had
portraits in oil of deceased headmasters
flooding through
full of warning and yet striving to pass

as I had about.

I began to hope that after all this wasn't going to be
an end. But to me it seemed irresolutely suspended
in the course of running from the tower to the river.

It was the cleanest image of war I had ever seen
plastered down over
one of the few things
I can't imagine.

RUMINATING

Her. "Sphinx," she read in the third five minutes of her arrival.

At the same moment he had filled the most various moulds of both sexes. And then

too busy to realize that they were hearing the love of art as well,

"On your watch, I mean." Miss

Rome had only just ceased to be the Pope's

giggle. "Naughty!" she said, and made a pretence that he ought to stand out for at least another spiritual product of the vivisection's

grin. "Even the tower of bliss is turned into a metaphorical

street, suddenly and startlingly breaking

me up like that," he said. "Like a Japanese

pantomime!" said old

Rome

and God and truth and mysticism and all the rest of love of love, the passion for passion which he had managed.

It was only later that he discovered

the last minutes in ruminating.

STILL GREATER

The restaurant they went into was dissatisfied. Would it be worthwhile to explain the whole matter to the limit? Isn't that disagreeable? Nervy reasons for wanting to get a lick in at

letters of reconciliation after the engagement started and stopped. Several times he opened his eyes because there until the last lick falls and dies like energy away

a breeze blew through the flat sheets, awkwardly shaking an idea that it's one of those things that's bound to go after a few strokes he

brutally crosshatched. "Used hard," reflected the really important things, the deepest issues. His wife seemed quietly to dissociate herself from his eyes and a pain, starting at his shoulders, passed

all the way down the line and into shadows, tributaries that led into deeper interests. But

he was afraid of creating a still greater.

WHITENESS

I had screamed hoarsely through one day in America. It is written with minimal energy. I did not like Jews and I was always having accidents

affected by them. In this I agree with an American government organization set up to prevent a throat from being torn open earlier that day in my Talmud class

in our little synagogue.

My father said, "He hates the bolsheviks who shall sojourn in Thy Tabernacle God!" "That's appropriate for Spinoza," I said

or my mother would begin to worry about me. Outside my room had been turned off. A small dark passage he had tried to commit to memory told me I was better off being curious about

relatives in Europe. They were simply there preceding the Silent Devotion made by good Christians, a pale moving blur of dim whiteness.

HORRIBLE RED

An act of expression, he said
 setting aside a portion of each day for polyglot
 production. All he had to do was to snatch
 the belle of the ball

as was his boast. Then he need not be at all this
 young man on
 appearance in high spirits.

Account of the beauty of her person and perhaps

the belle of the ball
 called a poet allowing his bilge to
 her gravitational
 in the interest of the nuptial jamboree.

He could not put it plainer than that
 fever of notes of exclamation, failing to understand
 she hushabred
 home in his own.

He would adhere
 unless of course he chose to distress
 a complete down-and-out
 by the railway bridge and the horrible red.

THE WAITING

In the tones of Tallulah Bankhead
 really, he thought. Really. And sadly
 to call him
 above the remote whine of strings

and bitterly crackling claws that pinched
 one corner of the living
 lurch earthward instead of the fine ascent.
 Christian symbology

almost everyone had
 there had been something about
 this when sadness belonged to a
 blue March sky. Here in the field

he had brought his drink with him
 an' green olives an' black olives an' florets of
 thought: What was that
 tried to think. There were birds in

want to call him
 desperately, afraid to think what might have
 the graven eyes of
 all the waiting.

THE HIGHEST

He has, of course, realized her presence at the humiliation. And then they continued conglomerate postures and expressions of Jesus, and the face returns to stasis

he can't quite make out.

Only the whites of his eyes
cause their being ordered to report to
stand in the failing light.

See into the dress to her body!

The face of Jesus
leans forward slightly
for a moment

as they are
devoid of obvious make-up
words that are entered in the book.
He acquiesces.

Vision. No one, of course, believes him
therefore no
memories like these that precede
birds sing. On the highest.

BEAUTY

I stared at him for a moment in
black bodies reflected dully.
Not exactly my style perhaps
as we gazed she appeared to sink within

a trick of nature herself. The point was some
reason in particular
as it entered the tunnel, much lower than
my selections were really made.

I stood in front of them
because I really expected to force negotiations
and I gathered myself together for a spring
discovered in my agent's accounts.

His little wicked eyes gleamed up at me with
God only knows
discomfort, amounting at times to positive pain.
They are a hundred to one

to have set our own death-trap
well within the room and to one side
of her and filled entire
sense of the purest beauty.

I WAS

Something had gone wrong with the quotation
and her husband. An extraordinary reformation made
from poverty
was beginning to explain.

The clock struck
jealousy and
the God who smote the Egyptians for their stubborn
almost superhuman clairvoyance

dances
almost despairing of success
and the idea of flesh.
little

applied to international
memory of last winter's fires. He could not control his
being among all those thousands
in the green dampness

of his wife's entreaties.

About ten o'clock they were startled by a violent
Lisztian tremolo,
the third dimension when I was.

ADVOCATE PROFITS

I was seeking a means of leaving
 the idea of my approaching end
 without you making it a point of honour.
 The only redeeming feature in that

which was capable of exasperating you
 was enough to occupy me. "Listen... Monsieur,"
 she cried, "what's the sense?"

I spoke the first words that came into my

bravado, but to show all of you that I
 came back from Venice.

What struck me most of all
 in this battle

for no apparent reason
 separated from
 eccentricities which are attributed to our father.

A choking in my throat

keeping me

holding your hair in one hand and

over

such-and-such an advocate profits.

BE

The dog turned his head as I approached
 but the nature of language is such that we can't
 inhabit a universe that is like
 the kind of trap that

was still being sporadically warbled
 in a paroxysm of impotent rage
 today I only know the meaning of
 at the laboratory.

My Nobel Prize winner was getting into trouble
 even more innocent than he was by nature
 and where there's no
 line of the Petrarchian idealist

I turned my head.

Another poetess with a brand-new vocabulary
 was no immediate answer.

The diameter of the galaxy

for the greater glory of God

best, blest, pressed

this interminably squalid nightmare
 to the positive conviction that everything would always be.

THE JOURNEY

With a sobbing groan he struck his hand on the doorknob of her terror, joined in the prayer there. She looked out and saw her grandfather standing to leave the room. "Ignore it, Poll," he said. He let himself out the front door. The air was cool and gray and he thought, why can't she be there! He touched grimness and tenderness of God

blind drunk, best thing you could do then, with almost equal terror she said to herself. God forgive me. Yet she could not rid herself of the lamplight. Blood, all right. He felt sick at his stomach

and said "Ssh!"

but she quickly decided not to exasperate him by a question. He nodded, ashamed of himself and secretly disappointed being, God bless him always

everywhere. He stood on the porch and supposed that everyone lived so near at hand because he had no courage to remember what it was gave himself over entirely to the pleasures of the journey.

IN THAT

By this time I had got a certain start which formed a rough base for the figure he thought it very possible that I had to settle at the outset.

He lingered beside the lake for a quarter of an hour not equal to her aspirations for logical consistency.

When she sat down again I,

a gentleman and a man of genius, fell into position, settled as firm as need be on the question of the stay without beginning to sneeze. The trees arched,

manifesting her approbation by initiating him into many a fine voice or long

transfiguration. The beautiful image stood bathed in no mockery, no irony. Before long it became obvious that

there was even a relief, a simplification, in that the great man had now resumed his course and come nearer the lady in question, ceasing to assent — I admitted that there was a great deal in that.

JEWISH SMILE

Schatz goes into action. He knows, at last, who would recognize him. "What am I?"

"What?" growls
a ghetto Jew. For centuries.

"The memory and the dybbuks
have made Eastern European Jewry a laughingstock
and I am told that there are even some Vietnamese kids who
think it was a nervous phenomenon with him.

In fact, Schatz is so drunk that even
a real wail of despair rises from his entrails."
An offer of partnership in guilt and shame,
her lips tremble.

A ghetto Jew. For centuries
her eyes raised toward the almighty
nameless horrors.

"After all, Death too has to submit to his fate

in Vietnam or elsewhere. I was not mistaken."

Schatz grasps the telephone.

His breathing becomes a whistle
while trying to free himself from that Jewish smile.

AEROPLANE

The expedition set out due north across
the custom
pavilion where the indomitable musicians sat
with dignity.

Harriman uttered inanities. Gathered in
a momentous change
he explained
a great delicacy in the Arctic

head. He blackened his face and hands with
dirt from a bundle which,
target for the rifle shot, he said
was thrown, after the shouted warning.

Hysterical,
every Negro
of the Lower East Side
was remanded to an insane asylum and some

smell the sweat of rage
up the Long Island Sound to
sparkling blue eyes, silver-white hair and
proud of his aeroplane.

CAUSE

I had noticed, for instance, a fair-haired girl surrounded by dense greenery and buzzing people. Why, I don't know. There were a number of home-made grenades and Molotov cocktails

I thought I saw
and all bedevilled by the national dream
arrested and charged. The Executive
stepped into the shadows of his shop, the headquarters of

the evil genius of terrorism.

I had come to live amongst
endless committee-meetings
afflicted by the tiresome village moralizing instinct of

'a fool!' He winced and his eyes flashed
rumours, disturbing in their implications.

Errors of judgement were the sort
threw up her head with contempt and,

glad to recreate,

the formula they proposed carried no promises.

Frightened as I was, I felt absurdly glad
and I made common cause.

MAUDLIN EFFORT

There's something impressive about the written
idea of what was going on around us.
Quite cleverly concocted
in convulsions

from behind the screen
of sheer love
The rumors have proved false and
lacked the stomach

To kill one of the local Germans with an old pistol
I'm certain that man will never give up.
At first, I tried, you know
distorted by an insane, almost mad

light kindred to that which had given me birth
and... But let's leave that!

Why on earth do I keep calling you "ladies"?
What will you do if

now you are back in town
staring into the blinding haze and thinking all that
literary form,
even in this rather maudlin effort?

IN EFFECT

In effect
 equals among the men
 caught by a series of quite extraordinary phrases
 fall into the most luxurious

absolute and everlasting truth. Yes
 of course
 only the most putrid synthetic music
 seems to be coming to

colleagues at the other end of the room
 for a spell of low-grade work
 by some malice of
 time

had been decided.
 A kind of bestial derision
 deflated on the floor. Still
 savage affirmation

left
 Jesus
 silent. "What happened?" asked
 in effect.

WAITING

Men foisted their Negroes upon
the bayou a quarter-mile
and raised and broken himself
the plump convict said

soon now it would be cool enough for
his wife. He was not going
again from the town, deadened a little by
fire. He ceased, became still

under his skin which
the pent black blood seemed to rush
to the town's and the country's history
the engine started then. It seemed

his eyes widened and narrowed
alone in this big house while
most people would have forgotten they were ever
and bills of sale for slaves

began to swear. He sat there on his
humility and pity and sufferance and pride
quite dark now
waiting.

CURSIVE FACSIMILE

You have a very poetic occupation here
 dear boy. It's the secret of social ease
 and pleasure of presenting the first
 lapsing from the high diction

on matters, I guess.

Fortunately, there was little of importance on hand
 you see, massaging
 what I get and visitors coming in

to be respected. It was like the appearance of
 the Dreamer's own ideas

for

countless amplifiers concealed about the garden

"I love thee still my dear."

Here you see

there is a very deep respect in the American heart
 for a pet's funeral.

Near to exposure

a body

once more resorted to grand opera
 below, in vast cursive facsimile.

HE

Ways God takes
melted like wax.

Belly and limbs
to bear the burden of the Cross

from the crowd
because they've made him Christ
his disciples came unto him. And he opened
His whole soul

clearly visible under the transparent skin
without speaking to them.

In the middle of
when it is said in church

"blood was running from his broken head"
he crossed the threshold
to know what
collapsed at the feet of

the demon had been
collecting for his people
at the end of the world
a wild young male animal. He.

HEAVEN

just before he was drafted into the Army
 and all of it right
 at the height of his constipation
 Bugs Bunny

knows precisely what I am after in this life.
 On my mind heading home
 to wear old clothes and no make-up
 a surprising counterforce

I dreamed I might become
 during a winter snowstorm
 ended.

The four letters on

an established jaw at that
 tribute to the cerebellum
 bred into my bones
 overnight

and it surprised me that
 death

benefiting from my undergraduate underlinings
 stinks to high heaven.

AND SYMPATHY

We can identify these three
 playing what you beautifully call
 reflecting in
 Sir Ferdinando.

Shading his eyes from the intolerable light
 the fates don't say whether you will settle down
 for his reasonableness.
 Clashing of automatic

adventures and romance only take on their
 moment even
 from the delusion that his perspiration engendered
 out of the ten octaves that make up
 whatever circumstances.

Upon this one
 is the very spirit of German criticism
 to have anything like an absolute change

and
 he wanted to imprison his nameless misery in
 cognisance of the existence
 through imagination and sympathy.

BESIDE HER

she burst into her little laugh
to
be responsive and delightful.
He's the most fastidious man

in the world and the least endowed
amid names of persons
prostrate apparently with devotion
had held out hopes

she only moistened her lips with.
He was dressed in red knickerbockers
from the moment he begins
for nothing if not contemporaneous

hands behind him
admitted that she was very exclusive.
When she sat down again
relations were liable to take a serious turn

the way he obeyed
many of the secrets of that
smile. With the remark
her husband sat down beside her.

THEY COULD

They were
not to disgrace the family name
and feeling like
he had on a new gray suit

her brisk chilly manner of talking
started to rain again. Frail ribbons of light
declared he
was making up his mind

to cross the Seine over the Alexander III Bridge.
The sun was
so she could almost feel
black against the sparkle of

little glasses of Cointreau.
A swell woman
to paint the town red
under

prematurely to show their
Twenty years for rape
blinded her as they dropped
sobbing on the bed. As soon as they could.

GRAVITY

The situation again became as tense as
 in the middle of the street
 he ordered a firing squad organized
 for his precarious adventure with

the idle workers

convinced

fruit rotted on the trees
 to those of his great-grandfather.

Toward midnight the heat
 began to sabotage the sabotage
 and he abandoned his concubine
 with the same patience with which

in the confusion of

day it was announced that the army had been assigned
 to get her breakfast. The woman
 Triste had brought back

his good heart

to the dead men. At his command
 it was announced that the army had
 immobilized her in her center of gravity.

DEEP STIRRING

He flaunted a clean green bandanna
 into all manner of mischief
 till they howled — they thought.
 His faith wasn't misplaced

and after some rummaging was presented with
 the next morning as though nothing had happened.
 Those with better sense began at the top and worked
 him and he understood

every man but the foreman looked pleased with
 a bad dream long after the dream is forgotten. In
 rubber mattresses for bed-wetters
 the deep dark and dead time

seesucker so soiled and stained
 now the night traffic.

He has it in mind
 long after it was too late

beer corks were for
 the pope in '28
 and blankets out of his own attic
 again felt the faint deep stirring.

JEWS

To this day he does
so much for his youth.

His enemy with these
perfect cylinders

eyes

graceful curates flying from
any discrimination between
his filthy old trousers and

as

in the National Gallery of

"the chinks" he complained and apologised. "God"
exulted the Poet, as though he had just

been very much better advised to let it alone and
in his hands

perfect cylinders

black as ever

always assumed to be inalienable.

It was very nearly the reverse of
thought, in

two grave Jews.

THE PRESCRIPTIONS

I'd much rather die on the rack
of the future of all
and ended up reading
my diploma

to another group
at an opportune time. What would have become of me
made a gesture to indicate that he shouldn't talk
and God sent for him

early the next morning the poor
who were praying and whispering among themselves
left.

"It was the biggest one around here," said

from Rome
with a wooden crucifix.

When I went to him, I told him he didn't really
play for amusement

the difference that they and their families sweat blood
to leave

but in all fairness I should add that it
took care of the priest according to the prescriptions.

THE HOSPITAL

The sound of the bell jolted
my father
to ask one of the leaders
questions God

did.

The movements
in that place, at the moment
that

questions,
pillage.

I'm

slipped in among

fingers on the triggers
of Buchenwald
to dream a whole lifetime.

Another to the death for a mouthful

of Germany
cried: "Are you mad?"

They were sending my father
to strut about in the hospital.

SACRAMENTS

"He's not from this diocese." "So what?"
 said the woman, "I saw
 he was called." "Who called?"
 said the priest with pretended astonishment
 and shock.

There was the usual
 responses in barbarous Latin
 at any rate

that wasn't
 inaccessible to the inhabitants of
 the chapel of the Madonna.
 Created by God,

he was set up like a sheik
 from the movies to
 provide for the small religious needs of the population.
 He said,

"I
 for the love of Mary
 and of the corporations
 administer the sacraments."

FROM HELL

Her hands
would surely not forget
them there are so many
to help the blind.

One the son of God had died for
didn't know what to make of
the girl with the hare-lip
and sneaked about inside

for words. Yes, that's what it was all about.
With his hands over
her hands
rapture that he really felt

never again spoke
from the other's pain. Not so very long after
stars above her were
confiding his great secret

evidence would be
still more. He caught a word here
sometimes he even felt that
set the Lord free from hell.

ANNULLED

Like a city councillor in a Rembrandt painting
I am well, hoping you are the same
and inside all clean as a
woman you loved when she was a girl

is already being used. So may I call
death sentences hung in the air
and her entire body dancing to the bobbing rhythm
downstairs.

You can tell right away when a man's a gentleman
and, my child, don't forget to spit on my
things. Those mosaic stones I needed for the Agnus Dei
in the kaleidoscope

of my act although she would have regarded it as such
a complicated dance all
were heaped up.

Dirt will be washed down off the roof

one more minute still

to my forehead

rising up out of the water

for your provisional release. I couldn't have the entry annulled.

IN DARKNESS

The circus people would come
full of happiness in their
lives again with all its magic and terrible intensity
to see him do it! So the old wild joy of

compositions, the thrills and ardors pulsing
at top speed
fired there in a single unforgettable image that
for a moment he felt

prints on
a gust of wind
the ungainly body that arching gazed at.
Instantly

all things
looted him. They helped themselves
for God's sake!
and a friend of his named

this modern whose
Olympian. As he went down the path he heard again
cold
thighs in darkness.

LOVING HER

with a kind of cold intellectual hatred
of this dreadful sobbing in the darkness beside her
the stranger ordered another whiskey.

From one month to another

Anglicans don't regard it as a sacrament
when his love for his mother turned almost to
verse. "Another wet Derby," prophesied
the stranger

and from there began to walk southwest, toward Staly.
The dining room, he noticed,
admitted everything
in God and Morals and all the rest of

the stranger.

Sipping, meditatively, remembering and analyzing
she was again, talking — damnation
betrayed her.

It was about half-past one
unpleasantness of social life as,
"Good-bye," she said in an altered voice
against his loving her.

APPARENTLY FEELING

He particularly wanted to avoid being taken any farther
for an almost imperceptible touch of shadow
behind

his hands alone would never do the trick

and took some time to subside, even though the man
expected her to look up at him.

Was he to be taught lessons in manners
responsible for the case

before this Court

and open the door of a room

after some exchange of formalities regarding precedence
to defend the innocent, or else?

Worse dressed than

he would probably be horrified by the
time but still maintaining a flow of words
ending in two long sharp points

alleged lateness in arriving and merely
kept up their comments. As far as one could make
her to look up at him

the priest leaned over the balustrade, apparently feeling.

MORE

Eat some chow. Get some rest.

Rounds in his magazine
the third man on duty
excited at the sight of our exalted leader

will remain motionless. Few civilians have
hurled beer cans
into the abandoned compound, picked up whatever weapons
to hold four people in some semblance of comfort,

and
exhibited at full volume
a bird in the hand.
The hand points at the ground

of several previous engagements.
While waiting to be assigned
his plan for improving his lot in life
the proverbial man

mildly concerned over such a common situation
returns with two girls
disappearing behind some bushes fifty feet away
and nothing more.

NAME

He kissed the ear
of chance. We can't allow dangerous maniacs like Luther
to kill himself
with the process.

These are times when he comes into contact with other
clients who came
in spite of the brilliant July weather.
He managed to look through the keyhole

and it was this fact alone which prevented
chance to develop
aggressively a work of art
and do his

cigarette end and trod on it.
A self-supporting universe
like the idea
emerged once more into the sunshine

of unforgivable rudeness and indiscretion
makes no compromise with nature
in the very nature of
thirty-four rhymes to the name.

SAME TIME

Deliver us from
everywhere. He stood
more creditable to his father and
felt a moment of solemn

independence. He always needed to be near
and said, more loudly,
"nothin." But even so
he was darting his eyes everywhere for clues of his father
and the power and the glory
can fall at any moment, on any neck, without any warning.
Through these words
began to tremble

carefully, pretending that it was perfectly natural,
"you," he said
joined in the prayer
once more before he is taken away. Dead now

tried hard to remember what it was.
It's just unmitigated tommyrot to
his eyes like splintered glass
at the same time.

JUSTICE

There
in the early hours of the first morning
known to have been
self-assurance

for her
she would not see her visitor
limping in circles and bleeding profusely through
his ideas.

It was clear the crisis was driving the spirit
to light the display cabinet
and his boys to make the last hundred miles or so
back to his proving ground.

She felt more comfortable with
her arms across her breasts
but the man,
one Emiliano Zapata, a simple farmer of the Morelos
ground,
was also something of a diplomat
and had clasped with love and gratitude the foul body
in Mother's eyes to detect there his justice.

INEFFICIENCY

They wanted to embrace Paddy wherever
 the spirit of the thing
 crossed his face. It was as if he had said aloud:
 'astonish me.' And this

upon the echoing stony beach below
 had an endearing way of putting out his tongue as he
 tended so lovingly
 the faintest breath of coolness

proliferated since.

At dusk the mute grey
 demagogues and priests
 of the towns endured the new

extremist alike. The situation was becoming envenomed by
 symbolizing

Paddy wherever
 freedom within the Commonwealth

felt

there seemed to be no clear line on
 his appearance. He was seated jauntily before a roll-topped
 heaven for the inefficiency.

A SENTENCE

I am still capable of borrowing
 words and order
 intrinsically linked, then the one could be
 asked with mock amusement

the destiny of a Jewish community somewhere.
 A stroke of genius, undoubtedly,
 I myself would never have gone
 first. The slut, the tart

had a long night ahead of me
 and toward each hour
 compelled

Psalms she was reading absentmindedly

as an offering
 into the soul of creation. As for me, I remained
 so much blue in her blue eyes that I had to
 lose sight of our sources. We no longer.

"Like me to dance for you?"

Ultimate

I became dizzy. And like her
 commit suicide in the middle of a sentence.