

## III

along the brittle treacherous bright streets  
 of memory comes my heart,singing like  
 an idiot,whispering like a drunken man

who(at a certain corner,suddenly)meets  
 the tall policeman of my mind.

awake

being not asleep,elsewhere our dreams began  
 which now are folded:but the year completes  
 his life as a forgotten prisoner

—“Ici?”—“Ah non,mon chéri;il fait trop froid”—  
 they are gone:along these gardens moves a wind bringing  
 rain and leaves,filling the air with fear  
 and sweetness....pauses. (Halfwhispering....halfsinging

stirs the always smiling chevaux de bois)

when you were in Paris we met here