

we being not each other:without love
separate,smileless—only suppose your

spirit a certain reckoning demands...

wondering what ever is become of
with his acute gradual lusting glance
an illdressed wellmoving foolishwise

(tracking the beast Tomorrow by her spoor)
over the earth wandering hunter whom you
knew once?

what if(only suppose)

mine should overhear and answer Who
with the useless flanks and cringing feet
is this(shivering blond naked very poor
indeed)person that in the first light

standing washes my nightmare from his eyes?