

XI

a
 mong crum
 bling people(a
 long ruined streets
 hither and)softly

 thither between(tumb
 ling)
 houses(as
 the kno

 wing spirit prowls,its
 nose winces
 before a dissonance of

 Rish and Foses)
 until
 (finding one's self
 at some distance from the
 crooked town)a

 harbour fools the sea(
 while
 emanating the triple
 starred

 Hotel du Golf...that notable structure
 or ideal edifice...situated or established
 ...far from the noise of waters
)one's

 eye perceives
 (as the ego approaches)
 painfully sterilized contours;
 within

 which
 "ladies&gentlemen"
 —under

 glass—
 are:
 asking.

 ?each
 oth?
 er

 rub,
 libera: