

taxi toot whirl people moving perhaps laugh into the slowly
 millions and finally O it is spring since at all windows
 microscopic birds sing fiercely two ragged men and a
 filthiest woman busily are mending three wholly broken somehow
 bowls or somethings by the web curb and carefully spring is
 somehow skilfully everywhere mending smashed minds

O

the massacred gigantic world
 again, into keen sunlight who lifts
 glittering selfish new
 limbs

and my heart stirs in his rags shaking from his armpits the
 abundant lice of dreams laughing
 rising sweetly out of the alive new mud my old
 man heart striding shouts whimpers screams breathing into
 his folded belly acres of sticky sunlight chatters bellows
 swallowing globs of big life pricks wickedly his
 mangled ears blinks into worlds of colour shrieking
 O begins

the mutilated huge earth
 again, up through darkness leaping
 who sprints weirdly from its deep prison
 groaning with perception and suddenly in **all filthy alert things**
 which jumps mightily out of death
 muscular, stinking, erect, entirely born.