

III

chérie

the very, picturesque, last Day
 (when all the clocks have lost their jobs and god
 sits up quickly to judge the Big Sinners)
 he will have something large and fluffy to say
 to me. All the pale grumbling wings

of his greater angels will cease: as that Curse

bounds neat-ly from the angry wad

of his forehead (then fiends with pitchfork things
 will catch and toss me lovingly to
 and fro.) Last, should you look, you
 'll find me prone upon a greatest flame,

which seethes in a beautiful way
 upward; with someone by the name
 of Paolo passing the time of day.