

## V

will out of the kindness of their hearts a few philosophers tell me  
 what am i doing on top of this hill at Calchidas, in the sunlight?  
 down ever so far on the beach below me a little girl in white spins,  
     tumbles; rolling in sand.

across this water, crowding tints: browns and whites shoving, the dot-  
     ting millions of windows of thousands of houses—Lisboa. Like  
     the crackle of a typewriter, in the afternoon sky.

goats and sheep are driven by somebody along a curve of road which  
     eats into a pink cliff back and up leaning out of yellowgreen  
     water.

they are building a house down there by the sea, in the afternoon.

rapidly a reddish ant travels my fifth finger.  
 a bird chirps in a tree, somewhere nowhere  
 and a little girl in white is tumbling  
 in sand

    Clouds over  
 me are like bridegrooms

Naked and luminous

    (here the absurd I; life, to peer and wear clothes.  
     i am altogether foolish, i suddenly make a fist  
     out of ten fingers

voices rise from down ever so far—  
 hush.

    Sunlight,  
     there are old men behind me I tell you; several, in-  
     credible, sleepy