

VII

a fragrant sag of fruit distinctly grouped.

I have not eaten peppers for a week.

On this street the houses immensely speak
(it is nine minutes past six)

the well-fed L's immaculate roar looped
straightens,into neatest distance....

A new curve of children gladly cricks
where a hurdy-gurdy accurately pants.

and pompous ancient jews obscurely twitch
through the bumping teem of Grand. a nudging froth
of faces clogs Second as Mrs. Somethingwich

(with flesh like an old toy balloon)

heavily swims to Strunsky's,

Monia's mouth
eats tangerines looking at the moon—