

VI

The moon-lit snow is falling like strange candy into the big eyes of the
little people with smiling bodies and wooden feet

hard thick feet full of toes

left-handed kiss

I think Berthe is the snow, and comes down into all corners of the city with a
smelling sound. The moon shines all green in the snow.

then saw I 1 Star cold in the nearness of sunset. the face of this star was a
woman's and had worked hard. the cheeks were high and hard, it powdered them
in a little mirror before everybody saying always nothing at all The lips
were small and warped, it reddened them. Then one cried to it & it cried Je
viens and went on looking at itself in the little mirror saying always nothing
—Then I ask the crowding orange—how is that star called? she answers Berthe,
changing into a violet very stealthily

O with whom I lay

Whose flesh is stallions

Then I knew my youth trampled with thy hooves of nakedness

23 years lying with thee in the bed in the little street off the Faubourg Mon
martre

tongue's cold wad knocks