

I I

ci-gât 1 Foetus(unborn to not die

safely whose epoch fits him like a grave)
with all his toys(money men motors “my”
yachts wolfhounds women)and the will to shave

that Ghost is dead(whom noone might inter)
fleeing himself for selves more strangely made
(wears pain at joy,come summer puts on fur

answers eats moves remembers is afraid)

each hates a Man whom both would call their friend
and who may envy neither;nor bewail
(would rather make than have and give than lend
—being through failures born who cannot fail)

having no wealth but love,who shall not spend
my fortune(although endlessness should end)