

Poems from the 1920's

I

I.

the newly

cued
motif smites truly to beautifully
retire through its english

the forwardflung backwardspinning top returns fasterishly
whipped the top leaps bounding upon other tops to caroming
off persist displacing its own and their lives who
grow slowly and first into different deaths

concentric arithmetics of transparency slightly
joggled sink through algebras of proud

inwardlyness to collide spirally with iron geometries
and mesh with
which when both

march outward into the freezing fire of thickness

everywhere is updownwardishly
found nowherecoloured curvecorners
gush silently into solids
more fluid than gas