

## XI

autumn is:that between there and here  
gladness flays hideously hills.  
It was in the spring of this very year

(a spring of wines women and window-sills)  
i met that hideous gladness,per the face  
—pinxit,who knows? Who knows? Some “allemand” ....?  
of Goethe,since exempt from heaven’s grace,

in an engraving belonging to my friend.  
Whom i salute,by what is dear to us;  
and by a gestured city stilled in the framing  
twilight of Spring....and the dream of dreaming  
—and i fall back,quietly amorous  
of,through the autumn indisputably roaming

death’s big rotten particular kiss.