

VII

my eyes are fond of the east side
 as i lie asleep my eyes go into Allen street the dark long cool tunnel
 of raving colour, on either side the windows are packed with hardslippery
 greens and helplessbaby blues and stic-ky chromes and pretty lemons and
 virginal pinks and wealthy vermilion and breathless-scarlet, dark colours
 like 'cellos keen fiddling colours colours cooler than harps colours
 prickin glike piccolos thumpin g colours like a bangofpiano colours
 which, are, the, flowery pluckings of a harpsichord colours of Pure percus-
 sion colours-like-trumpets they (writhe they, struggle in weird chords of
 humorous, fury heaping and squeezing tum-bling-scratching crowd in worming
 each by screeching Each) on either side the street's Dark Cool on G Body
 windows, are. clenched. fist softint.

TUM TITUM TIDDLE

if sometimes my eyes stay at home
 then my mouth will go out into the East side, my mouth goes to the peddlers,
 to the peddlers of smooth, fruits of eager colours of the little, huddling
 nuts and the bad candies my, mouth loves melons slit with bright knives,
 it stains itself, with currants and cherries it (swallow s bunches of new
 grapes like Green Arab bles ascend-ing in the carts my, mouth
 is, fond of tiny plums of tangerines and apples it will, Gorge indistinct
 palish flesh of la Zilytas tingg OO seberries, it, loves these better than,
 cubes and ovalsof sweetness but it swallow) s greedily sugared ellipses it
 does not disdain pickles, once, it, ate a scarlet pepper and my eyes were
 buttoned with pain

THE BLACK CAT WITH

is there anything my ears love it's
 to go into the east Side in a. dark street a hurdygurdy with the queer
 hopping ghosts of children. my, ears know the fuzzy tune that's played
 by the Funny hand of the paralytic whose doddering partner wheel
 shimin chb yin ch along the whirling Peaceful furious street people
 drop, coppers into, the little tin-cup His wrapped up body Queerly Has, my,
 ears, go into Hassan's place the kanoon chirping the big twittering
 zither-and the mealy, ladies dancing thickly foolish, with, the, tam, bou,
 rine, s And the violin spitting squeaky songs into the cuspidor-col our-
 ed Room and, my ears bend to the little silent hand organ propping the
 curve of the tiny moth eaten old man whose Beard rests on the top whose
 silly, Hand revolves, perfectly, slowly with, the handle of a crank in It
 The L's roar tortures-pleasantly my ears it is, like the, Jab of a dark
 tool. With a clever jerk in it like the motion of a Sharp Knife-snap-
 ping of fade adf ish' shead Or, the whipping of a black Snake cut sudden ly
 in 2 that, writhes... A... lit. le ora basket of Ripe Blackberries emptied
 sudden (y down the squirming spine of the) unsuspecting street;

THE YELLOW EYES AND