

III

as usual i did not find him in cafes, the more dissolute atmosphere
 of a street superimposing a numbing imperfectness upon such peregrina-
 tions as twilight spontaneously by inevitable tiredness of flang-
 ing shop-girls impersonally affords furnished a soft first clue to
 his innumerable whereabouts violet logic of annihilation demon-
 strating from woolworthian pinnacle a capable millennium of faces
 meshing with my curiously instant appreciation exposed his hiber-
 native contours,
 aimable immensity impeccably extending the courtesy of five o'clock
 became the omen of his presence it was spring by the way in the
 soiled canary-cage of largest existence

(when he would extemporise the innovation of muscularity upon the
 most crimson assistance of my comforter a click of deciding glory
 inflicted to the negative silence that primeval exposure whose elec-
 tric solidity remembers some accurately profuse scratchings in a
 recently discovered cave, the carouse of geometrical putrescence
 whereto my invariably commendable room has been forever subject his
 Earliest word wheeled out on the sunny dump of oblivion)

a tiny dust finely arising at the integration of my soul i coughed

,naturally