

II

when i am in Boston,i do not speak.
and i sit in the click of ivory balls....

noting flies,which jerk upon the weak
colour of table-cloths,the electric When
In Doubt Buy Of(but a roof hugs
whom)

as the august evening mauls
Kneeland,and a waiter cleverly lugs
indigestible honeycake to men
....one perfectly smooth coffee
tasting of hellas,i drink,or sometimes two
remarking cries of paklavah meeah.

(Very occasionally three.)

and i gaze on the cindercoloured little ΜΕΓΑ
ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΝ ΞΕΝΟΔΟΧΕΙΟΝ ΥΠΝΟΥ