

V

a blue woman with sticking out **breasts hanging**
 clothes. On the line. not so old
 for the mother of twelve undershirts(we are told
 by is it Bishop Taylor who needs hanging

that marriage is a sure cure for masturbation).

A dirty wind,twitches the,clothes which are clean
 —this is twilight,

a little puppy hopping between
 skipping
 children

(It is the consummation
 of day,the hour)she says to me you big fool
 she says i says to her i says Sally
 i says
 the

mmmoon,begins to,drool

softly,in the hot alley,

a nigger's voice feels curiously cool
 (suddenly-Lights go!on,by schedule