

## Experiments, 1916-17

## I

The awful darkness of the town  
 crushes; in rows  
 houses every one a different shade of brown  
 (unity in variety, I suppose).  
 It almost snows:  
 inside, the silly people are teeing with bread-and-butter sandwiches

talking of the weather, and who  
 married whom  
 (the sons of b--s)  
 —thin smiles glue  
 the pasteboard faces, and prevent  
 sawdust from pouring out of this  
 chink or that.  
 The gloom  
 is flat,  
 as a poor pancake is  
 flat; "My dear, our church sent  
 three thousand bandages only last week  
 to those poor soldiers"—Whew!  
 how they reel

those sweet people. But I'm  
 going into the Parthenon  
 to lap yaoorti with my eyes shut  
 tight. Goodbye  
 Cambridge. I'm going

in to see Nichol, and devour shishkabob (what  
 's the time?  
 Five? I must be moving on,  
 leaving the houses-all-alike  
 thank God) and I guess I'll drop in and get Mike  
 to give me a high.