

XXIX

in a middle of a room
stands a suicide
sniffing a Paper rose
smiling to a self

“somewhere it is Spring and sometimes
people are in real:imagine
somewhere real flowers,but
I can’t imagine real flowers for if I

could,they would somehow
not Be real”
(so he smiles
smiling)“but I will not

everywhere be real to
you in a moment”
The is blond
with small hands

“& everything is easier
than I had guessed everything would
be;even remembering the way who
looked at whom first,anyhow dancing”

(a moon swims out of a cloud
a clock strikes midnight
a finger pulls a trigger
a bird flies into a mirror)