

XVIII

my sonnet is A light goes on in
the toiletwindow,that's straightacross from
my window,night air bothered with a rustling din

sort of sublimated tom-tom
which quite outdoes the mandolin-

man's tiny racket. The horses sleep upstairs.
And you can see their ears. Ears win-

k,funny stable. In the morning they go out in pairs:
amazingly,one pair is white
(but you know that)they look at each other. Nudge.

(if they love each other,who cares?)
They pull the morning out of the night.

I am living with a mouse who shares

my meals with him,which is fair as i judge.