

LXVI

nothing is more exactly terrible than
to be alone in the house, with somebody and
with something)

You are gone. there is laughter

and despair impersonates a street

i lean from the window, behold ghosts,
a man
hugging a woman in a park. Complete.

and slightly(why? or lest we understand)
slightly i am hearing somebody
coming up stairs, carefully
(carefully climbing carpeted flight after
carpeted flight. in stillness, climbing
the carpeted stairs of terror)

and continually i am seeing something

inhaling gently a cigarette(in a mirror