

## XVII

—GON splashes-sink  
which is east eighth,a star of three annoys

me,but the stink of perfumed noise  
fiercely mounts from the fireman's ball,i think

and also i think of you,getting mandolin-clink  
mixed with your hair;feeling your knees  
among the supercilious chimneys,

my nerves sumptuously wink  
....and little-dusk has his toys to play with  
windows-and-whispers,

(will BigMorning get away with  
them?)'m'en doute,)                      chérie,j'm'en doute.

the accurate key to a palace

—You,—in this window sits a Face  
(it is twilight)a Face playing on a flute