

Poems from The Dial Papers, 1919-20

I

the comedian stands on a corner, the sky is
very soft. The Fall, Ling (snow

with a limousine the and whisk of swiftly taxis God

knows how many mouths eyes bodies
fleetly going into nothing,

very sky the and of all is, slow-
Ly. fall

...f all in g) Fall In G odd
....which will. swiftly Hug kiss or

a drunken Man bangs silent Y into the moon

the comedian is standing. On a corner in-a-dream
of (snow),

in the nib; bling tune
OF

"next we have the famous dancing team
swiftness & nothing

, let ergo

Professor!