

because
an obstreperous grin minutely floats
out of this onelegged flower—
girl's eyes and
bounding timorously
caroms against quickly taxis

or a chiselled god's
Mother hugs carefully against her
stone dull little breast the
with rain streaked Boy, quietly whose
mutilated eyes remember flowers

these clouds
imitate curiously
a 1st judgment lightening
on top of the large bold soft noisy

world
 filling me promptly
 up:
in order that i may be sharply
emptied into Silence(which is

nothing;but whom we call,darkness)