

II

sometime,perhaps in Paris we will
have the enormous bright hour of evening
when lazily the prostitutes are taking
thither and hither their bright slender voices
along the boulevards,among the sitting
people in cafés

“the world is,you feel
(I just saw a man in a taxi who looked like God)
a little sudden whore skilfully dying
in Somebody’s arms,on the way to the theatre.”—“Did
you?”—“And just suppose it were. Wouldn’t poor Royce’s
hair tremble? What would Old Man Emerson
say?”—“Emerson would probably say ‘I went to Paris
and found myself.’”—“Probably.”—“And think of this one:
‘Godal Mighty and Myself,by Frank Harris!’”