

III

I.

THE RAIN IS A HANDSOME ANIMAL

Whereupon i seize a train and suddenly i am in Paris toward night,in Mai. Along the river trees are letting go scarcely and silently wisps,parcels of incense,which drop floatingly through a vista of talking moving people; timidly which caress hats and shoulders,wrists and dresses;which unspeakably alight upon the laughter of men and children,girls and soldiers. In twilight these ridiculous and exquisite things descendingly move among the people,gently and imperishably. People are not sorry to be alive. People are not ashamed. People smile,moving gaily and irrevocably moving through twilight to The Gingerbread Fair. I am alive,I go along too,I slowly go up the vista among the hats and soldiers,among the smiles and neckties,the kisses and old men,wrists and laughter. We all together irrevocably are moving,are moving slowly and gaily moving. Intricately the shoulders of us and our hats timidly are touched by a million absurd hinting things;by wisps and by women and by laughter and by forever:while, upon our minds,fasten beautifully and close the warm tentacles of evening.