

9.

like a little bear twilight
climbs clumsily and beautifully the
ladder of the sky(a whipped and very little
bear who goes through his
tricks awkwardly and rapidly at
some fair,fearful of the cracking
whip)and
rungs of
cloud bend one by one under the hustling hairy
body of twilight
of
a little bear helplessly who wipes
his eyes with his
paw when the lash flicks his face,

gallops wincing

into his cage
 & a pale single
star(the performance being
concluded)bows solemnly to you & me