

VII

Perhaps it was Myself sits down in this chair. There were two chairs,in fact.
My fur-coat on. Light one cigarette. You
came her stalking straw-coloured body,cached with longness of kimona.

Myself got up out of a chair(there are two)say "Berthe" or something else.
Her Nudity seats Itself sharply beside. New person. —The champagne is excellent sir.— so we are drinking a little,and talked gradually of the war
France death my prison,all pleasant things. "Je m'occuperai tout particulierement de vos colis". and send one to The Zulu,as i want, one to mon camarade "vous n'avez pas trop chaud avec la pelisse?"no...I decline more champagne anyway "Vous partez—?demain matin?" "le train part a huit heures un quart"

I watched her Flesh graciously destroy its cruel posture "alors:il faut bien dormir
".then is to be noticed...plural darkness spanked with singular light over the pink
bed

To Undress—laughably mechanical how my great ludicrous silent boots thrown off Eye each other,really
As she lay:the body a flapping rag of life;I see pale whim of suppressed face framed in the indignant hair,a jiggling rope of smile hung between painted cheeks. and the furry rug of tongue where her Few teeth dance slowly like bad women

My thumb smashes the world—
frot of furied eyes on brain!heart knotted with A suddenly nakedness—.