

## XV

unnoticed woman from whose kind large flesh

i turn to the cruel-littleness of cold  
(when battling street-lamps fail upon the gold  
dawn,where teeth of slowturning streets mesh

in a frieze of smoking Face Bluish-old

and choked pat of going soles on flat  
pavements with icy cries of this and that  
stumbling in gloom,bad laughters,smiles unbold)

also,tomorrow the daily papers will feature  
Peace and Good Will,and Mary with one lung  
extended to the pumping Child,and “ ’Twas

the night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature  
was stirring,not even a mouse. The stockings were hung  
by the chimney with care in hopes that Saint Nicholas”