

## XIX

(the phonograph's voice like a keen spider skipping

quickly over patriotic swill.

The, negress, in the, rocker by the, curb, tipping

and tipping, the flocks of pigeons. And the skill-

ful loneliness, and the rather fat

man in bluish suspenders half-reading the

Evening Something

in the normal window. and a cat.

A cat waiting for god knows makes me

wonder if i'm alive (eye pries,

not open. Tail stirs.) And the. fire-escapes—

the night. makes me wonder if, if i am

the face of a baby smeared with beautiful jam

or

my invincible Nearness rapes

laughter from your preferable, eyes