

XXIV

and this day it was Spring....us
 drew lewdly the murmurous minute clumsy
 smelloftheworld. We intricately
 alive,cleaving the luminous stammer of bodies
 (eagerly just not each other touch)seeking,some
 street which easily tickles a brittle fuss
 of fragile huge humanity....

Numb

thoughts,kicking in the rivers of our blood,miss
 by how terrible inches speech—it
 made you a little dizzy did the world's smell
 (but i was thinking why the girl-and-bird
 of you move.....moves.....and also,i'll admit—)

till,at the corner of Nothing and Something,we heard
 a handorgan in twilight playing like hell