

IV

my humorous ghost precisely will
 stray from the others on the hill
 if only to hear someone say
 exactly what someone has said.

Straying as softly as a puma,
 it will come to Boston
 and sit in the Howard Atheneum
 up under the non si fuma,

(up in the ceiling with the old men.
 With the wrinkles and eyes and tumours.)
 Precisely straying like a leopard
 or a music, will my ghost

visit queerly the naked girls who
 wiggle at the end of second avenue
 in the Burlesque As You
 Like it, or gliding most

softly into Hassan's will see
 them all dancing together, a turk
 and one girl and three greeks
 with the cousin of the old Man In The Moon playing

the kanoon. (After that,
 precisely i will float into Moskowitz's
 where there's himself at the zimbalon, and
 Raisin tight with Jack Shargel at a table in the

spidery music, ordering Bosca
 singing oona vaap and gesturing like a Petrouska.
 And i'll gesture as well as i am able in the
 transparent condition which ghosts

are afflicted with,
 my gestures will be in the past tense
 and bright and small and ridiculous.)
 And after all i'll go to a certain

house where the window is open
 i will go in between the curtains
 silently, like a cat or a tune. I will find
 softly and precisely a particular room where

you are perfectly asleep in your hair,
 and you will kiss my ghost thinking
 that it's a dream, until i leap from you
 suddenly out into the morning