

## N

## &amp;:SEVEN POEMS

## I

i will be  
M o v i n g i n t h e S t r e e t o f h e r

bodyfee l i n g a r o u n d M e t h e t r a f f i c o f  
lovely;muscles-sinke x p i r i n g S  
uddenl

Y t o t o u c h  
the curvedship of  
Her-  
....kIss her :hands

will play on,mE as  
dea d t u n e s O R s - c r a p p - y l e a V e s f l u t t e r i n g  
from Hideous trees or

Maybe Mandolins  
l o o k -  
pigeons fly i n g a n d

whee(:are,SpRiN,k,LiNg an in-stant with sunLight  
then)|-  
ing all go BlacK wh-eel-ing

oh  
ver  
mYveRylitTle

street  
where  
you will come,

at twi li ght  
s(oon & there's  
a m oo  
)n.