

VI

Above a between-the-acts prattling of
 the orchestra conducted by memory and behind this
 justfallen curtain of uneasy flesh
 which is a girl

certain things shout and curse
 turning on lights setting up walls amid
 a very efficient confusion as certain
 other things i dare say take their
 proper places wiping their mouths adjusting a cravat and
 settling one's vest or smoothing
 the hair
 and one immaculately tailored
 thing inhales a cigarette un-
 clenching and clench
 -ing plump fingers
 and peeping at the audience

Because these to me wholly i
 confess impertinent
 noises are better than the politeness of
 silence or that is to say when the curtain
 rises and to all the other people who
 are my multitudinous cleansmelling selves
 who are sitting waiting to be thrilled

Illusion!

makes its rubber gesture,

decidedly i refuse my lady your beautifully
 imbecile invitation to hasten the play