

## VI

but observe;although  
once is never the beginning of  
enough,is it(i do not pretend  
to know the reason any more than.) But look:up-

raising,hoisting,a little  
perhaps that and this,deftly  
propping on smallest hands  
the slim hinging you  
—because  
it's five o'clock

and these(i notice)trees winterbrief surly old  
gurgle a nonsense of sparrows,the cathedral  
shudders blackening;  
the sky is washed with tone

now for a moon  
to squat in first darkness  
—a little moon thinner than

memory

faint  
-er  
than all the whys  
which lurk  
between your naked shoulderblades.—Here  
comes a stout fellow in a blouse  
just outside this window,touching the glass  
boxes one by one with his magic  
stick(in which a willing  
bulb of flame bubbles)  
see

here and here they explode  
silently into crocuses of brightness. (That is enough  
of life,for you. I understand. Once  
again....)sliding

a little downward,embrace me with your body's suddenly  
curving entire warm questions