

## V

gee i like to think of dead it means nearer because deeper firmer  
 since darker than little round water at one end of the well it's  
 too cool to be crooked and it's too firm to be hard but it's sharp  
 and thick and it loves, every old thing falls in rosebugs and  
 jackknives and kittens and pennies they all sit there looking at  
 each other having the fastest time because they've never met before

dead's more even than how many ways of sitting on your head your  
 unnatural hair has in the morning

dead's clever too like POF goes the alarm off and the little striker  
 having the best time tickling away everybody's brain so everybody  
 just puts out their finger and they stuff the poor thing all full  
 of fingers

dead has a smile like the nicest man you've never met who maybe winks  
 at you in a streetcar and you pretend you don't but really you do  
 see and you are My how glad he winked and hope he'll do it again

or if it talks about you somewhere behind your back it makes your neck  
 feel pleasant and stoopid and if dead says may i have this one and  
 was never introduced you say Yes because you know you want it to dance  
 with you and it wants to and it can dance and Whocares

dead's fine like hands do you see that water flowerpots in windows but  
 they live higher in their house than you so that's all you see but you  
 don't want to

dead's happy like the way underclothes All so differently solemn and  
 inti and sitting on one string

dead never says my dear, Time for your musiclesson and you like music and  
 to have somebody play who can but you know you never can and why have to?

dead's nice like a dance where you danced simple hours and you take all  
 your prickly-clothes off and squeeze-into-largeness without one word and  
 you lie still as anything in largeness and this largeness begins to give  
 you, the dance all over again and you, feel all again all over the way men  
 you liked made you feel when they touched you (but that's not all) because  
 largeness tells you so you can feel what you made, men feel when, you touched,  
 them

dead's sorry like a thistlefluff-thing which goes landing away all by  
 himself on somebody's roof or something where who-ever-heard-of-growing  
 and nobody expects you to anyway