

XVII

of this wilting wall the colour drub
souring sunbeams, of a foetal fragrance
to rickety unclosed blinds inslants
peregrinate, a cigar-stub
disintegrates, above, underdrawers club
the faintly sweating air with pinkness,
one pale dog behind a slopcaked shrub
painstakingly utters a slippery mess,
a star sleepily, feebly, scratches the sore
of morning. But i am interested more
intricately in the delicate scorn
with which in a putrid window every day
almost leans a lady whose still-born
smile involves the comedy of decay,