

## XVII

how this uncouth enchanted  
person, arising from a  
restaurant, looks breathes or moves  
—climbing(past light after  
light)to turn, disappears

the very swift and  
invisibly living  
rhythm of your Heart possibly

will understand;  
or why(in

this most exquisite of cities)all  
of the long night a fragile imitation of  
(perhaps)myself carefully wanders  
streets dark and, deep

with rain....

(he, slightly whom or  
cautiously this person

and this imitation resemble,  
descends into the earth with the year  
a cigarette between his ghost-lips

gradually)  
remembering badly, softly  
your  
kissed thrice suddenly smile