

# V

The moon falls thru the autumn      Behind prisons she grins,  
 where people by huge whistles scooped from sleep land breathless  
 on their two feet, and look at her between bars.      She stands  
 greenly over the flat pasteboard hill with a little pink road  
 like a stand of spilled saw-dust.      The sentinel who walks asle  
 ep under apple-trees yawns.      The moon regards little whores  
 running down the prison yard into the dawn to shit, and she is  
 tickled too.      (Trees in morning are like strengths of young  
 men poised to sprint.)      There's another sentinel wanders al  
 ong besides a wall perhaps as old as he.      The little moon  
 pinks into insignificance:a grouch of sun gobbles the east—  
     She is a white shadow asleep in the reddishness of  
     Day.