

XV

as one who(having written
late)sees his light
silenced.

and going to his window
a little while he
watches
the inevitable city's

reborn enormous whisperless

Body
(and

sees
over & between the roofs

the lifted streets
un-

speak.
-ing

and he does not

speak.)But perhaps
inhaling a possible.cigarette
he is sorry and
pitiful.and he quietly repeats to
himself

something peculiar and small and dead

And goes to sleep miserable & tall.

—so,my
lady is
your lover