

## XLV

you  
 in win  
 ter who sit  
 dying thinking  
 huddled behind dir  
 ty glass mind muddled  
 and cuddled by dreams(or some  
 times vacantly gazing through un  
 washed panes into a crisp todo of  
 murdering uncouth faces which pass rap  
 idly with their breaths.)“people are walking deaths  
 in this season” think “finality lives up  
 on them a little more openly than usual  
 hither,thither who briskly busily carry the as  
 tonishing & spontaneous & difficult ugliness  
 of themselves with a more incisive simplicity a  
 more intensively brutal futility”And sit  
 huddling dumbly behind three or two partly tran  
 sparent panes which by some loveless trick sepa  
 rate one stilled unmoving mind from a hun  
 dred doomed hurrying brains(by twos  
 or threes which fiercely rapidly  
 pass with their breaths)in win  
 ter you think,die slow  
 ly “toc tic” as i  
 have seen trees(in  
 whose black bod  
 ies leaves  
 hide