

III

it is winter a moon in the afternoon
 and warm air turning into January darkness up
 through which sprouting gently, the cathedral
 leans its dreamy spine against thick sunset

i perceive in front of our lady a ring of people
 a brittle swoon of centrifugally expecting
 faces clumsily which devours a man, three cats,
 five white mice, and a baboon.

O a monkey with a sharp face waddling carefully
 the length of this padded pole; a monkey attached
 by a chain securely to this always talking
 individual, mysterious witty hatless.

Cats which move smoothly from neck to neck of bottles, cats
 smoothly willowing out and in between bottles, who step smoothly
 and rapidly along this pole over five squirming
 mice, or leap through hoops of fire, creating smoothness.

People stare, the drunker applaud
 while twilight takes the sting out of the vermilion
 jacket of nodding hairy Jacqueline who is given a mouse
 to hold lovingly,

our lady what do you think of this? Do your proud fingers and
 your arms tremble remembering something squirming fragile
 and which had been presented unto you by a mystery?
 ...the cathedral recedes into weather without answering