

XXIX

somebody knew Lincoln somebody Xerxes

this man: a narrow thudding timeshaped face
 plus innocuous winking hands, carefully
 inhabits number 1 on something street

Spring comes

the lean and definite houses

are troubled. A sharp blue day
 fills with peacefully leaping air
 the minute mind of the world.
 The lean and

definite houses are
 troubled. in the sunset their chimneys converse
 angrily, their
 roofs are nervous with the soft furious
 light, and while fire-escapes and
 roofs and chimneys and while roofs and fire-escapes and
 chimneys and while chimneys and fire-escapes
 and roofs are talking rapidly all together there happens
 Something, and They

cease (and
 one by one are turned suddenly and softly
 into irresponsible toys.)
 when this man with

the brittle legs winces
 swiftly out of number 1 something
 street and trickles carefully into the park
 sits

Down. pigeons circle
 around and around and around the