

THREE
II

Among

these

red pieces of
day (against which and
quite silently hills
made of blue and green paper

scorch bend ing them
-selves -U
pcurv E, into:

anguish (clim
b)ing

s-p-i-r-a-
1

and, disappear)

Satanic and blasé

a black goat lookingly wanders

There is nothing left of the world but
into this noth
ing il treno per
Roma si-gnori?
jerk.
ilyr, ushes