

the moon looked into my window  
it touched me with its small hands  
and with curling infantile  
fingers it understood my eyes cheeks mouth  
its hands(slipping)felt of my necktie wandered  
against my shirt and into my body the  
sharp things fingered tinily my heart life

FOUR

I

the little hands withdrew, jerkily, themselves  
quietly they began playing with a button  
the moon smiled she  
let go my vest and crept  
through the window  
she did not fall  
she went creeping along the air

over houses

roofs

And out of the east toward  
her a fragile light bent gatheringly