

along the brittle treacherous bright streets  
of memory comes my heart, singing like  
an idiot, whispering like a drunken man

FIVE  
III

who (at a certain corner, suddenly) meets  
the tall policeman of my mind.

awake

being not asleep, elsewhere our dreams began  
which now are folded: but the year completes  
his life as a forgotten prisoner

—"Ici?"—"Ah non, mon cheri; il fait trop froid"—  
they are gone: along these gardens moves a wind bringing  
rain and leaves, filling the air with fear  
and sweetness. . . . pauses. (Halfwhispering. . . . halfsinging

stirs the always smiling chevaux de bois)

when you were in Paris we met here