

will out of the kindness of their hearts a few philosophers tell me

THREE

what am i doing on top of this hill at Calchidas, in the sunlight?

VIII

down ever so far on the beach below me a little girl in white spins,tumbles; rolling in sand.

across this water,crowding tints:browns and whites shoving,the dotting millions of windows of thousands of houses—Lisboa. Like the crackle of a typewriter,in the afternoon sky.

goats and sheep are driven by somebody along a curve of road which eats into a pink cliff back and up leaning out of yellowgreen water.

they are building a house down there by the sea,in the afternoon.

rapidly a reddish ant travels my fifth finger.

a bird chirps in a tree,somewhere nowhere and a little girl in white is tumbling in sand

Clouds over
me are like bridegrooms

Naked and luminous

(here the absurd I; life, to peer
and wear clothes. i am altogether foolish, i suddenly
make a fist out of ten fingers

voices rise from down ever so far—
hush.

Sunlight,

there are old men behind me I tell
you; several,incredible,sleepy