

FOUR  
XIII

Nobody wears a yellow  
flower in his buttonhole  
he is altogether a queer fellow  
as young as he is old

when autumn comes,  
who twiddles his white thumbs  
and frisks down the boulevards

without his coat and hat

—(and i wonder just why that  
should please him or i wonder what he does)

and why(at the bottom of this trunk,  
under some dirty collars)only a  
moment  
(or  
was it perhaps a year)ago i found staring  
me in the face a dead yellow small rose