

now that fierce few
flowers (stealthily)
in the alive west
begin

THREE
I

requiescat this six
feet of Breton big good
body, which terminated
in fists hair wood

erect cursing hatless who
(bent by wind) slammed hard-
over the tiller; clattered
forward skidding in outrageous

sabots language trickling
pried his black
mouth with fat jibing
lips,

once upon a
(that is
over: and the sea heaving
indolent colourless forgets) time

Requiescat.
carry
carefully the blessed large silent him
into nibbling final worms