

it is winter a moon in the afternoon
and warm air turning into January darkness up
through which sprouting gently, the cathedral
leans its dreamy spine against thick sunset

THREE
III

i perceive in front of our lady a ring of people
a brittle swoon of centrifugally expecting
faces clumsily which devours a man, three cats,
five white mice, and a baboon.

O a monkey with a sharp face waddling carefully
the length of this padded pole; a monkey attached
by a chain securely to this always talking
individual, mysterious witty hatless.

Cats which move smoothly from neck to neck of bottles, cats
smoothly willowing out and in between bottles, who step smoothly
and rapidly along this pole over five squirming
mice; or leap through hoops of fire, creating smoothness.

People stare, the drunker applaud
while twilight takes the sting out of the vermillion
jacket of nodding hairy Jaqueline who is given a mouse
to hold lovingly,

our lady what do you think of this? Do your proud fingers and
your arms tremble remembering something squirming fragile
and which had been presented unto you by a mystery?
... the cathedral recedes into weather without answering