

FOUR
XVII

how this uncouth enchanted
person, arising from a
restaurant, looks breathes or moves
—climbing (past light after
light) to turn, disappears

the very swift and
invisibly living
rhythm of your Heart possibly

will understand;
or why (in

this most exquisite of cities) all
of the long night a fragile imitation of
(perhaps) myself carefully wanders
streets dark and, deep

with rain

(he, slightly whom or
cautiously this person

and this imitation resemble,
descends into the earth with the year
a cigarette between his ghost-lips

gradually)
remembering badly, softly
your
kissed thrice suddenly smile