

if within tonight's erect  
everywhere of black muscles fools  
a weightless slowness(deftly

FOUR  
XVI

muting the world's texture with drifted

gifts of featheriest slenderness and  
how gradually which descending are suddenly  
received)or by doomfull connivance

accurately thither and hither myself

struts unremembered(rememberingly  
with in both pockets curled hands moves)  
why then toward morning he is a ghost whom

assault these whispering fists of hail

(and a few windows awaken certain faces  
busily horribly blunder through new light  
hush we are made of the same thing as perhaps

nothing, he murmurs carefully lying down)