

FIVE

II

touching you i say (it being Spring
and night) "let us go a very little beyond
the last road—there's something to be found"

and smiling you answer "everything
turns into something else, and slips away. . . .
(these leaves are Thingish with moondrool
and i'm ever so very little afraid")

i say

"along this particular road the moon if you'll
notice follows us like a big yellow dog. You

don't believe? look back. (Along the sand
behind us, a big yellow dog that's now it's red
a big red dog that may be owned by who
knows)

only turn a little your. so. And

there's the moon, there is something faithful and mad"