

THREE but observe; although
IX once is never the beginning of
enough, is it(i do not pretend
to know the reason any more than.) But look up-

raising, hoisting, a little
perhaps that and this, deftly
propping on smallest hands
the slim hinging you
—because
it's five o'clock

and these(i notice) trees winterbrief surly old
gurgle a nonsense of sparrows, the cathedral
shudders blackening;
the sky is washed with tone

now for a moon
to squat in first darkness
—a little moon thinner than

memory

faint
-er

than all the whys
which lurk
between your naked shoulderblades.—Here

comes a stout fellow in a blouse
just outside this window, touching the glass

boxes one by one with his magic
stick(in which a willing