

## IV

the hours rise up putting off stars and it is  
dawn  
into the street of the sky light walks scattering poems

on earth a candle is  
extinguished      the city  
wakes  
with a song upon her  
mouth having death in her eyes

and it is dawn  
the world  
goes forth to murder dreams . . . .

i see in the street where strong  
men are digging bread  
and i see the brutal faces of  
people contented hideous hopeless cruel happy

and it is day,

in the mirror  
i see a frail  
man  
dreaming  
dreams