

again, fabulous delights,
innumerable stipules, ripe fishes ...
what a ridiculous game.

But we will have no power
over the sliding depositors of darkness
nor will light find sleep
in its more elegant brilliance.

Below angels, domestic of loneliness
and not accomplice false.

Language and its ailments, flanges
of stained marble with their daughters,
and pursued to an 'it is' - ~~but~~ ~~no~~
of secret murmur, under current. The presence
a bit bit of charred thought
in hoarse paper. Shards of pride and powder.

Greatly kept, pocket horridities,
to various kept, squabblers of dirt
or to complete absence;
to fiddle at an extravagant thinker
and further taste of that kiss
between 'beauty and experience'
and how the fabulous union
of body and soul.

Down, down through infernal

of clay, spat^{ed} and coated by ants, while
seeking an entrance to ^a clay gutter...

crack a dog spurn, with needle
release its mites and spiders
its ascent the ears of deaf a bewitcher,

disgorged on turbulent blasphemies
the voice strains to its fatal cadences,
dark hours born from repudiated eggs

lice and the salivars of adorable filth,
azure and luminous chances, the axis
surrounded by waves of progressive whorls.