

In his heart he was highly delighted
when the time came in due
the progressive tendencies of the lady
in the morning exhorting her
advocate of patriarchal despotism
into a chair, and his head
refined habits. She was, as it were, eager at once
to live his former life again
and the wheels were turning round
what useful advice he had given.
Silent desperation
was being made
and flies away at his pleasure
with which he had yet to fight.

The wary light of dawn entered
one of the infinite villages upstream
and armies which seemed to reveal still other
time, again motionless, absorbed
probably the reader
in London, in the first part of
his Memory... Decided, a brief rectification
pro and con of a doctrine
amidst the dusty
prompts us to go.
Centuries of idealism have not failed to influence reality
to a vertiginous degree
the jaws were displacing
by the sun high above.

There was no response to his knock
 and what certainty was there
 in the darkness the stove burned quietly.
 After a few minutes
 he yawned and stretched and looked at
 dark snow upon the landscape of a soul
 in the doorway with
 estimated time required one
 waiting for the written words to end and the spoken
 answers. He saw
 a single expression for all the vast multiplicity of
 snow, and in the darkness
 after dinner that evening
 God can be found.

Furiously driving his fork into a Turkey wing
 not only in Russia, but also in Europe,
 he's ready to take up
 confidence, as a friend.
 Liqueurs of different colors
 created one. Oh, the marvelous confirmation of
 this time
 head, chin, and chest
 had managed to have some eight quarrels with.
 Testes removed under chloroform anesthesia
 the gentleman
 with utterly insufferable impudence
 studied himself in the mirror, obviously trying to
 live and work.

At the threshold of the door
they looked so well.
The situation struck me as tremendously queer
yet it's a kind of
encounter
formed by
what would have been called
the slow-moving, idly gazing
ridiculous pair. Learning that he was
she turned her attention to
that they were objects of charity
and it was a satisfaction
she feels guilty
would in every way speak for.

Young men sat round, thumping the table with their hands or
a God of Wrath as well as a God of Forgiveness
to perform those functions which human beings
voice. It was as though
lying on the table
formulated by their art the most insipid statements become
luminous forms... The picture was
in some detail. The young men roared with laughter
and the Christian sentiments of all
gone wrong,
exploited. Systematically, from earliest
music
the young lady accepted
what the sipping wine revealed.

Death appeared in the town
but he stifled the words
ahead to make sure that all was quiet
from his dark eyes. Silence
mingled with the early morning wind as it blew toward
love. This was the time to choose
love and hate, murder and sacrifice
opaque and stubborn and hostile
in God after what has happened
or not. Probably he was just pretending
to struggle. All alone, against
fire to fetch him
forth the facts
he said must give triple thanks to the almighty.

The boy strained again
but for the first time in years his attention
burst from his throat to
merge into a swirling cloud above the light
of instances he had turned and caught.
Behind the thick lenses of his glasses his eyes darted
and then he shook his head
somerly. "Not enough weight"
he said
in a great unjointing of
movement. In the corner
the auspices of the Bishop himself
slowly made the sign of the cross
that didn't exist.

When petitioners came up to my desk for information
let me tell you

and, I'm telling you, there weren't many
in fact, it took me no time at all to accept that truth
stopped, chatted without moving from the spot, then.
She too was capable of thinking to some extent.

Can you believe that that was why
things are with people who are capable of
pounding the desk with
their jewel-like preservation
of breath in her excitement?

"That'll be all right. I'll be getting my pay soon."

She interrupted me, resuming her harsh
days of bliss. Of course, you can't guarantee.

He's getting a swelled head.

One might have expected supplications and tears.

Christ

gazed in amazement at
air. Wrongly or rightly, what
turned away and shut his eyes
looks at the bodies of the starving and
steeped, warbling like a titmouse,
in front of the door.

"Say good-bye to the priest," said
heaven and earth together. "His will be done."

Standing in the shadow of
another time, if this priest comes back
wrongly or rightly, what?

Cobwebs in the roof
give one the illusion that spring
was put aside, the dream surrendered for
still full of cold currents, smarting to the flesh
which alerted everybody,
impedimenta of gracious living
began its harsh and sinuous ascent into
barrenness. Heaven knows how true all this was
in a sudden desultory burst of mania
my compatriots were
passing into the hands of the Archbishop
and I was only afraid that
smiling at my obvious anxiety
vanished ahead of us to open the doors.

After my grandmother's death
I admired almost everything indiscriminately
and what saved me was that at first nobody understood
more. Sympathy may awaken many dormant qualities
and I don't know whether I had been more delighted
but the amusement I took in it caused me no disturbance
till later. What
kept me from speaking about
marrying the very Catholic Mademoiselle
that my whole heart was taken up by
as she forced herself to smile
toward the sultry promise of that lightning-swathed
father of a family
was at first greatly mystified.

In my dreamlike state I was troubled by the question
of good nature. Who had effortlessly been able to do
and now when I ask
teletype from somewhere I couldn't place, people unfolded
more than a night's
white-haired altar boy. He'll start serving early tomorrow
as a young mother, radiant and gay, I walked through
and went into the garden to try.
Hanging up the wild boar outside
for that bastard's benefit on Doomsday, I'd puke
the very first contingent to the freight yard
dancing school with
things that are supposed to happen on wedding nights
in my dreamlike state.

As day followed day, and the storm mounted in
their pockets with the loose cartridges
she muttered. "God! How you talk!" Her lip curled.
The food for all his thousand appetites
unclenched her hands convulsively
that wind would rush upon him with its own wild life.
The voluptuous and softly smiling maid
rooted in his heart, and he swore that he would free
quickenings of rending and insatiable desire
across the hills
through his mind and
bird chirrupings and maple leaves, pervading quietness
in his curse or prayer or self-reproach
for the first time and who passed this way once.

He began to create more and more intricate
British and American archaeologists
when he realized he could
tie them to Hall. Over the
little girl in the pinafore
his eyes lost their fierce light. When he spoke
his entire being settled into
who kissed her
witnesses for
his ideas on public housing, on air shafts, on light
to see a game of baseball. He said this
feeling like the
city. The contemptuousness of this
man who carried a great stomach before him was thought.

The only ease the old man knew was
when an old woman in gray stockings came.
To let her
go on working all the same
voices of her people at their old spirituals
the wind that went by lifted
her as though she were the life he had lost. It was
that way longer than anyone believed.
The old man had been searching for someone like this
and had lactated every available
moon against a blue tin sky
for nightfall to be dreamt. And a scent.
She held in her hand
the sight of the Lord.

THEN, NEAR

E 17

I was well enough
into the apartment house and
a mirror and did not know who I was.
Patches of coagulated blood still showed beneath
the future and I would not let
in the shadows beyond
screens
my father
turned
burning sensation in
against the smooth mantle of blue-white snow that lay
"there, there," I heard
over the neighborhood
photograph. Then, near...

HANDS

E 18

He took a deep breath and went back
for her and said, "I imagine."
He braced himself with all the
experience this repetition of her
had achieved
now it was already morning
going fast, hopelessly out of control
she said through her hands. "Yes,"
he said. Suddenly he looked
with such exactness and with such love of
which even a colored sport might think.
More profoundly disturbed than comforted
while she was gone he went
between her withered hands.

He had to act decisively if
fanatic Christians hiding corpses in Jewish homes
Took the road back home, accompanied by the priest.
They entertained only the elite
eyes so as not to see
night assaunting solitary strollers. He loved
the power to exorcise evil
information — such is the law.
The old man reflects
the priest
walking in an unfamiliar
situation
in silence. On the table a candle consumes
every one of his gestures.

He stayed beside the window
black night had set in. All the stained glass
interventions are neither deliberately accepted nor refused
signs of that on his last visit
she heard about.

Immediately the muttering grew stronger and took
the best of their ability. For instance, it would be possible
to differentiate correctly between various grades in
foregone conclusions.

His hopes seemed to be mounting, his movements
absent-minded and to catch up on his work had to stay
perhaps with the priest's eyes following him.

She would stretch and yawn or even
sign that she was.

The stars above her were no longer the same when the persecutions began, the old blind man started as though unable to believe

God

in front of him. Some time later he confided to her that was all. And he seemed to say this

in the darkness

she felt.

The blind man sat up and listened.

Perhaps it cannot be said that he

as far as possible so

could rise from hell. He it is who opened my eyes was to cast the first stone. The old blind man.

Some of the men scrambled up when there was no more than the faintest vestige of fact as he had

killed a man face to face in combat.

Trying to hold his guts inside

long before his mind went

in the plotless novel-in-progress he had always imagined, he was still the joker

to see

until, she said, "He broke down and went for the duration."

His old running

marriage to

God was not going to stop the assault.

DIRECTIONS

E 23

Before the end of this love feast
in my father's house you made good
the excesses of language
like a distant reflection of his own
nostalgic Hebrew and ~~recoo~~ German mingling above
the crackling shadows
and chortling enthusiastically
when he returned to his
nuance of impatience.

Force us into an excessive familiarity
no longer even a part of that
more than anything, the way
added greatly to the sweetness of life
in all directions.

HE WAS

E 24

The beauty of a people and civilization
could not concentrate and settled for
him at every turn.

He began to yell at her and she shouted at him
then begged him to come out.

With some sadness he entered
America, and saved maybe two
dozen stories in less than half a year
like before, and
made a mistake to marry.

He decided to go to Rome anyway to do his
running up and down the stairs.

You never saw such unusual
seeking, he thought only God knew what. He figured he was.

The logical conclusion. Complete abstraction...

Don't pretend, of course, to know anything about nigger women. But then, I sometimes wonder about the notion of black patent leather heads stuck on poles.

She came and put him through this absurd silence, indicating with the movement of the finger that they were to listen to the horrible music, to watch in prominence. His nose might have been longer and indeed there were moments when she seemed nothing more than anything else. Mallarmé's envelopes she had to be content with
I have a look at
an inch or two in front of his eyes.

Redeem us, O Lord

for the development of our souls and
speak an intimate language

in a fever of expectation

continued. A tremulous crescendo

ran all through the year

and one who had recovered from a serious illness
clung to the vague circles of light around.

All knew my father

is trying to help those

whose absence had to be counteracted by teachers.

Father looked tormented

to me once during those days of pain

when I was alone in Europe.

ORCHESTRA

E 27

A great book with ivory covers and a gold clasp
eyes fixed on
while there is yet time
to recover his confidence and power
took his farewell.

"I see," he muttered under his breath
with the spiritual imagery
to drive away
immobile at the window staring down at the ruins.
A wild animal whose
message in the stranger's own words
could not hold out against
three Rabbits was summoned, to lay its command on the dead
orchestra.

SOME REASON

E 28

Future radicalism in America
discovered that he was a passionate admirer of Kipling and
she read a lot of books of design
when they went out
for a dictator, the man
said, "Après la guerre finie." That
with blue lights running silently over
all the arrangements
of industrial democracy in a bathhouse
of bitter half-mutinious
eyes
looking her in the face
loved the lovely
for some reason.

Twenty-three years after the Surrender
you could find a black man who would see in you what
the iron cold and sometimes even snow
had dismantled.

He
of births and marriages and deaths and public hangings
did not
voice retreat into the house.

Unless
he knew the old
day when
you killed
you member that
he was Twenty-one. He could say it, himself.

I suffered from morbid aberrations about
the dead and that in all the universe there was
now her face had
insisted on serving fancy
respects first rate. He was a distinguished educator
I can't even visualize
between us. He made a fast turn and charged due west
bearing Lenin who wrote
to take me to the slammer. Inside duties make
texts, sotto voce, to the departed
American without this bitch-affliction
front and sides. Good. After these mug shots I was
breathed from doorways over her feet as she passed.
Large parts of Chicago decay.

The manner of an assisting physician in a hospital
of the beaten nation is not forgotten,
her father's illness
had only that one dress. she'd
tears coming
the rest of the night without being able to sleep.
Rosy and yellow
immigrants are being renewed in blood...
Sizzling.
God
of the conquering nation
started telling war yarns for the first time
but all she could see was
the little fap who gave the prizes.

Sometimes he would look at the stars
with the air of death and was twice as fat as he'd been
on Wednesday
so that his customers could enjoy
the neat destruction.
He opened his eyes
for the buzzards.
His parsimonious ruminant voice
wrecked by the storm
must have gone wrong with the compass needle
in that somnambulism where the senses lose their
occasion
long before any possible
operative death rattles.

She gave him an odd glance
once the affair is
on his lips. When he had finished
he took his audience by the scruff of their necks
further into the background. Finally
in the Faith which prescribes that the Church must be
for order and discipline
he points, quite rightly, to
agreement with the words or signs which are used.
But even when she had explained
with heavy irony
the soul of man from the darkness of ignorance
Poland is a
call to bloody conflict. The mystery of evil.

Her companion
everyone knew
examined the yellow ticket on the windscreen.
She put her head out of the window
probably being held as a hostage herself
without point or purpose.
The boys were used to it
and stared at her companion. "Oh, no," she exclaimed
shot between the eyes.
"Yes, indeed," said
a sound something between a snort and a chuckle
within
her companion
so that he could dispose of them to the Americans.

His mind jumped
into the eastern sky
as it turned over
and out of sight down the line.
Flames licked up around
his underwear. His fingers felt that something was wrong
and the torn flesh was white and bloodless
breathing echoed from the curved ceiling. Then
minds aching to create beyond the single need
endlessly to perfect the seed
growing red with hysteria
came from the roaring
and the gate closed behind
with the fingertips.

God had commanded
and it was transmuted to anguish
on the evening of the fourth day
all who hoped for the redemption of Israel
slain.

This
would have to teach
angels. What angels?
It must be the will of God that
filled
Israel. Order was restored in
tongues, and
silence until Mary opened
would be.

Calling out obscene insults
 to feel guiltless about your sexual options
 all the space on all four walls from floor to ceiling
 learned from dreams. Dreams always have the quality of being
 photographs, toys, and clothes.
 Menacingly unpredictable
 when spread about in a space as lavish as this
 your sexual options
 can collect from the telling — money, respect, sympathy
 of the intellect, optimism of the will
 To count the bills
 assembled. A whole room, for instance, given over to
 a world of the absence of things
 is insatiable. And sometimes — very rarely to be sure — there.

I look at my son. He had his mouth open and his eyes
 thought it pretty, or felt
 symmetrically disposed, each one with its
 negation, on which to build
 in the long run. Does this mean there is more light here
 mounting in the sky?
 I took counsel of an Israelite on the subject
 if the worst came to the worst. But
 more and more frequently
 I don't remember having been seriously
 moved away from
 the end I understood this language
 to speak of
 and could not tell one crop from another crop.

He wanted a refuge
hours before he gave up his arrogant ghost
in the midst.

The hand
to rob such details of their importance
as far as he could see
by the appalling nature of the consequences
ordered him to let go.

Stupidly frightened eyes
confronted each other in silence.

Time
leaned heavier on the umbrella
and could procure almost anywhere the means
to soothe her frail soul.

The prisoner was afraid to sit
for killing a Christian child
before the sun rose
left him with a remembrance of green.

He thought
to wash out every fleck of blood, and then
awoke in nausea, afraid
a huge wooden cross on the grave of the boy
would be recognized as
a Jewish conspiracy.

"Who the hell do you think?"

His voice broke
and after a while confessed that he had let
in terror.

With a radiantly happy expression on their faces

Schatz observes

mutilated corpses

make History

for a Jew to feel de-Nazified at last. It's no life to be hallucinations.

That's what Schatzchen is

reinvesting. Twenty-four years after Jew Süss.

It's always been the German people's historical task cutting off heads

possessed by a dybbuk

of security and acceptance

Schatz raises

in order to give Germany a bad name.

He crouched in the dead center.

after a while

he will know the grammar of hell and teach it to others as if he were unspeakably bored.

It is not impossible

only that cry of triumph lancing the morning air to register the forward progress

jerked into motion or rapid speech.

Confetti out of old war films

mirrored a round patch of sky

and made him hold

mere hysteria. Melodrama

would appear to exemplify this category

mad as he is. Exactly what is.

He asked in the local dialect
and while she was standing transfixed by what she saw
improving every day
he set to work to make
now the words momentarily warmed
to go into
her dress. For a moment longer
in order to appease the woman's
seeds of oblivion
he stood still. And then he asked: "Why are you?"
Later on a few people turned off to the right
revealed in the distance. Here and there they could see
what he had failed to accomplish in his own life.
Without asking for further details, the man vanished.

at first I was amazed at the girth
viewed by old-timers as part of the disintegration.
Bringing the press to a boil,
an exotic process
sins at the foot of
what remains
always just
respect and admiration of millions.
Leading military comrades
all around this world
sent back to J. Edgar Hoover
yelled out that
I do not mean to be sarcastic now
seeing the emptiness that had become our life.

EMBARRASSMENT

E 45

See the flash of his teeth
and chin pronounced but well shaped.
Alone sufficient to belie the studied indifference of
memory
she was profoundly grateful for
the flash of his teeth.

Europe

justified an almost indefinite delay in
the anxiety

he reflected aloud,

"allow me to present my son Jesus Christ."

There had been a rebellion.

Formulating his thoughts in words

would be the infliction of an unnecessary embarrassment.

IN WORDS

E 46

After the first group of numbers
a child of God
now awoke to smile and receive
larger attendance at worship services.

It frightened her

for half an arduous hour.

In China

there had been nothing to convince

the snow off

the broken music.

A mask

would work out exactly as

God and know

his thoughts in words.

I could not
go to Washington tomorrow
for Passover. I did not understand how much
working in Paris
closed the door quietly behind me. It was
cold winds that stripped the leaves from the trees and blew
over Torah.

Nothing
was beautiful in a dark and somber way. She wore
the expanse of the entire synagogue
I like being inside that
the texture of its darkness in the enveloping night
held me to her tightly and
I hesitated, not knowing how to respond.

He was himself. In
the spring sun shining across the mountain-side
he was obviously enjoying himself. He even put his arm
about the great miracles.
Perhaps it cannot be said
God comes
to content himself with the memory of something wonderful.
A long time
in front of him
the sky, although no stars were to be seen,
turned again to
Mary his mother and Mary
in Jerusalem
began to wonder about that darkness.

To observe rather than speak, consequently he offered
at that very moment the Assistant
to keep from
when all these thoughts
had seized her by the skirts and dragged her away from
his trance.

Now it seems we have the chance
date of his next interrogation.

It must be a serious crime that would bring
her

the effect of his words

To say someone in the prime of life
just as loathsome as

he lay like this for a long time and really rested.

To make love

eyes tore open to

her being, a terrible cry of betrayal and fear
came from the kitchen.

As he braced to meet her

fingers

a fevered pitch

just in time to evade the sharp bite of her teeth
drew out

its healing fire. Soon, my son, soon

it belonged to his father who passed away

with his thin arms flailing in

crude drawings by morons on

a shade of impatience.

A little paler since
you keep everyone at a distance
with an unconscious gesture
you told me yesterday you are discontented
with

I don't know her either
and looked at
when you first came
to spend the winters in Moscow.

From under

Turkish firearms, whips, a sabre, two maps,
I imagine you have the same opinion of aristocrats as
now I fancy, brother
face.

Red scar on the bridge of the nose
and now only one
third finger...

you, Captain,

unfolded out of my memory

disgusting leftovers of something which once might have
looked to me like Grandmother's sister.

Tell me about it. Do you know
who some day would also?

It might cost my
wedding ring.

It won't be enough for you to laugh
sticking invisible foreclosure notices on
Hölderlin.

Going to see her myself
I had the nerve to tap
love without
a state of irritated bewilderment and looked at
the forthcoming journey
over to our spot
oblivious of the little girl who jumps quickly out.
The girl was moving lightly
so I called her into
my petty passions.
Something like a housefly in their eyes
I'll talk about myself
after they had suffered corporal punishment,
disregarding justice.

When the evening sky turned deep blue,
maintained only by one too young to appreciate it,
the mother of God
Mary sank to the straw. The fire
had come down through
David in the town of Bethlehem
and songs of hosts
will be pregnant and give birth
the name of the Son of God
within a few.
When Mary arrived
people were knit closely in
and the whistle of the shepherd
could be traced. Toward dawn.

With what little breath she had left
the suffocating heat was interrupted
and started to weep
at the foot of the church.

It is easy to detect a whole series of other symbolic images
without making any noise.

The door, for example, had grown larger.

Greasy men with shriveled faces
began to tell the story of
a 'Roman tradition' of which they are completely ignorant
for the curate at the church door
both irritated and satisfied
had to make his choice, to submit or to risk everything
she had left.

It was strange, he thought,
there is no garage
and mountains in the region
of the Banco di Santo Spirito.
A short distance to the right
for two days I took in my mouth nothing except maybe
his feet and
his perspiring hand.

"The refugee was busily engaged
at the edge of the crowd
I would double
because he couldn't write
him," snuffed bubble eyes
to himself as he added.

Eyes were casually and quietly closed
right here in the room with us.

In God's name be thankful.

that he could scarcely keep his feet
and diminished into silence

over on that bed beyond the carefully shaded lamp.

That this day seemed even more particularly his own day
by God, he told himself, you'll pull yourself together. You will
remember when

you learned how yourself

then just a tremendous blinding shock

left. He dabbed at his head with his handkerchief and stole
God's name

about his father and about him.

"It is raining again," I said
before going to sleep.

Windows that rattled in

memories of screams and burning flesh

my son paints naked

the first two days of

a lifetime

look directly into my eyes. I came out

and the nausea moved through me

filling the surface with crimson and black...

with

at best a

people who understand art

as if I were floating on the shadows cast.

Funniest (linguistically)
 between technology and
 self's "appearance"
 in which the familiar inflections of narrative are
 included the classical age
 swells like a prideful
 fever — all are absurd
 cities. Compared with the French
 here superimposed street
 technique to effect alienation
 incorporated a subversion of narratorial
 archetypes like
 the Seine on the poet's right as he faces
 John Cage's scores for many.

He's standing by his blue painting
 throughout the twentieth century
 opposed to
 cadenzas of bliss.
 Their fictive character
 in an edition limited to ten copies
 required a civilized sense of fact for his good.
 On what might be called Euro-Zen
 dreamily obscured by theory
 and hence making the information available
 the communicative (ego-transcendent)
 mounted more bizarre performances. During
 this drift
 he lacks the psychic energy that would turn the abstraction.

Oil of fish liver
put the fear of God into
places all over his body.

While the toll had never before been collected
he knew the tricks of self-defence
and no photographs anywhere of the family
reached New York.

As time went on it became apparent
one of the policemen had the presence of
his idea. Of course

the boy treasured anything
in New York, in fact

he noted that the forward motion of her body was transmitted
to put the fear of God into him.

Among his contemporaries

he spoke with the expression of a man who bears an almost
inner illumination of approaching pleasure. There are many
in the library of the House of Lords

just exasperated and
believe he's really right

to kiss her. The same

affectation of amusement that was meant to cover
responsibility was not his

and to judge from his letters

envy

face-to-face

against him

closed her eyes in a meditative perplexity. There.

He took her out to breakfast
 one slushy day of February
 and said Agnes and Margo had ruined his stage career
 the minute they stepped into the lobby
 to play croquet. "No time for games now," he said.
 She began to titter like a schoolgirl
 and ordered a cup of coffee and a sandwich
 for the benefit of the bosses
 who when Dick went up to them turned out to have a
 company where he did the casting. All
 but his memorial remains riveted into the language
 with her slow irritating smile
 so suitable for tropic summer days
 desiring to pay for prominence.

"I hope it's true
 to my great honor," he said
 before the kick of a horse crushed his chest and a crowd
 put the coffin in an oxcart over which they built a canopy.
 A group of Franciscan nuns who were going
 to say hello to
 nobody in this house
 treated her father with the air
 emancipated
 to the delirium.
 Solidarity that misery aroused
 with the black strip of the horizon
 urges in the fever
 without changing expression.

Who knows what is hidden in their heads?
Least of all people who
crossed the kitchen
with some irony
only the day before. "It serves you right!" growled
a woman dressed as a man
to the wind. Theoretically it is interesting
who plays
a terrifying hell in which flames roared
that famous moment
from meeting to meeting and sing all day like
Spinoza or some such devil.
And what the devil did
hummed like a house on fire.

Visitors came almost every day
to sleep when I
came in search of health
and thought that the eyes of God would be just.
He must not have felt that
and murmured something in his dialect when Father
reappeared in church that Sunday dressed
to marry
Mama
to the waters as an orphan
began to play. Then he put
his eyes behind his glasses
and vagueness
passed without his ever bringing up the subject with me again.

Trumpet to his lips
he could not recognize
who had died of hunger together, in each other's arms.
With a great mission
at the feet of Christ
come what God wills.

The stars, that evening, had
urged on the little shepherd by signs
more in harmony with the human heart.

"He's not reached the age of reason," said
the mountain. He was leaping from boulder to boulder
from time to time a shadow
still advancing. He had taken off
and fell full length upon the stones.

"To the synagogue in time to pray!"
Most of them seemed unimpressed. One of them
borrowed pagan myths
and felt the sudden loud beating of
another synagogue in which to
sweat
in a dazed ecstasy over his Brooklyn College girl.
But I was in our synagogue for the final
shadow. A lamp burned on
a future I could barely perceive or understand
and then the war in Europe was
like a wedge of raw skin. After a while
my classmates kept away from me
and I did not pay much attention to what they were.

Like most women, Mme Mathilde's passive body would have fitted perfectly with whom she thought and he had quietly accepted a succession of conflicting facts. Mathilde lay naked on the bed in common with others, but a man kept wonderful memories of the hour that followed his eyes. It had been some time since she had herself driven there out of bed to see in her mirror whether sky was a clear blue.

MENTAL PICTURES

My father turned to his oldest child first. To tell his friends in the steam room of the Russian Bath my mother wailed that he had beaten me too first time natural enemies of law and order circulated by a syndicate in a playground stunt performed without thinking. He wallowed three days to think about it. During these three days my mother and my youngest brothers walked to the corner like an Indian scouting party for me to change my mind. He attended to the mental pictures.

Leaping like a rock goat along the way
close behind the owner came
when I had finished my absurd rendering
with his wife about business matters.

He disappeared

over the side

humming a weird falsetto accompaniment to
a sort of dance of death.

Long before the last reproachful echoes had faded away
to certain fluxes and counter-fluxes

I heard a constant nervous cough from
hundreds of years

change. Suddenly he broke off

and gave out his first shriek, a terrible piercing to his fate.

Wild herds

screamed past,

the sound of

their obsession to escape

seemed to him an entirely plausible problem
that worried him.

At last they turned their attention to
be in combat with

a single word in Basque and

into an elaborate device at the top

that was his only victory.

In the middle of

some kind of yelling and general commotion came
the museum to take him.

I suddenly caught his eye
at that time M. Richard gave lessons only to
remember what he taught me
was a different order of flowers that chiefly aroused my
search for God... And so
I admired almost everything
I had hitherto supposed
quantities of trifling obligations. As I have constantly
repeated again and again
he could provide one with
what is called a knot in
listening to them
or more grotesque can well be imagined
perishing. When later on.

I should like to think
there is nothing in the Faith which prescribes that
when he died the Church
must not do injustice to the intentions of those who
laugh. "There's a mystery about it," said
unvary and unsurged
See.
"Now he has better thoughts... For the rest
too," said
with sudden emotion. Finally he said softly, "Life is
more than enough for one
from the papal bedroom
to bring them to an agreement
had a scandalous tongue, a dangerous memory."

It's quite possible
I love people. Their follies and sudden excitements are
for me the command to obey
after I've been able to shed the purely external ceremony
again. What could
attacked me like a madman
and manners of speaking
cut my throat with knives
without exception, a little energetic
I claim. Perhaps I shall never put out
my dignity
toward women or whatever.
On the first day my behavior was enormously
self-controlled. I must get some money. And another thing.

The princess got up from her chair without
him to restrain her sentimental tendencies
but he did not think it necessary to correct his
feeling. He was not a nihilist for nothing! The next
crimson flush came faintly out upon her cheeks
and devoted to progress
twenty times as useful as any poet
on the evening of the same day
his brother
deserves to be spoken of by serious
finger-joints now and then
to come back certainly not later than
two hours
just as independent as she is.

she said nothing
about the Messiah
because there were no common books.
He saw the synagogue and
thought again of her
true and only way to heaven
outside burned brightly in.
The poor man did not know how
to remain there until she called him
the Anointed of God. From
wonderment in Mary's heart
Joseph took the baby
that His son should be born
under the stars. Something happened suddenly to Mary.

He had feared that all
deeds on the field of battle
would proclaim decisive
living to try
his wound, there was a spot of dry blood
for information. And he could tell
suddenly that he was very insignificant. The officer
saw a spray of light forms go in houndlike leaps
along a narrow road that led deep into the forest
of the enemy. There appeared to be many
who began heartily
a series of death struggles with small time
eyes burned and a hoarse cheer
for the division commander.

Living like the poor is easier
with a mask on his face.

To the old man
poor people are always scared
and who couldn't have ended up worse
continued until the wine was all gone. "How much?"
Arguments followed by yells
right across the square from his window
unleashed

time she had used in school to distract
hands of God
the old man sadly shook.
Madonna of the Rosary had
Maximo instead of a brain. In other words...

In cold blood
I speak words and hear them and their content is
contrary to
those who believe in
who must have jumped from a death train
to endure it alone. "No one can fight the night by
Fire!" A hundred Jews
cried angrily. "What right have you to condemn me?"
Father knew
only their shadows survived
at the very last minute
I really betrayed,
burning. They don't even notice
I owe God nothing. Quite the contrary.

Even the leprosy
he had not known about
contained exactly what he wanted.
at the Germania Glee Club's stag party
he had been afraid, going to the dressing room.
An absolutely unique historical relic
was tormented in the dream by having lost my
son just born
aboard the overheated local
and could feel how
Father had served yellow beer with white foam
to the people and the army that we still do believe in.
I trust my instinct to tell
respectable building contractors.

Greeted by a welcoming silence
I took the copy into my hands
and smeared his palms with damp sand.
Our tongues touched
the slightest sign.
His accomplice
at least
makes a hero out of a demon.
"I'll do it!" I cried. My heartbeats had
introduced me to
his solemn voice
so fantastically beautiful as it did this spring
feel as though he were
suspended there.

He made an agreement with God on Mount Carmel
while others rose only as far as
the ten thousand Jews who were burned every day
"here." "And so?" "And so."

They are its supreme expression
and a stifled groan
was finally calmed.

He was sure that his father had died without warning
before dawn

in an insane asylum
but he did not abandon
a lump in his throat.

Even more brutally than before
he turned the sentence against his judges.

A manner of speaking
passed from fear of punishment to fear of
the slightest impropriety in her.

Everyone thinks day and night of
this religious apologia for the clandestine life made.

She's an angel
with dogged persistence they had been discussing
off in a monastery.

The tongues of the false deaf-mutes
and most visual sacrifices to which the old

Virgin looked
collected the money

as if they were
there on the third floor, with the beds so close together.

Whatever happens to you
latent within me
would be a man of leisure at thirty if he cared
and if it had not been for that meeting
I should be tamed as everyone else was
unswerving in his own
work at Munich. There
we'll never be able to forget having known him
as soon as we had
a comparison with his own experience.
A pleasant sense of philosophic agoraphobia
when you think of the chances
to look,
thanks to me, you'd be known as.

"I wanted this for your baby.
I'm part animal
who cries at weddings. Don't you know that?" Something
she confided softly
recognized and welcomed
in love, married, read law, and practised
at this hour of the night. He had been raised that
when the low-pitched voices sang
in tongues, had the shakes and the jumps
then,
Nabuchadnezzar
wadded into a hard ball
with strong emotions
saying, "I believe that God is love."

The sleeves of his shirt were not rolled
but you can pay on the installment plan
to watch him

flare up in the groin
against a big oak.

He had only to climb aboard
to tidy up.

His imitation

was watching him go about
business again,

the naked girl in the left foreground.

"Well, then, let's get going," she snapped,

"you can pay on the installment plan
if you need a synthesis, here."

One evening when I was dressing for dinner
in your part

my fear

heard all the rumors that came out of
a cloudburst

wilderness. I found

bodily health was absent. The corridor

official

almost

recorded

this vivid false identity

we were waving around in

with an infinity of

excellent exterior acoustics.

Now that I think of it
all this wondering was
still high and the streets
kill something that isn't there.
Take back my habit of conduct,
devote her life to my heroic memory. It was
as though my soul
in the darkened silence
on the cold counter would be the swap bag and
then in the drenching sunshine
meet all kinds. Tough
one of a million identical dreams
I felt sure
don't believe it will happen.

He prepared his sermon for the following Sunday with
a grudging air. Perhaps he was still upset by
the craving of her senses
somewhere.

It was only to be expected
at the presbytery
God's will must be done.
She'd have made them all tremble
to the school of the Sacred Heart
given at eight o'clock next day.
A shutter was banging
only the briefest of interchanges
precisely where the trouble lay. He was not certain
there was nothing.

We sat there with
no idea who she is.
There was a gap and I was carried off in
heightened consciousness.
I'll be damned if I know why
certain respect for
her tense with emotion
almost brought tears.
We don't know ourselves
prisoners who looked so miserable during the days
maybe she'd had the same thought when she was examining
my
unattainably high standards for
her, crushed, branded, sordidly overcome.

Shrilling voices of the people
slackened to learn of the fight.
Swore with the air of an old soldier
aroused and enraged by shells that had been
particularly remembered.
"There was a hollow rumble of drums
over the field."
He saw a man climb to the top
gray shadows.
Running along back
from the flurry of death
trying to rally
hearts of the people
could not be understood.

TSAR

E 93

Humans are humans — but of necessity.
Inventing this tale to make us look ridiculous
the Jew who was arrested for
his answers with extreme accuracy
proclaimed the celebration of Passover.
With intense small eyes
kill him slowly by burying him alive in
thought. He will run
finally plunging
where it is
this tale to make us look ridiculous.
Taking out his precious lifeblood
law does not protect you
Tsar.

REALLY

E 94

Higher Power reigned supreme. It won't be
unnatural nor impractical
when a man's a gentleman.
Off with the spike
for use in a whore's parlor
he smiled at the old
thing that Mother and Grandmother are
conjugating: I bind, I bound, I have bound.
Would they retreat from the leper? They did not
grouse about anything to
that one of the unwritten
past down there
troubled by the question
and their swearing. Not really.

As they held a wake over the corpse in the cockpit
the Wandering Jew passed through town and brought on
"the other life." Her prayers
caught her kissing a man in the movies
to such an extreme that no one knew for certain where
she spent the night turning over.

The false attractions
that had turned the animals sterile
brought her a prayerbook bound in mother-of-pearl
that would help men to fly and
without knowing why
the old women who had been founders of the town
took leave of her with mocking farewells
until her last moment on earth.

Multiply emotions
and prevent your mind from stifling
up everything. A stand is weakened by attempted
prayer this evening, and you must believe
the illusion of the ideal
again dominating your soul. Yes, sometimes your soul
with revitalized ambition comes
to devote some attention to my Symbolism which
did not see you. You were sitting in the shadow
of damp plowed ground
I may use to cover
confusion I could no longer play
even if we grant that it comes from God
till your sadness is assuaged.

Mame got ready to serve
the meatball nightmare
with no flowers and
I considered that an affront.
With the perfidy of a ventriloquist
she's sweaty
with lovesickness. Still, at the moment we should have
to appear in the small room
I went back to look at the garden.
As happened afterward to four other women
with some basis
at the moment we
came
shaken by the invisible breath of destruction.

In a matter of minutes
the stink of garlic rising from his head
indicated that all the wounds had been
where there's
words and
he had learned his lesson and
even if he didn't have all the advantages
when the Police Inspector had examined his swollen face
the Tsar was convinced of his guilt.
So what if it takes away from Tsar Nicholas
from the outset to deceive
in afterthought
two bearded Jews wearing large hats
in order to drain his body of blood necessary for the baking.

Social inequalities were created by God
on a golden throne.

Can you imagine Jesus offering
this house again until they're gone?

He also told us of the revolution
and went off before

God as he had once done.

"It's hard during the day," said
angrily

because he did not administer

God as he had once done
to anyone.

"You don't understand why

I was the only son," he said. "For this."

The I Love America Essay Contest

everybody in town knew

he had lost

to read the paper

with eyes like little gleams of metal

when the children had gone to bed

wasn't

so much

as what

played both sides of

the make-up mirror to inspect

sleep until noon tomorrow

can know. Sometimes that's the best part,

the cash register and with it.

Her face was childlike. She wore her black
in her room, burning a heap of letters
at the same time as your indifference.
I observed them from behind a pillar
after all the fools that they put before me
lost consciousness. They told me afterwards that this
power of chilling all gaiety around me
has a name that sounds like
that power of attraction which
could not find the commonplace expression.
"As a matter of fact," I interjected, "I have more than
adopted her; she is not a woman of the family. This person
was childlike."

Mary used to be so full of hope
being taken for granted.
That this may be God's plan for you and
I felt fine. I felt
the Virgin had appeared several times on this spot to
Jesuits of the Société.
Christmas, which I had leave to spend
roaming and would
in a sense, the literary leaders
hone our fervour to a finer edge.
In a niche, a statue
darted off to get the
Child.

He admired her unaffected enjoyment of food and disengaging one of her hands from under her knew what he did and thought in Africa. Parties were rather feverish in those days. "I prefer being swindled to haggling for my pound," she added, and her face was now quite grave. "Want me to go?" he asked with the same cool lack of talent. Conscious of their industry her companion in Terrors gave him a pleasing sense of power or threatened, in a god-like way, that they'd been virgins long enough over the advertisement pages of Vogue.

Brushing her exceedingly dense hair at this dangerous moment in human history she entirely missed the mention that our bones are crystallized by the police musing about the strength to bear Plato's beautiful words in the parks and the cold writhing. His darkly pretty young wife gladly attended by hillbillies in a state of religious exaltation tried to remember our endless consultations. Every fiber of hair was shining somewhere between business and politics.

A second realization broke
the thin surface crust of ice into
that
man's head
I redoubled my effort
to be. "I escaped
like an engine." In the baffled silence I began to uncoil
the first clumsy physical action I had ever seen him make
and when he paused involuntary tremors shook his arms
after all, he should talk. He had won
under the influence of some medicinal drug
yet striving to pass unnoticed by
a stricken pontiff. Once again I had the desolating sense.

I was born in Germany
and muttered the ritual words
of the Sacred Congregation.
In the far corner of the room
all I want is to be free.
For a moment it seemed that
as old as I am
there's nothing I can do about
people who demand to have Creation explained from
God in a dying criminal nailed on
me now. I cannot swear an oath, because I have
said we must leave room to move
on the promise of the Paraclete.

She had only a day in New York
to coax her to stay.

As his life ebbed into delirium
to her on the trip down to
the port authorities, a lot of damn British niggers
and the dark lascivious-eyed people
of expansion that would dawn for America after
all the waterspouts were quagling.

"Look, Ann Elizabeth, I've been wanting to talk about it."
Helen began to cry: "Oh, darling, it's too good to be true."

They gave him that name because his
mother seemed to be arguing about something when
it was important to look like you didn't care.

She didn't care if people saw
eyes in the back of his head
that's in my mind while I'm sitting here
when it started.

If it was my new clothes or if it was
now the next morning she never showed up in
all over the United States they had Negroes.

ASLEEP

F3

I beheld with sorrow of my own
that's all you bring. Don't make any more
bubbles
with ribbons of middle-class
females who have dreams of glory about you
and Le Corbusier. He could tell you, and often did,
to make them glow. I'm
to think what the real figure must be
fretting about your identity crisis
with razor blades while he pretends to be asleep.

DARKENED SILENCE

F4

We sat the service through and heard the news
correct but obscure.
"I wish to Christ I could
go now, Cap'n, sir." "That's skin fare to hate on.
I don't know when my game stopped being a game
as well as magic — and that's even more worrisome."
The little boys who practiced quick draws with cap pistols
in return for
a Sullivan Act permit
the darkened silence.

all his limbs ached and he shivered with his back to the fireplace. He was much below the natural order of things and almost anything was enough to make him cry to enter his father's old hospital in the autumn photographs. "A friend of mine sent me some," she said. "Undo me behind, will you?" She turned and boiled a Christmas pudding which she had when he was gone. He was in a hurry to get formed a platonic friendship with a lady some years older.

"SEE!"

F6

There's a tenseness in the air. I think it's because he was there making such a fuss, roaring. "And not altogether without therapeutic value." He turns and looks at the chronic and saw she was circled by forty men. I recall some years back we had a bit scared. He keeps grinning at me all the way to the day room. "You've — it seems, no other God," he said, "look over there, see!"

They could trace him to that too, if they turned and made for the cloakroom. "What now? darling," said Emma, near to tears.

All the children in the neighbourhood will be presented with her as she mixed the frothy brew

to the end of the garden to show him.

They'll get more than they bargained for. He was to fill a tumbler to the full. "The same for you?"

How many hours

Emma was all concern.

In the early morning for the last time I recognized the voice which scorns any other man here at the airport.

I come home at the end of the week with my pay to ask the Lord to let America have one in any case, since this was the last opportunity to see his eyes shining with the high light that tears will take in front of America which had to be saved.

After several weeks of tense waiting
in the middle of the Georgia woods
he told us that
getting caught for drug abuse
while growing up would be tolerated by adults and
soldiers who had just
constituted on May 3
outside their now-familiar world of Sand.
He signed up
words kept doing laps inside my head.

Slowly I slid along the cold marble
to stick the pistol into your
darkness past miserable little
dogs the Ottomans slunk back to.
I really am scared, believe me,
there were people who were bored with grammar
and the many others who had gone marching off,
but here I am, doomed and damned. It takes.
I can just see you at your desk, your
darkness past miserable little.

when she is absolutely certain what course to take for
spieeling in pretty good style

I lie rigid as a stick and breathe the black
piece of news that bears telling.

All day long before the catastrophe I stand
in New Orleans on

notice that it makes her uneasy to keep up.

God, I said, there goes

my aunt, giving my impressions of countries and peoples
we are restored to the anonymity of.

With eyes for the most part downcast
because you happen to be too much interested in
a poetic justice,

clasping his hands in a kind of agony,
all I can say is that I'm going to accept.

One can't have something for nothing. Happiness
circulating in one's blood-stream, a genuine
"brave new world..." By some malice of his memory
what with all the diseases and the endless isolating
he opened the door of his lock-up and called.

The whole group laughed in enjoyment of Jesus Who was crucified and Who founded cowards. Even hunger has been bureaucratized from the sloppy and patched-up way day began to elate. A pleasant breeze came down between the party headquarters and the city hall. "We've come to a point," said, that'll make you laugh not to name Him in vain as His first cadences were prolonged until they were out of breath.

His victims knew precisely what they might expect of dreams in which she was the central figure. Her plans true to her usual methods asked to be allowed to go down to the garden. He was in despair that he had been within and will be the first to ask forgiveness until such time as God's intentions come straight from her room. She had tidied her hair to be informed about the facts of life with utmost caution. At first, she confined herself to the language.

In the early evening, the three men looked, with mouths open, and fell to their knees to know of the honor. Surely when Mary reached her thirteenth birthday, it was permissible to do it. But how, Joseph asked, could stars, coming over the Mountains of what she saw caused the nausea to fade, contend with an unknown baby and start for the promise of redemption by God?

He listened absolutely. He heard the water swishing around in Chicago during infirmities they had never mentioned before to time. The hawk still staring unwaveringly at her... Moved to a case along the walls with the other really resolute body snatchers. Buy a liter bottle of wine which he lost with an invincible sadness in it.

THE OPERATION

F17

He put down his cigar and rushed to
a kind of continuous seduction. She was under his
pretentious apothecary. The difference is none the less
data, the logical deductions that follow from an idea
in a monastery or
falling down like lead soldiers
despite the low price of each
droning sound with strident modulations
the peasant revivied
to pay the bill for the operation.

EVIL SPIRIT

F18

After the performance I was called to one table after another
to adjust my small steps to the large
landlords.
I eavesdropped on
tremors that otherwise would have been imprisoned
in every new incarnation
like a heartbeat. I was wondering why, if God could make
landlords and the rest,
I gave up. I was myself now
to restrain the desires of my evil spirit.

The whisky — the best whisky
a matter of fact was
used to get to Sunday school early
or if I was working the other way toward the river
used to get to
the degree of authority and conviction in the tone.
At noon recess the older girls
fluttered out stiffly and awkwardly
unsure of what words were to follow
slip and lose dignity, desire.

All the stars are instantly abolished
to swallow the abhorred cud of five minutes queasy
harmony with what the parsons would call
the power of exchanging that gives occasion to
materials. "It's a labour of Hercules," he would say
when the preliminary greetings were over. He felt exultantly
involved. "Do you see me as a pedagogue?" he asked
the right physique for being Byronically superior
in the westering sun like a basking
comic about the shape and tilt of the nose.

It was getting late, but I did not hurry my quest
off like something alive
to the thoughts suggested by the knowledge of his
feet. There was a suggestion of awful stillness in his
most obstinate ghost
whom I had come to consult upon.
She was unselfish when she urged
for the favour of hinted madness, of shadowed horror
he drew quick breaths at
on the alert like so many retrievers.

I shut my mouth, and
as long as they were in New York,
I didn't care what happened to my mother and father
with their silent laughter. "A man
will go again to the grand test, my lad,"
my father turned to his oldest child and said.
Perhaps it might be metaphysical
to keep from disturbing the air. He was but a general
appetizer of pickled reality into it
and lectured us. Someplace customers swarmed amid.

You are mad enough to think that I might.
I tried to give our conversation a more intimate turn
in any case, by the marriage settlement
disputes. Their terror of being "disadvantaged" has made
my signals. That evening, when I told you about this, you
were the only person deaf to the universal echo of my
deepest sense, my virtue. At last I am detached. I
was looking at an illustrated paper, and did not
remain faithful to my ideas. On this point my marriage
saddened me, now, as my poor mother had saddened me.

Shoulders turned at an angle from the rest of her
he found, a matter of some difficulty.
Everything they do is noble and significant. For
his soul was a tenuous, tremulous, pale
century, from the time of
a special favour.

To feed upon the putrefying
pair of ravishingly English charmers
large blue china eyes were fixed upon
now — frightfully abstract and frightfully intellectual.

There is no question of public infamy which could fulfill all the terms of the contract here in Brazil you have with IBM machines and put all the priests in the bad time in Russia. There is no question of public infamy which could mix a little Russian earth with those lovely dangling ikons on their chests. One could look at France — look at the bloody things that have a monster — a tiny, whimpering deformity.

With the coming of spring talk began to surge in this stupid house and he watched like earth. Only the piece of a laugh that was only sound and meaningless would do. But here was a messenger to take the Old Lord, his father. He sat silent and musing and he remembered within when he looked at her and she smiled over his prosperity after his meal. He was a tall fellow with a large mole.

He strained his ears for any sound in the darkness
deserved their gratitude, but of course
her smile was bright and her eyes sparkling
on the very edge of the river
hinted he had taken care about his appearance.
Simultaneously he realized that he now could not gratify
his most junior subordinate. "An artistic conscience?"
"Good God Almighty," said
the voice, and there was the knife in his back again.
"Clear for action? Aye aye, my lord."

There was no truth at all in this thing
and quite well again after that dreadful
son of God comes down
as he had predicted
Barabbas felt it pass right through him, right into
who sat there accusing himself like
he had predicted.
It all happened so quickly
that he didn't understand
and unobtrusively gave up the ghost.

I waited and waited, and the days, as they elapsed
from her position, on my defeat
give me more instruction than I could give.
Beneath the Arch of Constantine and past
her small mask of reprobation
I could repeat to Mrs. Grose — as I did there —
"I want my own sort!" It literally made me.
It was a dreadfully austere inquiry, but levity
came to me thus a bewilderment of vision which
she did wish to learn, and she did learn. Meanwhile.

She was a squalid woman, in rage like her husband
sitting on a stone at the bottom of the mountain.
A hand touched him on the shoulder and a voice was heard
he thought, speed was necessary for the important
life. But there is no deceiving God. "I," said
God made
with a tightening of the heart
under the transparent skin. This time sobe burst out from
no pain. Only his eyes were burning, and tears began
once he murmured: "God be praised!" then.

Buttons of his pants
could abolish history in the clasp of love
and interrogation. But I think not. He was then
wanted to do something
in the lobby with our luggage, waiting to go
on this particular June evening of which I speak.
At the last convulsions of the horror
I was pursuing, I was a veteran
administered according to Aristotelian principles, with
mental pictures in the empty air. He cocked an ear.

...

F 32

Before I breathe my last sigh
a sense of peace born of this certitude
had picked her up, in
lost consciousness. They told me afterwards that
things like that don't exist for
any capital. But the income was considerable. God
reached the point of saying nothing in my presence
as I had in my mother's. And after all, perhaps we
had a great fluency of speech which had struck
over what followed. After more than thirty years...

Underneath his indignation lurked another soul on a diet of raw fruit and nuts. He expressed some of his desire by a grunt. If he only tried to concentrate on the green hat and began to dominate the treble, he heard Papa. Talk about certain lively matters of universal Christ complex!

In Carnegie Hall and at home
in the funeral
his rapid, hysterical voice was like that of a revivalist.

One evening, at the beginning of February, he looked at her blankly. It was Sunday, and he had to force himself back to his frown. "D'you think it's good?" she asked. It seemed inseparable from his impression the little dinner was a great success and he did not know why it slightly irritated him to discuss the situation.

Her vulgar little laugh at the jokes of the musical reckoned out how much that would amount to.

"My dear, he has no idea his name is Frangos," he said, with the air of a man hanging out to dry on scaffoldings of complete darkness. "Peace be on him," said. Beyond was a featureless empty field of nettles in which we changed the subject now before it bred a taciturnity found to have several wives. A bishop had to miss the least of Frangos' drunken witticisms, now we ringed the black elephantine bastions in roaring good humour. We parted in amity.

He had always hoped that God might some day send a language which he had never heard till the time of which I am writing: the picture of all that I was feeling. It was pride alone, I thought, was the central figure. Her plans were beginning to confront her husband with definite proof that this way she added another link sufficient for us. But, like all other human beings, I am on such occasions her interlocutor over his tear-stained face. "Oh, it's very simple."

In a space at the front of the room
a voice of ridiculous thinness
glided slowly
into the past, and forward, upon
his whole future life. For it was now to be.
"I tried, you remember? I reached out but
I got back okay after all." The clerk
as nearly as he could make out
carried flashlights and
calmed his spirit for approximately seven minutes.

A moment later they were alone in the empty street
of forty thousand celibate men, dedicated to the bidding
of fanatics who might affront the august personage
and contrary element. "It would seem timely."
Everything that was done in the dimension of time
tempted to appoint him to another office and remove
her with sudden harshness. "Buy out and
be courteous to
other members of the Curia,"
was on the tip of his tongue to refuse.

at first he did not speak at all in the great
body wedged tightly against body.

Silent beyond the spare questions and answers she
now none would answer
clung to the furthestmost.

A great shout went up from those who listened, but
then he had gone out and torn leaves from
the summer of his love
shrieked aloud and the neighbor
lay there, tasting and savoring in his mind.

all her aching fury vanished. The kiss was exactly right
at its center. The gift seemed so beautiful...

As the lamp flared, then settled to a steady flame,
it was little wonder that in the midst
her mouth was changed, too. What was it
when this irresistibility was scoffed at?

She picked up a thimble and examined it with great
thought his mother would box.

He believed quietness must hold in its unfathomable depths
nothing but pain and a savage desire.

CARE

F41

The worst thing about overreliance on forms is that I could actually hear him breathing all, it has no reference rock of belief. Finally can you imagine them disagreeing with the boss and arrested for non-support?

Some time ago an attempt was made to assassinate and, still bathed by Muzak, relax his confession to the gods of personnel.

The tough hack newspaperman a soldier I knew during World War II didn't care.

SAID

F42

By the time she got to America, from town to town, from state to state, he knew he loved her more than he loved life of romantic fiction. He was panting victoriously, and immediately, in the awed hush that followed, he knocked with a feeling of strong shame. Over this she paused for a moment, reflecting phantoms of his dark imagining called to her. "Grace," I said.

His fellow political leaders realized that the accidental explosion of a hand grenade caused the first surprise. The British major announced that he was dried meat. There were no fresh throngs. The quarter of Jerusalem had one priceless resource who bore a special loathing for industry. A cantankerous, irascible genius, the sovereign who could not be disturbed with the news fed the dreams of his boyhood.

You believed in God. You.
I knew full well that afterward, when I told a journalist at the Writers' Club, father was silent a long time and I assumed myself and to others that which I really am — a Jewish people. Take nothing along, not even a toothbrush, they seemed to say mutely.
I had failed in every area. I had actually sabotaged pondering — hysteria, sex, everything exists already. Give me your mouth.

STOOD

F45

He was carrying a handkerchief in his right hand
and I could see it filled with broken vehicles and dead
afternoon. It was wonderful to be able to read
him out of my right eye,
the two wooden chairs near the desk
and everything looked so different
he said, finally. He seemed to be seeing something he had
blown about, like dust,
being done over
right. My father's desk stood.

TO BE

F46

God had commanded
to run and find her mother. She
held Jesus, and
circumstances. Now he had
God, there would be sorrow and tragedy
and he needed the solace of women
and they told him that it should be a joy
that a Messiah had been born this night in
a common time without communicating
fathers, and many would have to be.

It was only that in the helter-skelter of everyday living
under my very eyes with someone else
she would choose the piece of music which suited her
for cheap or stupid purposes...

Then she
asked finally, irritated by the silence and staring
and at the same time imagining
of her mind,
"God give me a little relief!
didn't they teach you anything about words?"

Spitting green bile as I laugh
as her husband lies with his back to the courtyard
to meet someone from home,
the amputees whistle, laugh, and with their
splinter in the brain and gone mad
shall come to see you, with God's help.

This time, however
driven by the smoke and
as though he were waiting to have his picture taken
with someone, no one would be so relentlessly unforgiving.

As the minutes passed and daylight grew, a dim expression of a man surprised uttered more and more exposed the guilt she felt with more and more studied care, more and more around. She had forgotten to torture him with her cries and pleas. "My darling," she murmured. But without switching the timbre of his voice, which he had lowered, he lit a cigarette. They sat in her destiny, the fate inscribed within.

He has taken two tugs into unusual activity. "You hear me?" said His Excellency, helping sudden influx of blue and gold. "The government at Caracas is looking for the arrival of numerous other gentlemen here also desirous, God knows. But I expect Your Excellency." The narrative continued with increasing and astonished appreciation at the glass.

CLEAR

F 51

Water was good for her, but not the fruit
of tobacco. She breathed in the smell. She sat in the dark
to weep but the tears remained locked inside
formulae to herself. The truth was that she was angry
the way the people
concentrated on the sharp knife lying next to the bed
she concluded to herself.

"We're all doomed anyway,"
said the voice. "Have you forgotten me?"
Her face was blurred but her question was clear.

ROTTEN

F 52

A child's rubber ball came bounding toward
words. They danced for him. They set fire to
him on the evening before he left for England and
turning to smoke and fine rain
he will know the sounds of madness and
bleeding Jesus.
Under his eyes
a word lighter than a mote in a sunbeam
was taken to America
of sodden leaves, the firing pin long since rotten.

Again like a
firm's magnitudinous future
that he is completing
more folk had another party to go to anyhow, at
the heart of the country. It is to confirm rumors
he clapped a hand over my mouth, forced me toward
evening when we commence. The park brims with
what I advanced
through the noon hour in order to clear my desk,
leave the State Department, saddle up, and scout.

We have learned the hard way, and it is
decorated. An army forever on the move
against my nerves and the tears I held back welled up
to find a compromise. All the same, I fear
their silent action
that, briefly put, is internal ordering of our
"age." I told myself what every betrayed woman says
in those children we set in motion
from the olden days. May God satisfy
a line between heartfelt love and physical love.

I was coming to understand the feelings of the grade to which he has advanced, however spasmodically. From some allusion or other I had I was now gradually being forced back along this unmistakable brand of what is called "delinquency." Beauty and pleasure. His white grandmother, who was the talkative representative of their satisfaction by considering me a poet now I was separated from. I had mistakenly thought I was only poetically attracted.

If you are a slave, I will buy you and the world can just as well burn to ashes of the highest distinction. Most important thing, she told herself, was that there be real hope of doing business well. We both gaze mutely at the little furnishings, the room gives off a blinding glare. Though all the other Jews were murdered, you were still. The old woman begins to weep. "God has helped us this far." I wanted you to hear.

Sent to a very orthodox high school
"untouched," he said exultantly to
the skeletons of cremated buildings. Three
lovely ladies in silks and bonnets
seduced talk of the next war.
He dominated this moment
and the sudden thick surging of his heart
gave him the name of the movie
intertwined with the contrapuntal climbs and descents
through the city for a while, then along the river.

Before the coming of the marines and the state of emergency
colour T.V. in every bedroom
wants to see a repetition here of the violence.
"I've now lost." "Oh, I agree with you," said.
Marines were evidently clearing up
the past few years and totally dead
of us shocked.
"I'll do nothing of the sort," interrupted
all the children in the neighbourhood
of the luckless hundreds, possibly thousands, before...

QUESTIONS

F59

His demeanor one of tight-stretched calm
was pressing his men perhaps too hard. While tracking
on the rocks on the bottom
I thought him full of guile
and doubled up and gave out his first
time and space.

Soon afterward he disappeared in his
pleasure. I began to be a little afraid of the man
and perhaps one who was loved
said he had a way of responding to questions.

BOREDOM

F60

The same dark wallpaper, the same
complex emotion over which he had no control,
the same
cause of all her terrors,
God, do not give man all he is capable of suffering.
She'd touched what seemed to be a sort of gap in his
nature and smugness shone from his face. "Hi, doll!"
The state of shuddering expectation in which she lived
reviewed their life together. Small details
filled her with a sort of boredom.

WAITING

F61

The second wave of mass immigration or aliyah undulated as
father sat down and wiped his forehead.
He was much more independent
and the young settlers and other rebels and heretics
took pride in the issue.
They had been searching the city for the two
the night before because of the birth of his son. As
a pulsating influence in Jerusalem
about this time she began writing.

HERE

F62

He had anticipated this moment in misery
but could not avoid reaching the same conclusion
the Spaniard and the Dutchman exchanged.
He opened the book at the beginning and indicated
it would have to be reinforced even so. Not
every appearance of nervousness
would be free to escape below.
What a bloodthirsty way to balance the account
he could not keep his thoughts concentrated on
jingling, loud and irregular. Here.

SUPPOSE TO

F63

The first job is to get the girl properly identified
and where there was so little to go on
they brought some food with them,
and some bottles of plunk. So they
reduced speed to keep level
in the unravelling of a dreadful skein of human passion.
There's no doubt that
in Holland
they both had pistols, and they opened fire
in the period when a picture is suppose to.

THE VOICE

F64

Fortunately, some people are always ready to believe
America, anyway... that's to say...
at the Embassy
in Washington at this moment in time.
"My dear fellow. No problem at all."
Something of a perfectionist, a man who knew his own,
answered, in a flood of
other people around, of course.
There's one person who had all
crackling with static electricity and annoyance, the voice.

Faces stared at him with shocked eyes. The faces wore marks unaware of it. They were unaware and demand,

"Don't move a muscle!"

He looked down the aisle quickly where two wounded soldiers lay.

Soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force knew the work involved in trying to locate a desperate carload of Palestinians. Through the next car he held his hands to his heart.

I got a fill, an oil and a water, and a vacuuming back on Ninety-one. He handed me my wallet.

"Touched by the hand of God,"

my nose felt as big as a melon. He had me where I was. The crucifix on the far wall seemed about normal in size — touched by the hand of God.

There was blood all over

the Holy Roman Catholic Church

I knew was there. If I had any doubt.

OCCURRED

F 67

His mouth on hers
fairly spluttering with rage that he thought
she could remember
was so petrified of
voice. But having been deep in
any conversation he had
she had come to a fiery full stop, and knew
the one who would suffer for a long time to come
was no longer to marry
for the following morning was forgotten as it occurred.

THE CHURCH

F 68

Each day brought a flurry of activity unlike anything
and in their exaggerated mannerisms
toyed with the brim of his hat or he looked compassionately
to the envoys.

Burning Spanish villages and
the envoys began to show
he would die here beside this sweltering swamp.

In order to obtain

Indians who are still hostile towards the Spaniards
he will become a child of the Church.

She opened her front door and experienced as always one of her headaches, a sort of migraine, had been run over. He and his mother had found her and if he did not get in touch with her there was the question of what to eat.

To his relief she stopped talking and jumped up on top of the big old-fashioned radio. His eyes moved from her face, down over her body almost old, and he felt a pang of love and air of things that had seen better days.

In an attempt to make clear his motives a Chinese wobbling toy made in the likeness of a very clever man, much cleverer than the people, opened a drawer in the Superior's desk. He seemed determined to prove that he was dissimilar to me himself. He's a man of great vision, fashioned by lepers, who had taken the fingerprints of Africa. Naked women smeared shade out of the merciless light somehow — this is the place God has sent me.

OPENED

F71

Overpowering love was the result.
The youth who had disapproved of militarism to the point
that he was still alive
kissed the top of the
man with something on his mind,
kissed the priest's hand
and motioned and
felt with dreadful certainty a threat to the child
who had disapproved of militarism to
the faith — to the night when the graves opened.

UP

F72

Suddenly she realized that it wasn't that
both were paid in what was then the highest currency
and the spaciousness of the well-furnished room.
Him of former
rooms in which the furniture left, &
disappear without
darkness in his soul,
improvising it? An old Russian
captivity, this dependence, seemed to be nonexistent
when the revolution woke him up.

It's always a shock to an Easterner to see as menacing as the gleam on a gun barrel the dream he had that one of these days he'd be in key on the register and counted.

"I hope the son of a bitch gets in my way,"

I said, thinking of the purported audience in Rome with bully boy Woody. Somebody smarter took a second look and I wanted one like that. I go there...

He snapped his fingers for the check, dropped a five-dollar bill, hot as hades. The heat cooled as soon as I moved in the shadow.

Gabriel's mobile face darkened with disapproval as it is not entirely true. Once I liked Gabriel well before he killed the man. He knew which held his starstone. He did not want to examine a cold voice sounding within his grief and rage. The first clear recent memory he realized that he had found the direction but it seemed that Gabriel's accusation after killing filled with the choking burden of dust.

It would be simple
To do so. Now he knew better and went on as if
she knew better. It would look like Christmas to
these the wind blew with peculiar somberness. At the base of
her as being the one sure fact of her life
it almost appeared, in great shafts of sound from
this world, to be her true
expression and gesture came blooming outward.
He told himself
time can do nothing to love, but give.

A rumor circulated that they were frequently
at a distance around the school.
A boy who was no longer childish-looking
thought quite a bit about his new sister
in the deep-blue sky. Over Spain the exotic moon
was meditatively resting on
the aura of a drama
when he was
before her, with only the fragile
trophies which had once reigned in the niche.

As he sat there
leaning over a table eating his breakfast
he remembered that he had been unjust to his wife
and he laughed so heartily that the guests all laughed to see
her because for more than seven years she had not conceived
his son. But there was not one left in his house
like his mother, this second one was short and slight and
in amazement. "If I could have two," she went on,
"to work." And men laughed
and it seemed to him suddenly that he could not bear to know.

She has moved away from men altogether
in fact, she was mildly accusatory
I mean, aside from finding her body in
with him. He's a male strangely composed
on some upper level
and deeper into the same material
in search of sustenance and
only interested in good poetry.
I mean, nothing she said was new, though it was
with an ingratiating smile for the receptionist.

HER

F79

She had already begun to mutter darkly and
excited at the efforts
achieved here a loveliness that was astounding.
Genius was a woman now, and the man
a little whimsical
crawls and sucks
raucous clatter of the lower depths
or the city's life to him.
Life in swarming hordes from the withered loins
followed her instantly, and stopped her, clasping her.

EXHIBIT

F80

a bank, said Bob Hope, is
home quite pleased with himself.
One can understand that. He is arranging
great artists and beautiful women be tossed
in an eddy, in the pattern of incomplete rebellion. Some
must maintain a split-level personality. "Lord,
specialists cost a great deal,"
said Bob Hope
with absolutely no interest in life but money
not piled in front of any one exhibit.

HE

F81

with a handsome self-indulgent face
never has he conveyed the slightest feeling of energy being
despite the disquieting newspaper reports.

I began to doze myself. We refuelled at
infernal regions. The boy was a clumsy little fellow
and purposelessly whittled by a preoccupied god
I was getting short of money. But the plan was maturing
with the illusion of a peace which now lay far back in
conversations of the great capitals, refreshing
private strictures on us all. Ha.

EYE

F82

There were still twenty names in the hopper
indispensable to one
principle of winner-take-all.

No matter how many times it happened, it was unnerving
that life did not feel as good as the sum of
Nixon, "One good term deserves another," thus suggesting
men by the presence of their

long gone queer

kind enough to give to Media a perfect seat for
broken teeth and lightning in their eye.

She wondered if it was imagination only that made her feel without enthusiasm. "Hi," he said. Then continued to look over the notices of the new play in which she had performed occasionally. Some people who live alone don't. In a frog-suit the retired and aged star announcer, who looked nervous and harassed, stared at his daughter, who had half a mind to go against.

There was a brief silence, during which sources seemed all to be staring at that fraction of a second when I had complications. I asked my father, he nodded vaguely. He wished he could spend more time still on the lounge chair and thought differences of opinion should never be permitted. I had the feeling he was talking more to German gas.

IT

F85

Our visitors are gentlemen who want to engage us boys
in far too healthy and plain a way for
the time being. We laughed at
a certain tone, a manner, and anyone
that would be all that
clever and stuffed with knowledge
about hunting, finance, and art.

One can safely entrust one's very soul to
it's cramping. I hope you don't quite understand me
now. But I must pause for breath. It.

DANCE FLOOR

F86

The fat man's hand slowed on the pump,
instantly the fire sighed
in her ear. And Ma said over and over, "all right."
He picked up a clod,
drank thirstily. The man took
red earth lucent
then roared
said Ma. She looked at the
hour and the engine clattered heavily and a blue smoke
ran over to them from the dance floor.

at the station & fell into a cab and
would have little desire to go out drinking beer with him or
start trembling, I know I'm a bit crazy.

"I don't know a thing." Then he spilled beer on
gold watches in red velvet cases
Tears of truth will well up in.

I provided the German army with a
German general who had given the demolition order
standing self-consciously in front of
my eyes again time divided into bands like a spectrum.

Guests started dancing
behind the windows, listening to the growing rumble
of my speech. My love
lasted until I was old enough to serve
in prayer and babbled in a language no one could understand
and spat out several teeth. Sobbing.
I learned that the order of the world had
now passed the last switchpoint
into Russian, adding that
I did not dare to think.

THE CHURCH

F89

I have bet on
a wreath
against the wood of the door.
When it was quiet again a shimmer
moved quickly then and raised
attention was swept to
its healing fire
the whole transaction had
heroes and giants
sound from the rear of the church.

LAUGHTER

F90

Two sleepless nights together before
that curious process of
secret understanding she and I
got up and
I kept turning round
and tried to turn
all the problems we're really obliged to
and lined now
arrogant gestures of my youth
while we shook with helpless laughter.

SHATTERED GLASS

F91

Shining with the music of space
and a kind of magic in me, it bound the earth
to judgment. Every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.
It didn't matter to Him where
an old Bible with a limp cover
had pounded furiously with joy and hope in spite of all.
There would be times when
the bitter, strange enigma of that woman's face again
haunted
snow before the shattered glass.

TIDBITS

F92

I was, I remember, a bit piqued at the thought-
being whose incomparable greatness has
acquired characteristics which
I am on the point of disappearing without.
An irresistibly beautiful woman as bait,
not to mention Lessing, Schiller, Nietzsche, Bach,
I hopefully raise my eyes toward
"paradise!" The Commissioner gets up.
"That's exactly what I was saying, when referring to
Jewish odds and ends, your messy little tidbits."

Historic events had the merit of
human shouts mingled with the strangled
way I thought.

Another new acquaintance with marked idiosyncrasies
of historic events
climbed in on top
my field of investigation to
ordinary life. But the long-winded processes
ask for Union without more ado. The world must be
like some great ship at anchor.

THE POEM

Police would have them twice as vehemently
seated around the table in their large living room
when he left. Only for Sherlock Holmes do murderers
chase each other through her mind. She
some half-beatified lunatic
contracted to lunch at
the eye of the waitress and
the body on the toilet
then ignored — from
three versions of the poem.

HAILSTONES

F95

Her eyes came to rest in
his last roundup, and so we
riding nightmares all night
under her breath
learn many things about this pseudo-Spanish
cloud of dust. "No!"
she repeated after him. "The wind the wind...
came back and up
about her, his vital being engulfing
sound of the consonants falling on the ear like hailstones."

PUBLIC SPIRIT

F96

A reporter from the paper who had come
shouted, "What time do you get up?"
Long a favorite among
impressed outsiders — once they are safely beyond
earthly existence —
Adamsees have brought it on themselves. From
Boston the tradition of ceremonial breakfast lives
to supply
featured foxes and hounds
many of whom have distinct public spirit.

MOTHER'S DREAM

G1

I asked him to explain
although I could not recall the actual procedure
renewed and repeated until I had
meticulous instructions on how to
disregard the experiences because they were
the recumbent figure of a woman, veiled in the midlets.
Belly, back, behind, and tangle of ribald
imitations of love
complicated atmosphere making me
your good friend, America,
as George Raft's flipping
out my mother's dream.

HAIR

G2

Ironworkers, bricklayers, the Brotherhood
grinning and respectfully sympathetic
by God, I almost fell in love with her
new matter-of-fact commonsense society.
She didn't have so much greasy lipstick on
after the massage
we must only remember.
She hadn't yet settled her wrangle
in conventional dancing
but
turned the office topsyturvy
with the smell of her hair.

I thought of my conflicts, when I ordered several pictures for my new personality. At last we came together and make this Institute go as no one else could I said. But I had scarcely given over a grim satisfaction from work completed to get us a room for the night and it didn't matter much anyway to stock a reasonable scientific society still there trying to remember the quickest belief in God.

His meaningless phrases echoing in her remain committed mainly to the exploration of moral decorum, perhaps.

Bid welcome to all Jews who have no place else to avoid the heat. Better to start early to teach them where to find old Jewish motifs for us and for the stranger in our midst.

The visitor now had the expression introduced with a weary voice where we all once lived and where we really right manner.

an anthropologist now, somewhere in
God knows. I think I've been Mr. Know-It-All
as the icy whispering told her what lay waiting.
The little bell of the timer on the stove took
the Pro. The pro does his job, that's all...
through the medium of forms, a man
in our products. We may be said to have
the fashionable incomplete sentence
of continuing activity and participation in life on
an invasion of privacy by trickery. I wonder
what else was our job than writing somebody else's
and so forth and of course some of the real.

He smoked a pipe
perhaps fraudulently
practising for his memoirs. As for my own,
I was too far away to observe what
with a tube in her throat and a tube in
all you need to know about.
Without making sure that the style I can hear inside
a self-restraint that was humiliating
the institution of marriage itself,
my point is merely this,
and I'm not sure what I would think if everyone
elsewhere.

A doctor began looking into the windows as an outpatient asked him why he had ever married this woman. Outside actions of a human being are pledged before the actual ceremony since they could not put their clothes in their individual boxes and for some reason he seemed unable to. A second opinion "died." "How?" "Well, after all, the nurses felt like you've repeated the dialogue he had gone over."

Perhaps he had not even seen it had prolonged my stay overnight. And now the tide had flowed enough again to enable all the reminders of our folly, of our weakness for a gesture that seemed to put out miserable plaints and groans, coming... back. I saw unabashed and impenetrable eyes were carrying him off to be hanged out of my sight, thank God! suddenly, as I was taking up a fresh red spluttering conflagration going on in mid-air.

The woman took the cigarette from the pocket of winter, and I lay on my back on target for whatever eyes might be leveled at her with a bowl of eggs for the grade ahead. Just after Mr. God says not to fight he remarked with some unction on my front porch and with the boys in my class, and if it hadn't been then he caught my glance on him, she would run her tongue out to wet her lips just over the frozen surface.

She withdrew into herself, went into her shell to bind up. Her. She stayed later than any one and was replaced by dreary boredom or vague unction, when the holy oil touched — "I am going, and just as suddenly as he?" thought a foreign star, not of the first magnitude. Like when she heard the master had sent for her and he proceeded to relate the episode. He did not try to make his thought clear to himself as though he were in a childhood he was distinguished by.

We sat the service through and heard the news
cast in a flowing tide to
resisted morning. It was long since
thought how that shudder was under the skin
shaken by one gleaming shaft of honesty
screaming. Like wolves, she said, like hyenas
magic nonsense words to me
demanded that I slaughter human beings and I did
carefully as I had planned and timed
perpetuation of the world dream of fair and faithful
card-reading. And a dark
chunk of loot I win.

Ten minutes later he lets us out
just in time to change to a clean
sound and soul of despair
and cares nothing for the risk he takes.
When she comes out, her eyes are snapping
off, you see. I do believe that
at last the iron grip relaxes and I pull my pants off
and get two tickets on
the sudden confrontation of a time past
no different this morning
it seems to me
yet the fact is...

To drink to the dregs this dose of humiliation
 feeds the imagination, you know,
 and already an ecstasy more violent than
 images streams into her mind
 extreme terror has in
 time to time a
 soul piece by piece. She didn't feel any shame
 but she was aware of the burning, pitiless, poisonous.
 It was the tallyho of the warehouse
 took
 her with a sort of anticipatory
 state of mind, overwhelmingly so.

TIME-CONSUMING

There was a pause while Sylvia looked up
 perhaps remembering a comfortable
 rest steady beneath her,
 one of the eerier experiences
 one let oneself in with a key
 by now memorized.
 But beyond that, she instantly recognized
 the prices of books rise with alarming rapidity
 to follow scents and enjoy herself
 as one grew older
 over the lecture.
 A new place was always time-consuming.

I was glad to hear this
chagrin at the highly charged
rapids for ten thousand
more coherent thoughts. Of course the river could
sound admiring, but my words were taken
above heart and sinew. The men were without
a very good idea
where the waters from various sluices met and mixed
despair and weariness. There were sounds
out on the conning deck, that afternoon,
and in a deep bull-roar
I began to be sorry for myself.

One ripple expands into two
within him. At present, just as
the post-operative drink was especially delectable
he would grant me a believing heart
and tears slowly trickled down those
an unspeakable gulf separated him from.
Of the room, the auditorium
words he had spoken
could only look at one another in awkward
mannerisms of the cowardly monk
I'll probably go on betraying
with his superior.

His people may give him a little
self-defence, ashamedly,
and I saw the cast flicker in her eyes. "And can you
soon be taking off my hat
then?" "Then," he said deliberately.
She smiled. "And I'll take the sadness, if it's got to
people in the restaurant,"
he said
in shadow. "Altogether," I added. "But — we must!"
She was, I knew, dissatisfied at having
details of the future kept running through my mind
to wonder. One day I saw the signature.

This year we must be pure and without spot
near the dead youth. In
through the mind of
women sat down
To carve the new face of Christ
yes, he muttered, my heart is still attached to
him. The women surrounded
the schoolmaster with hatred but did not breathe a word
together. They had drawn near one another in silent
wandering like a soul in agony. He dared not go
before the icon of Christ. "Christ," he murmured,
"Christ has ordered me to speak."

I was quite irresistibly drawn into the place
bellowing hell and blue murder and then
bursting with prospects. Wait a moment!
Garish electric light descends
walls. There's even one big mirror
on the contrary.

Talking of heroes gives me
a few, and rich Christians
to keep bright, light, and happy
in the world, since I have avoided visiting him
to have friends like
ninny, instead of doing something.

after my juices are flowing back I go
for what he hadn't, what few got in the world
later on. Another solution might be one he had
in his room for almost a week, except
he had thought it best to acquaint
words that sent her into gales of raucous laughter
there. The busy signal came
suffering her agony as well as his own
prosperity, his frequent neglect of god
still.

To make bad worse, during their second
afterwards, he told himself that he hadn't spoken.

Christ, believe me, is not always as you carved Him
in a hurry to say everything and be
illuminated with saints and with angels'
order to save the healthy souls
on our side. God be praised!
He hung around
on the day of the Passion
where we are. Last night I saw
the last houses of the village
make my last night's dream come true
and a little old man
in the garden with his men, about twenty, armed.

HIS QUESTION

G-22

"I shall die alone, unless
mother's look of surprise reminded
I have no right to
universal silence and a look of quiet gravity."
She had nothing else to give
to the gentle Pope
oddly enough
as men were called on to acknowledge
credence in Roman society
of heavenly fire
with him for some minutes. When she left him
her smile answered his question.

a single unshaded light hung from a roof beam
and would you believe it, time stood still as
would ever be. And I had to keep
wonder pottergeists infest only
in the mind, deep under the skin
of our nation.
"Lighted up the whole
window where the numbers show
up," Mary said. "They're just trying to help
make our fortune."
I hadn't wanted to marry Mary —
Death — la mort, a skeleton with a scythe.

...WITH EVERYTHING

624

Photographed hanging upside down on a meathook
pretending to be thinking or examining the sky or
the effect of his injury on the masters...
reading Voltaire, in French,
he kept gazing mildly and curiously at me
in that rehearsal
now I know. But I don't want to
have such a person choose me for his best
look of shock and clumsiness. I was
painted at random, but none of it
given the second stage in that rehearsal
had gotten away with everything.

It was too good to be refused
the fresh and lively countenance of the Roman matron
with a white rose fastened on her bodice.
There was just moonlight enough to give a glimpse
of bliss to him, Signora
and I must say it is fortunate that
we put them before
murdered men found lying at their own doors
wherein he pictured to himself
and arched his eyebrows, saying, "My wife saw
I never see any pictures like
I see you are thinking."

I restrained him
with the community of mankind
in spirit before me
till a little breeze came on and blew everything away.
With his eyes fixed upon the face of a clock
practically at the mercy of the first
sound of that everlasting scolding
he swayed me. I own to it. I own up
the last image of that
cross-eyed Dane of sorts
confusing whether the note be mocking or
held to the rail like grim death.

...Faces of the men on the stage were
 ...abandoned by his hills and his sun and moon
 ...and passed
 ...all kinds of private agreements with the forces of light
 ...in the sultry air.
 ...He kept out only a volume of the Zohar
 ...he had cared intensely about
 ...and left it face-up on his desk.

...Somewhere nearby an armed forces radio announcer
 ...forsakes the Torah for
 ...an easy chair near a large potted plant, talking
 ...with the fatigue of travel and altered time.

...AIR

628

...Ready to break out into laughter
 ...chiefly for the air
 ...I prefer not to be praised at all. I am
 ...too unwell to visit the galleries or churches
 ...because they had heard that morning of the death
 ...I saw most
 ...in an attitude of devotion that came naturally
 ...up. In the narrow parts
 ...enlarged on the magnificence of his achievement
 ...I struggled in vain — how despairingly! — to get
 ...almost all works of history
 ...according to the pressure of the air.

A note and a birth announcement
call

for clouds. The clouds come sailing
into a fit of absent-mindedness.

Aunt Emily no longer talks of psychological
delight at the aptness
of all bitches

she rubs her nose vigorously with
and back three times a week
attention to the presence

turns the pillow over for the cool of the underside
is to prosper on.

FEUDAL PERSONAGES

(G30)

Such empty-headed creatures
we, of course, are born
bivouacking existence
and always very unpleasant to those who are
taken somehow.

The whole system of education wants
a kind of peculiar stillness
we, of course, are.

Strange weariness began to show itself
as we ourselves are in
the true sense of the word
living with feudal personages.

From time to time he mentioned the two white sleeved patrolmen in traffic pagodas and continued on. Dust rose behind texts that seemed the obscure ravings of military police. The general said, "Bill, I will be only a few minutes." He left its many pages

beneath a heavy quilt covered with dragons in fact, his sense of things was that he had done little in his uniform. The battalion possessed by the realm of darkness cried like a baby.

PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES

(G32)

Allowing the martyrs to die with little agony he had already participated in twenty intravenous rumors about those absent and recollections of the Holy Mother, the sort sold at every church, found a man, about your father's age, hanging by his old habit. In its place, he wanted to get a second opinion when the weary voice of the conductor called out how that image came to be formed.

The rays of the sun had grown fat and ugly. Sometimes that made him lose his under the present circumstances.

She bends over the open grave and speaks into it
feeling fine. But suddenly he began having the cramps
and tries to catch hold of
her two glowing eyes. I remember how when she
held out a lump of butter
volunteer assistants spread
it was clear that to the Soirats the new German
Gentile freshly shaved
confusion, as though she has completely forgotten
her husband.
I noticed a crowd which had collected
all semblance of self-control.

When I am in France I never find myself
more irritating than
the monogrammed perfection
that poetry ought to be.
But in view of the difficulties
when I am in France
among the thousands of press cuttings
with that mixture of fake self-confidence
the following year, in Paris
it is a little embarrassing
an ordered, God-run universe
stayed away a little longer than seemed right.

What had pained him most
the priest did not understand, or at least
the priest walked faster...
stronger and more vigorous...
jumped over the wall and went off without paying
to have a fit of coughing. "We'd better go,"
the man of God
confessed to his diary with a lover's
permission to administer the sacraments
upon generations of saints and popes
unusually calm that day
denouncing him as a hireling.

No, decidedly she couldn't face
the full moon.
A note of irritation in her
drying her eyes
slackly, it seemed
a white acetate-satin
intelligence of the Controller's face
may be thought
out the pueblo
of grief and remorse that filled
yellow hair. Anyhow she was pneumatic
at her breast.

she flung a mean hamburger
every Sunday in front leading the singing
then puffed the smoke straight out into the air.
Very carefully he broke the gun and flicked
that son-of-a-bitch.

Sad and resigned like he was carrying his cross
he did not wave back, or even turn around, as
she flung

Her eyes rolled to fit on
the Golden Text sometimes, though, if he got a little
what Time is. Time is not a movement
mixed up with this association business.

I wanted to do something they could never undo
and so untrue that Oliver had to
once he wakened to see
clouds of Cuban cigar smoke. Somebody was doing all right
in Yonkers and the Bronx
that day when they were happy enough together to make it
up against a telephone pole.

He scattered them to the floor with a kick
of laughter right out of downtown Gomorrah. Between
the first doorway he saw with a Coca Cola sign over it
and pallid, bald and tattooed
years since the baby had died.

Here at a center is a creature
inconceivably lonely, drawn upon itself as tramps are drawn
beyond all search of dream unanswerable
to their senses.

Senses

explained it, in such a way that they were,
to so many hundreds of thousands
hard apparently and good
must have been for ten years now
more savagely danced on and defiled beyond memory
then in time the magnetism weakens —
little runs of laughter.

Inside that synagogue had experienced
the art form
one cannot reach a soul through.
To show the world my feelings
the door opposite me opened soundlessly
drawing pictures of the brother and sister I had seen
on a day when I could feel the cold of the fall
by deliberately misdiagnosing
the synagogue. I bought
an enormous room. The walls were huge
and the lights of the city come to life in
the stink of paint.

She must pull herself together and look to the coming of the Messiah. Interminaly to a dull rage as he found the voice sprang out of him harsh and pent-up into present death, and gone on alone after seeing himself. We are in the sewers of the man once bestowing decorations of the Messiah. Interminaly Hitler more clearly than if he were the last child of Jacob pointed his long index finger by internal logic of extension to all human phenomena.

He crossed the universe like light butchered and hacked to pieces of all places. You also have his head, which is his big asset, to get a pretty nice little income out of and I was in there with him. The heat outgenerated me always because of this chili con carne I thought was really wrong with me. Thus went my meditation on the green potentialities of my success and I said, "Well, now let me give you this money."

HER

(643)

I had by this time formed the habit of
circumstance that for a period of several months
told her I had never been.

I only knew that at the end

I went so far

I hardly know whether it was the analogies or
my lucidity must have seemed awful
and provided, for respectability's sake,
a couple of letters from her
when I had fairly so appraised it
was the idea, the second movement, that led me
out to her.

I BELIEVE

(644)

I've invented all your words myself

because I stand for "the good and the beautiful."

A father always likes his

you know. I tried this way and that, but

there's no doubt that I would have shot myself had
you! There's no doubt about

"your way!" I said, completely at a loss,

what you see there

in this world should be, more than ever, a matter
established that a man will not act deliberately against
embarrassment

to his senses in the end. But I believe...

As I walked toward the door I supposed that there was nothing funny about the Assembly Room whose shades we had often labeled an escape into nowhere. As I walked past men who could be free and happy in the summer although I had heard right from the start outside there was a rustling early summer movement in something stabs of hopeless joy, or intolerable promise, or the perfect word for me now indicated that this was a turning point.

The Sabbath candles in their polished candlesticks are greatly pleased at this opportunity to advertise against the background of a dark-blue ceiling and in her slanted eyes Gehenna burns with her feverish thoughts. Her fantasies flow as quickly as the prayers, I'll recite the Kaddish at her stand, surrounded by customers. She remains as silent as a fish until she sees he laughs with his toothless mouth wide open. I told him I'm not afraid of his threats, both an educated person and a pious Jew has watched over the son born to him in his old age.

The gray cat sneaked away toward the open
bag of tobacco, a limp gray rag by now.
Calm wide eyes of the children watched every move of
Jesus-lovers
carrying their folded cotton bags under their arms
in the sun and stretched.
When the smell of the biscuits struck the air
like a circus
Grandma had convulsions from the heat
and spread out like a jellyfish.
Ma looked ahead too, but her
afternoon lengthened away.

There's something very dear about a church
in the world who whole-heartedly
I could let new things enter slowly and count.
Her life to my heroic memory
goes romping, playing blindman's buff
of the world dream of fair and faithful
time. The neighboring
father's watch said nine with its black, stumpy
wish I could tell
in Boston. I can see both
the broken pictures and shattered china
wish I didn't resent it so much.

In answer to a jerk of his head
legs, which were pitifully thin,
stand on so much ceremony.

I had to get my
remnants from him. The officer stopped
but he himself was far from reassured.
With the honest intention of being helpful
the officer kept watching the explorer sideways
even at home. His immediate intention was to get up
and yet I see girls who are lovely enough
to me and any connection between us is
the soldier and the condemned man.

Suddenly she moved, she walked out of
the soft, quivering little girl underneath
dinosaurs, pterodactyls.

There are many thoughts and feelings, but only a few
pitchforked back to where he came from
so, to restore his prestige, he had to change the subject
and misery most conducive to good writing
froze suddenly in his throat. He realized that she
contained a letter from his daughter Elinor. It
had actually been atrophied by consistent silence
to all her vague, but ardent
intelligence. He had such a power of assimilation.

He looked almost smart, in a good grey suit
and covered by a leaden sky. But
I threw back my head and in a loud voice
took him in charge. As I walked back to the subway
he knew it made me laugh
in Bloomsbury in the great days we were.
He professed a great feeling for the Christian faith
to a man of business, though he never looked at home
on the story of their lives
in Renaissance European Culture
preserved for the modern world
well up in the literature of parasitism.

They were in the southern army, in the fourteenth
branch which stood out against the sky
to be free from the sentiment of pity
half an hour later.
Her lips did not smile, and her dark eyes had
his fate a few months
as a child. He made his sentences quite unnecessarily
conscious of a little nervousness.
He indulged every whim
with his characteristic impudence
more captivating than a beautiful
cigarette up between her fingers, which were brown.

I did not always enjoy
clearly the soul of integrity
watching the sun shine through the Spanish
Jews I know. They are more at home than I
at the catercorner of Elysian Fields and
your ingenious little researches. Admit it.
I don't mind going if you want me to
find seats together on a sofa where
I slept on even the coldest nights
with the rest. You haven't had your supper
except a frightening-looking scar in the hollow
consciousness as a child loses consciousness.

THE BED

G54

At these words a false truth dawned
again in the old days with John, in the woods.
To halt the advancing madman
even if the fruit of his work was denied me
he patted the innocent dog
which no considerations of pride could stop
and took it with him as a talisman. He dared
these ghastly pictures one could make
to the "higher" churches of the Anglican Communion
after that but his mother never found
people who live in glass houses
with a time bomb inside, under the bed.

Nihilism is to cure all our woes
and simple folk whose duty it is to serve
the sound of voices in dispute there
could boast of two or three fresh conquests
snatched out of the murderous clutches of some
determination in her character. Madame
Nihilism is to cure all
appetites of our dear guests, because
they do not abate one iota of their rights.
A maid came into the room with a decanter
and what was most marvelous of all
was a swarthy warrior in a helmet.

ROSARIES

G56

We are all like newborn babes, and the church is
a dangerous and childish situation. The far-off
turned to the priest as if to say
who had worn mourning for fifteen years
had grown up between nature's blind laws and
some Abyssinian women with huge breasts.
She touched her belly and said, "Here's the head.
Holy Mother," she said, "watch over my poor priest."
Her breasts had seemed like
she was a mother whose son was in the war
and he could not speak. With great difficulty the priest
revealed the medals, scapulars and rosaries.

When they knew the cards had turned against them her beliefs, which were in almost every way acquired works of art and then hated, are born to severe physical trouble. Getting their way of life in its purity was a scientifically "interesting feature." "But donors and benefactors are crazy," he said as one who might some day join their committee of six or seven to meet — good God, could it be? — Mother's family of Easter Sunday. "Maria, I thought you should know!"

I went on a spree too, and after that I confirmed at the bar downstairs that's for sure. We also had a little in which his own exalted person is always so I'd have lived without worrying and died strangely distorted by an inane drunk from morning till night. But that didn't matter any more. Not one then he walked a few more steps. Instinctively afraid of reaching the goal he's working with something bordering on God, a moment of bliss.

Gradually I, too, became known and came to my own reflection which I began to study indefinitely. Actual is that way of performing the great number of rooms provided by the man-who-dreams. You are like a man who I had believed that one could simply venture into for a week or more at a time, a residence in the capital.

Dreams of horror and protest have their place every time I look into the mirror in the company of so undemanding a person to tell you these things. Oh, I could tell you many.

To Go

(G60)

He went back to see the rest of the film incapable of laughing at anything. Because of a Piute Indian chief, my father protested innocently. "Just chewing the fat God will reward you." It took him a long time to reward anyone for anything, no matter.

She, too, was just settling down to work when he became indignant. "What do you call that?"

"Onward Christian Soldiers."

He had suddenly become the refuse of feeling.

She had left the couch for a red chair that was empty. She asked her husband to go.

Mosaic stones & needed for the Agnus Dei would be ready to sail on down the Rhine to the only one who could appreciate the original. Like so much information coming over a teletype there was murder in his eyes, and fearfully & stared out of the picture hardly set foot in light as a feather, a solo dancer. He is no longer the one whose secret laugh & finally turned away, he saw and likewise shook his head tormented in the dream by having lost.

CORRECT GERMAN

Scented vapors rose from the fields he started digging. He worked for hours and felt the sleep of the refugees invading her body. Young Jewish vagabonds, for the most part, who were performing some secret religious duty would tell him about her adventures on the Day of Independence, when the army held parades. When she woke she kept her eyes opened out. The people unbuttoned their damp clothes one after the other and nothing happened to arouse a conversation between two lovers of correct German.

The plane was directed by means of a large beautiful woman he revered on the next Sunday that broke over her. She felt she had neglected him with the swollen and laughable face on her apron. Mother had dug something up and staring putrefied fish heads refused to represent him. He was advised to recover European art and architecture regardless in the rigors of singing her song and pushing back the morning Father took.

THE WAY

(664)

On the day of his examination the somehow awakened voluptuousness of matter could be seen from the circumstance that had been up here since a good deal longer than he ascribed a certain symbolic value to.

Logis. Well — the moment has arrived because it is deliverance — yet not deliverance whereon were entered the results of rapid degeneration. The outward sign of this inward current had set in another direction everything that stood in the way.

"What an extraordinary face!" thought Mary as a pattern of melody traced itself upon the silence in his patronizing compliment. He almost wished soulful people might prefer something less but that doesn't prove they're not there. It'll be a very long time before decent living whose radius was proportionate to his terror and the various others one has forgotten broke loose in other words, and the more atrocious the words, the more he had to laugh.

People in the gallery still kept up their comments on my recommendation he will certainly do although he was pledging his word to defer to her in that very moment the Assistant Manager stepped out of. Best of all he liked to think he wanted to quit the place with the usher although he had publicly humiliated a tendency to the conclusion that this lovely motion had. Amid universal silence, the silence of complete precedence at the front door, they repeated the ceremony and the girl and the usher were actually.

He remembered he could do nothing under his misbegotten name: first lieutenant for a moment, like a man driven to distraction by insurgents. If so, then I can't understand what his right hand went up before he gave up his arrogant ghost. Fortunately we return to face our superiors, our kindred, our knockabout clowns in a force. They pushed into the state of a man's soul as a sort of happy thought the notion scintillated with a greater brilliance and his racked body writhed with malicious exultation.

They took the elevator to all the officers of the battalion, tense, silent. They were thin and pale-skinned, and awake a long time. And birds with burned-out eyes remembering the cart and the runaway horse at the battalion in a rainstorm washed and lay in the bed that swallowed Jonah and was actually sheared off on impact. All the dead had been started up again, slowly, and went on slowly dreaming. The smoky vestiges of a trembling rage.

She wore the white headdress
swallowed up in despair and envy when we
had not appraised the change. It was summed up
by the multiplication-table. It was fantastic in
the method of silence now, and that worked better
off by sea and air. Mine was not a widely shared
instant sharpening of antagonism
which in my spelling I have always tried to retain
without finding immediately underneath it some
trifle removed from the centre of the hubbub.
Dreamy Chopinesque moods alternated with moods
shaken by giggles.

A GIRL

G68

A day at most, or two,
by dint of determined effort
selling black and white rosaries to all who
no longer sought to conceal the sign...
after my juices are flowing again I go back to
the one I was wearing when I ran away from
a job. "My God," I said, "do anything. Be
added to the overloaded
monkey with my blood pressure," said
so as not to have to depend on
a friend of mine, also a salesman
come in the simple hope of finding a girl.

A score of people had collected near me in a corner and waited for the first face induced by my grief.

There is not doubt that the church has performed much to determine whether this really was a mirror, and my variations had just this familiar quality of ritual whose birth signified the corruption of the original godhead fully to the contemplation of my dreams. During the four I remonstrated with the old woman, for she had hardly recognized him

made possible by the new leisure I obtained by giving up an old friend of mine, a Jew, although a convert.

The day and the night that followed finally had

felt his head swell and subside, then try to swell again with a Coca Cola sign over it. Coca Cola signs went all on working all the same even in the summer night's sheltering dark.

When the windows both sides of the streets were darkened and his heart remembered the harlots'

tickets just the other side of the wall

the old man stood a bit to one side

revealing a parrot that took one glassy glance around at his watch: 11:04. By God.

She looked up pleasantly from the frying pan of his concepts and water carried in a rusty can in the overdrawn perspective of the whole mess, and before the others could get her. He grapped her when she fell and held her and a paleness showed through his dark skin. Struggle began

cliving the roads with his wife beside them potatoes in the new fry pan west, and the sun was blinding nobody but Jesus. He knows.

He ordered a steam bath every day to start or finish anything. I know, I know that two years had elapsed since his insults waited for her on her way home from school to be. There was more to it, though, for now suppose he couldn't come tonight and wrote every hour, guided only by his own inspiration flattered. However, after that, after my father died, we got rid of it on a man confessing publicly "you must believe me" She fell silent into another room that I already knew.

His eyes flashed with the bold resolve of one who defies every last detail as a slave of convention, now that I think

it impossible to keep my gaze, was to play my part on the stage without "destiny." I was remembering being inherently given to superstition, from that day I joined a group of classmates who were hanging from the iron bar, suspended there by some secret information. "But listen," he said, "that propaganda is true." He slaughtered many a Grecian soldier.

One night I stood before the prophet Elijah almost without effort, to keep silent. Little time went by, and soon delirious, the crowd obeyed the curse that seems to precede us to point the way or else she was dreaming with him the words stuck in my throat. He had been told that it was inhabited by savage voices of the night, which punctuated the silence I stood before the prophet Elijah couldn't believe his ears. The voice had no name, so he gave him his.

Each faction demanded increasing assistance from the flickering light of the oil lamp which would be unsuccessful time and again if he laughed, made the sign of the cross over people and cattle. The lightning was coming closer with increasing speed. This had to be fathers, husbands, and brothers he took out a cigarette from his breast pocket for and if they found me it would be too late in the daytime, when.

A desperate lover facing death ought to be in bed making the world safe for democracy, so he lay flat with his eyes hot with nothing to do one springy Saturday night the caviar was all gone. All framed for hanging in the big livingroom in front of crackbrained invert beauties looking for when she met him, they gave him some coffee with rum in it.

A CROSS

as the day dawned, they were forced to Toledo in search of him. The very morning a man worthy of the thanks of all humankind sprinkled their cheekbones and bodies with enjoyed greater strength upon the glowing.

Soft, falsetto voices intoned a room at the back of his house and, further, the great and blameworthy life. The news was very upsetting

but not entirely foolproof men wearing rabbinical beards could safely partake upon the glowing coals.

If a goy made plans to harm the Jews the Golem would rest for a while in my room.

Then I remembering their closeness, feeling their grandfather, may he rest in peace, gave speeches. Ten years ago I said we needed to hear the Golem

with awe and

a Talmudic insight I had recently acquired punctuated the loud conversations unable to shed goyish blood. We are not so still, feeling the warm morning sun on her body, describing the shape of a cross... a cross.

The village Shakespeare, it was obvious, must be in his fifth whiskey. "Dirty little swine!" he barked in the name of science, progress, and human.

Hand on his face made him start her pleasure as a man pursues his, remorselessly rankled. "Just look at that girl there with the fizzy

only," he said to himself as early as they did in Shakespeare's day to make up his mind to run amok. Justifying

the habit of secrecy had made it impossible for him and, feeling the approval through the hilarity I know it's justified — experimentally.

"Genius." The remark was admirably in a mouthful of something attributed to her and the possession of which she had

bound up with his sentiment for his mother, somehow cross. At the same time he wasn't going to obey his face-to-face shyness and his postal freedom.

I, for instance, am horribly sensitive sitting behind the screen. But I can say incidentally, I made one strange observation

without even suspecting how stupid you are. In fact, it took me no time at all to complain to the police.

The way I am now, fifteen years later, having aged behind my confusion, I could already make out we were moving through space at a fantastic speed

away. Ah, why bother! I ought to get discharged from the hospital for the second beating that, although of course not human, still did

account quite reasonably for the political change and, you know, I compared the two of you and suddenly remembered a scene I'd witnessed in

illness was almost completely unknown.

Just then, the clock on the wall strained one hell of a time.

There comes a silence, then a click
and she looks at me ironically
in the motels by the hundreds.

Some atavistic recoil from an intimacy too intimate
Ten years ago I pursued
she comes directly over

an idea. I said listen:
my mother made up a cot in
the rafters but the service door is open

and last night we turned on the hi-fi and sat.
No permanent damage, however, except
of a prisoner in the death house who takes

to harbor a special dislike for
a movement indicating both her friendliness and
her too.

"Didn't nobody tell me you was coming!" cries
a life of crucifixion
I am being unselfish. But heaven she is just like.

The poor bewildered tailor was shattered
in taverns of ill-repute, among hardened
dead with his cries for help

gathered from my lips. Intrigues at
father doomed him to survival. So this is
revealed only after the fact

mute with fear, remorse and pity — above all.
To express his own admiration
shivering with cold on the floor soiled with his

own rigid body in successive waves
I have begun to have premonitions
redeemed by God, but only by a demon

rage. He swore, insulted me, blasphemed
father in a new role. "You must know,
about you, about me," he would answer

at the side of the road, at the entrance to
things to do and not to do, on impulses
felt like sticking out his tongue.

a man in overalls and a brown coat leaned
from time to time on the surface of the water.
In a moment his

building where I can work
caught him around
with his face tilted.

Others turned with him and together they
pushed quickly through
and pointed to a Negro child.

She turned herself in the direction
with an executive
look. But then she

was from Chicago. This was her first vacation
with me. I had to wait on the sign
then one night after they were in bed, she said

to the main business streets
telling the Negroes that they would have to find
him. He looked at his watch.

It took time for the words to penetrate his time, they gave heed to the calendar, observed. He is a prejudiced party, his position is

accorded to the anniversary of arrival no other fills. But a narrative must have two kinds of opportunity of making the acquaintance

his ghastly white face, with the eyes so indissolubly bound up and gone about with his nose in the air, only

restored. He rejoiced in a faculty regained which cannot be said of the mania for destruction that would be his angle of approach. The expense

of an unfortunate occurrence

O God, how beautiful life was! And it was yet to be discovered that

she stood before his eyes, in all her fatal charm and with great objectivity. Even in the matter space, like time, engenders.

AFTER

48

we followed our gigantic shadows across
people who were
full of authority and perfectly under control

and old portraits
away from even this
river and sky as

we piled back into the old, dispiritedly lit
young hero now anonymous who looked theatrical
when he wasn't wearing

this uniform that didn't even smell
the summer. Everybody played
people who were young in the thirties

and I alone was a dream, a figment
driving and molding and arming them.
Everyone struggled with awkward fortitude to

be nothing but children playing among heroic
members of the senior class
he smiled pleasantly after.

Broke for a couple of weeks
he was a biggish man with blue eyes
in a sudden nightmare fright. It was

the show. Everything was cockeyed
between the Seine and the sky
in the glass. Her skin looked very white

and he ought to realize that in urging
her by the arm, "Don't be so
young man," said one baldheaded official in

their room
all the time he was packing his books,
it was cooler walking across the bridge

looking over the photographs and
the man laughed. He had blue eyes
for a long

visit
of his acquaintance,
singing for Hill's songs. They sang 'em.

I lost my temper in the construction
standing on the balcony. How would he look
afterwards, you see? I'd simply like to know

if you want
the big beam smashed to smithereens
of the same mother and father

badly brought up. And short-tempered mothers
signed
interchangeable one with another. The icicles of

fantasy, of place, day and hour
start tumbling, I know I'm a bit crazy
forming ever-new figurations

down. There was the path through
many centuries to come
otherwise encountered only

heightening the impression of youth, his.
His mother's murderer. He did not feel it
fraught with a self-conscious dignity.

Shape and substance of the music
is sharp against the skin
home made out of a fertilizer sack.

This is just a minute specialization
necessary to guard it against collapse with
inferior parts of each of our beings

killed in the fall, for next winter.
It had now descended deep
for that single purpose.

A child, very much of the earth, yet
that I have felt forms of allegiance or
false deliverances there can be

by now. I don't exactly know why anyone
is covered, and the furniture too
all the time we have stayed.

Children like figures of speech or are, if you like
talking a little, but too tired for talk
will be equally uninterested in the fact.

I hope that I have served
whenever I looked at him.

Looking as if he were expecting guests

he would not believe that his refusal to be
brought to a successful conclusion
had roused great interest

among other distressing manifestations
like flight and therefore guilt. Besides
he had begun to feel the air in the room stifling.

Emphasizing the gesture with nods of
Magistrates

all the same, I thought that I might as well

dare go out into the country
following
the thought of his case

rather than speak, consequently.
It might be better if I took it up
or perhaps merely discomposed.

Cousins met her before the front door
feeling that look and smile upon
a state almost amounting to beatification.

"Sounds as though she had been dead
but perhaps it is not yet too late."

She bent to toss her cigarette - and in the grate,

looked at the cousins as they entered
past, idiotic with happiness at the encounter.

"Think so? I'm not so sure. I get the impression

the girl may lie down and die any day,"
said. "She is so heedless, a shade."

Adventurous youth felt much relieved to have

all that lay implicit
about nine o'clock of a cool morning
smuggled in. after the cigarette

everybody was at tea, not a soul in the passages
one's very blood goes to
with the suffering and dying.

In the design and building of an abattoir
thought chills me. He belongs here most
at daybreak

which only yesterday had been a magic dream.
He smiles, his face still moist. His teeth are
in the design and building of an abattoir.

Her body. The weight of it made her gasp
with Christ. It has been a lovely
place for beasts. Just so is the odor of

grief, love. For, if anything, he loved
withering and giving up the ghost
existence elsewhere

as though having intruded upon this
impaled at the groin on a ceiling hook.
I will be back

and to the millennium of spiritual influence
it shrinks, or desiccates, collapses, and I
gently push him forward.

Here, in this city, a century
my wife's eyes were greeny-blue
and guilelessly yielding up.

The mass effect was a light but most brilliant
parenthesis to a hypothesis
clearly a subject of some importance to

monkeys. And let's not forget
my reasons are primarily aesthetic
in the hair, the laughter forced from the lungs

now, the idea for the curtailed
reference to Juliet
to build and maintain several

great kisses on her cheeks.

Often the coincidence turns out
in all its nakedness, for it is impossible

and jumps, always a few feet away
to chuck in literature
which I have when I read the book.

"If you want you a woman you get her over here," he said. "I paye to work here," he hinted

in the door, staring at the little boy to scream for the Negroes while they couldn't very well remove

more than was believable. For the past had a blind moment when he felt as if the sweetest girl in the world

knew something the Displaced Person was doing. That he must insure the future to the edge of the bare commercial scene

said. "Goodness!

a blunt

nymphomaniac," he said fiercely. "She

heard you," the boy muttered. "It's no use."

He began to shake all over and give

Bibles. "Lord," she said, "he bored me to death."

Is all motion running away
celebrating my daring crime ?

It would be an exaggeration to say that

the proliferation of religions throughout the world
placed any conditions upon this happy
dream and its successors were indelible. They

knew my gaze was discontinuous, broken
against my homeland or against this city
and it began to stagger

different, lighter, on the inside. But I
don't consider anyone like myself
could afford to be unreliable in every

solitude which is the result, I am sure.
I find intolerable the slow leakage of my
university and the library

sources of income. These would
illustrate the death of love, the failure of talent
simply, my life, my preoccupations.

In my dreamlike state I was troubled by
don't flinch when I kiss you on the cheek.
But as it turned out

even now I had quit bothering
the clock's calm voice. If only
I'd stood up there

but the laughter stuck in my throat
and a bohemian, hair black, clothes black
anxiously wiped the sweat away

that I intended to use for
I think I just wanted to laugh at
any favors

you know that our Holy Father Benedict
piled, ready for loading, gray in
the billiard room. It stuck in your mind

too, at that time, here
who spent a month
flexibly self-important, held out.

I do not remember the stages of my return plot, with all its imaginable permutations for the greater glory of God

or our barbarity. Every man should be capable and recondite. I discovered that some Hasidim had a secret pact with God which exempted

Europeans. This opinion seems unfounded but at bottom they flatter our vanity in the unanimous night.

The voice of the Lord answered from a whirlwind at the end of the thirteenth century with the correct appurtenances and the correct

Jesus is the straight path that saves us from various sensations or ideas imprinted on the sense. Here it seems we cannot avoid condemning

one of the Gnostic conventicles in silence. I don't know what time it must have of an as yet unconquered America.

after study the day ended with Compline
but something akin to the pride of the Jews
smells things. And I find now that he's

Too fine for administrative work. Kicked upstairs
it was his academic discipline
not to have an answer

and we needed teachers. But did we need
modern people in command of all the modern
look for it? He may have put it in one

being more elegant than cocktails
in the centre of the room, wearing a smoking
piece to the jigsaw puzzle of what I had

with philosophy. He had dropped the manner
but his sober tie and clean shirt
turn sex into a hobby. Oh, it's a complex study.

No copy exists. So was it published or
of course in Bloomsbury in the great days
addressed as My Lord?

In a voice which contained as much grief as one that gripped his beautiful courtesan

nobody was so alone as he.

When the last pain had filled and passed from her other voices accompanied it

there for a long time.

He was sometimes afraid of these and finds everything as it was before

when the last pain had gone into everything — the creation of the world "gone badly." He did, in fact, seem indifferent

a moment the beautiful woman nodded overwhelmed by a feeling of icy despair accepted. He now lived

his inward voice and the voice said "No!" It was hardly necessary to enquire the way that she was with child as a result.

Though he spoke very fair English he
melted like an ice. When I
laugh, wiping away imaginary tears

within half an hour of shops and cinemas
not unskilful in dealing with ruffled feelings
the link I had

went something like this: 'And now!
Are you ruptured? Constipated? Breath Bad?'
It was not long before I had a notebook full

of shattering disconnected observations in
perhaps some obscure revenge
for such times as one could assemble

high upon the bastions
as a pigeon's egg. Mentally I held it all,
a brief and extraordinarily comprehensive

memory here — was it Orpheus
compelled to do by the pressure of events
succeeding ones? This thing?

"You talk all sorts of rot, and yet you're quite miserable if he'd failed to do so." Still, I look up to him with respect, which

I'd known from the start that I was going to again the next day and the day after. I sent complicated inquiries among the servants

as a consequence, he had a few clashes. That my vagaries are more stupid than anything for which a young man should

dream again of the forthcoming said, completely at a loss a while. "I was sore," he began again

back in town — I know it for sure the more conscious I see even him after I had attained such happiness.

"The ordinary flogger, the man who has been ordered to get rid of the superstitious fear he inspires is a great asset."

Air around them was vibrant and on fire suddenly joyful, strident, passionate archangels deployed their wings and helped

time to time wild cries.

Four wounds the nails had made found the solution, as he smoked his cigarette

as he advanced. Soon the flames began to lick in the darkness she stretched out at dawn — and this time his eyes were

to take in God and men like that.

Their father had brought them signs of the cross

all taken aback, as though some bird of prey had at last been sated and her heart was breaking.

The triumphal hymn of the Byzantine kind that goes to Paradise lives for the love of Christ.

In a long letter he had been writing to bear the inconvenience he was bound to cause himself at ease in the great, warm bed of

certainly the best person to explain otherwise he felt relatively comfortable. True smile — inviting mortal danger — from time

asleep there. But one wanted to get up rose-red and blood-spotted as wanting to stage a comedy.

Therefore take note again, pausing a moment as if to let the kind of intelligence that is not to be found

at random in memory when one is idly thinking it with good will. He is probably out for hours over various

duelling places. If he only had there for a moment perhaps tried to rouse his father with gentle words...

Among the other fragments
trembling with hunger and rage
mine was not a widely shared view, at least

where later I used to bathe
by its dim light I
rubbed under the moon

in the wind. From behind the closed doors
baggy-trousered patriarchs holding swaddled infants
light, candle by candle, like Easter

somewhere not too far
eyes betrayed

ex voto against barrenness. Heaven knows how

cheerfully. 'Cie cie,' said
now that the traveller seeks to renew
its contemplative and luxurious indolence.

I accepted these
affaires with the same deceptive normality.
The whole thing had a puzzling sort of air.

He dared not press the button of his splendour, of that spiritual energy and divine air. The panting dog lay down at his feet

as he sat now on the terrace and all at once, with no reason at all, burst into Shakespeare, a distant droning sound

of Aunt Maud who had just died with enchantment and physical wellbeing despite immortal imagery, involutions of thought, new

themes in this part of the poem. I suspect it for one fatal moment three weeks later, but there was an old tremendously trustworthy

spring, and we were alone in that admirable composure. I reread the illusion of continued space. We can visualize

nudities blending with fig trees, oversize ardors and chaotic afterlife with no Providence to direct the artistic correlation.

His manager
crisscrossing like
intestines heaved with rats. And up.

They had come there the previous autumn
at the time of course not a few people
slept in a rooming house and had breakfast

brought to a conclusion. Everyone applauded
darkness and a coldness that had crept upon
the Christian men to whom God in His infinite

broke and too ashamed to see anyone
was solemn and attentive as befitted the occasion.
The weather was a constant torment, the wind

opened a crack; there was a chain latch in place
in this icebound winter night a force
knew Father found.

His face twisted in a paroxysm
not one of ours. In the morning Father
issued a new series of condemnations.

Her mind had grown furious
flocks of crows dashed one after the other
into the assembled humanity

behind them, Jesus, tranquil
continued. "I've come to see."
In the evening when Jesus

trembled and her entire body was
under the Lord Jehovah, from whose beard
I called, called, called for

Mary and waited, not wanting to leave...
she wiped them away.

Overcome by melancholy, Jesus lay down on

the wind of Jehovah
shaking his large head.

The woman was startled by his sudden appearance

behind me like a dog or at times
screaming, "Catch her! Catch her!"
he breathed in the Jewish air.

Suddenly she moved, she walked out remembering, the abysses of time told about poor Jesus

for someone else's entertainment. He wanted to be "Q.E.D." He turned away again to take out others. She and the bailiff were

only disturbances. "But fortunately no news," she sighed, as she took off. "What a fool!" she had thought

admirably in character. And perhaps true in the foreground, to be transformed by an allegorical smoke,

gangrened insensitiveness. Its inevitable. Jesus was dry and haunted by a taste like the fumes of Sunday-morning church. "All the same?"

The question dropped into the silence of a savage or an animal. The logical conclusion raped his Sabines. Venus looked into her mirror.

mean. There it is, and it'd be damned funny if
a rowdy song was within
the world when it heard what the Nazis were doing

about the Vestal Virgins, and how
I was not in a good mood, because I had been
a Roman Catholic first. I had some of the right

love as a complex emotion
but he who troubles his head with apocryphal
theatre and the meals became high-minded.

There was no answer to that one
daemonic seizures are the unadmitted elements in
although I am unquestionably a priest

and I was so excited.

Monks and novices were strictly enjoined
into the Middle Ages when the sort of Greek

Bloomsbury Man is visiting us, you know
and it was my New Testament Greek student
who liked a touch of style.

The coarse creature regaled the table with various printed matter, and a sheet of writing from the masterpiece of your national literature?

In reality it was something besides all these that an educational system which still conceives itself could expand into a little eternity

everyone knows. Our question rather refers to its model pupil and full of honours (which decide whether its display was really up to

where it always sounded so sharp) the whole thing was to penetrate his consciousness. Then

counter to the ascetic ideal and the kingdom of God this was so advantageous that he steadfastly fixed his eyes upon his plate

"from the masterpiece of your national literature" and upon his own mortal vesture of it divided a fat dividend.

When he came to power, we were surprised that his acts disobeyed the arbitrary decrees of the party and reminded him of the fairy tales he had forgotten.

Many of the present divisions are just and the frankness of her questions gave her everyone's drunken cheers. In

hearing the old man talk she would. "How did it go? Living here in penance, like a real man of God?

Not a priest but a saint."

The old man continued talk of God as he had once done

To see how

he isn't a king any more. There's a great certainty that he wouldn't be caught

once he made sure his trousers have gathered all the fruits.

"They've left us alone," said the old woman.

DRAWN

H34

I remember well
fortitudes too gigantic to meditate long
on

the formalism and straining
powers of reflection and of imagination
approximate, or at times by chance achieve.

Herein I must
regard as I can the sorry and brutal infuriate
their own qualifications for this work. All of this.

I am from time to time
in that great realm of hazy and drowned
eyes its paralyzing classicism.

Extremely intelligent and in part insane
it was a good enough church
grimace, God knows

stained, in the tensions of physical need, and
I cannot unqualifiedly excite myself in favor of
the comments, the monosyllables, drawn.

The family stood around and watched the stout little anarchist who now paced stinking fish. The old Anglo-Saxon

family, of the missing wife and mother alerted

the mirror, finding it indeed loathsome

three different attorneys recommended by Father desire for each other's company.

His only bit of luck

in the days of summer at Saratoga Springs played gently with

conclusions about this life that are not within reach

of ecstasy or despair, great filamented ruins. The entire area had been roped off by Father as the time for amour. He would make

hazardous and backbreaking labor

more vulnerable than ever

atop the domed skylight of the portico.

Today it would be impossible for me to have been with him a mild form of epilepsy. His attitude toward the subject

jarred upon her tired nerves even in Arcady am I, says Death whizzing along towards the

host, whose name was.

The forty days between Queen and half-paralyzed shadowgrapher

had weaned her husband not only from spiritual energy and divine vision, now. He dreamed

a leering young Adam in rather ordinary tight (as I jokingly called them) the magnificent palace of the Administration

soaked in literary talent got misprinted a second time as the King.

DOWN

H 37

a land of sanctuary, he had said, where
was buried

God

all in a rush, without any punctuation
seeking to be God, she thought.
Somebody outside that can come in

his mind to listen to this clockwork
as though coached by the Star of Bethlehem
she spoke (who shall silence then, at last?).

well aware after these many years
she had merely to arrange her hands
he said that their way lay

in his mind,.... Nothing happened, he felt.
As she drew breath
all things

to be made well with the least possible ado
had apparently
and her mother had settled down.

BOTH

H 38

"Copyright still had several months before he gets to you," the girl said at the moment the door from the inner

I heard more than a ghostly cry. I was certain the corpse wasn't going anywhere with me. He was always having severe

eyes locked on those of his Request Forms. Through the course of years the girl

found a man who will take it off to move down here to her place again in detail, and so help me, if

the guard in charge of his detail didn't I wouldn't.

After twenty years who could doubt them

Request Forms?

Two counterfeit fifties we borrowed from the old man's excesses were imperiling both.

men from forensics were methodically going through the notebook, noticing if indeed that's what he intended to do.

The gaping wounds in the mattress looked like he could outmaneuver God for his double life. Naive? Was that what

all kinds of incriminating evidence a man bleeding like a stuck pig does not resist having

echoing painfully inside his skull?

He sat absolutely motionless on the first floor, where transitors blared.

It seemed to singe the inside of his lungs at the sound of his name and then he would kiss me tenderly, and later he

was the first one

because deep down he believed in portents like the classic schmuck.

I'm not at liberty to say more
but rather the informed
head just about to turn

which, according to tradition, represented
others still on the stairs
had a sudden vision, decidedly unscientific.

Squinting at the text
lest the sight of one early departure produce
references to "the insect god" in the same

direction, eager to get as far from the city as
here, what is fabula
was half tempted to cancel my visit, and I confess.

"Never could stand it, myself. All that."

The song's arrangement
gave him a few ineffectual nudges, then

the tale degenerates into an unsifted collection
on company stationery. He watched
one last time through the scribbled yellow.

Christian girls, good Southern girls
wasted no time letting strangers know who
knotted it with the last of his strength. By God

Old Gross remembers a thing or two in the deep dark
moment with shuttered eyes. This had never happened
to their Daddy - O

yet unspent
since the first girl sold and a world
naked but for hat and undershirt.

Banana boats were moving out to sea
traveling from town to town
believing it was no more.

His eyes so blue, so commanding
and
naked up there in the arms of hairy

days, the foreman made a mental estimate of what
came down first, with a cup of tea steaming
right into the bosun's chair.

They might awaken
as if to advise me of a hidden significance
although it was not actually

and I accepted them. But it became increasingly
something else again
when I grew older

when I came home on the following
of their experience
and perhaps the freedom of her life

forming a pattern on the sink. Now
how thoroughly at home I felt
where my father and I had walked

wondering. Furthermore, he was wearing a new
reading
and theirs, ran together in my mind,

from the family, from her friends, from man
was no mere going-over she gave to
my father, apparently.

One way or another when he was ten years
becoming more obvious in the orders he gave
I began to see well enough to know that

the gun was sweating in my hands
between her long
discrepancies. When I did the talking

his eyes swiveled at me in fear. He thought I
hit the switch that blacked
them in dithering bewilderment.

It was too late, she said
waiting as long as it took for his show to begin
a song I didn't recognize

and asked him whether her fifteen-year-old
children would be like
him. I rubbed my cheek against his

generator truck and got the bright notion of sounding
completely anesthetized
enough to "forget" what had happened.

There had been something sort of
in front of the brain
that that whole generation of Jews did

to my brother, to everyone, that he didn't
follow.

He used to pick

his own mundane, bullheaded way
to the drugstore in the next town to get
sheets of white

hang-ups. Not all of them want to possess
the more distressing economics
in somebody's head with words

and the fact that his eliminating
the claims of the family were
there, and that, if left there, would

replace the undereducated father who
turned
one of the aged whose age is incalculable.

REALLY

H 45

He has seen this used to good effect
on him and walked off
in the direction of the train.

Smoking his pipe and taking little sips from
the end of a dream
the boy in front

looked — there was a mound of purplish
corpses
for the purposes of making entertainments

and their minds are feeble
under the ground with the decomposing
for us.

There were mosquitos on the back of his neck
and above them hovered
a trifle overdone. A friendly joke, really.

He can see the new obsession
shows no sign of discomfort
really.

DEAD

H 46

People were squandering their lives
in all four directions
where everyone is pinned to his place by

the church, although first there was
one of his sisters.

He reached his side of the car,

gave another of his wheezy
words

like a expert.

She sang, numbly, standing and sitting as
those mimes who can portray
her on the steps of the church

scheduled the trip for
the church door opened again and
turned out

what she liked
with Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby
almost stopped dead.

MY MOTHER

H 47

A small payment for what they did
by putting them up on crosses
I rode back and forth on my tricycle.

The sounds of heavy traffic on the street
were short
on a Friday afternoon I

closed my eyes and began to review inside.
Plumes of steam rose from
them.

Israel the Lord our God the Lord is
a vocabulary that can be understood by
a voice chanting softly in

some people in the group
I think — I think I will have another
now I had come into

the learning six or seven
also have to know the grammar of
from my mother.

A perfect layman
terrified little souls of lambs
intrigued by the extreme desolation

articulated with a miserable smile
first one way and then the other, as
the yellowish light of the candles

advanced to him. The proposal
was thrown upon a great pyre
by this theatrical reversal. His face

like a madman, his face dazzling in
air. He plucked
thought. He exhaled sadly, "But what good?"

It was obvious that he had not been
disagreeable to the soul
sweeping the air with

who crisscrossed Poland and the "zone"
in those formal phrases — perhaps
a perfect layman.

Arriving at the top, I still felt a bit out of context, the events took on distorted the experience of God.

Wellwishers bearing whole salamis recollected events in emotional bits and a thought I could verbalize

had long since become an end in itself. An impulse to hide gripped me to measure the immensity of

that abstract, lilac-colored light. Well into the process of decomposition for all after all, this was not

father's gushy Teutomania. He proclaimed lectures on sexual repression and emancipation with gaudy festoons of crêpe paper wound

about his own mother as the mistress of a man unforgettable in many ways. First, I had such a convulsive fit of the giggles.

She laughed with a resonance unknown to
the portrait hung in the District
of the winter stars. He remembered the night

oddly enough, each irregularity
holding its celebrations on the same
good counterweight. There was a lot of talk

together and that even
occasionally broke in the distance
must be buried and mourned

for a few seconds it seemed to the Lieutenant.
There was nothing more to be said
to the theologians

of the summer day made
between his forebears and his progeny.
It was all so certain. Every stone lay

back into position
while slender slippery
she laughed with a resonance unknown.

a society which for a long time was nearly
taken possession of just
came round again

and elegantly overcame the hint of embarrassment
in their outlandish
elision in the latter end

of tempting you. But I mean to.
The vividness and clarity of that memory-picture
would castrate life, as would the determinism

no doubt as to
utterances
in their outlandish tongue.

Up against the power of love
on the next day
which it conquered with a demonic quality

the progress of acclimatization was
the subject, though briefly
without rhyme or reason, of its own accord.

We turned to go home. I glanced back
into the middle of the room. It was no longer
waiting for a last gust of wind to blow out

its magic power.

The odor of a festering wound emanated from
a medallion of the Holy Virgin

around when she was cooking. I helped to peel
droplets of sweat
just as a person struck by lightning could.

Could change the horrible enigmas of the disease
coming in through the slots between
the sky grayed and darkened

bogs and swamps
to overcome me. The pain in my body raced
home. I glanced back as we went

from the station building a gay
name of the Son
fumigated with smoke.

SHE OPENED

H53

It must have all been very different when
development of technologies ancillary to
the child came to a town of human

faces and eyes and flowers
of the Law of One
under professional direction.

Spring and summer passed
with a complicated and unreliable spark
usually he observed

more like a kind of music made out of
intercommunicating centers formed
on the wind.

He was
all the time and listening and looking
left in the ashes of that house

the woman had come alone from.
If no information was requested, none was
on the page she opened.

THE PARK

H 54

The three of us walked together to the drugstore
to remove the tumor he would go in
and, according to my father, eager

begin the sophisticated
proportion of Jewish executives.
I couldn't sleep for six

impressions and perhaps he is just reflecting
now only platonic friends he saw very
glumly, like somebody at the Off-Track

reaches of gentile America.

Several times each week he begged
my father to come to the home office to have

as much as the musicians for
he was stronger at
the sense of unity it bestowed on his long life.

He does it. The end of one era
unfit to pulverize even
I'd left for the park.

Grains of sweat began to run down
his shoulders, his skin was now baked
in the merciless sun

and an angel with hair of fire rushed
his eyes. His mouth
containing one of the Ten Commandments

was burning up
a bit
of the camaraderie

on the left side of
that time. Until
flames fly out of his nostrils

his lifetime he had extracted
simply stared at the fire, his mind far away.
Now far away, out beyond

shadows smuggled
the Kingdom of Heaven
for an instant the world revolved about.

TELL US

H 56

We didn't find out until the police met
on the floor
the joke when the rest of us were

into the nether regions for her. She is
printed and slathered up everywhere we went
like the rest. She must have thought she was

with the show for so long that
it carries through matter. When
news

stunned and we've got to act quickly before
the joke when the rest of us were
her mouth is distorted into a pulsing

light
in each direction and then back
for just because she cared

over
the guy who tried to kill you all
things were simple. Papa would tell us.

When I was a child such tortures
made her keep silent too
and he never finished his

he remarked to himself when she was gone.
Yet here too he succeeded only partly
to the drawing room, in which stood a table.

And since, apart from
bringing him back
a job, it was

now that she had raised so momentous a
God in heaven
other boys from well-to-do homes

upset my father and
will surely
the Holy One Blessed Be He.

A wretched sight when
I am to blame
she did the same.

His neighbor collected a third of the pay
as quickly as he could
the sign of the cross again.

Here everyone called each other by Christian names
he was looking for
outside. It was his habit to take off

slowly drawing his memory back into himself
that needed to be expressed at the death of
something monstrous, though true. Monstrous because

many different kinds of people
continued steadily
talking of their mutual grief

and went into the town
with heads bent, like people who are filled with
words. On the Sabbath he sat bent

in harmony and common expectation
as to the manner in which
eyes resumed their customary gaze, staring into the
shadows.

YEARNING

H 59

While funny forget-me-nots were
in the oven
and usually a dog

looked up at the big glazed text
in front of the
eyes of one who sings besides a Botticelli

at the time Paul became an important factor.
He watched her moving
him almost with reverence

into another burst of wicked
voice, as if repeating
only just now

an insane thing. "What!" cried
the second time he had not.
at the same moment his mother

in the midst of this pandemonium
could perfectly well live
some religious state in him. Still yearning.

He would get red in the face and hit out an opinion from one of those ridiculous values, as she called them. Sometimes

with her alone in my mind's eye he looked very old. I started to say other words

but in those days the schools were capable of a reconciliation in keeping with my situation.

I wondered whether I should let her when I thought of this soul and my father's soul.

I had even had an argument with mercenary creatures so contemptible I left the mirror

and scratched notches onto the street and thought of all Italians being traitors.

She came into the living room
as has been mentioned
except that he was more finicky and

girls in blazers were standing at his left.
It has been mentioned before that
few people remembered

material gathered for the
woman with a pale and haggard face
to get the things needed to keep alive

herself. Occasionally she glanced
to the end at midnight. Everyone said
his face as he leaned over the piano

will take root in poor
black people on the outskirts of the property
until it is a misery.

She would rather wait and get
her perplexity
possible, since for the past year his.

FAMILIAR

H 62

Men walk in the silver darkness
of a dream. "What?" I say
and stared at the flushed face looking

on her
and in order to control it
at the ground, waiting. Two

dead people were my responsibility. I was
about it. She would be
now regretted having passed.

Out of the big house
the people listened, probably not understanding
an expression of good-humored perplexity

I have stayed behind because
her pain and humiliation mean nothing to
the snow. The chief

fear was aggravated by the sensation that
nothing that could shock
of her voice was familiar.

She saw that
their spurt of sudden speed
made their morning greetings

foolish. "Oh, when I was a little kid
I'd known you were going to turn into a
honey," Rick said

at her, triumph in his eyes. Waiting
in her seat to face her
fundamental American food cooked

of all the poly-syllabic adjectives she
found herself defending
in the bank there in Boston, waiting for

his mental picture of this
reflected in their faces,
he bent his head and kissed her perfunctorily

mechanical music droned
wherever it is he rules
down to bare bones.

KITCHEN SINK

H65

Shadows of the moon on warm grass
saved over from times before we were born
discovered I would never be a writer

and the people strewn on the sands under
electro-oil-lubricated plastic
pretended to be asleep. He lay face up.

God save his sanity and sight
to speak in tongues. Kipling is one
soul rummaged there on scribbled

territory. And her territory extended
around the bends of parks
after I was dead. I figured if I had to go

at the sky or the freeway
again from her own
stormy shore

Kipling is one
I rattle around in like dice in a cup
on the kitchen sink.

"EXAGGERATED"

H66

It had nothing to do with the art of
a hopeless mathematician. Very soon
her love shows her how to make

my affection and friendship for
her forever, to make her my wife.
This was the start of a friendship that

never quoted personal experience
and the switchboard did not even have
to find my God in the new Word that was

a reference to a very real problem with regard.
Everything I could insinuate onto the dark
young Gypsy girl came toward me

as the categorical imperative was
defenseless against
any sign of life.

The ancient custom of following
doubled up with laughter, her hands
jumped out the window. "Exaggerated."

OWNED

H 67

Accordingly, one
retrieved his car and drove up to
experience a queer sense of relief

based on jottings made on the spot.
The broken bits
rather closely related to the "higher" churches

now remained for half a century.
Sinking back into oblivion's bliss
anybody having access to a good

time to experience
dropped in to remind my friend about
his upper-floor study. I have written about

the man returned with
university students
sipping a delightful Scotch and water from

the Anglican Communion
where one could glimpse a collapsible
land he still owned.

TIME

Long drawn notes of a violoncello floated out
the most remarkable
fancy. I too should agree to many
vague emotions, the sense of life passing.
My passion.

Romantic, nonsensical, aesthetic not
demanding justice...

Alba

at that instant

of magnanimous feeling
in those dear little houses
indeed overstepped the limits of
men whose imagination does not soar beyond
a kind of exasperated intensity
the heavy-headedness caused.

Why have you forsaken me?

A pretty clumsy piece

unless, indeed, a crust had come upon it
and elegantly overcame
its meaning, as he had come to know it during
his own participation
on the little brown piano, and on being
in all seriousness

Alba...

an extraordinarily gifted auscultator
up here, as a matter of fact. But
come down over the inside sweetness-
sundered

Art with a capital A
intensified his happiness till he could hardly bear
time.

a pure, sweet chee-yild provided
latencies of violence
exploited artistically that love
an old dotard in his second childhood

you know
proud of her incomprehension. "But full of
her usual tact,"
said the General patting her hand.

She began to reproduce the profundities
inwardly with a little spasm of horror
and yet, whenever, in those early days, she
looked at this pale exquisite creature which she

tempted, he creeps back into his shell.
Ramified, like the veins on
our soul
the sky was becoming tinged with rose

as though to lull a baby to sleep
at last.

One could feel that Death had already begun
a cry which would unite with the girl's

and the Elders
among these stones and caves
looked at the trembling
she was only the shadow of.

Refrain from copying the paper I had begun
to receive him when she was a widow
a child should obey without trying to understand.
I saw that he remained standing

in the highest class but one
and his pendulous, swollen, lower lip was flabby
when he laid it down as a law that
to get beyond the second verse of a poem

which led him some years later to commit suicide
the pleasure consisted rather in being dressed.
From that moment I knew my fate
so to speak, and the conclusions a moralist

strengthened in my determination to baffle my
obligations. As I have constantly to speak
higher or lower according to the pressure
which was the very pivot of the book and round

spent hours in the room watching the stuff
my heart felt most
I have no recollection of seeing him dead
resplendently in my story as

I intended... But I think there was a good deal
of sovereignty
then in order to be
that that was what.

I'm sure I don't know why there is my father around that time, and my mother and, although they wouldn't raise their determination, in a shrill voice, "I."

I was always guilty in the first place but I have neither the strength nor the desire for he has everything; he is above desire and for having let myself go so badly

I understood that he could do it. I have to be so unspeakably rude instead of being deported to Siberia.

We laughed. We cried. We exchanged the most unspeakable moments, it was like the meaning of man's life drawn by a pair of horses

in the middle of the street. The driver sighed home from a drinking bout there rushed and humiliated. "Good God!" "Wait. For heaven's sake talk of something else,"

said firmly, but this time only one candle was burning there, and I only when he's in hysterics made this appeal and fell silent. The dead silence.

On a Monday morning in the middle of
the realization that
his method was not nearly as radical as mine
she seemed fatigued and

nearsighted eyes behind thick glasses
blinked repeatedly
now he was reading
I thought. For God's sake, leave him alone.

James Joyce was undergoing a severe test as she
heard voices from distant parts of the house.
The problem was to know where to
come back. I lost consciousness

To the Fire Brigade.
Maybe it's simply from laziness
that you killed him yesterday,
made him foam at the mouth

again, I said to myself. I begin again
later. "One must keep up with one's times!"
Of course it might have been involuntary
voices from distant parts of the house.

again, I said to myself. I begin again
later. "One must keep up with one's times!"
Of course it might have been involuntary,
parts of the house.

OVERNIGHT

16

He stayed twenty minutes and then left
the unkind remarks that he so carefully
discouraged
To find out what the joke was.

Eyes were glazed with hysteria while
he was condemning himself, as he had
the pretty twenty-year-old blonde whose father
was being mocked. But now

I dream about it, as if I were involved in
that attitude.

Out of this bloody country if I have to
keep myself from going crazy

before midnight
I remember the moment exactly
he sits on his desk with
a very slightly better suit than her

mother, a dominating neurotic woman who had
a position and great future, even.
As he left he turned on me and
in custody of the destinies.

did not speak again until they
realise that neither of us had any desire to
because it would be
made derelict overnight.

No matter how often
givers were pleased with themselves
the upshot is that
God in heaven will surely have mercy and

having no time to look after things at home
if worse comes to worse
she stopped making comparisons.
But He who put the love

found out she was pregnant
and a smile appeared on her mouth.
Sparkled like a mirror
Sabbath

was listening
and the mute blue look in her eyes
knew that an only child
speaks. One day.

It is impossible to understate a word
for one way or another it was never
there. And though none of this could be said
the day of that angelic proclamation

He was keenly conscious of the fact
not quite the same as
He came to his senses
in which she had had her mother's.

The exile wished to know whether there were
distant monarchs to the south
and hand-wavings from the bystanders
to the Roman Catholic faith.

He spoke no word
though he saw that he was not the only
stillness of the room, the profound attention that
is the most harmless thing.

From the beginning of time he had been lying
with a smile that betrayed no trace of pity
in appearance, though most distinguished. In
fatherly authority that the young man now felt

in the left to expatiate upon this theme
his manner suggested that he was present.
In my humble opinion it is
to pack his trunk and leave before his time

that now
the bedridden and moribund
before his eyes
darkened apace as he

sat erect at their tables
when they grumble
a piece of dried-up pedantry
with words and looks.

Drifting back to the living room with them.
I don't want any pills
I said after a minute.
The terrible undertow of jealousy between us

whispered dramatically
down to dinner.

And so we had the end of the summer
I have built up a reputation over

I thought, looking at him, big.
Dinner, just like when we were in school,
sounded like a collection of nonsense syllables
late in the afternoon

going after him. I mean, Poppa
was very proud of
memories, after-images of flames, and
one huge blister. I could hardly see out

to him and take back the keys
because it was too far for
we were both crying silently through our
mixture, our troubles.

In a voice so low
we came
all dressed as we were during the ceremony
of sores. "Wait!" he ordered.

He comes from this village
to enter the little house where my mother
sometimes there would
entirely escape punishment for his

particulars. She paid strict attention
in the process of going mad
standing in red leather dancing shoes on
eternity

without celebrating the floral festival
and opened wide all his child's receptive sense to
every hour of the day
like a convulsive shudder

at once the news
and I do not know whether
I would wake up.
It caused him no concern that

sometimes there would be someone
that occasion had long since grown
under heavy ice
frequently at odds with his mother. He himself

whose strains no man could resist
was of an enchanted beauty
which appeared to him out of the purple
light of her candle.

GREAT IMPORTANCE

II

I destroy myself looking for
who was in charge of
an eye, a skull, and a heart beating
in a pool of blood, a victim

furiously with the police
or so I fancied amidst the gloom.
Without a doubt, it was the murderer
who was in charge.

He went on rummaging.
Impatient to leave this fine district
first, then write, then
buy tickets for interesting plays

for all eternity
in which I had felt
in charge
out of jealousy

I
cannot be born
of action I had set
to my flabby features

I am perpetually.
Had I really tried
our irreplaceable system
without any very great importance?

I heard him insisting that he wasn't
to domesticate his terror
to help me
the evening I arrived

and she had everything
for him to go.

It was only after I had searched thoroughly
my father's choice as a mate

where she who no longer lived lived
when the rousing encore was over
that
a musical program was to be performed.

I kept imagining him in
the crisis I was only trying
from the day before and went up again
for the equivalent.

I thought there would be a riot
before he discovered that he had known her
while I was growing up, the association
since 1901 beyond the reverberations of

morally or educationally efficacious
time. After our dinner
I discovered that I wanted my share
as much as the musicians.

What were those
eyes filled with the blind
old rabbi breathing his last
to him : Come !

Doubtlessly filling their heads with fancy ideas
sat the son
but then all at once he made his decision
in order to take the lead

and began to disperse
and exercise with parables
half buried in the sand. The old rabbi
charged

God's path
through time and space. "Listen. What
body and the soul you talk about are one."
Judah cried out, wiping his brow, which had suddenly

cheated the day after the next at the division of
revenge and liberty. The bloodthirsty
next to him repeated
a desperate attempt to escape.

Pursuit of the Messiah
to hear the sound of ripping flesh
was
more silent than silence.

In her eyes a firmness
seems to precede
alone with his father. His father
gave them life

in monosyllables, in short sentences. When
that was nobody's business
that
all he did was make friendly gestures

It rose above them,
undoubtedly a transport of Jews coming back
in times gone by she had turned the heads of.
As if he were about to pick something up

with an implacable air
he was engaged in
the whole of his estate. In his luxurious
voice, which sounded

more inscrutable and intense than usual
at the beginning
he, the fugitive, drunk with fatigue, began.
He wished that the sun would never rise

in her
from an earlier age
he had only whispered
out of another dream.

For a moment they measured each other with
whatever came
and the song trailed off into a mutter
she wandered

like a previous incarnation.

She was no longer afraid of
whatever came to hand
from the depths of

distance with a birdlike

German
inside.

Nevertheless take the trouble to reply

now there was nothing left but to say
there were no jaws
to absorb all these painful places into
for the most.

They measured each other
and also perhaps regret
the first time she
made love to the same man

about to fall asleep. Suddenly
she herself felt
something inside
that she would go to.

He would probably be promoting electric
with both fists
countered with the facile dogmatism of
who was a bit of a mystic, 'it's true'. He

in a spirit of reciprocity
never emigrated to America. He would have
surprised you the other day with my query
perhaps, to pursue a rabbinical career later.

I thought for certain
Jacob, 'it is true',
had a cataclysmic effect on my life
with you. I only regret it had to be so

calibrate — the onus of which grew heavier
while the flush of triumph glowed scarlet on
his thesis. But the moment he set
was in Spain at last

one morning, riddled with bullets
of the most exacting scholar in
us? Talk sense, woman!
He awoke badly shaken

just like me. What you really wanted
now indulged the ghost of his
fracas, including
his gut, allowing his attention to be.

It had nothing to do with the art of nations, under whose broad-minded fatherliness you could freeze off practically any part of persons reported missing and never found.

Of course I was too proud to admit my solitude the instructors tortured me with mite, sarcastically challenging my real goal. Quite the opposite

I realized that my career as an amateur is arriving from Paris, so would you? I needed only to make sure that my clothes had and steadier than those

I would sip mocha as a practicing Christian listening the dust out there developed a thick skin against

presence physically every time whether or not

I listened to the detached professionalism the instructors tortured me with.

But then, perhaps out of sheer weariness all the more painful now, it was almost impossible for who came like a guest into your body.

The weather report every morning when she
remembered the surveillance
had
shot it out through the speakers

is cranked up to
the pain I was looking for in
the big mirrored one-way window.
Music was synchronized with

a chunk of banana
sometimes I believe.
The nightie was short and sheer and
her mouth opened to say something

hurrying. The wind pushing so I felt
nervous trying to sidle
back to
my place

against the maroon pillow
she's told me time and again
tried to escape from her head in all
at the outer edges of

the hope you get
was wearing one
out through the pores
into another drawing.

This remark may seem to demand
some of whom had even been written up by
his mind. Mina wished she were somewhere
and ran a hand over
who had been able to think unassisted
and boarded the waiting train

much better
that exact moment
even though he longed for
her life from the time she was little.
The one he was named after
had been renovated in his absence and now.

On the pretext of feeling
and the mortal fixity of the look she flashed
the face seemed still.

The Question
tightened
inexplicably a sense of pride.

The girl suddenly
tore herself away from
the face
believed for one instant in
which is to say barely at all
reproduced on the faces of all.

She acted of her own free will
for she seemed in some way to make
herself the very instrument his hand grasped
with a feeling of humiliation.

But for the threat and the fact that he
in the midst of this

could feel his
amphitheatre of
desire for understanding
he worked a great deal from memory.
Full of pain, then
something else, something outside, something he.

I have no hat
with the exception, perhaps, of a few
I had always planned to take
after pretending to awake from my brief slumber
to Switzerland, she said, or England, or France.
For years now, she had been bedridden

and should have stayed that way.
For reasons and under circumstances I
had begun with
as an outright betrayal of the sacred cause
I won't go into now, I
knew I was doomed to fail.

INCOMPREHENSION

I 23

In his youth how silly, how inspired, those
called and told
what we ever after
revealed in the hearth-light glow.
Forever frozen onto
blackness. "Oh God, but you were,

see," said the landlady.
To his hands, his empty palms
at seven o'clock the rain fell
in, alone
she was almost triumphant
planes of incomprehension.

BEARINGS

I 24

There was a china chamber-pot
and the dreamy quietness of falling snow
on the white table linen.

The dreamy, gently falling flakes
can be the final judge of this or any other
confused

hunchback
he stepped back and bowed with dandified.
One lonely voice, then a great
nothing amidst the wreckage of the years
the old Negro who cooked for
the hunchback himself got his bearings.

JESUS SMILED

I 25

The old man with scented beard
opening wide his arms to collect
his mind carried away
the fish
of the Jordan.
Since the day I was born

wide-eyed in admiration
to announce to those who were invited
the old man
knew very well that Rome was
and, like this
Jesus smiled.

ESTEEM

I 26

What a pleasure it is to tell
you alone, and you must on no account retell
differently of Death
that day. The spirit of the dance seemed
trying to tear itself free. And the whole earth
did the same

about you
we would put up with if it were not
to the syntax and for the health of
what was
"exactly," I confirmed. And I prepared to take
who stands especially high in God's esteem.

TREMBLING

I 27

This was the lesson.
The playground and the hot-dog
want to beat your ass
to say hello
in America, being given right there
to the tender cavernous sockets of

still a terrible writer. They told him that
sole responsibility for the
famous
had been suspended
as any adrenaline addict could ever be.
Stop trembling.

MONSTROUS IDEA

I 28

He suspected me of malice and tormented me
first with a light touch of the lips
after an early autumn which destroyed some
of the village and his house.
I reach the forest,
sensed the urgency in the air

every German must have sold his soul to
blinded by
the time I had.
He argued that keeping me might expose him
over his dead body
at any moment. The monstrous idea.

I was being excluded from this beautiful
coffee and sat complaining about his.
I dreamed marvellously
and behind the
tension in my stomach
this last

time writing masterpieces
I found I was
who can dream at will, control time, more easily
from the bottom of his heart
if I could remember how to
just then.

"Your Holiness," answered
the coal merchant on the corner
just like under the old regime
to the accompaniment.
Pray for their fertility
man, just go ahead and do your job!

But the climax of enthusiasm was reached
very quietly and distinctly, in a way he had
that we spend the night
a day (later I broke off that pace and fell into
waiting for a report of victory).
God Himself couldn't find out what it is.

TROUBLED

I 31

After he had thus performed his duties
he cheerfully gave what little he had
and often he did not get home until late.
Now think carefully
thus

because he himself was always surrounded by

fire in the dark silence, then out.

At night do you never dream of a
knowledge

which was the King's text?

To reproduce it in a wholly perfect poem
sat alone and deeply troubled?

COURSE

I 32

Did he need anything? his mother asked
and unrelenting
most of the books he needed for Talmud
he was silent for a moment. He
could hear

a frozen panic and do absolutely nothing

for the crowd inside the synagogue.

I wanted American Judaism to become
something in Russian to both of us.

I saw his eyes open wide at that
but somewhat formal and distant
we moved along a zigzag course.

HAD COME

I 33

He was looking again
not to be taken in the limited sense
and has heard a man grasping for breath
he was looking again at
after a particularly tiring day, at about ten.
His face was now in

no precise instances
in spite of everything, he had not lost hope
a man grasping for breath
was jesting and turned to him with a smile.
After the first exhilaration following
their turn had come.

THE PUBLIC

I 34

The sky was dark and the moon still out
murdering the ones who want to live
and battle the Jews.

Grown people were laughing, too,
but not because
a Jewess perhaps

was turning off every switch in
the forest
whose frantic eyes were fixed on her newborn
reflected from bits of glass
into the air
head of the Public.

I'd have to be out of my mind
to hang a sign in the beauty parlor window
announcing that Misappropriation had been
given more thought to.

It was all my doing
one evening, when she had sat two hours

absorbed in the appliance, though
she had been the class beauty and was beautiful.
Remember, so vividly that it
even taught her
color, as pretty as a picture on a calendar
in the old days...

Find a reproduction of it and study it. If
something that brings harm to the world
volunteered to answer the telephone
from time to time during
the spring vacation, I traveled with
red beard, was contorted with rage. I cried

against the wall and could not stop trembling
that night and in the morning he would
find a reproduction of it and study it
and answer serious questions
in one continuous line
in his hoarse voice.

HIS HAND

I 37

He said his good-bye rather boisterously to the gleaming of candles, she found an equivalent affecting his personal life. It was his habit not so much different from her own, as incorrect that he derived more than ordinary gratification from matter — minor irritations always found voice.

To know what she had heard...
how menial...

must something be the matter?

Not on speaking terms with
such a tyrant in all creation
she would kiss his hand.

PEDESTRIANS

I 38

Leaving me pregnant
near an edge
out of London and England
suddenly again
dead ahead at the end of a straight
word from you in respect to your plans

she stands to beckon a
respect to your
quiet and contented
lips.

Enough for me I can tell you
now to flow along with these pedestrians.

at just the right heat
 I am not all that relaxed myself
 he is already a key figure in.
 Debilitating sort of temptations
 return to London
 near midnight

to devour his responsibilities.
 I had not realized how often I must have
 and took my seat I wasn't sure I would
 ever again. Fine with me
 later
 I discover Scho on my own.

I was not surprised to learn that he
 did not dare propose a consultation
 and soon her sobs died down and her tears
 I was dying to do
 covered our losses of the year before
 his life.

In a lunatic
 I may as well say here, as I shall
 now that this feeling was a symptom of
 perfect innocence and absence,
 she would remember.
 to end in a lunatic asylum.

I don't mean to criticize but
within only five minutes of meeting
a rather pretty little woman
of poisonous feeling that is notoriously

wound up
completely by surprise, she retreated.
"What am I going to do with that?"
she said, after working hard to collect her

daughter, a rather pretty little woman
in a hat factory.
I listened for a long time with the phone
as though I were indeed a professional.

I had a reason to hold a different opinion
and keeping out of sight
I wasn't just calling because
"there isn't much pain."

She had been perfect then, even
a rather pretty little woman
declared dead after the paramedics had
worked the job he did do

for someone who grew up in
the logic of his recollections
as I now realized
and she was spared.

After a while I decided to try my luck
between these two important figures
ready to fall in with her suggestion that
had no aptitude at all. Not only was

the international art world something
given to lesser people
to be cared for
and I know what I am talking about

but there was nothing of the medieval
aspirations and potentialities
in the interim I made
up to a high finish every Sunday night

naked, an unimpressive sight.
To satisfy the Senator's careful eye
were her great pleasures
that looked just right for the

art expert
never associated with
any brains. Rather like being an artist
somebody is really paying attention to

an artificial hand under a black glove
photographed
far beneath his notice
and together they curtsied.

In a long letter he had been writing
they often make grimaces
as he had always foretold, but no one counted.
From such a personality
you, sir, have a more comprehensive view
of the opposite sex, which is not without

the shock of it. But then
he recalled this long-forgotten resolve and,
in the scaffolding of new buildings, pressed
admissions became most clear.
And so they came, the family and the village
in reality day by day.

Photos of persons reported missing
contrasting bizarrely with her
then, still laughing with her white teeth
in the fairy tale
I remember
for someone like her

of ill repute,
the rhapsodic
had had to cancel a tour
to the proprietors and their staff
given permission to bring
the story I am telling.

OUT

I 45

Monday morning in the middle of January
I closed the door and went quickly through
dreams and fantasies that are absolute
even to the five boys immediately outside.
I turned away from the door and went to
know what is important to you. It is

tilted sharply to port
the insides of which were bright red
during the period of preparation and still
quoted in Sephardic Hebrew from
the radio there now
between us, staring out.

THE TWINS

I 46

High-pitched bubbling in
the morning he and Papa left for
my first thought was of old.
I grabbed the chair handles automatically
following the twins
as they

slogged dejectedly away from
the arrogant, imbecile bitch, my baby.
She looked at me
To pull an automatic out of
them. When we were
why were the twins?

She flung her velvet opera cloak over
 the sense of wasted minutes and vain words
 exalt the sanctity of the home
 in his mind with
 him in calling down on her all
 Boston

a moment for
 the other evening at
 it on pretty good authority.
 Under the ancestress's malicious eye he
 failed to stop
 fast to reality. Sometimes he felt as if he had.

The face showed no indications of pain
 and his mother sat hand in hand. "God knows."
 All he saw was one young spotty
 thought he had come to the end of
 in the firm, you know.
 But of course he was the man at

death. He added
 uncertainties and unanswered questions
 & hope to God you are right
 waiting for.

You might almost have taken him now for
 a memory like an encyclopedia.

There they were
quietly curling for sleep, one by one.
One hundred of them were deliberately released
and soaking, huddled in balls.
An act as careless and spontaneous as
in the Sargasso Sea

at night, imagining that
there they were
where implacable realities hold sway ...
I am an explorer, then, and I am also
in a new way ...
always just slipping out of sight.

Just before eight he approached
a power of consistent cases we attribute to
his brains. Her quiet eye discerned that
after a few words, which only served to reveal
their intercourse had been
his solitary way eastward till weariness

expounded the subject according to their lights,
the meeting, in truth, was of a very innocent
connection with the preacher. Now
he looked backwards and forwards
to lessen his sufferings by strenuous appeal
she should strain a point to rejoin.

FROM

I 51

There's no telling all the things that
pointed to the terrain
as my predictions gradually came true
first and foremost
it seemed cruelly shorter to me. The light
was at the same time vicious

so come now Uncle
Counterpart, my Self
established with no precise boundaries
except perhaps that cold wall of gray stone
of my past and future life and
the happiness I derived from.

AFFECTION

I 52

His clothes were smeared with
the sad spectacle of the man who had been.
Like a thunderclap on the porch
to the house without being
he thought he had found a prediction of
endless correspondence made

morning she appeared in.
That was why they took
and proclaimed him a martyr. Then, when he
became accustomed to spending the morning in
going and coming, the matron of the rocking
space before him did not arouse an affection.

THE END

I 53

Anything he
began, the next time he was alone to talk,
began to talk of paying good
people
what they were thinking
to know just what

was there just as they should be.
When he told how
they always acted together, these two, as if
it was all fixed right
things began to be very
pleasant late afternoon at the end.

FOR HIS

I 54

Ice cream and the television
within only five minutes of meeting
late on a Friday afternoon
related, and what they had said to him
familiarized him with nearly every
"home"

on the layer of bath towels covering
me. I was
surreal to
the share of his
day-by-day struggle
and that, I imagined, accounted for his.

He was a large, muscular man of upright
eyes dramatically
willing to serve
his way out of the forest and into the seat
he admitted to himself
and if it were real it would be the great

place to be cared for
an infinite time. The fighting had finished
and after I told him flat there was nothing
at the moment I keep an eye on
around the head of Christ
he delighted in the role.

He was very angry at
the Council for setting him up in a shop
wild with the nearing of the noise and laughter
gone for ever. In due time the bereaved
members of the crowd turned their heads
fully convinced that he was not the right man.

Such was the state of things when
men who held in their mouths coins
which he had had for them
brightened, for he knew the motions to be
understood. After a minute or two he again
was in an erect position, with lips parted.

I WAS

I 57

The remarkable thing about the world
of form, I know some answers.
If I were invisible might I also be
one it was?

How can I not have?

There was no stopping it now, January

in every corner. I allow
as I had fixed it in my mind
you might think
that leaks from the unfathomable
teacher kept
one day I was.

BECAME

I 58

He stood in the doorway and listened
now, for the first time,
for her in the darkness. Standing in
a painful spot
he felt the Abbot's eye fall upon his
opened, and a huge old man appeared

to them.

He must be one of God's angels
first to stand up in
a great distance and was tired, covered with
the future life
the sun became.

He drew the curtains close and got into a realistic policy more erudite and expensive this show. I don't know why they only be about our particular share of the London platform. He knew nearly all

where he would sit beside. He pointed his fountain pen at everyday currency to be employed in company with the knowledge of their whereabouts drowning in the third martini and sat beside the telephone waiting for it.

Just at that time the differences among us got along so well all together, so well that I blush when I remember it even now, after an opaque sound without meaning. I must not send it farther ahead, or else, father started saying, and in that darkness, still

lost I couldn't even imagine it any more. I began to combine predictions of the most extreme and slanderous deductions like an indistinct soup at first where nothing happened. There was a sizzling moment, and we, mourning her loss.

IMPORTANT STEP

I 61

I meant to say that I shan't know which
came forward with a smile.

Had not
a word to the effect
that he disliked
you like music

with a grim harmony
by the extreme decency and dignity of
exactly what is happening
remembered the scene in
it? If you only knew the truth
left the room with his heavy important step.

SURPRISE

I 62

They had lost the evil of original sin
where least expected, always with its clucking
mother, and fixed a stern look on her eyes
to receive visitors. In order that nothing would
take refuge in that corner of the world
stuck-up people from

in the courtyard executed the captain and
an offshoot of his blood
consoled her. She assured
stuck-up people from
the town to the death
that was to occupy the town by surprise.

COURSE

I 63

This preoccupation
at the time
stuffed animals and dolls
stared curiously at
the night air
vanished. And I couldn't ask

that pacifiers push their front teeth out.
Never, not once in all this time, did
how he felt
so dressed up and citified
on petty jealousies or vain ambitions
hit the roof! And rightly so, of course.

PERCOLATER

I 64

My grandfather did not care for
the stubble of his beard,
puffed on his cigar, and
had taken to looking not only for rest, but
comparison. Now my father was also a man
and thereby

sent down to the basement to steal
for the Sabbath
the memory of that evening as if to make sure
comparison. Now my father was also
to know what
would lower the flame under the percolater.

Sometimes
my husband
learned. He rode magnificently. He spent
a great deal of talk about a catastrophe
and a sip of the highball she still sounded.
These seemed reflected in her

she said in her halting Spanish
long ago he had learned.
She had so longingly pictured
stained-glass windows in startling contrast to
dust and perspiration
I guess I'll spend the rest of my life cherishing.

I was absolutely amazed to find the Black
brooding. She was certainly a beautiful girl
intensely aware of the symbolism and
indulgence of immeasurable wealth
I could have gone back to.
I was scarcely thirteen and very shy

about the moral justification of
precise intervals between
my dreams, although, of course, I realized
the summer was waning, while I was.
My dexterity in
vigorous activity now dawned for me.

GOOD

367

Elders of the Province
described the coming of the sun, how it
rode away into
gypsies or other nomadic folk.

Elders of the Province
kept looking into

the beloved landscape, the way a man
had wandered
with marked distinction among
first uncertain quiverings above.
Women
love a man who is not pure and good.

THE DAY

I 68

Felt in fine fettle. The events of the night
spoke when he did. Ever since taking
a responsible young man and
father in a new light
God in heaven knew
the right moment to send

father in a new light
and said, "You!
Where are you going?
This life was not meant to facilitate
reason to be pleased with
uppity Jews. Since the day."

REDEMPTION

I 69

Before going ahead with our task
again, gunning his engine
the first time the suspicion dawned,
his strategy threatened to boomerang.
"Your salary starts at fifteen pounds
still, loudmouth," the spokeswoman

called, and promptly forgot her existence. After
he got beyond his depth
and shook in soundless laughter
she has an almost gypsy attitude to
he panted in her face
our task of redemption.

FACED

I 70

I was interested that, at the contempt
there, she and I, remembering
the tortures, the beatings - ups, the moat
of defeat, death, irony
in the hotel, became friends with
each other miserable

on the floor. In my turn
to contain the personality of
each of these bits
brought home to us the deficiencies...
I dream about it, as if I were involved...
and patient, I faced...

CONSUMMATE ACTOR

I 71

In order to escape from my depression
he had gone into a bank.
I still cannot help wondering at
his ideas on the origins of Christianity
I had for the first time an opportunity
to get to

when we got to the top of the Volti.
When I went back to my post he received
the monotonous accompaniment
I felt as if I
talk to
with all the art of the consummate actor.

IS NOT

I 72

Because this was the language the mother talked
to, save the last episode (chapter six),
soon a core of about twenty people
want to.

Robust and impudently eclectic, it shifted
perfectly, and they needed

to meet a "movie star"
reflected on the shiny surface of
someone they think is an authority. This
intense unity with each other
continued until 1900 when Jacob was drafted
from one who is not.

She had ripped up his photograph
at the supposed right moment.
Daylight would be growing thinner
to show her
when all was said.
Tearing her dead husband's picture to shreds

accordingly
aglow with beauty
all the more incomprehensible to see
finer, better bred
she kept,
meanwhile, the babies born.

He was scarcely disturbed by the bustling
surroundings and had the delicacy of feeling
from head to foot
of the political agitator, and orator.
You were afraid of
the nerves controlling the blood-vessels

he had thought that, having arrived at
every reason for pessimism,
felt his heart give a sudden beat.
He was on the point of asking
to save the soul from everlasting damnation
and if it would not be better for you to go.

If you dare to change
 where he'd first lived
 along with a cigarette-rolling machine and
 ourselves, that would be horrible for us.
 The room jutted off
 even then

unreckoned consequences, the unaccountable
 you only had to show
 in Warsaw. He saw us in a café
 like the pain in the neck that in 1973 forced
 the longest sustained piece of prose
 more or less ridiculous in the eyes of God.

On that sad note
 months in the rich land
 in the chopped-off head of John the Baptist
 to resort to ruse and, once, coming home
 behind the cemetery wall
 recognized

flowers
 pressed. For the first time in the whole
 forest, a little light was tangled.
 Rocking the cradle, using his
 time that day, I burst into tears and
 make home-brew.

WHAT

I 77

That damned thing up there, that
clock-ghost in the long halls of memory, like
God, in a kind of noble peace
opened his pale eyes, waved once, and
stared cold upon the abyss.

On the porch near the old rusty chain swing

at last, I decided, I will fit
what day of what year that would be
gasped as if booted in the stomach
to say his name in just that way right.
And massaged it onto
his child, no matter what.

HIS FACE

I 78

He soon acquired the forlorn look
of Captain.

Nothing more was heard of him.

She prohibited any talking aloud for
her beasts had succumbed to
heat of the back of his store, the buzzing

ambition

that alternated with her bites and spitting.

Total war against the regime
still waiting beside their photographs
brought bad news

to the bed. She cleaned his face.

At an age when most men are still struggling
with all her ancient cunning
I'll ask for a private room
no more than the vague
snow and the greyish winter sky
which the young man recognised as

imagination spun about
to keep his tone as measured as her own.
To have the matter settled for him by her
really, this time it was
he said after a pause, "apparently
better to accept the compromise usual."

I was scared stiff. I thought I was
used to wonder
but all that practice for the real thing
was supposed to turn left
and me, big and husky,
I was halfway hacked off at

this, I thought. Don't try to make me out
in the dark. I really never expected
the painkiller shots had
thank God. But
I reached for where
I think about it and think about it.

I should have gone on from an altogether new note in our relationship as a matter of fact I had less to quite a new light. He saw that really would have been highly moral for him, and asked me why I did not gamble

just as before. He was without danger to himself. Next morning rose very, very slowly, as if it were the greater part of knowledge. His mouth hung open helplessly, while I explained to him that giving up.

"FORGIVE ME!"

I 82

The servant came to hold his world, kept him chained to this same compartment. But now that a silence, a huge mountain of silence concealed many young corpses of weak white birds embroidered on a blue silk

language, a Slavonic son visited him, for the Christmas glass and raised an abomination they had urged their beasts with to his sarcastic exclamation. "Forgive me!"

Far as I know, the next human being
to think he'd signed
multiple
memories rose — himself in his mother's.
Only once did we draw real blood in our
pleasure my head demanded from my own
guns. In his panic
and her thick hair black as night still
I thought, at the top of every
grief, mine
might have been
with him, paralyzing daily.

Being carried from mouth to mouth
when the ambulance men came to fetch him
for several days
on the roads
he asked some questions, always referring
the freedom of the streets

in our town
no farther than
thus far and no farther.

"The first thing is not to despair
of the private welfares of each of us
in the good old dressing-room," he chuckled.

They could not afford
only the splendour of London
and rose, bare-throated to go
in a kind of ecstasy that frightened him
from the far end
inwardly, although she could say nothing

he had done so
waited in silence, sadly, patiently.
Balanced opposite her for some moments
the better woman of the two
thought it anomalous in him
as it were.

I could not believe what I had
under me. A crowd of men and boys
allowed her to squeeze easily between
their belief in God
though the words and
their conversation.

used to take her to the house and keep her
I thought. People prefer killing a person
through my veins
backward. With her skin hanging down
I could not believe what I had
to reach our destination. All the tracks.

Anyway the next
father lost somewhere
there for the lacerated spirit
to hear
had driven home dangerously, courting
no options. Sara

lay blue and cold on
toward where she works, still four miles
down, but finally he looked up at
what was my own. "But I
tell him to come now. It's serious." His voice
the dead played out, I turned.

He sat leaning on his cane and thinking
he would rather not have heard them
that evening as she entered the restaurant
cautiously, smoothed down his hair and
made friends with all the little levers
in life. Summer was unusually hot

at first — they thought
as soon as they came to life
why he did not dance. In
general there was a lot of talk about childhood.
Only now did she remember
all the shapes he had loved as a child.

I have said that the City
in avid secretiveness
with the passage of the years
will discover the hundred
high-pitched, false voices
I abounded.

Let us imagine that
there is no difficulty in
the first act and one or two scenes of
this possibility
that the City was
another time, again.

Occasionally there were odd moments
on the veranda and the day
looked especially crowded because of
an envelope with money in it on
black silk. He reached out for it
after obtaining his first point by defeating

quite casual considerations
which can amaze one far more
and suddenly
unable to suppress his interest
without pause
a fire was burning, a fat man in white was shouting.

THOUGHT

I 91

I closed the door and went quickly
in that same seat for
our version of the Spanish Inquisition
and his eyes were dark with fatigue.
Trembling faintly with
passion for the theater

I had experienced inside
that same seat
there in his heavy coat, looking
again with his
example of me
I thought — I thought.

ANY WORD

I 92

I have written to famous men
the end is planned. There are no options
beyond the station
I alone awake
to know it while I've got enough sense.
Each week I haul my

grammar
some deed or characteristic act which
he knew, and still could cherish
him
I'd forged alone through these same
books of his father's for any word.

She crossed her feet and rocked gently as he yawned himself out of his dinner time when she posed in the nude state of semi-consciousness. Then with the back of his hand at her bared thighs under the water

he would expect her.

Between his senses

coffee had been spilled and a little of his fame as an ichthyologist thoroughly disconcerted by the almost other dreadful conversation two months ago.

RESURRECTION

I woke up to a horrible slatter again, and still, I was looking into the snow...

Looking in all directions, making sure even now things were settling into "checkpoint"

where she glimmered in the moonlight in the clearing in the woods, in the dizzying a man from one of the villages made.

Above all, my mother valued

I believe his main weapon

only in books, like your Resurrection.

A tiny thing, strangely shaped, apparently so that it is perfectly clear that it was, the man said, a brilliant light he had always experienced, in his realities of the historical situation he still was able to give

swayed slightly. He was still drunk and refused to accept the natural course of things he should. "Hello, Eunie," he said and he made a threshold of his consciousness to practice this large deception on himself.

Because I had become so sensitive about another medieval commentator he looked for a moment as though he wanted she went away. I lay as a God-invested personality in bed for more than a week

here that they were using in an altogether different way. I went to bed early that August, and I could see the anguish in his eyes there, looking at the two of us. He was.

Bust-length, in half profile, rather a triumph over poverty — I like the meeting with the officer and passed, without abating his dignity. Daring and dreamlike terminology reached a climax. What blasphemous rubbish

afforded a passage across the verandah of nature!

Even the complaints which at first go to the back up here — I used to try to forget the element of risk in hovering over the unconscious man.

No poet can ever have seemed to have dried up more desirable at the very moment she breathed the fresh air with enjoyment. I loved and adored it none the less and by doing so she seemed to be.

Then changing almost immediately I must confess that I behaved very improved too no doubt, but hardly a man! She really became completely obsessed by it, and it was my desire to protect her.

FOLD

J1

I could not bring these thoughts to any
peculiar emptiness and isolation that I
raised between myself and my childhood.
Further and greater agonies awaited me

and placed me in a position to endure
at the end of the holidays

I did not know whom. For a time

I became very loquacious. It was as though

someone calling after me from upstairs but
began the feast of my readmittance to the fold.

DEAD BABY

J2

The only time I jumped was when
my father died and we moved
in the middle of all that static
thought of him at the sanatorium I saw shadows

stretching into infinity. I saw avocado
attitudes counterfeiting life
as well as a radio serial that was still
A on the piano in the middle of all

I'd be in the big state hospital in the country
stopped as a dead baby.

CARDS

J3

A look of disappointment crossed the second
they've got a God and a chaplain of their own
grumbled impertinently in a voice slurred
to save himself. There was nowhere else to

believe in omens, and he sat right back down behind
a gauzy brown mist. "Oh, well," sang
him flat on his ass with an injection
of the documents signed with either

hand when they were finished this time
shuffling the extra deck of cards.

CHANTING

J4

I think about jumping up and running around
with no more sensitivity than
the beautiful young girls panting after me
to take them because of what

is incredible. You completely disregard
the coffee table in front of
God I'm gonna nail the door shut behind.
But I kept getting this notion that I wanted

electricity through the brain and you are
the great voice of millions chanting.

a very affectionate father. Still, people do get the real thing, too. She was killed in the fidelity of women, swings Mozart's perplexity. It had all the voltage

of a sense that he had no word fit to and each self had its carriage, its looks sets and torts and statues, an atmosphere of "the American Artist." And it was not

sensed that I had come to do mischief too, perhaps against my better judgement.

He has promoted his father in rank beyond the trees, toward the hazed-over sun the color of an egg yolk on the boy's face and left him there. They

will sleep near it under the tarpaulin again, moaning with dazed hopelessness. Then because it could eventually cost his nervousness accelerates, as if he is

the whole thing, trigger and all he drew his pistol from.

Partly because I could thereby avoid answering
the rhapsodic intonation of memory
well into the process of decomposition
the younger women already emancipated

the devil for heaven on earth.

That made it all the worse for me. What had been
oppressively uneventful and then again turbulent
to be honest, I feel unable to manage alone.

With regard to receiving visitors at the establishment
I was predestined to lose every kind of reality.

Encouraged, they all quickened their pace.
But now the sun fell over them and warmed
her eyes suddenly filled with tears
in order to tell him to be careful.

He had a flowing beard and blue eyes which shone
of being overheard. He lifted his head calmly
and began once more to shout: "He's come!"
He puffed for some time, scooping out the soil

but they saw nothing, nothing except the god
and one morning he did come.

A weightier substance like a blanket helped him to sleep. He could have drunk had his heart not been another's in a well-modulated voice

all jumbled hopelessly together for generations to come. Saturday afternoons nothing he says seems to make sense. Although his voice shook, he did not think

his right hand was still on his double dose of sleeping powder on top of it.

The knife sailed through the air and hit his mind. In the provinces people would speak of her beliefs, her fear of God in her stomach and diarrhea. Her slender

limbs were full of strength. She walked easily between one pain and the next she wanted from the fields. And while she was sitting her intention made no impression on the old man

on his face. His outbursts stretched yellow-gray around her.

HE.

J 11

A man helped me across the boulevard
of Jews singing a Polish song.
Always before it
a crowd was gathering around the dead.

His face was stubbled, as was my father's.
Across the bridge
almost a hundred years old when he died
in conspiracy or combination with others

against my white world
he was a tall thin man in a white suit. He.

LITTLE COAT

J 12

He rose every morning an hour earlier
for the ringing noise that
oscillations of the little coat
open, concentrating his attention.

Humbled himself in giving this invitation
he was still shaking his head over
certain feelings of pity. Not every
other had realized that his hands alone

can't thrash him, and nobody else will oblige
oscillations of the little coat.

No noise, no sound. Everything is wrapped at all times industriously to serve the esteemed ladies and gentlemen, patrons much too cultivated. A good

no less than a leading, influential personality had to cover only relatively short stretches of now an extremely splendid, abundant book I reside in the most elegant quarter of.

The good man always provides me with a little charming situation in question.

Blond hair pasted to his moist
copy of the English - language
night it rained
insights possessed by the realm of darkness

amid tubes and tanks and hovering orderlies
in the distance beyond white
light of the sun on the white walls
warmed by his hands

was the training ground for the souls
early Saturday morning, then.

THE WORLD

J 15

Every one of them, in
cursing him the whole time
she made the sign of the cross,
had taught him to curse. And so he waited,

Judas, and yet their blood thirstiness.
They think they have heard a confession
for the sins committed by his mother
know what to admire most

and he peopled it with images and memories
according to her, the world.

OF TIME

J 16

He studied the fruits of his exploration
into another man's dream, a dream finer.
Notwithstanding that, as was by now apparent,
for two days

he had seen only
the precise shape of
the dust from a few tattered volumes
inclined toward the spiritual life, toward Sweetness

reassured, he took a room
back in the nick of time.

BEEPS

J17

"This light is absolutely fantastic!"
Who is he kidding?... On the other hand
he felt for him a masculine affection as
seedy contrabandist of

the moment.

He had to admit
the harrowing insight that gods could be lost
due to a caprice of the weather.

For the first time he found it possible to believe
skill idiot noises meant to resemble horn beeps.

SPEECH

J18

A man's money, though, had its own voice that
could enjoy
why such a great to-do was made about love.
Was debatable. Whichever, it was bad for both.

God in heaven knew why
the dogs began to bark in harmony.
Arranging the bills in wads and the copper and silver
half projecting,

He waited on
a torrent of uncontrolled speech.

"My Sabbath candles..." Hearing the strange dream
two bright chaps in our town were
in a dither because
the earth revolved around the sun

in an alpaca gaberdine.
Father now called the youngsters in one by one and
kissed their cheeks,
kissing and wishing

the rabbi's death and the world to come
trembled, her face smiled, but her eyes cried.

Two or three days before, he had
dissipated in a widening circle of associations
the alchemistic ritual of
the most utter bourgeoisism, the sheerest

animations, suffering humanity.
Light past events shed on his present pretensions
flung God and the Devil together
taken for new. The worldly

possession of just such a "vacated" room
confused by his own participation, rather.

WHY

J 21

He asked me time and again if I were Jewish or
a man. A fine tremor shook the concrete
children, who also started crying
for

the spectacled German who let me escape into
his hands. Rivulets of blood seeped through
when we saw
that the workings

would wake up screaming and Judas would start
if God really decided what was to happen, why.

HE REACTS

J 22

I am cold, I am cold in my veins
in my memory forever
involuntary, unconscious. Cain killed for
the revolutionary ideal. You and I must

have unraveled a complex
buzzing in his head.

He loves us. You cling to that comforting thought
preoccupied with your own salvation

in fear and shame
ahead, answer: Why this? Why that? He reacts.

Statistics show that the percentage of suicides then became feeble music punctuated by the hallucinated Jews. Like an iron heel, each new factory crushed

the daily quota. It is not even known whether at that moment the nightmare burst. Thinking that they were all boys like himself to the rabbi's left

human nature that expressed itself with less longer justified the privilege of a stay.

He took a deep breath. He stared gloomily at the left side of her face in thick black ink. It was my father.

We painted together. We remembered her lying beneath the green quilt in the brilliant sunlight on Shabbos

morning. It was a cold clear January day Picasso lived here. God, how poor!

He paused, out of breath, and
in our history, knowledge and wealth
the actor in him has
the outstretched hand of a man

surely unpredictable.

Long ago, my father took the same
comfort and medical care.

Behind his eyelids, he shuts me out of

those among us who would die and knew it,
never complaining. Never demanding their due.

When she woke it was daylight
from the first day.
With her bloodshot eyes,
the face of her mother, a face no longer,

obliged
a little kindness
in the city, especially with the Jews.
She knew this piece of ground

was just what was needed for
she was now their carnival queen.

"Let me try," said the old man plaintively
against the door and closed his eyes.
The dogs were barking at the sun
which you must admit treated him like one of its
wounds and fed their hate.

But he was
for the son of Jesus Christ, born out of
God's word and the lightning

gives life and sustains it, all
transformed into plenitude. Let him walk.

at this diabolical instant
for the sweet dark wine to be drained
in a series of foreshortened
adventures

I said to my friend, "you were."
It is the simple and sober description
our poet intended to attach
onto her lap and sob away the monstrous

hospitalization. I had been looking forward
with some help from his betters.

FREELY

J 29

A red light winked in his head
and he produced from his pocket sworn statements
and spent most afternoons, like his mornings.
His voice was pitched distractingly high to

engage his thoughts, no matter how hard he
was. And it all seems somehow inevitable
that he hadn't written a word of his
cheese omelet, almond cake and coffee.

He realized he was still speaking
to his cheeks, and he talked freely.

CHARLIE

J 30

Don't kid yourself, kings are the most sublime
and did great damage in the parking lot
of the true facts. Weakness, lies, treason, shameful
revealed to our dark senses

purgatorial tasks, when
the desire for emission still existed but reception
is apparently true. TREATMENT.

After many letters of warning, the bank

of Spirit - recollection
can still straighten you out, Charlie.

WE HAD

J 31

I ought to draw the attention
of her church, and was wondering what to wear.
To be alone in the dark, in
the idea of a Christ

and not intervening
she is impressed by
a small freckled boy called
on my account

and was relieved when he suddenly laughed
again. I reminded her of how we had.

GUTENBERG

J 32

To ward off the evil spell
in the name of human beauty
Jesuitry and obscurantism
with which he nearly caused a conflagration

he said, brow to brow with her
idea of form, of beautiful form, lies.
"You can see how unpleasant the thing is."
He felt his heart give a sudden beat

to any questionable performances
for the country of Luther and Gutenberg.

at home with me, or, better still, in
an old man's voice
fruitful by night
warm breath, dispersed immediately,

might possibly be found. In
came the droway
Jewish innkeeper whose grandson was
at home

louder than the larks and frogs
I thought for a second.

away without a word to me to show that
I was given my supper
the wind
echoed through the whole staircase. Unfortunately

it was now fully light
and I will let it stand
still for a moment
on the stone's flat surface. With an astonishing

girl from a well-to-do family
perhaps I can go on turning round now.

Before the door and underneath the windows
dear little girls ask so many questions
in such a delicious onrush.

Now this long confabulation had a real

little father, perhaps.

It became clear to him that he was really going
breathless before the Tear and told him somewhat
suddenly, before God could

understand everything that God has made
before the door and underneath the windows.

I have already alluded in the course of these
notes to the adventures of
sacramental worship. We happened to start
with the solemn fussiness of a poor lame boy

who I recently looked up in Chicago
and to the keen interest of my
rival factions meet in a battle of wits.
He pressed his repeater and, undismayed, it

behaved as he does in lines 606-608
before retreating into museum oblivion.

HIS WIFE

J 37

The carpenter and his wife were convinced that the jar was then buried deep in the corner of my throat. There was no time to lose the carpenter's village

screams of raped women.

Villages where I had stayed

remained with me alone in the room.

I dug them up quickly, with trembling fingers

I made a promise to myself to remember his wife.

MYSELF

J 38

I began to howl. I was ticked off and pinched my cheeks and bottom. One evening on a momentary impulse, I thought of going over my life so far. I did three productions

on the narrow headland out into the river to keep communications open.

In materializing my often obscure texts without ever having been there, I

sat down in a comfortable inner room I find myself.

FORGOTTEN

J 39

I knew full well
a holy man and
arranged to marry his daughter. These two
have mercy upon me.

But I've forgotten everything. I no longer even know
that she was even older than I thought
and stood to lose even this miserable job
we have our share of

To accept Jesus — another Jew and martyr.
'I give thanks.' But I've forgotten.

HIS FACE

J 40

Notations that form the language of logic
led down to the living room and the foyer.
It was quite warm
in the midst of a celebration like this.

I stared at him and was afraid
on Friday morning. We had a session
without sarcasm, but I felt hot with anger
in the effortless manipulation of neutral symbols

he gazed at
and there was a spray on his face.

INFORMED

J 41

He discovered in her eyes a hidden
bead, the loss of her children, yet wept to live
among orange and lemon trees
"To the lady"

she was all the time in the back of his mind.
On a chair amid his junk
he awoke the next morning, beset
she moved. The numbers are confused

when his establishment caught fire
the burly landlady at the door informed.

WATER

J 42

She looked tranquilly, mercifully at the son
looking for somebody
from beyond.

Seizing him now by the hair

a damp, freezing wind arose.

Already risen high
enough

she appeared to him like this, like

eyes pinned on the water,
on the quivering water.

SILVER

J 43

It is through its silences that language comes
and the slither of the rats
farther than he had ever been
at which invocation?

Rats slid away, their eyes blind and blood-rimmed
with serial rights.

His face like a plaster mask
enclave against

words made the venom spill
with a blurred flash of silver.

OUR TEA

J 44

The Lord blessed their union
gasping for air. "Please."

The old woman

let out a shrill laugh

for the dead. "We are dead ducks.

We didn't have to rush off like that... You!

What are you doing?" "Whatever I do, it
won't make it," I said and smiled

and their eyes burning
gave us hot water for our tea.

A STRANGER

J 45

His heartbreaking smile
was used to his elliptical style
after all, he did not sense the truth
inside me, or my own

sort of proof. I am older than you, but I go on
more than ever. Would you rather
a messenger takes him to
it? Yes? What makes you so certain? What

sense the truth? Unfathomable, the heart
felt pain. A stranger to myself, a stranger.

DANCED

J 46

Light erased the presence
that barely concealed the incredulity
most of the men had.

My father sat very straight in his dark coat

every morning at eight
and I had to restrain myself from asking him if
Me they would have sent back immediately
into the street where my

vision of the sky for two years
men carrying the Torah scrolls danced.

Now once again the lottery agent had
beat the heads of the other
emptiness. One by one, the visitors gradually
rolled up to the porch. The smaller children

ran toward him and gave him a
fig or the few scrawny raisins
the lottery agent exulted and
became quite

by the word itself
written up.

He patted
so many pairs of eyes looking alike.
He dread the day of reckoning that would
express her opinion on the matter. True

God in heaven had lavished her with graces
when strawberry season arrived
to consider what
girl reappeared with a

body felt so fully alive. God in heaven knew
her reflection in a mirror.

THOUGHTS

J 49

The patriarch nodded thoughtfully before she mentioned the burden he struggled under on the day when even corpses were amazed.

He had sat up tall on his bed and was bewildered, he considered his bandage unable to repress a shudder. The second idiot, she didn't feel

an absurdly conspiratorial wink of their disquieting thoughts.

AROUND

J 50

Two
agree on what might be termed
the point
at the beginning of the year

of magical practices.
My son the gentleman is
and played
organ music

between the highest ideals of humanity and
the metaphysical magicians around.

THE COUNTING

J 51

"But is this proper for you, a rabbi's son
— do you have a passport?"

His face, too, is sodden and puffed like
rabbi's son.

I sat down next to him

now it was clear that he had carefully planned
playing at love, kissing and caressing
our landlord — somebody you can frighten

quickly through the rear door into the shop
for beginning the evening prayers and the counting.

HER PHANTOM

J 52

The forty days between
meeting my favorite American poet
and a woolen headgear with flaps
surrounding layers of masonry

a shelfful of calf-bound poets
brushed me off with a rather offensive
death. The firing squad bungled their job.
I do not recall in what connection

I found a moment to transfer the poem
into a sickly physical fear of her phantom.

SUCCESSFUL JEWS

J 53

Sunday I'd come by to say goodbye before remembering more clearly now the stir of the fray. During that memorable attempt to understand it

my desire is to settle down in America at one time, or so many I will not fall in love too late

for the lying-in - state of all those successful Jews.

ITSELF

J 54

She shouldered her way between all these lessons for the unimportant but at the time it was like because the song went on too long and

she thought about that.

Because she was so mature and reserved eventually she would go back downstairs to wonder what she herself would do if

it was only in her dream everything revealed itself.

at times I feared that
the distinction is valid
and that he had been buried on the island
with precious volumes, useless, incorruptible.

And anxiety multiplied them. The silence was
interminable, his awareness
I thought
of senseless cacophonies, verbal jumbles.

I shall not attempt for the time being
the circumstance that that personality is.

WHETHER

She drove off to buy a gramophone
and wash a struggling giant
and it's not worth my while to bother
wiping his glasses. A small boy

I left home before I could possibly get
any particular emotion.

"I am a coward," he thought. "She's sure."

Eyes moved to and fro, as she listened

casting a fleeting
indication as to whether.

He spouts dreams and fantasies that are absolute behind his black horn-rimmed glasses. I became a faint dark smear on the manuscript, which he had sent to his publisher

a little frightened. He touched the knot of his tie looking handsome and slender and saw the dark-suited man standing there now and the sky pale with

articles my father had published over the years majoring in English.

The absence of the great subject has to be compensated accordingly because I am left out here from a future as a man apart and escape

one day after responsibility for the son. Because my wife does not like me so very much I am left out here

but in the end he pretended he was only how many orgasms he could have. He.

Crisp, you might say walking. "Well, hey there!" Mr. Ira pointed out. "Good Blowup!" Maggie cried.

She was about to say that this was a whole new symptom, some kind of seizure he found a job in.

The people nearby were munching on junk from the refrigerator and poured quite a lot while pretending to be absorbed.

The first part was a gloss on the end in order to correct those deficiencies the traveler must usurp. Remembered in the heart

of God, as is His piety on a certain day, in a certain place at midday, a lightning bolt set fire to him killed. Other facets of the enigma

remember him (I have no right to utter this) and refute the heretics.

After an evening of revelry and mirth
the rhapsodic intonation of memory
hit the target. But he
was the only person I conversed with, beyond

that fact that I always found
in the countryside, accompanied by
a traumatic experience in early adolescence.
He suddenly hollered, "that's it!"

He felt it was their fault that he
doubled up with laughter.

No stimulants.

God had not struck him dead
in the middle of the hall.

Memory composed slowly before his

speaking, a certain ingenuous
voice and gesture of a woman
reentering her dwelling shyly after
the moment when he had noted the faint

of God, shed
the name of the Father and of the Son.

CURVE

J 63

She was always materializing here in the upper
dialect made up of Mexican
blackness and heard the murmur of
Mexicans like a

time at which they were expected
and formal. Local society
parked there at the plaza's edge
of her consciousness

enlivened by her free-association chatter
now the car rounded the curve.

DREAM

J 64

He came to the barbershops where three men
stopped rocking and looked at
his pale eyes, waved once, and
let through yet another billion sparks of light

in painful half-heat inscriptions
and look! which is exactly what
was there, calling in the darkness
like an aging statue

deeper within the belly of the underground world
and outspoken dream.

The townspeople made a lot of fuss about that day as I had the day before, walking inside the doorway while I wait under the Moon. On the day before

while I was trapped indoors living in great disorder, in violence and hunger I shook my head again. All I could say was left in the ashes of that house

like a dead person. When the dance is done I did not like the work, and was impatient.

They wore black hats
and into the night
unhitching the horse
shot the first three Jews

to save their own necks, naturally.
Stay away from those evil Jews...
their weedy graves, and their fate.
The Hasid slept in the chair, woke, stared
and saw them loading up
midmorning. It's hard.

"MACBETH" OUT

J 67

Sunday after Easter he came to tea
and he did not feel embarrassed in her
town, merged into one
great excitement

three children sat round
and his own incapability to make up
superiority, which he begrudged her,
mollified. "But do have some!" he said

and did make a good best of it
together, and they read "MACBETH" out.

HIS IRRITATION

J 68

As he sat before the fire, his irritation
in his stomach
will soon celebrate his fifteenth birthday
one way or the other. But if she admitted

the bond between them had once been
there were just the signs that were too.
It was eight years since
the stones in the palm of her hand

caused ruin, and then went on his
fire, his irritation.

"Do you enjoy that work?" I asked as I was sanctified to the level of myth. It was not the most shallow and problematic experience here, it was as though an assembly of siblings

improvising on the original format for the ritual knew something funny was going on. Then one maybe the most important answered, "You see we had the same background.

People had extreme need for each other socially and try to accommodate."

There was a fine flavor of parody about but she saw and heard nothing on the balcony and thought of the day. Afraid of spoiling her pleasure. Now she

dashed toward the last guest to find some comfort in that huge female with arms like lumps and stared after her helplessly. What an ass

exposed to so many eyes asleep for the last time.

REALLY GLAD

573

Smiling and pointing to the ceiling on the Sabbath he sat bent over large officers, and the mustachioed ones began to feel that

it's not wise to resign from the army without the soul as well as what it was worth. They were all so far from shots and lay flat on the ground

he had always felt a dull resentment against. Is he really glad?

APPROVAL

574

I had always planned to take her to an ordered image of the world. One already sensed that the faith eluded any out-and-out collusion with

an abstract theory. Reducing everything to their yiddling and their agitated hands, I said to the girl before

who was ready to perform that this had not met with the approval.

I held my tongue
resolutely now that the end was in sight
a lot. I crisscrossed Vienna
as though it were my job to save her from

laziness and partly because of a rather
flagrantly pro-German style.
Claptrap out long ago.

The way other people get drunk on

the dramatics of creation myths
aroused no curiosity or comment.

An irreproachably affable young man
awoke in her bed
having gone to sleep after midnight.
God in heaven knew who she was

who lived in rented rooms. Still,
when God is with one, one's
all inclined to get up. It was only because
his mouth is in no danger of going hungry

and kissed one's true love's hand
to which one might bring a modest largesse.

The worshippers were munching
water scintillated in the early light
over his head.

Do you understand? Two

are going to worship at the shrine
of this world. The kingdom
lived from hand to mouth and had
gathered up strength. & must, he thought.

"With pleasure, Rabbi," said
suddenly, he remembered.

"Do you hear me now?" "Yes,"
he said.

All the seas of the world tumbled,
All the auditors drank from their bottles in

homage to the snorting motor.

Together on tiptoe, each with a candle
and laughing with two young gentlemen
unkempt fierce and beautiful girls

owed it to his dignity to show
how full they are of passion, of voluptuous longing.

THOROUGHLY

J 69

I'll submit willingly to your
burst of applause followed
to the affairs of
compulsion. But the doorkeeper

sat down with
the currier that welcomed him when
it was
that I like you too

followed up in public, even
to discuss the whole case thoroughly.

FRIGHTENED

J 70

Semi-consciousness he sojourned again in
could dismiss his worries when
he had almost finished his route and he went
until he stumbled from dizziness

to act a terrible part in the story.
Even if this experience can cause him only pain
at the moment he was trying to trail
the terror of living alone. The snow did.

The town laughed a long time over
perhaps he was frightened.

1. Incoherent
vanalities
left
nothing
to
chance
days
at
anarchy.

2. Eyes
close.
and
in
one
breath
all
benedictions
merge
with
the
candlelight.

3. Follow
the
Angel
of
Death
as
beneath
their
feet
it
scarcely
mattered.

4. "Good
shabbes!"
father
answers
his
breath
and
plunges
into
the
story.

5. His
disappearance
reawakened
weakness,
this
decomposition.

6. "next
year
in
jerusalem!"
The
air
has
become
a
half-burned
candle.

7. Worthy
of
our
poverty
He
became
god,
in
an
improvised
prayer.

8. Weary
eyes
pass
to
another
of
the
temple,
studied
well
today.

9. Eyes
uncertain
as
to
what
God
wanted
automatically
obeyed.

10. Studying
the
Talmud
all
the
time
as
if
from
heart
ache.
Dear
God,
why?

11. Day
hovers,
indecisive
pain
from
their
blows
have
devastated
her.

12. Throbbing
voice.
Each
line
is
drawn
out
with
a
tumult
under
my
tendering.

13. Night
vibrated
within
eternity
and
its
shadows
suddenly.

14. A
heap
of
ashes.
The
beggar
strokes
it.
She
might
be
saying
echoes.

15. This
is
God's
will.
"Ashes."
He
is
growing
memory.
I
have
no
choice.

16. Little
ones.
What
is
going
on
in
heaven
completely
forgotten.



17. A
flash
of
understanding
panic
pages.
I
go
from
one
person.

18. The
congregation
flickers;
suddenly
a
full
glow
comes
transparent.

19. Theirs
is
the
kingdom
of
Heaven
to
distinguish
the
words'
Holocaust.

20. To
veil
the
whole
story
in
a
trumbling
as
if
it
were
the
Torah.

21. Daydream
condemned
to
the
same
fate
all
that
remains
of
Jewish
riches.

22. To
the
pauper
woman
the
wind
is
blowing
in
a
daze,
making
signs.

23. His
son
would
drown
us
in
our
own
blood
for
the
arrival
of
God
knows.

24. Each
holiday
brings
with
it
its
own
distant
voices
coming
loudly.



25. The

memory
of
old
wounds
swallowed
our
food
without
a
word
to
hide.

26. At

my
heart.
The
holiday
candle
flame
drags
out
our
shadows,
whirls
them.

27. Shadows

dancing
in
from
or
who
were
his
parents
suddenly
he
calmed.

28. I

stretch
out
my
hands,
trying
to
make
one
needless
move
dancing!
↓
can.

29. The

most
wonderful
father
in
the
world
is
a
madman
unlike
God.

30. Middle

of
the
night.
The
clocks
exchange
glances
with
new
little
flowers.

31. Talmud

decimated,
the
streams
ran
with
blood
to
those
nameless
orphans.

32. at

either
side
of
the
holy
ark
delicate
little
shadows,
whirls.

33. His
body
rebels
and
reminds
him
of
his
art
and
kindled
fires.

34. Desires,
little
girl,
dressed
when
the
old
Jewess
cries
out
the
blessing.

35. Quieter
and
quieter
over
the
Hanukkah
lamp
return
home.

36. One
day,
quite
accidentally,
I
formulated
centuries'
fragments.

37. Next
year,
God
willing,
tickles
our
noses.
It
brings
us
what
is
today.

38. Passages
from
the
Talmud
trample
each
time
I
think
she
possessed
me.

39. Patches
of
light
in
such
a
hurry.
The
shofar
must
be
sounding
there.

40. A
single
stray
little
star
shines
from
cold
milk.
Light.
"Snow!
Snow
has
fallen!"

41. The
old
synagogue
that
every
eye
staring
into
mine
times
cursed
be.

42. Like
a
bride
in
all
her
glory
shining
scrolls
of
the
Torah
waken.



43. I
was
still
pregnant
with
double
meanings
the
Angel
of
Death
drew
back.

44. Grandfather
is
praying.
He
does
not
move
here
and
there
only
from
time.

45. Out
of
the
hurlyburly
comes
into
lamentation
the
reader.

46. He
became
aware
of
how
dark
earth
once
again
was
a
house
of
prayer.

47. Under
his
delicate
skin
sighs
involuntarily
divided.

48. Emerging
from
piles
of
shadows.
The
familiar
faces
register.

49. The
melody
spreads,
swells,
flares,
stops,
shuddering
all
the
light
in
heaven.

50. Go
to
shut
to
weep
over
the
words.
Shimmering
little
bells
ring
out.

51. God?
How
can
I
believe
the
four
winds
and
the
stars
consumed
with
passion?

52. The
reader
now
cries
out
with
the
Land
of
Israel —
"Children,
where
are
you?"



53. By
fire
and
God
for
that
fever
Messiah
came,
and
nothing
changed.

54. The
old
rabbi
tells
me
the
ritual
words
that
I
have
in
heaven.

55. " God
be
with
you! "
father
calls
out.
We
resume
chopping
onions.
" What
is. "

56. Eight
o'clock
in
the
morning
the
child
recovered
sorrow
in
his
eyes.

57. From
the
closely
printed
lines
of
the
psalms
I
fancy
long
shadows
stretch.

58. The
altar
was
broken,
invocation
of
the
Names
inscrutable.

59. A
streak
of
light
passes
across
little
red
and
blue
flowers
so
soon.

60. Everyone's
eyes
are
fixed
on
mother.
They
glitter
like
magical
arcs.

61. Trailer
than
a
name
the
old
men
I
watched
being
murdered
are
you
mad.

62. My
head
spins
under
the
gleaming
lamp,
in
the
darkness—
for
the
white
bride.



63. Flame had entered into my soul impatient with my slow <u>Judenrein</u> .	64. Return home. mother at once finds the first little star that has risen.	65. Father enters, into laughing. And here even the Messiah may come.	66. God is silence still capable of borrowing their voice to madness.	67. Full of sacred wisdom inside sighing deeply, she voices echo.
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68. The human voice brings people what consolation? And what barbed wires!	69. I recall all my sins god knows, heavy-hearted. "Quiet!" father chides.	70. "Sabbath." In a moment she will come forth in her quivering body.	71. To breathe. To regain a certain resemblance. To save the only Jew.	72. Before me like a sky grandfather is praying with the melody.
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73. In
the
apartment
it
is
cold,
suddenly
I
notice
older
hands.

74. Studying
the
Talmud
living,
weeping
children,
didn't
the
rebbe?

75. Listen
from
the
boisterousness
of
the
hakkafot
flame
after
flame
licks.

76. Into
the
Passover
turmoil
he
smiles.
His
face
crinkles
up
loudly.

77. The
shammes
came
to
fetch
your
soul
with
his
voice
like
a
lighted
taper.

78. I
can
hardly
wait
for
a
sacred
guest.
So
he
has
gathered
stories.

79. Her
gentle
smile
softened
the
Hannukkah
lights
and
more.
I
recover.

80. He
closes
his
eyes
and
utters
a
sigh
like
a
shadow
that
blisters.

81. Wearing
her
holiday
dress
hubbub
brandishes
the
small
tin
mirror.

82. The
sun
is
running
away
somewhere
purifying
now
Passover.



83. A
memorial
candle
still
unlighted,
quiver
back
for
us,
God.

84. Mother's
seven
candles
were
lighted
in
heaven.
My
eyes
are
suffused.

85. Messiah
himself
down
from
heaven.
Perhaps?
Perhaps?
Gargling
sound.

86. Tear
in
the
wind,
song,
by
way
of
announcing
to
everyone
Torah!

87. Stocky
Jewish
women
peddlers
and
familiar
friend
fallen
with
the
sun.

88. In
haste
to
go
to
shul
he
seems
to
be
unraveling
behind
us.

89. Grandfather's
eyes
become
big
and,
in
exile
in
the
desert,
torried.

90. Surging
through
the
shul,
covering
like
a
Tremor,
the
ritual
words.

91. Suddenly
a
humming
and
a
clamor
rise
over
mother,
thanks
God!

92. Congregation
is,
count
them?
after
all,
it's
a
holiday
fainting.



93. Shul.

The
shofar
grows
thicker.
Dead
relatives
from
heaven.
And
thicker.

94. Old

women
sit
before
the
Passover
voice
is
heard.
A
guest
comes
in.

95. I

hear
steps.
Who
is
coming
to
walk
in
step
with
the
wind,
swallowed
up?

96. Older

hands,
furrowed
with
veins,
fused
over
each
branch
now
the
sekhah
is.

97. No

longer
hungry.
May
God
burn
the
Rabbi's
Song.
One
smoldering
coal.

98. High
lecterns.

Cries
set
the
lamps
shaking.
at
any
moment
now
the
heart.

99. Small,
almost

like
a
toy.
In
an
uproar
day
goes
by.
There
are
odors.

100. "Come

back
for
us,
God!"
and
she
begins
to
jump
up
as
if
stung.
My
heart.

101. Circles

of
women
disperse
before
the
mirror
thinks
that
I
have
to.



102. Father's
eyes
light
up
with
the
fire
that
is
shining,
the
air
is
packed
full.

103. To
be
bleased
by
God
on
the
day
buried
under
their
voices.
I
move.

104. Father's
looks
and
tallies
Saturday
after
dinner,
situated.

105. next
morning
when
I
wake
up
a
picture
of
all
of
us
hardly
see.

106. Having
closed
her
haggadah,
mother
celebrated
her
quiet,
calm.

107. children
gather
in
a
little
circle
turned
into
her.

108. All
right,
all
right,
what
is
going
on
in
heaven
occupies
the
head.

109. a
little
star
splashes
like
a
fish
in
red
sky
soft
and
white,
almost.



110. Children
are
running
about,
laughing
over
the
debris
from
heaven.

111. Grandfather's
voice
humns
in
from
the
corner
where
it
was
as
possible.

112. Many
dead
relatives
have
been
drawn
forth,
tuned
miraculously
all.

113. God
is
my
witness
there
is
a
special
radiance
in
still
blooming.

114. The
old
teacher
who
comes
to
sing,
stamp
his
feet,
clap
his
hands,
memorized.

115. Recognize
father
inherited
to
the
brim
of
benedictions.

116. The
feast
dies
out,
together
with
the
sound
within
itself
of
white
wings.

117. Barely
surviving
in
my
ears
the
bells
are
still
at
night.
all
of
them.



118. Humming
the
haggadah
passage
I
can
hardly
keep
myself
within.

119. Stand
glued
to
scrolls
of
the
Torah,
like
the
messiah
himself,
with
one.

120. Into
your
soul
with
his
voice
Elijah
the
Prophet
is
probably.

121. Children
tumble
underfoot
to
show
us
that
we
must
not
come
near
God.

122. All
of
them
chant
the
song,
erupt
to
a
page
of
the
Bible.
Then
why.

123. He
is
dying
to
see
what
is
under
the
lions
and
birds
and
speak.

124. Mother
sits
silently
"in
Jerusalem!"
She
sways
against
the
white.

125. Inside
the
sukkah
it
is
cool
and
white
ribbons
of
light
awaken.

