

OBJECTS

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OBJECTS ON A TABLE

It is flat's streak that attacks
the hollow of lapse

Of alarm like takes you
and finally, a whirl to slur
Whereto?

Over the way is half Janet
Nearby, dusk-struck
trembling of up
in fact

and a precious shadow
crumbles to ash
and distances
at once, everything's hopelessly white
and flung

PRELUDE: DAWN

Foul! I mean insidious, spectral,
(although portentous all)

in a number of houses shown an early light
(the most dismal kind of light
save one lit when someone is very ill
and expected to fail at night)

up having drunk of the cup
shade up, clock set, I
went into the portentous all,
which was insidious and spectral

in a number of houses that faint light
(that most dismal kind of light)
went out by day, and someone ill
I thought, had failed at night,
and the insidious, spectral
would wear away with someone's funeral.

FOUR OF A FALL

A lavatory. I waited. A dare of a mirror
Quivered with light. ("They're waiting for
me" I thought "the old dears at the hearths.")
I said hesitating "Ten o'clock, Ed."
I stood and thought of conditions
And of a conversation with Ethel.
(Ethel was Ed's girl friend.)
I had said to her "This business, life,
Terribly exaggerated--."
 a low sigh
from behind. I went and I
tried the door (my whisper
"what in th' !! are you doing?"
"--a(shit
"--hurry about it, will you?"

He remained silently in; I was weary.
He came out very long after.
Our eyes thundered together, his "junk" full.
He was extinguished in a way,
But gave me a succession of brilliant replies.
We departed as the toilets pounded.

(2)
One night of a mass of harsh sky
I went with him through deaths, wine, sex.
A "profound" tree let Last's beauty
Funerally fall. It was autumn.
There it was dead dark, of full slut.
Night houses poured their prowl.
He leaned to err. "You are tendrils."
I remember I said to him "Dead near a wall.

That night I stopped him and I said "Listen,
A moment--let me tell you:
You will never live it. Alas !
It is a Niagara of falls
To men that persist, headlong over.
Turn an ear like warriors who hear
The trumpet of a truce.
Come upon the suddenly sheer.
The merciless incessant underneath,
Forth from it a persuasive horn
Bays to the desperate
Then who can help?

(3)

One day visiting him as we effected a trip
To some authoritative cure, I said to him
In at the door "Hurry, will you?
Agitated, the outstretch of his arm.
His face an unassembled horror
On the bed. "But lemme tell ya, I ain't sick!
I said "We want an authoritative cure."
He rose, his limp over a chair. "I'm straight!
He said. And disgorged billious black.

He was one night grim statued at my door.
He came to sell. One in the grey
Who took the lamps down, laid in wait,
Spider'd across, adder'd among.
It turned to storm, a mad tear up.
An ominous of rain shuddered from a banged sky.
A flight of lightnings
Swift'd terribly across.

Within I said "I never will inflict upon myself
That punishment you bear."
He said it made bright dawns in dark of a winter,
Smoothed the harsh, cleared the blear.
Did I--(he faltered)--want to--?
No! I told him. He fierced up.
I said "So you would tomb up me!

(4)

A rush of miserabled diseased leaves!
Some gasped terrific fingered trees
Skeleton'd after and left that white Medusa
Stone hideous above, ringed in her mist adders.
The expanse of the eternally buried we passed slow.

This night he had peddled his asps.
And we were walking among murdered leaves.
He paused. I said "What are you waiting for?
He said "Show me about Ethel."
"Who would want you addicted? You've lost her!"
He became violently utter
And he droned "Be Ethel to me."

A moment violently stark
it fled--with it

I

THERE SHE SITS

There she sits the long day
Opening books, shifting (alas)
A thousand old pages
(and quotes incessantly).
Look, so spectacled--
 she's dull-eyed,
 sickly--!

"But what in God's name's the matter?"

Ah Whitman, she's the alack
Of Muses. Tried to be
English even.

"Oscar and I, you know
We wore our differences?"

Listen, she is quoting!
"Let us go you and I--"
She does but little else.
All's beneath her.

"For heaven's sake! O Muse!
It pains me. Her's once
The ear into which I
Said everything hugely.
She was fearless!

No more. We must whisper.
She has professor's ears.
Not so loud Walt, will you?
Walt! Wait!

"Listen, dear Muse, to me!
I'm Walt Whitman!

(she smiles
merely)

ON SEEING CYNTHIA AGAIN

Ah, Cynthia it is! ("Was" I should say.
"Was" it is.) Cynthia, Cynthia!
How have you been? (How she has, alas,
Is seen. "Has-been" I should say.)
Still beautiful? Still beautiful.
(Let me describe her. Think of a horse.
That's Cynthia. Horse? No, worse.)
Cynthia, I have thought of you, and I
Have thought of what could have become of you.
(What has become of her? I would say
Nothing has. Nothing, of course,
Becomes her.) Remember, Cynthia,
Remember the times of old?
(She cannot place "of old.") I know,
Cynthia, yes, you look as young as young can be!
A baby?! You lucky, lucky, lucky--
(Having a baby's (the most to say)
Commonplace as day). I certainly shall
Have to come and see it.
Where do you stay? (Well wherever,
May she be kept there and off
The thoroughfare.) Cynthia, you look
As you did once by St. Vincent's brook.
You have not changed at all.
How is matrimony? Of course.
Milk and honey.

Cynthia, it has been exquisite seeing you.
Give my few friends my love
(That is if I can send enough.)
Goodbye. Don't let the baby
Catch anything and die.

IT'S HERE IN THE

Here in the newspaper--the wreck of the East Bound.
A photograph bound to bring on cardiac asthenia.
There is a blur that mists the page!
On one side is a gloom of dreadful harsh.
Then breaks flash lights up sheer.
There is much huge about. I suppose then
 those no's are people
 between that suffering of--
 (what more have we? for Christ's sake, no!)
Something of a full stop of it
 crash of blood and the full shock
 of stark sticks and an immense swift gloss,
And two dead no's lie aghast still.
One casts a crazed eye and the other's
Closed dull.
 The heap up twists
 such
as to harden the unhard and unhard
the hardened.

FURIOUS'D GARB

The across and rain of away. I took shred of an umbrella.
Furious'd garb. My key in the lock went dare.
Like whoms the house, the fence, the door, the gate!
A grave's lo where I did fate, flew fluff.
"If ye be, ye far excited, authenticate!"

The street came down with fantastic!
Blast furnace wonderous'd the air with grisly spirit!
Pale blown aside of out, extinguishable moon.
There! Mrs. Rhone forth'd briefly--
Shroud of hers by crypt. (No, no.
I mistook. Light of lamp.)

Listen: More spoken of "reality" and face to face
with it as the at desk at ink at phone at typewriter
and business'd in coat & tie, et al., sons & co..

and we will think it much to go
from that window into aghasts below!

NOW SWEET CATHY

Now sweet Cathy
Is pouring beer here in a bar
Pouring beer in a bar
Where hard workers are.
Endure costs her; her dreams fewer,
Cathy with promoted bust is mature.

Cathy, ceased now
In yielding of honey,
Is dedicated to her
Baby and steady money.

Cathy, I shall cruel.
You will old, you will woe.
And beer obnoxious grows,
Hard workers drear.
Cathy, Cathy! (she's too mature to hear)
Could I but whisper in her ear:

Reality's Is, is but Is alone.
We confect it a body
For the bones!

NIGHT AND A DISTANT CHURCH

Forward abrupt up
the mmm mm
wind mm m
 mmm
upon
the mm mm
wind mm m
 mmm
winto the mm wind
rain now and again
the mm wind

ells
b
 ell s
b

TEMPEST

's nightly subterfuge
someone is sitting restlessly
their hands stir dead of night
out)night 's a-fledge
and gathering furious birds
in a commotion the leaves)damp
when'ts HARSHLY
that falls and WHO and WHO'S
about New England windows!

TRAINYARD AT NIGHT

THandUNandDER TH and UN and DER
TH UN UN
andDER DER
its huge big bold blasts black
hiss insists upon hissing insists
on insisting on hissing hiss
hiss s sss ss sss ssss S
ss ssss ssss
when wh OO sh
the sharp scrap making his fourth lap
with a lot of rattletrap
and slap rap and crap--
I listen in time to hear coming on
the great Limited
it rolls scrolls of fold of fold
like one traditionally old
(coldly meanwhile hiss hiss
hiss insists upon hissing insists
on insisting on hissing hiss
hiss s ss ss sss sss s
ss s s
s

NIGHTH'CRY,PT

I dreamed it fully
de)Th in its ghosts of)no
M Ere matter of more sorDid
seeK) il (ling e ring yet
Hor Rid m y Ears though pass
An hun dread y Ears and' memory

Then us Ten! o c Lock ad in I
Found mysel F or bade on
By the strange in fluences I
Am on g St ones of lost
Moon ru sHeDi smal l ight
Murder with lamp)
soMe T hings fantastic
w Ere dawn (ing)

When t Here w As a gre At
Open grave th'arm of cadaver
Reached it however fell
I On g Low booming deep s
" "dead hideous) I
thunderstruck!

I stum Ble D am!On g
one's h and grasped grisly
corpse of a maniac had
fil"Thy lips! - it had dare!
A c Old sin Is Te Rat
is M, uck c over eDges
Ab Out it for (ces
Love of me reach Es cape
Thing kiss Es)chew

Nobody's help. I plunged
a dagge R eally in decay
ghast Ly in g low ing crumbs! I
th ought to awake I dreamed
having(kil Led one all

rea(dy ing of it) dead
ening Evening I ha D
wells in dreams ir (rat)
ion al I unheard of
difficul ti Es cape

I assumed myself a murder'R an'
Th'rough throngs of thick
bush I(g limp(s)Ed ged
alL on gla(dEar God!
somebody's house appear'd
through dark) I w As
intensely anxious I knocked,
th' rust - ed ged bolt
fell at my feet I
s Aw e an D read th'in
lined Inscription
no house buT omb

LAKE IN A STORM

The miserable restlessness turned bleak
and Lear'd it in a howl to the out far.
Ominous rushing after'd with a hark.

High shrieks whirl
crash ebb
and blown back up
of the thick

That time wrinkling out lightning
dangerous'd and lit walls of afar.
Thunder crammed in a moan.

Craze of the seascape!

Little towns of surf
brought down to doom
fell thick, baffling
noises

NARRATIVE

I sat with John Brown. That night moonlight framed
the blown of his beard like a portent's undivulged.
He came and said "It's Harper's, men!"

Now Harper's was a place in which death thousand'd for us!

Already our faces, even as he told of how
sweated. And then suddenly, he,
with fierce spark'd eye - incredible heavens!

Horses dreadful appearance had of exhumed;
our boots strode the ready. We dared off.

As generally seeming of the trail
smooth - and so whist!
i.e., save sound thunder
of us in a rush
passed swift fierce "ft
'ierce shsh! !
ss'd in a w'isk'
ierced passed "ft!
Harper's APPEARED! !
-into it we went in a dust!
' 'ft passed 'ierced
' 'if 's, in, ss'd
shsh 'erced
' 'ft
' 'isk

ELEGY TO HURT BIRD THAT DIED
(buried in a matchbox)

I suppose you suppose that yon of little burial
Is non of? Rather it is of universal o'er.
Unvast because it unvast looks?
Well, how wrong sir. How it asks,
Propounds, means utter, confounds,
Wee-rosed as it is, alas.

I suppose you suppose (as some)
It was one of the lone
Who did thus? Ah yes,
As the one's bones
Skeletal'd in uneager sands
On shores undroned.

But we are so very other of
"Little birds" each undone,
Laid in his "matchbox"
At last -- at last no one.
Why if little bird die
Should I not solemn him?

Little bird, you shall be
Wept too. I do. From dogs,
Children, the cat, we made
Hurried away. Fragil'd
In hand (I know now)
A frail of bloom.