SHOWS IT The tops of mountains that I tossed down eight o'clock mornings The rubber soles and heels it to shows in my way of the state of affine The games I played bent each and feverish over the wooden tables Tt shows in my way of winking The holes in my socks Blow it mi hands manipulating the leaden hockey-men The serious talks Oh yes the wine I drank the curious caravans circling the painted Walter desert It shows in my way of walking The desert Rifs the pocket full of copper coin I know I sifted gold and sand The women shared their clothes and softness I pared like pears in pairs they entered, sat, and smiled and blinked and held their cups of tea It shows they they laughed With each one thing in common each They slept when I tiptoed and sank it shows The tents and ten-pins the MAS COSTUND I cry in the vineyards songs and songs T am alone reputed one and not afraid TARINE I link arms chains the Miden bracelets I hold one hand the other gripping & shattered pto Wood Life is a game and windflung shows It shows in my way of total raffing draffing

the knive of face that the wave