

Molded From A Letter To Two Convicts

scrape a rock & it
remains: scrape an
insect & begin again;

you, the cold master --

we come in late & sit
behind old ladie's hats.

The Student

crayons worn at the tip & he eats
them. this is art or
music, the same: the fellows
next to him
look smug
when he smiles with his red
teeth/

December Shadows, 1957

(merrie christmas
children

I brought you

pajamas

here I hope
they fit (little does she
know you cannot
sleep

Friends

these constructions of virtue
dangling like the sun in its
last days/

(the modern man;
you cannot escape from the
modern man --)

/even the dog stands when he
eats,
even the eagle must rob at
least one nest;

now they are coming.