

FROM: ALISO CAUDILAS

iii

Insanity
is not a part
of radical
chic.

xxi

"We should like
to know
what where
(he was)
but never why."

v

In the white room
there is space
for a race
between prussian
blue
and yellow

xxiv

I might remember
the center of the thing:
was it
North Africa?

vi

Four dark days:
grenades
in a basket of lace.

xxxii

Who juggles
oranges
in the corner
of the clowns
by Bruegel?
Poggio would know.

xv

Morphium slowdown:
I do not like
riding backward
on this bicycle
of ice.

xxxvi

Is it true
they both walked
on that bridge
passing one from the
east, the other
from the west?
Crane and Mayakovsky
both finding the same
death.

There is one
slender oak
overlooking
the rat's nest.

How far out
does a road
have to be
and not be
a part
of the city?

LIFE ON THE STAGE

The tragedy of theatre
as perhaps Racine would know
is not the lives that crumble
in the darkness of the soul
but all the days and nights it takes
to see that what is past
is gone
and cannot come again.

PARIS/77

Rivers run off into sand.
Women wear the clothes of men.
One last ride upon the Seine.
I'll not pass this way again.