

it is this that in my heart would pursue
all happiness and pin it to the wall

there are fellows in long overalls seeing woman
bake bread with no clothes

there are fountains in cities that are dry
and uncandled

there is a foot in a shoe on a street
in Ontario

but you, my dear, are not yet dead
and you are not alive

what is it in a man's only mind
that binds to his soul his ^{own} body?

there is nothing of the sort in me

rather, I take it, I would silence the sand
and rather be mellow than none

it is all a singularly small sacrifice to make

6-30-82