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Page 124-130

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Eloquent (for a small girl)

She comes and brings along
the pure smile of her amazed eyes
the shy naughtiness of grape-lips . . .
In her exuberance
covering the whole sky
star-flowers bloom . . .
At her wild shriek
my silent door
would just break with a smash . . .

Ah! in two pools of her teardrops
on sail on sail
two smiling boats of the green sun . . .

Out of Sequence

Oft incoherent nightmare dreams
and tangled hopes of
a burnt out city's people
they sleep walking
they walk sleeping
and their faces distorted . . .

The night was cool
the grim sky never sparkled
in the dark abyss
a full moment
lingered on unintervalled
two stars shot down the abyss
I felt hollow . . .

Two figures pushed forward
upon shady-lighted footway
one shrinks down manhole
the other shrieks 'Ha!'
and fumbles with
the hand addicted
the air motionless . . .

A tiny throw in the calm pool
and the slight waves
rose and fell on and on
and on zigzags
what it bid me
Oh Granny! Thy lulling kiss
Of warmth unknown . . .

Who smoothed my hair
You? there's no tinge of blood tho'
I saw them grin
they grinned so
their teeth glittered than their smile
a simple on
a swift click
and an easy trespass
any moment I die who cares for?

Who? who peeped through
that crypt window
ignoring his garbage-smelling nose
wished to breathe afresh
but his purview smothered by
the huge concretes

yet he looked free as if he could
into a ripe gold field
and while he first inhaled
the fragrance of the newly wet earth . . .
You are coming
you said so
today, the day after or tomorrow
I do not know
or already a long ago
did you say so or no?
Love! leave or love
do some good . . .

You played soft in the foggy night
Mo na li sa . . .
the music sweet
the savoury lips unparted
took part with the whole world
but a chasm
your eyes were dense wood
pupils the full moon
moistened
in the cold foggy night . . .

Nothing was so easy
to reconcile
did you ever see butterflies
smelling garbage?
scarce perhaps
but if you fly like one
and feed on so
and again called a man
with calm looks
you betray tense eyes . . .

It was full blaze
sure no shell-fire
a rush of light flung headlong
thro' the only door
of the dark room
where
we exchanged looks
we talked and no voice heard
we laughed and no lips stirred
were we one or were we all
we dreamt of
the tiny round lips and of gleam
long, so long

we felt warm and fell asleep . . .



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