

And cheap talk & stockies, different hues.

She learned to hear expelled through
And bitter too

And learned to modulate her voice.

Her life was triumph.

A well-dressed woman, now, they say
For possession holds her in its sway.

* To Violet. The Change

Grey hair, grey cars, grey faces,

A fog, a night of weary happenings -

A life. Quite changeless & monotonous
like a speed tennis, with its eases
was damn.

A sombre life - a dirty pigeon flying,

a lot of filthy garbage in a field

or errand-boy - an emerald, with a

pearl

a walking man, universal & smooth.

Then like the lightning in a thunder storm
a flashing sports car dashes through the
street.

yet driven carelessly, by a clear-faced
boy.