

Listening.

Straight from the clacking elements  
of life's emptiness

you came to me -

e r ebbi that was hurt.

The clamor seemed to think of you.

yei came not for your pain.

The came with that soft frightened look

half - hearted & nervous

e Trambled lost my coat

mishi shus e knife.

The first approach was slow, uncertain

and your speech had that same tone,

that slow, somnolence, you use.

soft & vibrating.

To Be Addressed To The Spectral Lovers

Sziasis Sympathy.

Grey cuss, the moon & the small white doves  
like little kid shoes.

For-scapers, the shisks of smothered women  
and all the young shins in mud.

Oh alas only the young can tell  
what the world is for.