

I only know your face was there
 And both of us, we laughed.

The Idiot.

Gingering near an apple-box
 in an empty cellar,
 surrounded by the dampness & the plom
 sals an idiot.
 Playing with his fingers an
 a-slow stream of saliva
 dribbles from his mouth onto his chest.
 He has eyes that see not things
 that others see; they see;
 he has lips that speak not words
 that others understand;
 he has ears that hear strange sounds -
 noise of fairies' laughter,
 calls of dreams from the deep,
 ears that talk & people who
 peacefully will rise & 'snoo'.
 He is happy in his way
 playing with his fingers,
 talking to the black - winged rats
 & to long & lumbering ants,
 dribbling saliva.
 He is happy in the plom