

What fools we mortals are - until we learn
 until we know how false the world is,
 until our foolish trusting hearts are weary of
 life's blood
 & left like discarded washcloths, dry & bitter.

distress, Tilley
 on a drunken boat
 lies in the nearest chair
 or bath or sofa -
 if matters not
 so long as the weight of his body is there.

such was my state;
 though my eyes were dim
 ears all my features blurred &
 from anxious waiting,
 all thought of him
 & turn upon pulse to my being stirred.

Distress

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Tyler,
 I have been waiting thru' the dark