

observing its reflections with my soul.

The gramophone was playing in a corner of
the dark

the dark

reminding me of ~~the~~ ^{last} years but in this year's
disappointment.

I had forgotten how the music sounded in this
place;

had I but known I'd not have dared come

into the veranda.

At last a voice behind me, & I turned

"bees ready," chimed a chorus, " ~~come, ~~come~~~~
expectantly.

"illy best," thought I, "is done, I stood the test
do your best."

"

* Somebody walks somewhere
and I hear

his footsteps on the gravel of my walk.

This awareness of humanity

has made me lonely;

and I find my heart a frightened thing

trembling in its case.

The footsteps near

crouching & then they stamble.

I raise my eyes from ~~my book~~