

Molded From A Letter To Two Convicts

scrape a rock & it  
remains: scrape an  
insect & begin again;

you, the cold master --

we come in late & sit  
behind old ladie's hats.

The Student

crayons worn at the tip & he eats  
them. this is art or  
music, the same: the fellows  
next to him  
look smug  
when he smiles with his red  
teeth/

December Shadows, 1957

(merrie christmas  
children

I brought you

pajamas

here I hope  
they fit (little does she  
know you cannot  
sleep

Friends

these constructions of virtue  
dangling like the sun in its  
last days/

(the modern man;  
you cannot escape from the  
modern man -- )

/even the dog stands when he  
eats,  
even the eagle must rob at  
least one nest;

now they are coming.