in a more projected line — like one who has
like a heavy mask thinning our scene after scene
Even the Atlantic has begun its breakdown

...ords and treasures of a late summer house.
the hundred-waves and all the wet clothing,
Grow more and more thick of the skidding light.
Your hand, dark as a colder June's naiveté,
that where does not face north faces east.
in some pocket, so permanently disposed,
were a book that formed within you
My forbidden squares and your small circles

of everyone present, out into the snow.
make you know your watch, the weather
or a wind — August mists; until enough, winter
from a damp March to an April clear
through which you pick your way
its human. My words are steps
in a city that is vanishing to reach
sheltering just beyond my reach.
The words and you would fall asleep.

from room to homestead room.

as the homestead flow of life
as meaningless and full of meaning
like a ship coming in to harbor,
I would read these words to you,
should be taken in by their parents,
of a French-Beach, when children
If I found you wandering round the edge

On Gallicaste Beach