

imprecisely advancing night
beggar

on the docks... fixed and talking wildly to old ghosts
that surround him with death festivals
and things resembling a fished out philosophy of humanity
in an unfastened wind
and opal moon
variously feminine and private.
what does the zodiac with its
fugitive stars favor in this.

i suspect this is an interruption in the structure of my cage
by something that rattles the bars and torments
the things inside that cannot swear on the bible.

the structure.

wf.h

1978