

Barbara Guest

MULTIPLICITY

i

An opposing force nestles closer
— to the four square of its joint

the nimbus divides at an unfaded seam

and the naughts are shuffled at the table

and rapidly the wheedling gems
appear and disappear from an unsteady table —;

— this superstition —
the oathing — (winter in society) is felt by the hard folk
and they scatter —

and read their palm — the oathing catches up under the nimbus
they part —

eliminate the intoxication of force — and the mincing
suggestions cast by the opposing force weep at solemnity horse on the
platform his thrust —

yet they are freed of the nimbus and opposition
they are like larvae — they are under the glass at first — and they proceed
with exemplary caution over newly paved roads under the spy glass

like Hannibal; and again as the wheels of a traveller
reactions are diverse not being under the nimbus —

being Latinate perhaps —.

This was worth breathing into — translated not bloody —
afternoon under new palms and rivers imagination agitated and warm—;

ii

yet verbal complications — (bestial desiring) — Jove or his discontent
Zodiacal origins —

Soul mosquito *Soul*

memory of the oathing —.

It was a shawl on that table that hair piece the rhythm
of the forehead classic moans

interrupted the blink the mellow square
memory and her hireling —;

the same supperless complications

gods who multiply; wench who lifted her eyes —; what passes on the tile's

belly (the mantle and) — perhaps *Allah*.

Regard the wheel
dark blue maraudering.

Not being under the nimbus of earthen of metal
terrace levelled beams crossed; folk who
offer *early and late* zero numbers
sneeze in late autumn the random

chalk sketch

primi pensieri:

that man coming up the hill

attitudini:

it grows later as he climbs
the multiplicity of *early*
of late

landscape's script and nimbus

natural and mimetic

serene yearning

early and late

Dejection and the Ode.