and signature: the hoist of flesh arrayed on roost of skeleton. The common wisdom is I laughed in heartlessness or mockery: perhaps I did but at the long and short of it, what good comes to, the soft and hard, the awful fact that what's alive will rot, what lasts can't feel. I felt

how terrible a figure human being cuts, upon its frame. And so the laugh like a cry from my own perscrewed, misnailed, cross-crafted armature rang out, outrang the meeker mourners and polite conventioneers . . . The heart

is a muscle. The tooth is a fang. What I gave at the sight of him there was up. What I got of humanity there was the hang . . .

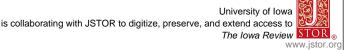
CONNUBIAL

Dream is matterless, it dips from bounds to billowings,

laws lapse in it, or universes swerve.

Before I had an other at my side

there was no side: how far can onesome go? Just being



here at hand, just being, beating in and out of phase, you are

my bearings: touch is couch about aflow . . .

*

(Blind comfort maybe, keeping endlessness away. But one is one's own zero, hole through which the all can plunge appallingly . . . I'm not cut out for it: I'm for an other, meaning hand and mind, in sense of having halves at all.) Perhaps I've settled

for a circumstance (our landings broken by water, our stars by blue). So be it. Loving's limited. I'm saved from terrible eternities by you.