

I WANTED TO BE AN ANGEL

I wanted to be an angel; I cared nothing for being a man.
And now I am neither—and no use to hardly anybody.

Fix your eye on a word, friend, and all around is unintelligible.
The truth is you're always looking through a tube.

They assume the idea is to get as close as you can get. They forget
The use of the extended arm, the thing it's there to measure.

I believe those who surrender—must. That I despise them is true.
But it makes a difference I don't believe in Free Will.

I am reading Sara Teasdale, whose joys were only three:
Caress; create; and gape at mindless Nature.

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And, now my work is finished, I am reaching for a match:
A match, which is a little rocket with no place to go...

Tch! forget about these things, MADRID. Better turn and face forward.
Day is coming. The ground is blue. The sidewalk is slick with yellow leaves.