

30 O why is that to Hecuba as Hecuba to he!
31 You are cra-a-zee on the subject of babies,
 says she,
32 That is because somehow our authors have been
 given a woman's intuition.
33 II y a un peu trop de femme in this South Wind.
34 And on the cobblestones, bang, bang, bang,
 myself like the wheels—
35 The tram passes singing
36 O do you take this life as your lawful wife,
37 I do!
38 O the Time is 5
39 I do!
40 O the Time is 5
41 I do!
42 O do you take these friends as your loves
 to wive,
43 O the Time is 5
44 I do!

45 For it's the hoo-doo, the somethin' voo-doo
46 And not Kings onelie, but the wisest men
47 Graue Socrates, what says Marlowe?
48 For it was myself seemed held
49 Beating—beating—
50 Body trembling as over an hors d'oeuvres—
51
52 And the dream ending—Dalloway! Dalloway—
53 The blind portals opening, and I awoke!

54 Let me be
55 Not by art have we lived,
56 Not by graven images forbidden to us
57 Not by letters I fancy,
58 Do we dare say
59 With Spinoza grinding lenses, Rabbaisi,
60 After living on Cathedral Parkway?

SECOND MOVEMENT: *International Episode*

61 This is the aftermath
62 When Peter Out and I discuss the theatre.
63 Evenings, our constitutional.
64 We both strike matches, both in unison,
65 to light one pipe, my own.
66 'Tis, 'tis love, that makes the world go
 round and love is what I dream.
67 Peter is polite and I to me am almost as
 polite as Peter.

- 68 Somehow, in Germany, the Jew goat-song
 is unconvincing—
69 How the brain forms its visions think-
 ing incessantly of the things,
70 Not the old Greeks anymore,—
71 the things themselves a shadow world
 scarce shifting the incessant
 thought—
72 Time, time the goat were an offering,
73 Eh, what show do we see tonight, Peter?
74 «II Duce: I feel God deeply.»
75 Black shirts—black shirts—some power
 is so funereal.
- 76 Lion-heart, frate mio, and so on in two
 languages
77 the thing itself a shadow world.
78 Goldenrod
79 Of which he is a part,
80 Sod
81 He hurried over
82 Underfoot,
83 Make now
84 His testament of sun and sky
85 With clod
86 To root what shoot
87 It sends to run the sun,
88 The sun-sky blood.
89 My loves there is his mystery beyond
 your loves.
90 Uncanny are the stars,
91 His slimness was as evasive
92 And his grimness was not yours,
- 93 Do you walk slowly the halls of the heavens,
94 Or saying that you do, lion-hearted not ours,
95 Hours, days, months, past from us and gone,
96 Lion-heart not looked upon, walk with the
 stars.
97 Or have these like old men acknowledged
98 No kin but that grips of death,
99 Of being dying only to live on with them
100 Entirely theirs,
101 And so quickly grown old that we on earth like
 stems raised dark
102 Feel only the lull, heave, phosphor
 change, death, the
103 One follow, die other, the end?

- 104 Our candles have been buried beneath these
 waters,
 105 Their lights are his,
 106 Ship-houses on the waters he might have lived
 near.
 107 Steady the red light and it makes no noise
 whatever.
 108 Damn it! they have made capital of his flesh
 and bone.
 109 What, in revenge, can dead flesh and bone
 make capital?
 110 And his heart is dry
 111 Like the teeth of a dead camel
 112 But his eyes no longer blink
 113 Not even as a blind dog's.
- 114 With the blue night shadows on the sand
 115 May his kingdom return to him,
 116 The Bedouin leap again on his *asilab*,
 117 The expanse of heaven hang upon his shoulder
 118 As an embroidered texture,
 119 Behind him on his saddle sit the night
 120 Sing into his ear:
- 121 Swifter than a tiger to his prey,
 122 Lighter than the storm wind, dust or spray,
 123 The Bedouin bears the Desert-Night,
 124 Big his heart and young with life,
 125 Younger yet his gay, wild wife
 126 The Desert-Night.
- 127 Some new trappings for his steed,
 128 All the stars in dowry his meed
 129 From the Desert-Night.
- 130 I've changed my mind, Zukofsky,
 131 How about some other show—
 132 «The Queen of Roumania,» «Tilbury,»
 «The West-Dcline,»
 133 «Hall's Mills,» «The Happy Quetzal-
 coat,»
 134 «Near Ibsen,» «Dancing with H. R. H.,»
 «Polly Wants a New Fur Coat,»
 135 «The Post Office»—
 136 Speaking of the post office, the following
 will handicap you for the position,
 137 my dear Peter,
 138 Your weight less than one hundred
 twenty-five pounds,

139 One half of a disabled veteran, and
probably
140 the whole of an unknown soldier,
141 That's indomitaeque morti for you.

142 Is it true what you say, Zukofsky,
143 Sorry to say, My Peter Out.

144 «Tear the Codpiece Off, A Musical
Comedy,»
145 Likewise, «Panting for Pants,»
146 «The Dream That Knows No Waking.»

THIRD MOVEMENT: *In Cat Minor*

147 Hard, hard the cat-world.
148 On the stream Vicissitude
149 Our milk flows lewd.

150 We'll cry, we'll cry,
151 We'll cry the more
152 And wet the floor,

153 Megrow, megrow,
154 Around around,
155 The only sound

156 The prowl, our prowl,
157 Of gentlemen cats
158 With paws like spats

159 Who weep the nights
160 Till the nights are gone—
161 —And r-r-run—the Sun!

FOURTH MOVEMENT: *More «Renaissance»*

162 Is it the sun you're looking for,
163 Drop in at Askforaclassic, Inc.,
164 Get yourself another century,
165 A little frost before sundown,
166 It's the times don'chewknow,
167 And if you're a Jewish boy, then be your
Plato's Philo.

168 Engprof, thy lectures were to me
169 Like those roast flitches of red boar
170 That, smelling, one is like to see
171 Through windows where the steam's galore

172 Like our own «Cellar Door.»

173 On weary bott'm long wont to sit,
174 Thy graying hair, thy beaming eyes,
175 Thy heavy jowl would make me fit
176 For the Pater that was Greece.
177 The siesta that was Rome.

178 Lo! from my present—say not—itch
179 How statue-like I see thee stand
180 Phi Beta Key within thy hand!
181 Professor—from the backseats which
182 Are no man's land!

183 Poe,
184 Gentlemen, don'chewknow,
185 But never wrote an epic.

FIFTH MOVEMENT: *Autobiography*

186 Speaking about epics, mother,
187 How long ago is it since you gathered
 mushrooms,
188 Gathered mushrooms while you mayed.
189 It is your mate, my father, boating.
190 A stove burns like a full moon in a desert night.
191 Un in hoyze is kalt. You think of a new
 grave,
192 In the fields, flowers.
193 Night on the bladed grass, bayonets dewed.
194 It is your mate, my father, boating.
195 Speaking about epics, mother,—
196 Down here among the gastanks, ruts,
 cemetery-tenements—
197 It is your Russia that is free.
198 And I here, can I say only—
199 «So then an egoist can never embrace
 a party
200 Or take up with a party?
201 Oh, yes, only he cannot let himself
202 Be embraced or taken up by the party.»
203 It is your Russia that is free, mother.
204 Tell me, mother.

205 Winged wild geese, where lies the passage,
206 In far away lands lies the passage.
207 Winged wild geese, who knows the pathway?
208 Of the winds, asking, we shall say:
209 Wind of the South and wind of the North

- 210 Where has our sun gone forth?
 211 Naked, twisted, scraggly branches,
 212 And dark, gray patches through the branches,
 213 Ducks with puffed-up, fluttering feathers
 214 On a cobalt stream.
 215 And faded grass that's slowly swaying.
 216 A barefoot shepherd boy
 217 Striding in the mire:
 218 Swishing indifferently a peeled branch
 219 On jaded sheep.
 220 An old horse strewn with yellow leaves
 221 By the edge of the meadow
 222 Draws weakly with humid nostrils
 223 The moisture of the clouds.
 224 Horses that pass through inappreciable
 woodland,
 225 Leaves in their manes tangled, mist, autumn
 green,
 226 Lord, why not give these bright brutes—
 your good land—
 227 Turf for their feet always, years for their mien.
 228 See how each peer lifts his head, others follow,
 229 Mate paired with mate, flanks coming full
 they crowd,
 230 Reared in your sun, Lord, escaping each hollow
 231 Where life-struck we stand, utter their praise
 aloud.
 231 Very much Chance, Lord, as when you first
 made us,
 233 You might forget them, Lord, preferring what
 234 Being less lovely where sadly we fuss?
 235 Weed out these horses as tho they were not?
 236 Never alive in brute delicate trembling
 237 Song to your sun, against autumn assembling.

 238 If horses could but sing Bach, mother,—
 239 Remember how I wished it once—
 240 Now I kiss you who could never sing Bach,
 never read Shakespeare.
 241 In Manhattan here the Chinamen are yellow
 in the face, mother,
 242 Up and down, up and down our streets they
 go yellow in the face,
 243 And why is it the representatives of your,
 « my, race are always hankering for
 food, mother?
 244 We, on the other hand, eat so little.
 245 Dawn't you think Trawtsky rawthaw a
 darrling,