

and even the white-haired full professors all come to a halt, in the wake of the waves of their tracks. What brouhahas! What flaps! To Kooch's mind,

if you could call it that, the worst was yet to come —

for looming overhead a host of red and yellow kites appeared, intent on swooping even to the cowlicks of the humans — Were these people blind? — that woman in pink, that man in blue, who paused there in his purview, stupidly, to shake their heads? He thinks

we're in danger, I tried again to reason with my fellow man. But now the dog was past all understanding; he was uncontainable. He burst into a pure fur paroxysm, blaming the sky for all that we were worth: he held his ground with four feet braced

against the overturning earth . . .

The Looker

I was as dead as I could be, and you weren't there. They held a big glass up to me; they blocked the world with their lifelonging. What they wanted was

a cloud (the kind that tells the living of themselves). But I was well past telling.

I was a looker at last, head back, mouth wide as in a heat or holler. (I had always looked my best

• • •

in song or some astonishment. With a nose as close to her chin as this, what aesthete would be caught dead with her mouth shut? It's a matter of the golden mean. — And yet she knows — who cannot shut her mouth —

she'd better be of finest words, and few. A matter of the golden rule. A kind of courtesy. No faking, no mistaking. Only real love-moans, or wonders untranslatable.) No sweat. When you're as dead as this,

you're not a cheat or chatterbox. Don't fear to look. Don't look to stay. Given the almost-clear, the near-unclouded glass, in your absence I did what I could: I took my breath away.

Etymological Dirge

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear.

Calm comes from burning.

Tall comes from fast.

Comely doesn't come from come.

Person comes from mask.

The kin of charity is whore.

The root of charity is dear.

Incentive has its source in song

And winning in the sufferer.

Afford yourself what you can carry out.

A coward and a coda share a word.

We get our ugliness from fear.

We get our danger from the lord.