Cassis-sur-mer: a poem

a lamp in a poem is overstated if its individual light years are nakedly exposed, not cloaked from the dark.

"a whole world of light is contained in these shadows" how can it be contained in them? it is wound up by them. This light is like a splinter from which a whole pain can grow.

A window, no less than a face, can wear the dusk.

a chair is passionless behind a bulb but is that really the sum of its experience?

you ask me: how did i understand the dark? perhaps i shall answer: "as a question", or something of the sort or i shall whistle it to you.

Those are the lights of the bay or those are the lights of the town this is the night and this is the balcony there is no one or maybe there is one that one can feel there breathing in the dark.

"i never experienced darkness before" this i can understand but not "i never really experienced darkness before"

the way you use the night does not show what you mean, but rather, whom you mean.

What did it prove? that night reflects light. the concept of "the beautiful" would do a lot of mischief in this connection too.

Language debris: four TLS poems

i wondered clonely as a lout as all day long the boys through nettles ran that thyme and tie wait for no one and undoubtedly not for me.

* my corns hurt; my toes felt alien to my body i was a gentleman of japan a flimsy chirper come to rest through timber, railings, all in vain.

* the lock, the shape, and the humble sea, were still.

* o for some darts and scrimmage! i had been left a long age in this cheap velvet pub tasting of flowers and old cheddar (green)