T.S. ELIOT

Ransom the dakinis!
& got you back
denial & skimp generosity
(abstraction with the poet
n'er a success)
I can't agree
Yet you, because you suffer,
are precious to me
Puzzled in a quizzical way
intrudes a life of quandariness
The Catholic Anglican forever
The whip situation
The impossible wife
Ill as a kind of mystical ill
as in "It ills us"
He'll be fine, I said
in some babe's arms &
Krishna & Buddha
redeemed this ghost

SOON I'M GOING TO PUFF & BREAK THIS AWAY

This around you
A warrior, I mean
His own color around you
You mean a glance, a therapon
Go on or on
The song
of him
Spake me who never knew
but
His error was The Beethoven Grand Fugue
His error was a skyline evolves slowly
Insistent scolding is always a trespass
His error not "reading" the canvas
His error conflict of interest
(before my time)
Love-making chiefly in the afternoon
(before my time)
His error mercurial malice
& constantly a success to puff up at you
the way the patron dismisses the young artist
who then haughtily exits the room