On a Sunday Afternoon

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ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The whole community
Suffers
If a strawberry blond is
Dancing on the parquet.

The coffee boils. . .

In the heart of everyman
There is a strawberry blond
Dancing on the parquet
And suffering.

SMASHED

Belly to the wind
And worried he was
With the wine inside
He went over the bridge
Humming about the lakes
The lakes of Killarney
Crossing the Narrows
With the red wine red face
Big Bob went over the bridge
To meet St. George, he said.

portrait of mrs. patrick campbell

lady a graceful
tower ascending
with abandon a line
light as the edge
of a leaf spins
the horizontal
plumb line the inconsequential what
must be hidden beneath the ships sharp skin hidden
behind the white marked off
in an instant with a long even slash &
another &
a third the folds
that must be there left
blank the white the sun
behind the moon an obscure
umbra
the design
stretching to the capstone as if
the roof were most important or
the pennants flying
above the wind blowing
higher than the
breeze or the final
hairwidth of ink
the tiny curve that
makes the motion of the
lips the eyes
that are black
sad the handkerchief
starchless hanging wet
with tears & dreams of yellow
dresses in summer the spanish
rose fighting the black
hair the pinnacle fighting
the air for room to go higher
& higher & higher &
have no end