



And the light crept up between the shutters,  
 And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,  
 You had such a vision of the street  
 As the street hardly understands;  
 Sitting along the bed's edge, where 35  
 You curled the papers from your hair,  
 Or clasped the yellow soles of feet  
 In the palms of both soiled hands.

## IV

His soul stretched tight across the skies  
 That fade behind a city block, 40  
 Or trampled by insistent feet  
 At four and five and six o'clock;  
 And short square fingers stuffing pipes,  
 And evening newspapers, and eyes  
 Assured of certain certainties, 45  
 The conscience of a blackened street  
 Impatient to assume the world.

I am moved by fancies that are curled  
 Around these images, and cling:  
 The notion of some infinitely gentle 50  
 Infinitely suffering thing.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;  
 The worlds revolve like ancient women  
 Gathering fuel in vacant lots.