

WALK OF THE DAMNED

Property of . Do not disseminate.

UDC, part III

Wind, clouds, and the delicate curve of the “world” from cold mountain poems.

We are like these things?

 Morcels,
 between the lines,
 the Unswept...

We ARE like these things!

Drinking alone

 with the moon in the new “world” left,
 eye dying,

In the child on the shore.

Reason? “The election!”

 (The skeleton’s defense of carnality.)

The “world” encounter lovers in topaz.

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