

BAGATELLE FOR DOUBT AND WIND INSTRUMENTS

I am listening to music, always list-
less not, but but yes,
No yes no yes ; indecision arpeggio as I see an
erstwhile love

listening to music. The outside's deaf snow baffles the edges of
the very moment of a nose-bleed : who needs that ?? She
?? maybe.

every open object and f, 0 glorious i I were Scotch-sick
() Although I do not know anymore her body my heart hurts

or nearly, I would dance out in it in my mind, befuddled
this white February morning morning morning and my books will
not

no longer in the maniacle warmth of a building but for living.
ilt
speak to me ; and words are not
speak to me speak to me

A prayer is what we say when we cannot be sure. A dumb song...
enough or deep, you see? Hear me, narrow fellow, in the fallow
silence.