

Voyage a l'Infini

The swan existing  
Is like a song with an accompaniment  
Imaginary.

Across the glassy lake,  
Across the lake to the shadow of the willows,  
It is accompanied by an image,  
—As by Debussy's  
“*Reflets dans l'eau.*”

The swan that is  
Reflects  
Upon the solitary water—breast to breast  
With the duplicity:  
“*The other one!*”

And breast to breast it is confused.  
O visionary wedding! O stateliness of the procession!  
It is accompanied by the image of itself  
Alone.

At night  
The lake is a wide silence,  
Without imagination.

(from *Idols*, 1916)

Dirge

Make of the moon a motion,  
You  
who are laid to rest,  
Make of the moon about the eaves of space,  
You who upon the earth  
Are doing nothing,  
The circles of the swallow  
In the twilight,  
You who have left above the empty house  
The night  
In suspense.

(from *Idols*, 1916)

June

These breaking buds,  
These buds in a nest of leaves...

What wings have covered them,  
And the warmth of what brooding mother,  
That the roses,  
The roses themselves,  
Come out?

The roses are trying their petals...  
Fly away, roses, after the wind.

(from *Idols*, 1916)

Autobiographic

Permanently in a space that is anywhere here  
While I am I,  
I am temporarily  
Always now.

And at the eternal  
Instant  
I look—  
The eye-glassed I  
At the not I, the opaque  
Others,  
Eye-glassed too.  
And I who see of them  
Only the glasses  
Looking,  
See of myself  
In looking-glasses

Faces  
Distorted.

And throughout the transparent  
Spaciousness,  
Which is so extensively  
The present  
Point  
Located personally—  
A solid geometry  
Of vacancy  
Bounded by the infinite  
Absence,  
I  
Foreshorten  
To the end  
Of me...  
Walls and ceilings  
Of my cellular  
Isolation  
Wrecked by perspective,  
Habitable cubes  
Of static  
Surfaces of plaster  
Prolonged in flight.  
And it is I who hold them back,  
And it is I who let them go,  
These gray planes plunging  
In an emptiness  
Blue,  
These rampant sides of pyramids  
That converge  
To nothing

While I am I.

(from *Idols*, 1916)

Ing

Ing? Is it possible to mean ing?

Suppose

for the termination in g

a disoriented  
series

of the simple fractures

in sleep.

Soporific

has accordingly a value for soap

so present to  
sew pieces.

And *p* says: Piece is.

And suppose the *i*

to be big in ing

as Beginning.

Then Ing is to ing

as aloud

accompanied by times

and the meaning is a possibility

of ralsis.

[from *Others*, 1917]

Arithmetical Progression of the Verb "To Be"

On a sheet of paper  
    dropped with the intention of demolishing  
    space  
    by the simple subtraction of a necessary plane  
draw a line that leaves the present  
    in addition  
    carrying forward to the uncounted columns  
    of the spatial ruin  
    now considered as complete  
    the remainder of the past.  
The act of disappearing  
    which in the three-dimensional  
    is the fate of the convergent  
    vista  
is thus  
    under the form of the immediate  
arrested in a perfect parallel  
    in being  
    in part.

[from *Others*, 1917]

For "Shady Hill," Cambridge, Mass.

A drink into home use indicates early Italian. Otherwise  
    *"the element of how*  
    *keeps insides. Nothing has now."*

But after the carpet whose usury can eats thirds?

Blunders are belted in cousins. Use what listens on  
    Sunday, and catch elms will oxidize pillows.  
Any need is original in absence.

The clothes are on the parlor. They are acted by  
    buttons. To extract the meet, invert as if to the  
    light, registering the first position at half. The  
    passage is in time.

As at the end of an equation of two to green,

*which have the butters of extra broken  
on badges biting a needle to partners  
if only the bridge is fluent  
lit it not nice.*

INTERFERE IN ORD TO MORRow was once  
upon a timepiece OF MY Mind you do not

[from *Others*, 1917]

Axiom

From a determinable horizon  
absent  
spectacularly from a midnight  
which has yet to make public  
a midnight  
in the first place incompatibly copies  
the other  
in observance of the necessary end  
guarantees  
the simultaneous insularity  
of a structure  
self-contained  
a little longer  
than the general direction  
of goods opposed  
tangentially.

[from *Others*, 1917]

Theorem

For purposes of illusion  
the actual ascent of two waves  
transparent to a basis  
which has a disappearance of its own  
is timed  
at the angle of incidence  
to the swing of a suspended  
lens  
from which the waves rush  
the protective coloration.  
Through the resultant exposure  
to a temporal process  
an emotion  
ideally distant  
assumes on the uneven surface  
descending  
as the identity to be demonstrated  
the three dimensions  
with which it is incommensurate.

[from *Others*, 1917]

The Moon of Bucket

A moon of bucket has compass the.

The moon of bucket has in compass the.

is in compass the.

A moon of bucket is in compass thee.

A moon of bucket is in compass the.

A bucket of moon is in compass the.

folding an egg intact on pains

A depressive camera

on the last depression

making a negro in two parts

calling a negro in two parts

taking a hat of talking in two parts

A landscape in three acts

three acts of landscape

a mile of the same shoes

shutter

instantaneous tickets cigarette ends plain ends

[previously unpublished]

Plain Ends

Plain ends

valve habits in

postage tax war tax

funnel tobacco typewriter orange juice burnt holes

Habits on the left of flesh are clear soup with the blinds drawn  
soup with shutters

Habits on the left of flesh are clear soup with shutters.  
with the blinds drawn in Chinese characters

with the blinds drawn in  
circles

with the blinds drawn in circles.

with the blinds in circles

with the blinds drawn in circles

Chinese characters with the blinds drawn in circles

Lighted Chinese characters with the blinds drawn in circles.

Habits on the lift of flesh are circles with the blinds drawn in arithmetic.



[previously unpublished]

Astronomical Punctuation of a Broadway  
Star  
or  
Monthly Changes from ‘ to ,

A comma above the skigh line  
makes all the difference between  
Hell and He'll  
in the masculine.

The feminine in the pluperfect  
is  
Anna Helled  
as  
Banana Held in Hand Anna a Bandana for these tears.

[previously unpublished]