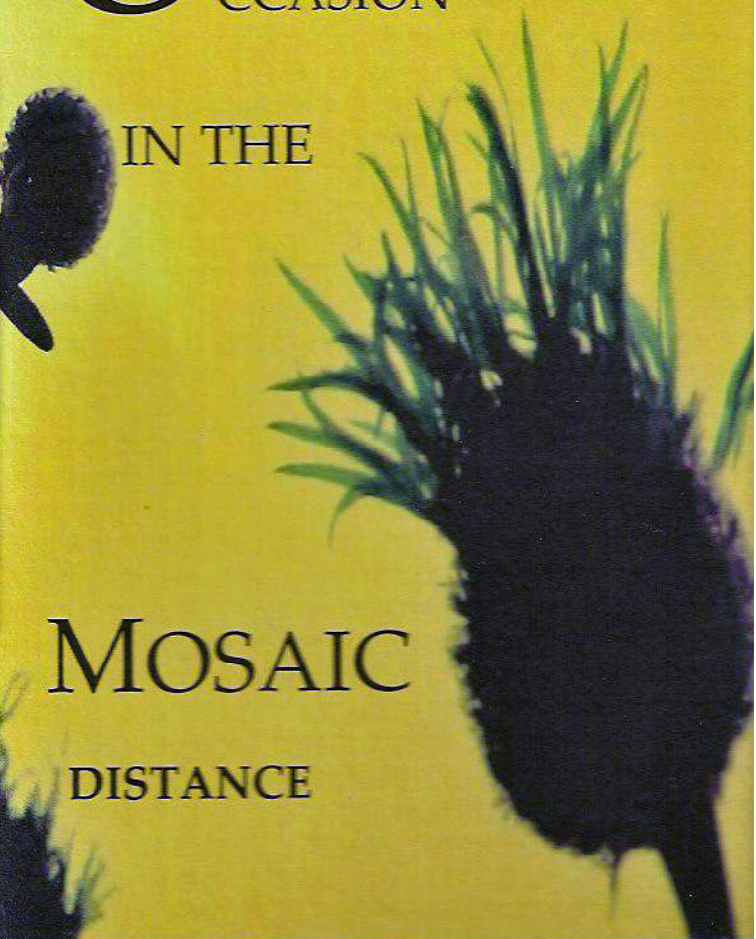


OCCASION

IN THE

MOSAIC

DISTANCE





ter Yale, old F li Yale, No one ev - er cares to

WALLOON, way down in New Ha - ven town, my Un - known

DISTANCE

PAUL KLINGER

dusi-e/chaps
<http://www.dusie.org/>



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First Printing

For Dawn Pendergast

"Come out," there is the rest,
murmured lid

with facts. stone butts of water
playing,

whereon somewhat lower
down a group

of girls round the little clock

j
etted

The golden hair rusty yet you
might bow

At this She tapt her tiny
silken light —
would make it peep at us.

the Portress silks, hood to each,
and now dusk cocoons, out
paced awning Graces,
in the lattice paper lay

At eight
Came
murmurs
of her
still
dark
thoughts



A lump Then stept Full-blown

before us rooms **W**hich was
prettiest, "I sat down and
wrote a field roaring with your
own"

Cup raised I gave the letter to
be sent with dawn; And then
to bed, To float about A full

sea glazed with some dark

dear lost the little
above the little again

address moving on a boat, her
voice rafted in whispers, I said:
a clapper, a garth, what follows

fifth beetle in the heat of dust
when he fell, added morning
foam beside his muzzle and
what are you now?

Again, little, "Out upon it!"

The cell again Immersed in pines
one's house instincts, a sense of
morning on the breath. bright
hour to come wood burning.
O we will walk across Indeed

Here smitten along balusters
the high rank foliage lid "O
here! crabb'd forests," thump
down gentle settled in light of
coming phrase. Conceal, fabled
pilot, old hush'd hand astray

"he seem'd oily," buffet Right
in the hollow bank Reaching
then into a kind of Emblem,

open-work intrusion "yet on
fire to find both my friends"

matters left behind the half
illumined slant. in the long
window moved Ruin.

mincing Among the columns,
staid brown mist, drest parts
ting'd with Iris "My fault,"

on night side.

A little space Thro' which I
clambered like the late train,
Arriving underneath The head
of a Girl, prest, then gather'd
she was not there; slipt out
"And yet," this is the proper
thing to-night, the surface
temperament starts and slides
in little puffs to the bottom

drowsy Whispers etiquette
measured up and down bush
rough mawkin, bristled grunt
from the sheath, some one near-
boys hiding in a slough

later wrapped in a drape rude
length upon the head a wrinkled
piece a folded cloak

heats cramp'd the room. Time's
statues
brush'd aside the children:
indeed the little
child left the bed and seem'd

to See now by common spindling

