

# Charity

Arthur Beatrice

With all indifference,  
Seen too much,  
To call it fuck.  
Complete,  
And full of nowhere,  
From beneath,  
Comes the heat.  
Recede,  
Somehow remember,  
Deaf to call,  
When the call was for such,  
So steep,  
Sliding down-ways,  
Built the nest,  
Caught undressed.  
For the more of you fortune,  
Helium, helium,  
Let them all suffer for you,  
Evil one, evil one,  
So long for nothing.  
Called a bluff,  
Spent enough.  
Within this,  
Low encounter,  
I held so much,  
Held so little.  
Mother difference,  
For this,  
Needs so much, had so much,  
Sounds appalling  
That we hardly move at all,  
From the one,  
Place for calling.