

as i have not trusted
i have not hoped
in the bleak alleyways
and the secondhand streets
where misery waits
and the turn of your hand

as i have no believed
so i have not seen
the uselessness
the pettiness
and in by the clouds are the sun and the stars
by the walls and the rain
i shall not come to you for tea
as you may come back home with me
not believing and not seeing the facts
yapping into our face
alternate fire
alternate smoke
i shall not wake
at seven or eight
as all the hours
are now too late
with the lead weights motionless
i spy with my little eye

you and i my love
you and i
with our backs to each other
chewing on shadows
dissecting the lights
that their brightness might be classified
and then immasculated
and finally killed