
Volume 1971 *Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i
don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

Article 12

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At Night

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AT NIGHT

Walking on winter nights, afraid,
down plown and ruptured sidewalks,
hanging willow still leaved moves foriegn
on my face
but rememberful
of you, yesterday, your hand so good on me.
A greeting, a fleeting cymbal of wonder
across my shaking stillness.
That hand, to you, was yours and forgotten.
But it felt a shake of goodness easy, but quick
past my knees,
and felt now the largest gift then you've given me.

Only, everything only,
The tall is bears
and polar starnights, sailboats.
The wide is moon in full and curved.
Large is frozen Lake Michigan beauty.
Deep is what you call a soul, and talk.
Yet the full inside, the soft pummeled cry
 and gentle fisting and candle glow
 quiescent favor
is careful while your hand upon me.