Huffy Henry hid the day, unappeasable Henry sulked. I see his point, — a trying to put things over. It was the thought that they thought they could do it made Henry wicked and away. But he should have come out and talked. All the world like a woolen lover once did seem on Henry's side. Then came a departure. Thereafter nothing fell out as it might or ought. I don't see how Henry, cried open for all the world to see, survived. What he has now to say is a long wonder the world can bear & be. Once in a sycamore I was glad all at the top, and I sang. Hard on the land wears the strong sea and empty grows every bed.

Filling her compact & delicious body with chicken paprika, she glanced at me twice. Fainting with interest, I hungered back and only the fact of her husband & four other people kept me from springing on her or falling at her little feet and crying "You are the hottest one for years of night Henry's dazed eyes have enjoyed, Brilliance." I advanced upon (despairing) my spumoni. — Sir Bones: is stuffed, de world, wif feeding girls. — Black hair, complexion Latin, jewelled eyes downcast . . . The slob beside her feast . . . What wonders is she sitting on, over there? The restaurant buzzes. She might as well be on Mars. Where did it all go wrong? There ought to be a law against Henry. — Mr. Bones: there is.
14

Life, friends, is boring. We must not say so.
After all, the sky flashes, the great sea yearns,
we ourselves flash and yearn,
and moreover my mother told me as a boy
(repeatingly) "Ever to confess you're bored
means you have no
Inner Resources." I conclude now I have no
inner resources, because I am heavy bored.
Peoples bore me,
literature bores me, especially great literature,
Henry bores me, with his plights & gripes
as bad as achilles,¹
who loves people and valiant art, which bores me.
And the tranquil hills, & gin, look like a drag
and somehow a dog
has taken itself & its tail considerably away
into mountains or sea or sky, leaving
behind: me. wag.

[1963, 1964, 1969]

¹ achilles: The Greek warrior Achilles, the hero of Homer's Iliad (eighth century BCE), sulked in his tent and
temporarily refused to fight after he was insulted by Agamemnon, the leader of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

26

The glories of the world struck me, made me aria,¹ once.
- What happen then, Mr Bones?
if be you cares to say.
- Henry. Henry became interested in women's bodies,
his loins were & were the
All the knobs & softnesses of, my God,
the ducking & trouble it swarm on Henry,
at one time.
- What happen then, Mr Bones?
you seems excited-like.
- Fell Henry back into the original crime: art, rime
besides a sense of others, my God, my God,
and a jealousy for the honour (alive) of his country.

¹ aria: An extended solo song in an opera or oratorio.