

When will I be passing the shunting station  
- as these that you the traveller of earth  
pass through sometimes at night

Mad

as I am tossed about throughout your drifting rails  
and hear your cataracts of iron crashing down,  
these sun lights scream out their lights as in a blaze  
suddenly

a flash until they bone you to a skeleton  
suddenly

flinging you

into the sucking awe and blindness of nadir.

Wretched head

bouncing and bouncing

shall I hear this sentence for ever and ever

They are beheading. They are beheading.

a million of skulls on the rail and they crush them

No I cannot stand these trepans

these bellows

These anvils

these burstings

of volumes

flung as masses of vacuum

howling death to the fast trains by-passing.

I cannot.

As the wave  
a question to the rhythm, indefatigable,  
and as the flood of a delirious sea . . .  
not the one that a sullen violence drifts away,  
but the one which desires,  
the one which possesses,  
which creates.

It will climb up unfurling steps  
up the ultimate foam  
of the very last bay.

Our ancient continents will present their young sun  
in a ~~delirious~~ dream forgotten by ~~summits~~  
With the awake  
enrapturing itself for its very first wave  
craving.

And now let me turn back to that dull plain of night

where all uniform

ends

all infinitely

forgets .