

Marketplace continued not to be
Such a dry business and I
Had learned not to be so
Callous with the sword there
Would be consolation I could
Express in your seeing it now
To cool the thundering beatings
Of your temple, the hot and
Dizzying faint, I say only
I hold you in this image.
I say only, I have to live as
You with the face of the monster.

In Rapallo a robed man sets
Sandal on curbstone and
Contemplates monuments in the
Dry texture of block, fatalism
Defined in a ultimate product,
Piped to the flocks - the noon
Tone of elevator music sustained,
Diminuendoed with no starting peak.
The noon tone sustained, held,
Cherished. Piped in and held
Appearing unannounced and unexplained.
This is the food of the gawking
Monster in the marketplace.