

**'a condition of complete simplicity
costing not less than everything'**

empire built unbuilt
music lived with so long
death by train journey
favourite poets
second rate science
I too wish to kill the messenger
returning to the little hut
where the eye of the god
always smiled amid death
disease and finally war
little grace notes only
are your repast
to take you to a miseréré
let the Seine have you
where your imprinted soul
is carried on the water memory
into the ocean of tides
which beat on the brows
of the unsmiling