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The Corner of the Eye

The vision is just beyond the corner of the eye.
You cannot see it, but sense the faint gleam

The star, it may be a poor light shimmering bold
Aurora ^{from} lifted, ~~subtle~~ from ~~sun~~, ~~lethal~~ for ~~all~~ the owl

Letters. ~~at~~ ^{broken} ~~roof~~, for ~~M~~, in a needless dream,
In the ~~sun~~ ^{delightful} map of your future lost breath like

The ground of the great fed the blacksmith sets to a hoop,
An ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~at~~ ^{at} the ~~at~~ ^{at} the morning's newspaper misdeeds

Believe ~~down~~ the ~~down~~ down the empty down street of New York at midnight
Post (garbage ~~and~~ ~~dog~~ ~~shit~~), while the ~~plague~~ fell down,
Phyric ~~down~~ the ~~last~~ ~~area~~, prepared

Over that last fragment of history which is
Our lives. ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~baggy~~ ~~flint~~ of the old eyes of
The ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~the~~ ~~church~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~longer~~ ~~in~~ ~~order~~
If ~~he~~ ~~will~~ ~~see~~ ~~one~~ ~~more~~ ~~time~~ ~~in~~ ~~that~~ ~~under~~ ~~one~~ ~~more~~ ~~the~~ ~~pile~~
Smoking ~~down~~ ~~down~~ that promises what, at the street corner
~~where~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~now~~

Where ~~along~~, in ~~prose~~, you ~~feel~~ a ~~ring~~
of ~~dispar~~ like ~~nausea~~, until you ~~remembered~~
The ~~sudden~~ ~~decum~~ ~~the~~ ~~late~~, with ~~one~~ ~~way~~, at ~~the~~ ~~spot~~,

That ~~made~~ ~~his~~ ~~throat~~ ~~beat~~ ~~to~~ ~~your~~ ~~shoulder~~ + ~~along~~ ~~there~~ ~~while~~
You ~~held~~ ~~arms~~ ~~about~~ ~~your~~ ~~head~~ ~~and~~ ~~stayed~~ ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~bullet~~

The ~~bullet~~ ~~recoiled~~ + Yes, something is there at eye-edge.
It ~~has~~ ~~staked~~ ~~you~~ ~~all~~ ~~day~~, silent ~~hate~~, ~~fungus~~ ~~dropping~~, or years,

But ~~now~~, ~~may~~ ~~at~~ ~~last~~ ~~hush~~ the ~~great~~ ~~heart~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~had~~ ~~quietly~~ ~~ready~~
Is ~~it~~ ~~merely~~ ~~a~~ ~~poem~~, ~~is~~ something as ~~hard~~?

The bulleting recoiled against others. Yes something
But the bullet recoiled against others. Yes something
Knew not you had for you all the time I made the change
of that poem, the last hour of poems, the fast hundred fast follow, for
at has staked you all day, silent hate, fungus dropping, or years

