

TANGO

Slaves of the winds, cloud-bursts and bawdy zephyrs
that choose to puff their wills into us,
equally are we prisoners
of the little sucking whirlpools
which possess our brains
in sudden paralyzing sprains.

I am the gentle creature of this avenue of lights;
mine eyes great deer's eyes which hold the
moon—yet
arrested before it (the street) am likewise
at mercy of this foul woman
who takes my arm,
and of this gendarme.

Across this street,
across this (if you will) my page
stride
the staccato feet
of a little man
with a long French bread presented as a spear.