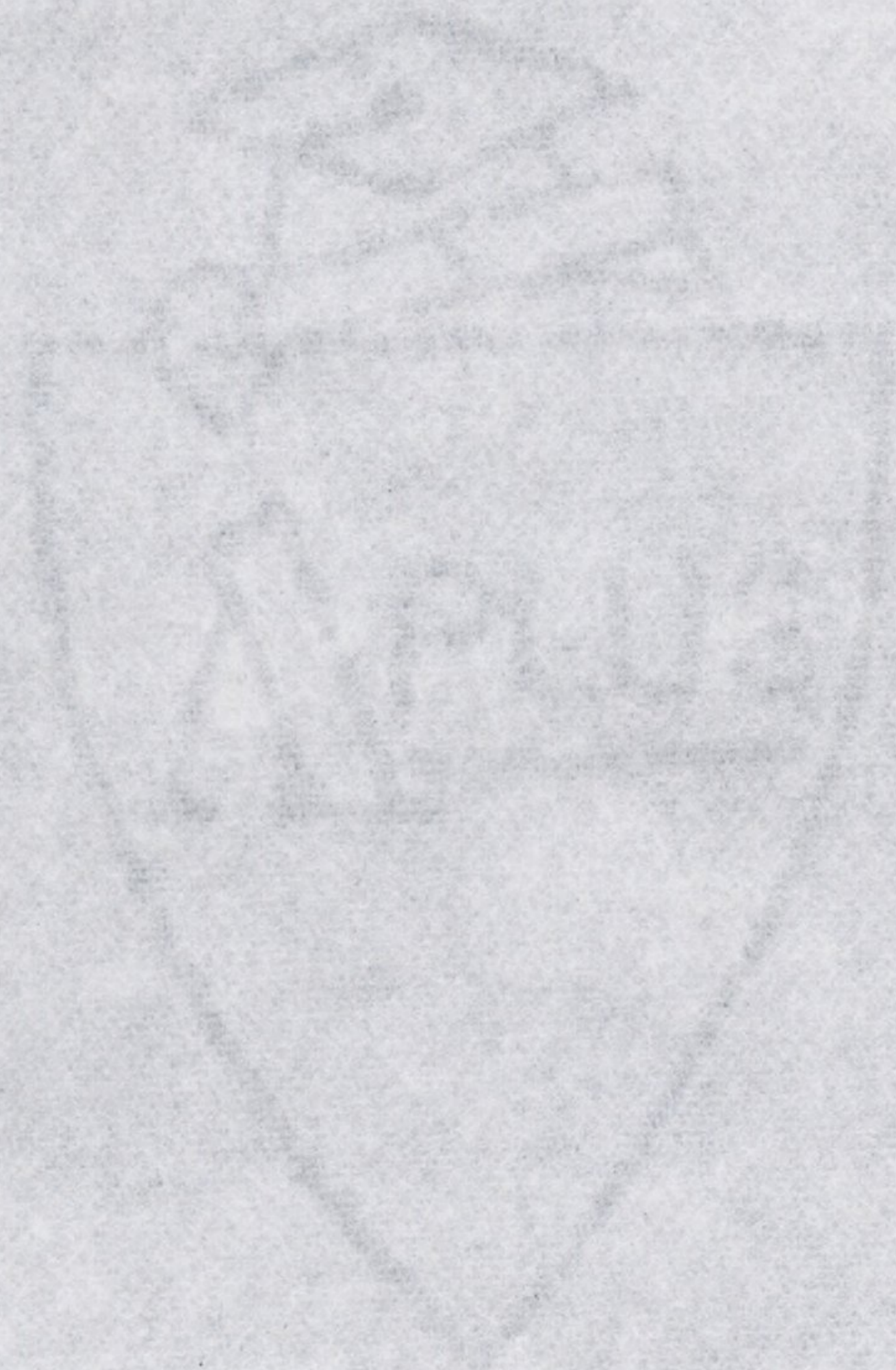


DEATH'S DREAM

I see a police-dog riding on a bicycle.
He enters a fourteenth century village dressed as a shepherd.
They are waiting by their torches, the townsmen,
Under the shrike's thorn-tree, the gibbet of the Lord.
"He comes from the drowned provinces."
He shines with tears, the shepherd's bandages are stripped
From legs bone-yellow as oilskin, the head like a kid's skull
Nods in the firelight by the cripples' gang.
The bones spring from their litters... So, now, steam bursts
From the bulb the interne smashes; "is it time?"
My mother whispers to the nurse; the surgeon screams--
Blood bursts from the tied gauze, the nurse falls past her sponge;
He is handed the bone-scissors, he reels from the enamels
And alloys of the strangers' drug, the goat-skulled dog
That grins by the sectioned foetus, disappears.

1943?



ERASABLE BOND
COTTON CONTENT