

"Love Poem III" by Jack Spicer. *Language*: San Francisco, White Rabbit Press, 1965

"'Arf,' says Sandy"

"To come to the moment of never come back
to the moment of hope. Too many buses
that are late" Hugh O'Neill in our
Canto for Ezra Pound.

The ground still squirming. The ground still
not fixed as I thought it would be in
an adult world.

Sandy growls like a wolf. The space
between him and his image is greater
than the space between me and my image.

Throw him a honey-cake. Hell has been proved
to be a series of image.

Death is a dog and Little Orphan Annie
My own Eurydice. Going into hell so many
times tears it

Which explains poetry.