

THE SELECTED POEMS OF
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VINTAGE BOOKS

A DIVISION OF RANDOM HOUSE NEW YORK

INTERIOR (WITH JANE)

The eagerness of objects to
be what we are afraid to do

cannot help but move us Is
this willingness to be a motive

in us what we reject? The
really stupid things, I mean

a can of coffee, a 35¢ ear
ring, a handful of hair, what

do these things do to us? We
come into the room, the windows

are empty, the sun is weak
and slippery on the ice And a

sob comes, simply because it is
coldest of the things we know