

At the Papal Palace

Clement came downstairs and asked the wall
for a thorough account of his fear.

The apricots spelled the normal doom.
By the wide radiant water four

obligate hunters touched the journée's
crack, and five deer pointed with their smiles

to the root of all excess. The dead
eye of morning aflame fell upon

the tiles like so many demands. The
mouths of fish were trembling. Clement blinked.

The river burst and a dove, a knife
flew into the ocean of limit-

less cruelty, making one another,
fear into its waxen idea.

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