

## TO FACE THE MORNING

I, who fling my gangling limbs along the street  
(unwilling) in the ways and movements of a walk, —  
I, who (weeping) wrap the looseness of my will  
about the driven sinews,  
whipping the body, and cutting  
crazy planes of motion  
thru the morning air,  
thus from the soft  
bed arisen,  
am as  
one  
whose whole  
spirit and substance,  
whose heavy head has dropped into his shoes,  
and crawling with insubstantial windblown body,  
drags the weighted shoes behind, by palsied hand . . . . .