

memory of quick thunder in the sky, heat intense and enervating, flaming sunsets and flambuoyant trees. Then there will be wiry, brown-skinned Indians in thatched huts, with pigs, and mud, and flies. There will always be the startling contrast of the poverty of man against the abundance of

nature; the sight of bread fruit and papaya growing wild, and children dying of diseases of filth and malnutrition. This much I shall never forget. It lives no longer as a reality even in my memory, but it remains indelibly as a glimpse of life at once novel, exotic, and disturbing.

Rocok

OF WANTING

ROBERT PACE

. . . of wanting, of wanting, of searching, seeking, desiring, utter nakedness of desire, utter shining whiteness of naked want

. . . of forever seeking, forever the alone, the torn, the beaten, the ravaged of thought

. . . of always walking in shaded streets, of stopping in darkness and staring into lightness, all gay, happy, golden light of easy fulfilment

. . . of standing and staring and of wanting, and of turning at last back into the shadow and walking on

gone
. . . of crying aloud into the unheard ear, of waving frantically at the unseen eye, of pounding and clutching desperately the unfelt hand

. . . of no escape, not even the solace of the martyred, of not even the clean-sheeted bed of the invalided, not even the padded cell of the labrynthed

. . . of only a dusty room on a darkened street, only a padded couch, only the stupid frantic ticking, ticking, ticking of the kitchen clock, only the stupid staring antimacassars

*everyday
toward*
. . . of not even a cat to rub, nor a dog to kick, nor a book to read

. . . of at last going to bed and lying, turning, twisting, and of at last going to sleep

. . . of at last going to sleep and of not even dreaming, never, never, never ever dreaming.

*def. rhythm
rep. for affect
form - conventional
pattern - no
no-capital
universal
almost
in life
massed confounding
enforced*