The summer closes with a cosmic fit,
But seasons avoid me. Here, I don’t exist.
Some doze off, grimly vested, dimly lit
By crackling gowns: these husbands on a list:
Official Friends. Who understands these men?
Why did they choose this myth, this four-day show
To nap beside their wives. It’s far too slow
A penance for their sorrow and their spite.

I fool myself that all of us are one
Standing beneath the final D-flat shine
That overflows the rafters and the Rhine.
But all of us are guilty, and the stains
Rinse equal in the artificial sun
From these hard chairs above the world’s remains.