

Henry's Body: A Thousand Hacks

Them bells chime a thought
did the ears fail over time
still with blind eyes late
Henry found a thinking mind

A ghastly grave did he hide
like an end not there
had he more of in pieces
Henry is missing

He tears them open
as this face attends they say
reproach the Sieneese
anyone weeping the years

He could blur too good
for ever has he never
If nobody's up
where nobody is little

Once again not só
he went up to Henry's heart
and all he reckons
is all in a hundred years

Sleepless and profiled
in there and always somewhere
the cough sat heavy
and starts the odour in May

Make her dawn and down
and thing on another thing
but often he knows
everyone would be missing

Dream Song 29
by John Berryman

There sat down, once, a thing on Henry's heart
só heavy, if he had a hundred years
& more, & weeping, sleepless, in all them time
Henry could not make good.
Starts again always in Henry's ears
the little cough somewhere, an odour, a chime.

And there is another thing he has in mind
like a grave Sieneese face a thousand years
would fail to blur the still profiled reproach of.
Ghastly, with open eyes, he attends, blind.
All the bells say: too late. This is not for tears;
thinking.

But never did Henry, as he thought he did,
end anyone and hacks her body up
and hide the pieces, where they may be found.
He knows: he went over everyone, & nobody's
missing.
Often he reckons, in the dawn, them up.
Nobody is ever missing.