



Key to the Map on the Following Page

You exit through a trap door
& follow the winding slopes
the baths are like provinces
& filters rolled to perfection
we are broadening what was obvious
well-sought sheets put off by surrender
"I was never a thief in the material
anything I owned was a gift
& anything given I gave away"
the rest is too inadequate to recall
centuries before I would have
now other cares encrypt the mind
graduated light, mother-of-pearl pretenders
their free and easy manner
was always contagious