

Light spreads downwards from ~~the~~ hanging high  
 Clusters of lights ~~darkly~~ <sup>darkly</sup> over ~~the~~ empty chairs.  
 They are different ~~colours~~ <sup>colours</sup> and grouped ~~symmetrically~~ <sup>symmetrically</sup>.  
 Through open doors a ~~huge~~ <sup>huge</sup> room declares  
 loneliness of ~~silver~~ <sup>silver</sup> & glass.  
 Silence is laid like carpet. A porter reads  
 the unsold papers. Various hours pass.  
 Outside, last train from Doncaster and Leeds

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 the unsold papers. Various hours pass.  
 Outside, last train from Doncaster and Leeds

Come slowly in and stop, but nobody  
 asks for one of the beds behind locked doors.  
 And left the Conference Room in darkness.



They are made the same but coloured differently

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 Clusters of lights over ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> empty chairs.  
 They are different ~~colours~~ <sup>colours</sup> and grouped ~~symmetrically~~ <sup>symmetrically</sup>.  
 Through open doors the dining room declares  
 loneliness of ~~silver~~ <sup>silver</sup>, glass,  
 and silence laid like carpet. A porter reads  
 the unsold papers. Various hours pass.  
 Outside, last train from Doncaster and Leeds

Come slowly in and stop, but nobody  
 asks for one of the beds behind locked doors.  
 And left the Conference Room in darkness.

Or Stockholm, the Conference Room door  
 is a meeting table and behind the door  
 darkness and full ashtrays. How  
 isolated, like a fort, it is!  
 Outside, the bright streets are empty now



4.5.66

Friday night in the Royal Station Hotel

Light spirals downwards <sup>(darkly)</sup> from the high  
 Clusters of lights on to ~~the~~ empty chairs  
 Facing ~~each other~~ <sup>each other</sup>, coloured differently.  
 Through open doors the dining room declares  
 A larger loneliness of ~~cutlery~~ <sup>cutlery</sup>, glass.  
 And silence laid like carpet. A porter reads  
<sup>An</sup> unsold evening paper. Hours pass.  
 All the salesmen have gone back to Leeds,

~~On London, and the Conference Room door  
 Is locked on darkness and full ashtrays. How  
 Isolated, like a fort, it is!  
 Outside, where lightning ends the villages  
 Are ~~Are~~ <sup>Suddenly, somewhere</sup> ~~lamps and plough.~~  
 Beyond them,  
 Small waves ~~fold~~ <sup>fold</sup> on a level shore.~~

4/5/66

Leaving  
~~And left~~  
 full ashtrays in the Conference Room.  
 In <sup>shoollen</sup> corridors the lights burn. How  
 Isolated, like a fort, it is!  
~~Outside~~ <sup>Outside</sup> All the main lines end here. Afterward come  
 Nothing ~~see any further~~  
 Outside, ~~lines end~~ and  
 No one ~~goes any further~~  
 Life could be like this  
 What surrounds us, we become.  
 This

16/5/66

Light spreads darkly downwards from the high  
 Clusters of lights onto empty chairs  
 That face each other, coloured differently.  
 Through open doors the dining room declares  
 A larger loneliness of ~~cutlery~~ knives and glass  
 And silence laid like carpet. A porter reads  
 An unsold evening paper. Hours pass.  
 All the salesmen have gone back to Leeds,

Leaving full ashtrays in the Conference Room.  
 In shoollen corridors the lights burn. How  
 Isolated, like a fort, it is!  
 The headed paper is for writing home,  
 If home existed, ~~what is about exile: how now~~  
~~bulletins from the edge of~~ <sup>like washed lines envelope</sup> ~~the wave folds on the shore~~  
 about beyond the villages.

~~The ceasless waves folding behind the villages.  
 In darkness waves fold behind the villages.~~ 20.5.66