

TRAGEDY ONE

Margot you well remember whose red Hair
O Famous a torch for me those ruddy tresses were
presumed by the allurements of her Coiffure
and the Perfection of her plump complexion
to GALVANIZE me

through

the

Telephone

You understand the Crackle of typewriters comptographs
dictaphones and phonographs The Sirens I was
dumb
permitting no

ELECTRIC

transmission

from Receiver

to

Transmitter

and the INSTRUMENT to crash
to the floor from my mechanical Hands.