

# The Angle

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## The Murder

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## The Murder

### Cover Page Footnote

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The giacometti trees  
are cordoned after the wind's parade:  
    having thrown all their confetti  
                    and roared hoarsely  
                    and waved wildly  
they stare at the strewn street  
and are naked  
and empty.  
    For what they threw  
was them  
    and their hero wind is  
                    where

R. PAVELSKY

# The Murder

Come with me around the town —  
She's just put on her evening gown  
She's decked out fine, all in black  
With twinkling sequens on her back

(I'll take you to a murder)

Come with me around the city  
Though I must warn you: show no pity  
The people having cups of fun  
Are truly happy — every one

(No shot will echo)

We'll drive up this street, drive up that —  
Look out! Look out! Don't hit the fat  
Old drunk falling off the curb  
His Non-Existence don't disturb

(No blade will flash)

Listen to that jumping band  
Come with me and we'll stand  
In back and watch the dying youth  
Attempt expression of their "truth"

(No pipe will thud)

Look: see that couple over there  
Do be careful, do not stare  
Unless my eyes are in a blurr  
That's a He — no — that's a Her

(No car will crash)

Look at that fellow take one more  
Then stagger, stagger out the door  
What a time he has had!  
Worth it — though next morning's bad

(No blood will flow)

Well, *time is late*: time to go  
Hope you have enjoyed the show  
Oh! Just before we say good-by  
I hate to ask — you know I'm shy:

Did You Enjoy The Murder? . . .

JAMES R. HALL, JR.