**air as structure**

he was not even looking
that is to say  searching

the buildings insisted upon
forced in on his contemplation
became an abstraction

no  not the buildings
not even the bumpety street
(though he knew without thinking
how desperately the frost-flowers
beneath  heaved and buckled
to break from their albino trap)

strange  he felt  that this
day should be chosen
that he should be chosen
to  see the air  not blue
as in sky  or cloudy
but solidly insinuating
between things  dividing

and isolating  concentrating
on the shapes it made  and playing
with light and shadow

suddenly he felt happy

as a swimming goldfish
he eased his shoulders through
the sculptures formed
in spite of the nothing—
buildings

  o point of balance
  o bodies  o tippling
leaves

paddy webb