

How I am, too
a common thief
rummages amongst your things.

I play dead...
He catches' workmen
alive with knives of their hanks
already at home in my flesh.

Monday, all night I cut my feet,
I was not walk on my tongue...

Looking her, who sleeps in me,
She who is the door, That one,
behind which is all I dream

Everything for which my appetite
is sharpened...
To the desiccant fruits, air!

(from looking up)

The translucent leaf-shaded heights,
^{unifaced?}
disjoined by the thrill of pure birds
separated by distance and rain ...

And lands surrounding the underflow,
bushes, grasses, flowering woods,
asleep as her in memory and marrow.

The winds are lifting from red and
from blue-green, from yellow,
from a depth unfathomable

comes black, bordered by ^a mournful
of white and blue; touch the people,
~~the people~~ ~~touch~~ the fear that plagues my heart.

comes black, bordered by a mournful
white and blue; touch the people,
the fear that plagues my heart.