

Wind noise - paucifier to all earthly ills -
A scaffolding of stars - the trimmings rivers
Speak vainly - muse - yet ~~still~~ continue to
Exhale - Expressly and for thy purpose is
to heal - & know

O God how stout my heart would be in Leap
to come -

Look how they turn about endlessly - He put
his noble hand to task. Out of the mouth
of emptiness he plucked infinity
And gave her tongue to sing to thine.

Thought - Thought - drifting slowly to the shore.
Shore Shore making shelter for the thought -