

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 -