

at dusk
 just when
 the Light is filled with birds
 seriously
 i begin

to climb the best hill,
 driven by black wine.
 a village does not move behind
 my eye

the windmills are
 silent
 their flattened arms
 complain steadily against the west

one Clock dimly cries
 nine,i stride among the vines
 (my heart pursues
 against the little moon

a here and there lark
 who; rises,
 and; droops
 as if upon a thread invisible)

A graveyard dreams through its
 cluttered and brittle emblems, or
 a field (and i pause among
 the smell of minute mown lives) oh

my spirit you
 tumble
 climb
 and mightily fatally

i remark how through deep lifted
 fields Oxen distinctly move, a
 yellow and bluish cat (perched why
 Curvingly at this) window; yes