

VI

let's live suddenly without thinking

under honest trees,

a stream

does.the brain of cleverly-crinkling

-water pursues the angry dream

of the shore. By midnight,

a moon

scratches the skin of the organised hills

an edged nothing begins to prune

let's live like the light that kills

and let's as silence,

because Whirl's after all:

(after me)love,and after you.

I occasionally feel vague how

vague i don't know tenuous Now-

spears and The Then-arrows making do

our mouths something red,something tall