

23

albutnotquite most

lost(in this br
am
bliest tangle of hi
llside)a

few dim tombstones

try to re(still u
ntumbled but slant
ing drun
kenly)mind

me of noone i ever &

someone(the others have
long ago laid
them)i never(selves
any than

every more silent

ly)heard(& how
look at it blue is the
high is
the deep is the far o my

darling)of(down