

13

o
 nly this
 darkness(in
 whom always i
 do nothing)deepens
 with wind(and hark
 begins to

Rain)a

house
 like shape
 stirs through(not
 numerably
 or as lovers a
 chieve oneness)each
 othering

Selves i

sit
 (hearing
 the rain)un
 til against my
 (where three dreams live)fore
 head is stumbling
 someone(named

Morning)