

quick i the death of thing  
glimpsed (and on every side  
swoop mountains flimsying  
become if who'd)

me under a opens  
(of petals of silence)  
hole bigger than  
never to have been

what above did was  
always fall  
(yes but behind yes)  
without or until

no atom couldn't die  
(how and am quick i  
they'll all not conceive  
less who than love)