

Where-go:

December 6th, 2009

by where comes?
by road or air?
by railway?
be the waters that will take you back?
or the woods do carry you away?

The electric lines do you justice-?
nor do the word of mouth that over I distribute myself
Under those electric lines
they cut the forest down to make them
and they span across the mountain ranges
clear the air for wired lines- and broadcasts
bouncing all around

When someday soon come turning round
no tornado
no roots to fall and trip over
no harvest from the land
bare fields by lonely roads
dirty city streets
where the agony
that brought them there
-can be forgotten?

Where did it go?
our haunted lonely sorrow
they us here to cities, detached

from the land that suffocates under
and tendrils spring from every crack of

And you, whose movements are
in perfect measure to
reverberate in arriving here in this place
A world I never have left