

I HEAR
faltering ***cries***
among *habors*
Copper ignots
slide down sand-pits

**T
O
C
O
P
I
L
L
A**

I come out of **books**
to *people orchards*
with the hoarse family of my
song,
to work
the burning metals
or
to **eat** smoked beef
by mountain firesides.

GRAM

the "Mine" Union
the one I love
me I

from the "Mine" Unit
and the one I love
whose name I
won't let out
expects me.
in Bucalemu

I love adventurous books

BOOKS OF FOREST OR SNOW

*depth or sky
but hate*

THE SPIDER BOOK *in which thought has laid poisonous wires to trap the juvenile and circling fly.*

O D E T O

T H E B O O K

P A B L O N E R U D A