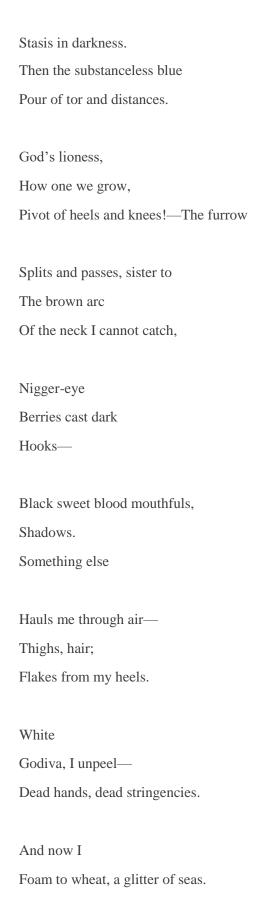
Ariel



The child's cry

Melts in the wall.

And I

Am the arrow,

The dew that flies
Suicidal, at one with the drive
Into the red

Eye, the cauldron of morning.