



# Aswelay

weary was when coming on a stream  
in hidden midst the amberadornment  
of falls birth here near edge  
    ariplingsoundless  
leaves and eddy eyes withtrickling  
forest thighs in widenings  
youthful nipping scenic creakless

in this boundlessvastly hours wait  
in gateless isn't fleshly smelling  
    muchly as a golden  
on the crustishunderbrush of where  
    no one walked were  
unwindishrustlings mustingthoughts  
    of illtimed harvests

and as we lay and as  
    welay and as welay  
        andaswelay  
aswelay aswelay  
    andaswelay

above a bird watching we knew not  
what cause his course of course we  
lay we lay in the rippling  
soundlessboundlessvastly  
    of a firthing  
    duty leaving welay  
    wanting noughtless

and then it seemed  
as from the air he left  
the bird who watched  
what would be called  
    a dream

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# Alcoved Agonies

Below  
Cooper Square,  
the January lateness  
lies cold in doorways.  
Men alcoved in agonies  
sprawl  
    their lives  
outwardly upon  
an inward  
    World,  
as if bottled  
in a dream preferred.  
Often, dreams (however  
holy watered)  
are unable to pass through doorways  
like the cold of January lateness  
and the anointed agonies of men.



