

in the
inhospitable
un
geo
metrical
burning
in its own scorching heat
land
passage
to an all
en
closed
sea:
they would write it
on their skin
turn it into music
sing it
with amorous fervour
get over it
to the dark side
of their dreams
where
blades shine
before
falling
and
the lost
unjustly
time
rises
rebellious
all over