

## CASSANDRA AND FRIEND

Pausing at the edge of the wood  
they turned to see a huge  
entering from beneath a stone  
it wasn't one of their own  
for it had never grown

Unlikely as it seemed  
their stares were not demeaning

Because it was a fact  
it never left a track

## EVENING

Alone  
the dusk  
drew  
might  
brightly  
waning  
slightly  
less  
meager  
growing  
only  
knowing

## A S W E L A Y

Weary was when coming on a stream  
in hidden midst the amber adornment  
of fall's birth  
here near edge  
a rippling soundless  
leaves and eddy eyes  
with trickling forest thighs  
in widening  
youthful nipping  
scenic creakless

In this boundless vastly  
hours wait  
in gateless  
isn't  
fleshly  
smelling  
muchly  
as a golden

On the crustish underbrush  
of where no one walked  
were

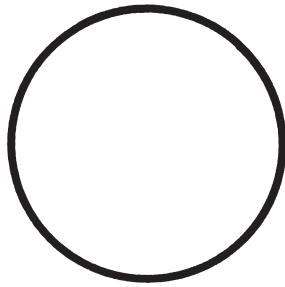
unwindish rustlings  
musting thoughts  
of ill timed harvests

And  
as we lay  
as we lay  
and  
as we lay  
we lay  
as we lay  
and  
aswelay

Above  
a bird  
watching  
we knew not  
what  
cause  
his  
course  
of course  
we lay  
we lay  
in the rippling

soundless  
boundless  
vastly  
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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## SWAMPSCOTT AUTUMN

Or  
water dripping  
bottled brown  
in stem's rust  
the tideless expanse  
the dusk chilled murk  
the dead wet newly leaves  
strewn cool wind  
pewter

