07 October

Sally Keith*
07 OCTOBER

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Night’s feeble
end (count me—
undone) still

burns. And morning
wind—cannot hold it
here. Unintelligible

wings on wind—
cutting grave streaks
for the shuffling

sky. (What piece
must fall?) My hands,
stones. Adding—

giving sound to
a quick stream’s
silent running.

Stop me. Use
wet moth wings.
{Slow me—}