Asking the sun to come soon,
i still sense,
inside the glad dimness, this love—
the aluminum cloud—;
balance of night that shines
in the cedar, earth's
energy struggles
with its cloak of worry,
Venus drops from Jupiter, its radiance
delicate as saliva—;
from our bed, its bed
their bed: getting up to keep watch
under the genderless shadow of events—;
vioence in the only heart—canceled!
In warmer valleys,
new little badgers, blind & furred—:
regrets to the heronry! the heron
cannot see them, where they hide...

History wakes us
to sort it out with the press
of great voices, silent now—; i fear
the bosses will always win.
Behind the owl, a broken line of sound:
green or baby everything:
badgers, herons,
the spirits have abandoned me;
let me not abandon myself—

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