



There is no compromise with
Sullen grey, and cracked worm-worlds
Fallen to gusts or hands or forward forces
You sow compromise
with that sound, that air shuffle dance and
fallen piece smell
Smell of turnover, sound of all-around
Sense of all-over, creeping and
falling in love
This life is everywhere...

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To find the real real
To find and to find
To look at vein-leaves of wind fury
To look at the at
To look direct
Seen no callow, no ungrown
There is no stripe in life
Is life
Mind you, Tinsel on the branches, soft
A layer untouched, unplaid
Dropped carefuly by the wall of the root
Base and deep and inside
Berries droop blooming and dead stick line traces
Wood if you would, I see it
in their faces.