

## 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—*