

him and the love,  
him and the horizon.  
It is the death

not there as a dead thing  
but the even practical  
presence of its

song, the life,  
far away, the man  
in the water.

## UNTITLED

honest appraisal  
of life: dryness

—branch unto branch  
if: then: these

return of their own  
accord: river

also: asking help  
help

in the endless  
fever: field

moon  
high branch

prior  
to field: simple

meditations of night  
belonging to someone

so bare: have never  
traveled without fear

accompanying