

## VOICES AND WORDS

Mist hinged in the thorn  
The dodder cast its veil  
Winter made return  
Stemming the low sprawl  
The harbinger's weed  
I sought, I don't need

Whatever slipped its bed  
Up through the buried shaft  
Was bolder for the rude  
Degree again of halved  
Stone, I thought to bring  
It back, gruff thing

Degrading, what was flung  
From the sun, scroll  
In the least tongue  
Which does unbind, fool  
Floating, hung  
I'll live my life on