

## And Just the Birds...

### Cemetery of Scream

Elegy of silent windows of wind in the boughs of the trees  
of the plain of lights wrapped up in a grief  
The crest of roof broken'n'left walls overgrown of grass'n'wine  
white shrub washed down of drops of storm windows bunged with r  
otten boards  
And just the birds live here wanderers from distant hills  
the bringin' the breath of a space breath of unreal impetus