

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