

A Touch Of Henry Moore

Nits

Sometimes
I hear the hammer of steel
Sometimes
I hear the grindstone turn
And I am looking looking
Sometimes
I see the cool wet stone
Sometimes
I see the tin white skin
And I am looking looking
Hesitating so afraid to touch
And there is more to it
Than meets the eye knew it
And there is more to it
Than meets the eye knew it
A reclining figure
Made of brass and steel
It's a perfect mixture
How I think and feel
And there is more to it
I know
A touch of Henry Moore and
Barbara Hepworth
Monday
In a slow train
Outside
The falling rain
And I am looking