

Toward the leaves
Scattered brushed
Long brown leadened
Swirl of haze trodden
The spring garden
Merges with
Merges down
With the forgotten

Flowers. Fawn, shadows mere
On a puppet horizon
We want that lion
On our skin
The best of the set we think we've gotten

As if we possess
That we would rise
To a Master's height
A worse sublime
When the tattooist claws in
And starts his trace
We grimacing and cry "foul"

Flowered forn, shadows, mere
On a puppet horizon
We want that lion
On our skin
The best of the set we think we've gotten

Save only the lion's tail
The pain of imprint not what we thought
The lion safe from knotted claws
Is not what we've forgotten

Towards that wall
Of scattered brush
Long and proud
Forgotten
Swirl of haze
Swirl of trust
The spring garden
That we've trodden

Flower, forna, shadows mere
On a puppet horizon
We want that lion traced on our skin
The best of set we think we've gotten