

## Three Friends

## The Levellers

Burning searing sun  
soft through the skin  
bring your grace down here  
tearing past the grey shadows of today  
stroke away the fear

cold and steaming moon  
call down a tune  
lend us your ear  
glide by the curves  
which your secret serves  
but bring not your spear

and life holds no time  
by the blink of your eyes as both  
you watch your sister planet die