

## WINTER

Do you know where to end the moon  
The moon is everywhere  
The moon is at our windowpane  
The moon is for a daffodil in the parlor  
The moon is for a crayon  
The moon is for our galoshes  
The moon is endless  
The moon is on the ground

## INK

ink is serious  
ink is following  
your footprints  
out of the inkwell  
Ink wanted to know why  
do you know what ink did  
ink drove some people mad  
ink is over the Wilderness  
ink is a spectre of the soul

## IRK

ink came to you and I  
in the middle of the night  
over the sheets  
if you meant ink  
if you meant an inkling  
if you meant a crayon  
if you meant a Cave  
if you meant a cave man  
if you needed ink  
if you need coal,  
upon my soul

## TRENCHES

even lightning screams  
and roars  
and shakes the furniture  
even a roaring lion  
thundered over our hovels  
like shaking the sawdust out of our bloody noses  
like creeping close to the sand bags  
for I'll smell this beast in the distance  
for I'll smell this beast over again  
even a factory whistle screams by its lonesome self  
even a steel wire grips this remembered heart  
for I'll smell this philistinish thing of long ago

## FLOCKS

I didn't know they were going to be beasts  
I thought they were going to be birds of a feather that  
flew together  
I never knew why they ate out of our bleeding hands  
I never knew why they pecked away at the Wilderness