

fled to the wind swept hills,  
 not to return.

Left you, all passionless things  
 like meat & oat pudding.

I ran & let the wind pierce through my hair  
 & thought of most turbulent in flesh  
 & hussies cases & rigorous procedures  
 with some mad frenzy clutching at my head  
 For you had frightened me.

### \* Reflections.

Wavering blue grey lines make a window;  
 & strange opaqueness is combined with the  
 most transparent quality.  
 And, as I watch, bright doors open by the  
 waters

Shirest through its Transparency.

Further back there is a thickness which  
 nothing can probe;

but yes, there is a dark, strong in its

solidity,

delving thickness.

Wavering grey blue lines make a window  
 to be made by the walls it is reflection.