

And she was dead. To that I do swear.  
 She could talk like you & I  
 But never did I hear a cry  
 Escape those lips. I wondered how  
 She kept the smoothness on her brow.  
 I knew a woman once - a shell.  
 She came not from this world, but from.

To Ashburton.

(just because I adore it so.)

Strange, but a night ago I could not sleep;  
 I lay & watched the motor lights pass by  
 and trace their pale & transient yellowness  
 upon the black walls of my room.  
 Then as I turned in one last wild attempt  
 to calm my heart & head by counting sheep,  
 another ear went by and in the dark  
 a flame glistered & grew. A pale flame  
 of smouldering fire sprang from a copper jug,  
 and then went out. Quick as I came  
 my mind had left the room of sleeplessness.  
 Straight like earth currents flying through the air,  
 this essential me had gone, swift  
 as a thought, & found a harmony  
 deeper than words or night or love.  
 An inner stillness came into my soul