

And still we dream  
and still we shift the sun cloak  
over bodies, sweat  
and lie quite still, ~~and~~  
and dream.

(And thunder at our throat)

II Conrad, the thrush song will not  
~~there over head~~ ~~warm us~~  
Will give no warning  
His singing will not cease  
The bees will hum all down the  
darkest morning  
Inoculating us to peace  
(weaving a web of peace)

III The mountains, quarries, ~~granite~~  
Have done what ~~at last~~ ~~found~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~  
Of centuries is only a small ~~space~~  
where the boundary ~~is~~