

To grapple with the errors & push in ways
 into our official buses, & to go
 in different directions once again.

But it was better so. Intense pain was not
 there
 Only a dull, full ache that shined on both so
 well

The depth of our afflictions the force
 of genuine emotions, though they be
 stippled & well-controlled.

x light - shade. shaded

As some few gutted noise that sweeps the night
 descends upon the stillness of my room
 I rise & take a walk with drooping head
 and pierce in the blackness of my hair.
 I take a pale green apple from a bush
 of yellow china & I run from sheds
 to patch of moonlight tied; I reach the woods
 I trace a silver pattern with my feet
 upon the softest moss that ~~ever grows~~ ^{grows};
 I plant my apple pips in rich, moist earth
 and track the gnarled old trunks with slender
 hands;
 I wear a topknot with glowing words

upon the moss from off - dark
 with a ps