

The Wings on a Spindrift: A Ballad

I am no bird of prey | I am no grain-eater
I am no eater of insects | I am not here
I am no drifter of nectar | I am no
Collector of dust | I am here
Drover of pollen
A Taker of Spiders
From their webs
I do not know
Over the ~~explic~~ paddock
I do not know them by sight | I do not
I do not fall like a ~~dead~~ blade from my
not rise above the stations' But I am here
here | I am no kidbit of Chaos.
The Perfector of Heaven with open arms

The Valley Deep

25/7/15