

The Lakes

James Vincent McMorrow

Stow it away for words for dream. Took the nerve for unseen, feeling it go untrue. For a say what is true of chaos in too.

Then in the quiet it calls again. In our world in our time, give it all miles away lives alone at the wildest day and then were taken home. Settled words were gone again were called upon.

And down to the lake where the last we go. I was not laid those down below. Oh they been wait, the fall and the row with the trap show failing from. Presence from upon. Harrow winds and falls upon the highs and low.

For the side, down to the window. For the side, down to the way on. (x2)