

Lists

New ~~the~~ Long the days
Shepherded out of November
Into the most northern and calmest of
~~the~~ areas.

a The plumes
Pungent together announce
The white stalk bristling of its time
To forwardness.

glet
swad As though a song (broke)
~~the~~ Out of the wood.

The closed ground
Open on kind thoughts, tears, ~~sweetmeats~~ and confusion
Because this started out of the ground.
~~Dear triangle,~~

The weather abhors you
To prop up
The new storm with shrugging wood of
~~The lace of~~ private saints
Into days drier ~~than beyond~~ belonging
Privy to everything
Arranged, worried about

Desperately leading the new year over mountains
Your ballots looked like this. Yellow in a white year.

Growing out to the nickname
Creating what I am, I,
Put off, waiting separately

Sold to the trunk
Sold to the leaves

Worn out by others' eyesight, (pressed by ~~the~~ delight
~~Suggesting a varied climate~~
Displaying all old cares.

1/1/64