

Words IIPOEM NO 184

12-13 April 1966

Revision of

POEM NO 44Originally written
May 19616 stanzas

- I
highly it starts to rain
A bird skims over the molting lake
leaving alone we two
- II
The wind freezes on my lips the warm
pulse of your cradling neck
You quiver From mine your hand withdraws
- III
Words only words I hear myself speak
Words which should skim away
as lightly as quickly
over the surface of the tongue
- IV
but these are at last words
heavy with truth Truth which will not rest
imprisoned by the teeth
- V
- a bird which when released
will not dart the wingtip water away
but plunge and at depth stab
- VI
Tracing your cheek that slow
tear is pain is liberation ~~is~~

Ken Jones
IV.66