

Publicerad 2015-07-17 18:45 av andrasidan

repeatedly in summer flustered with I

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one flies with distant promises of still
while I in the I look at a very lush sky
in the billing of a last order at the mill

thunder rolling with eggs and squirrels
in the early morning of another I see
finds no peace in the I of clock tale bells
or in the dying of the night blue sea

one walked immersed in water words
birds and the falling of a cockled sea
another is lost in that sea of I weed herds
tolling like an innermost I in the final me

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