Come this black land. High asunder
Rushing everward gathering greedily,
In cruel manner that leap from a
Night's string crust on the moon's sun.
The breeze and song of spring waves
Still by the break and stalk of
Fish air where the hoist tock ope
Under the flooding broken oil that
Seek the crushed厚厚的 of shingle

Yet man have said through bleare
That the wreck of our furoom afloat
Eclipsed the soul's foot and headship
In bright rails smore, siding with
Grease, leader, perecor.
Unwined in the crashing though
Flotsam rotting. The seaweed, the
Smothered earth.
Rocks now slimy, though the
Soured them while the tannar
Ran/ running towards post.

T.E. H. 5-4 May, 1970