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Or to have been ruined *for*

Of course the abyss has lichen

Goats Beech copse

where clovers lie like railtrack-flattened

coins The goats

descend further before tasting

of the lichen I understand eternity

I'm small in the same way

as among the masterpieces one prefers

anybody sketching Have I loved it enough

for it to be enough I fold each book

into petrified vines and their shards

To have been ruined *for*

In the immense gentling sense

I see no need to forgive me

I returned to earth for coffee

I had to do it and did it nevertheless

Of course the abyss has lichens

Goats

Beech copse where clovers lie

Like rail track-flattened coins

The goats descend further into the ravine before tasting of the lichens