

flowers in darkness trout in sunlight the basement in
ruins blue clouds in the night inside the bedroom bright hair
in sunlight wrists in silk gloves, and dancing in lines black mirrors in
rainstorms inside the heart still leaves in the gutters in- vaded his heart
in the mind a warm breeze the lovers en- shrouded bring in the gods, and silk
gloves in tatters still leaves in rainstorms incense in lines wrists in the gutters
the music inside ruins in bedrooms trout in the night disrobing in
orchards the woman alight black mirrors invaded in storms a man
blue clouds in the dancing bright hair in his hands bring in the gods
the lovers in sunlight still leaves in black mirrors silk gloves in
the gutters the music's in tatters it flowers inside