

VIII

at eye level what comes
 running towards you
 in a broken movement
as the sky jumps
 the grass goes out of
 focus where your own bones
face another in relations
 that stop nowhere
 under the skin
of a voice a broken
 moment coming back
 bydd yn ôl but it's never
byth yn ôl to the same
 place some place
 almost the same
where almost is all
 and most is mist
 coming down over
the pastures where
 the past is leading you
 beside the still pool
reeling back death in
 digital flicker through its
 shadows and valleys