

I must throw down  
one shoe  
the story  
I'm on plant. crash  
FACE UP  
on one hand  
the <sup>the other</sup> nearest  
the trees look  
I could lose  
the trees.  
The door is made of

Don't sit in mourning  
The leaf meal nearest  
is over my head  
"Is it I" who has tied  
A piece of lame to  
a ~~horse~~ tender horse  
Unreturned in my  
dream animals have gotten in  
the house and war is coming  
How can I carry <sup>white</sup>  
food there I never saw  
the house door <sup>holding</sup>  
underfoot "what's gone is  
gone" and even this  
was taken by force man  
hanged