

# And Also The Trees, Shrine

Material folds  
>From rough, modest clothes  
Slabs of cold sacred stone  
The peasant girl kneels  
In strips of feeble water light  
Slim fingers clasped  
Warm steady, precise  
The unwanted love for a murder  
In strips of feeble water light  
Echoed sighs  
Soft madonna eyes  
Bathe in smooth, flicked flame  
The peasant girl kneels  
The peasant girl kneels  
crosses herself slowly  
The warmth envelopes, seals  
But stays as quietly she leaves  
To love a murder  
To love a murder