

# Cemetery Of Scream, And Just The Birds...

Elegy of silent windows of wind in the boughs of the trees  
of the plain of lights wrapped up in a grief  
The crest of roof broken'n'left walls overgrown of grass'n'vine  
white shrub washed down of drops of storm windows bunged with rotten boards  
And just the birds live here wanderers from distant hills  
the bringin' the breath of a space breath of unreal impetus