

# And Also The Trees, The Millpond Years

As a voice beneath the millpond sings  
>From her past the lost June days are woken  
And wind across the gorse slopes call  
Through years, where the darkness roars  
Until with wirl-pool panic heart she looks  
Out of the looking-glass  
And sees her standing by her side  
Closes her soft grey eyes  
Blurred hurried bliss  
And the smell of space  
Vanish through fires  
Oh save me from the softness of your skin  
I can see you in the millpond years  
Quietly singing  
And her voice across the millpond sings  
Slow falling days and afternoons  
Watching each other in the quiet looking-glass  
While the geese ripple above the moors  
The leaves turned an vanished with the storms  
Falling through each others eyes  
This tortured paradise  
Her emerald dress  
And the ivory sheets  
Like delicate muscles  
Sleep-walking through shapes that razor blind  
But I can still see you in the millpond years  
Quietly singing  
I can see you there