

Ataraxia, June

june was tender
you can still see her
swinging in the moon-scythe
like spirits or ghosts
that nobody sees
that nobody believes in
june was tender
you can still see her

if the red-skin had been of flesh
he wouldn't have spent so many years
listening to june in the waves
if the red-skin had been of flesh
he wouldn't have spent so many years
listening to the voice that there wasn't

june would like to be
under the earth
like a beautiful stone-hand
white open
with the stretched palm
on wich falling asleep
or at least
intimately thinking