

Gandharvas, A Quick Feel

Have you time to come out to the feeld.
Little lamb, we'll live up in the hills.
Forgive me my innocent companion,
But i am bound to carry a contagion
Into the feeld
Open and concealed
For a quick feel.
Watch the grasses growing in the feeld
Sprouting out of terminal affection, and
Spreading out of the hole deep in our hearts.
Have you time to fall into a body
Condemned if revealed
For a quick feel.