

Syd Barret, Wolfpack

Howling the pack in formation appears
diamonds and clubs, light misted fog, the dead
waving us back in formation,
the pack in formation
bowling they bat as a group
and the leader is seen so early...
the pack on their backs, the fighters
through misty the waving the pack in formation
far reaching waves
on sight, shone right
I lay as if in surround...
all enmeshing, hovering...
the milder I gaze
all the animals laying trail
beyond the bough winds
mild the reflecting electricity eyes...
tears, the life that was ours
grows sharper and stronger away and beyond
short wheeling fresh spring
gripped with blanched bones moaned
magnesium, proverbs and sobs...
howling the pack in formation appears
diamonds and clubs, light misted fog, the dead
the pack in formation...