Cirrus minor

[unknown]

In a churchyard by a river, lazing in the haze of midday
Laughing in the grasses and the graze
Yellow bird, you are not alone in singing and in flying on
Laughing and in leavingWillow weeping in the water, waving to the river daughters
Swaying in the ripples and the reeds
On a trip to cirrus minor, saw a crater in the sun
A thousand miles of moonlight later

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