# Horsetail

## Woven Hand

He come up and
Throw himself down
He finds no strength to get off this ground
By the wave of the horsetail
By the wave of the horsetailHe wishes no height
No height in your mind
To climb the steep hill none the can find
If you think you can see it in your hand
Then you are blindFor unless he draw them
They will not come
For no man seeks him
No not one
There is number to your hours
There is number to your hours
You I dont know
From a stones throwIf you think you can see it in your hand
Then you are blindHe bring the whirlwind
To scatter your fire
You cannot reach him
No not from your
Tallest spire

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