

The Lakes

James Vincent McMorrow

Stow it away for words for dream
Took the nerve for unseen, feeling it go untrue
For a say what is true of chaos in tooThen in the quiet it calls again
In our world in our time, give it all miles away
Lives alone at the wildest day and then were taken home
Settled words were gone again were called uponAnd down to the lake where the last we go
I was not laid those down below
Oh they been wait, the fall and the row with the trap show failing from
Presence from upon
Harrow winds and falls upon the highs and lowFor the side, down to the window
For the side, down to the way on

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