Hidden Lakes

Shearwater

Gone from the house to the snows
Like a wandering light
You send a last balloon
To the solemn light of the moon's eyeOver the fields
And the arcs of the radial lines
That bind the waking world
To the hidden life of the empireThat sleeps in the frozen lakes
And moors in the darkened bays
And glows in the golden rays
And dreams of our livesThat moves without sound
Through the air, through the ground
And that streams through each break
Carved in the line and dreams of our lives

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