

## (VI) water

It sings the evening rustle  
the butterfly that sways between banks  
surrendered to the roots  
of a sleeping willow  
that drags downstream great ships  
dead absences of a tatty chestnut tree  
against time that won't give in  
drowned in a sea that no-one knows  
made only of two teardrops from the sky  
and bits of nothing

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