





Quiet, can you hear Friday approaching? I might see a tapestry woven in the crosshatch of Silver  
o . . . . . v . . . . . c . . . . .  
has words. He sings:

Her hand poised to turn him, held high, an offer of shelter. The hopeless genius holds his hand  
quietly over his eyes, I remember. The faintest glimmer of an open curtain, the flood of horizontal  
light. Crouched beneath it in the dark, holding the sill. Her yellow dress is a torch, twirling to  
comet-glimpses up silent, siegeless Newnham Hill, until next friday. The ice is picking itself up  
. . . . . c . . . . . c . . . . . \$ . . . . .  
I were to hold your head still? Quiet, can you hear the wishes falling to earth?

Then, somehow, happiness came up through the ground. I know warm winters bring armours of

VI.

I remember being afraid, and smiling.

VII.

On the last day, it rained. The even cobbles drowned, and the strange shoots thrived. Your hand  
over your eyes, standing up straight against the sky. Lush and arid with what fens remember: the

9 . . . . . his hair fell into his eyes the  
. . . . . v . . . . . W

apple halved with a friend and a princess in her windy Girtonian tower, watching the ripe red trees  
v . . . . . emist laying wood upon water and drawing up earth. And before even  
that, before ink and before preservation, the Wake braced vengefully atop a flowered hill, fletched  
and twisted and borne up by the wind, cloaked in summer shadows, waiting on the same soil,  
watching the same sky. I can hear them: