

Trudy Button says that

green beneath . . . of leaves
is-her-desire is not
the the the the the the the the
pale infiltration of clouds on eyes
[f o u n d]

endless

black

bugs

those trees at night
pursue
white

essential sensation; beyond being

passed to her

ever; it was

stone.stone
someone has gone ahead
stone.stone
someone has gone ahead

next year we'll cut the trees down.
we'll know light again. we'll grow
food in this light. And the forest will
become our window