

white. green. black

the white. the green. the black

the black stones. the white sand. the green glass

the black stones, the white sand, and the green glass

on the black sand on the green stones and the white glass

on the black sand and the green

glass glistening

the green

the black

the white

and the missing red

when the black stones  
cut in

white sand

with the green  
glass glistening

comes a voice

comes a voice

comes a voice

lodged in glass  
cut from a world

a world of trees and of sun  
the trees and the sun

when the sunned trees  
blacken

when the factory  
when the road  
when the cables  
when the copse  
when the contract  
when the witches  
when the fabric  
when the mill  
when the war  
when the house  
when the green-limbs  
when the black-pines

when the white-noise goes blanching mutely

then a voice

then a voice

then a voice



uncurling  
in its glass-green speech

eclipsed of its distance  
of its labour

of its well-known hurt

when the sand has comically flattened

for what is a beach  
but an edge?

an edge in the glut of its changing

for what is the glass  
but a border?

the wall's translucent taunt

for what is the paper  
but its message?

the depth-locked shame of the wood

what splits and shreds  
its ghost

with me inside the clasp  
of tuning?

that hears the sand  
of cooling

glass a reach  
of promise lengthening?

what music looks  
inside a sea

the sea so cruel  
and landless?

their music locked  
inside a sea

of sea's fast laughter  
stateless