

Poem Title : Sonnet [ VI ]

A pine tree in your right hand. A willow in your left. This  
and slept on my shoulder, near one of your regions, and so what

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dozes off, and a moon out of your shadows wakes to guard its trees.  
a heavenly ground for the salaam of the birds, near echo?

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Like two rivers in the dreamer's paradise of what you do on the banks  
and cry by the river: what isn't feminized . . . is in vain.

A bit of weakness in metaphor is enough for tomorrow.

Like two rivers in the dreamer's paradise of what you do on the banks  
to yourself carried above yourself. The wolf might carry a flute  
and cry by the river: what isn't feminized . . . is in vain.

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A bit of weakness in metaphor is enough for tomorrow.

For the berries to ripen on the fence, and for the sword to break under dew

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