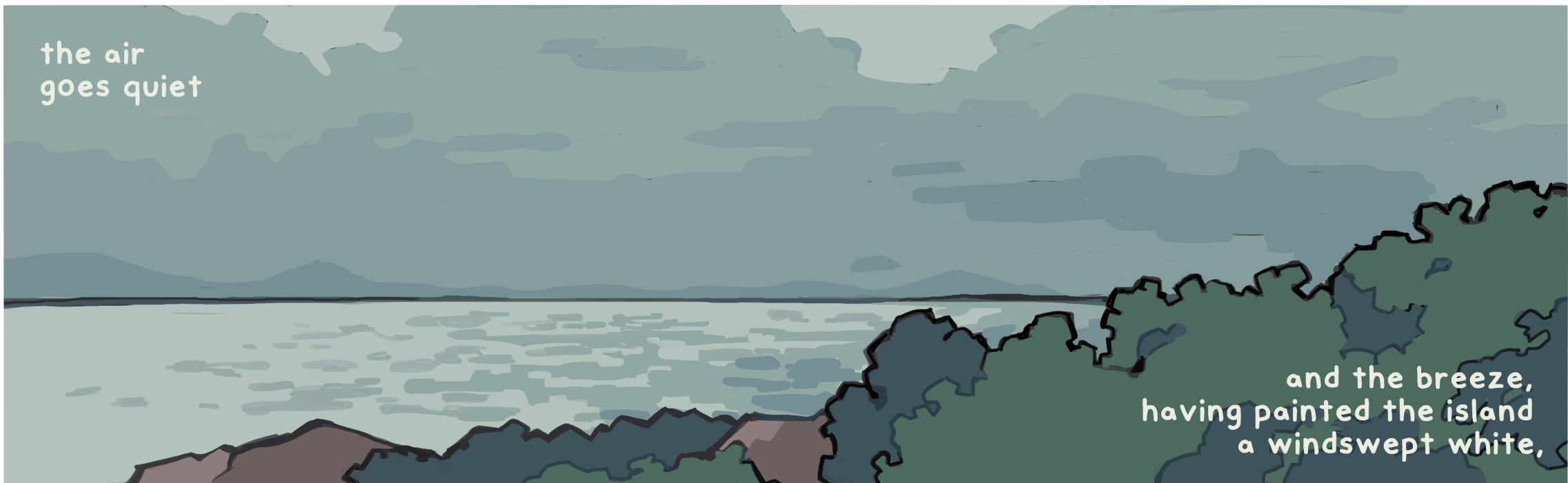
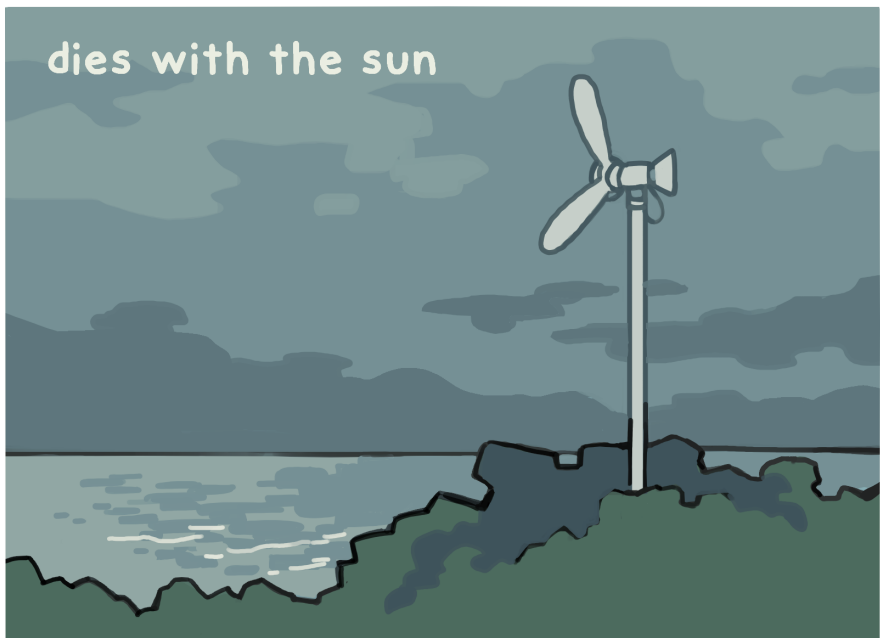


the air
goes quiet

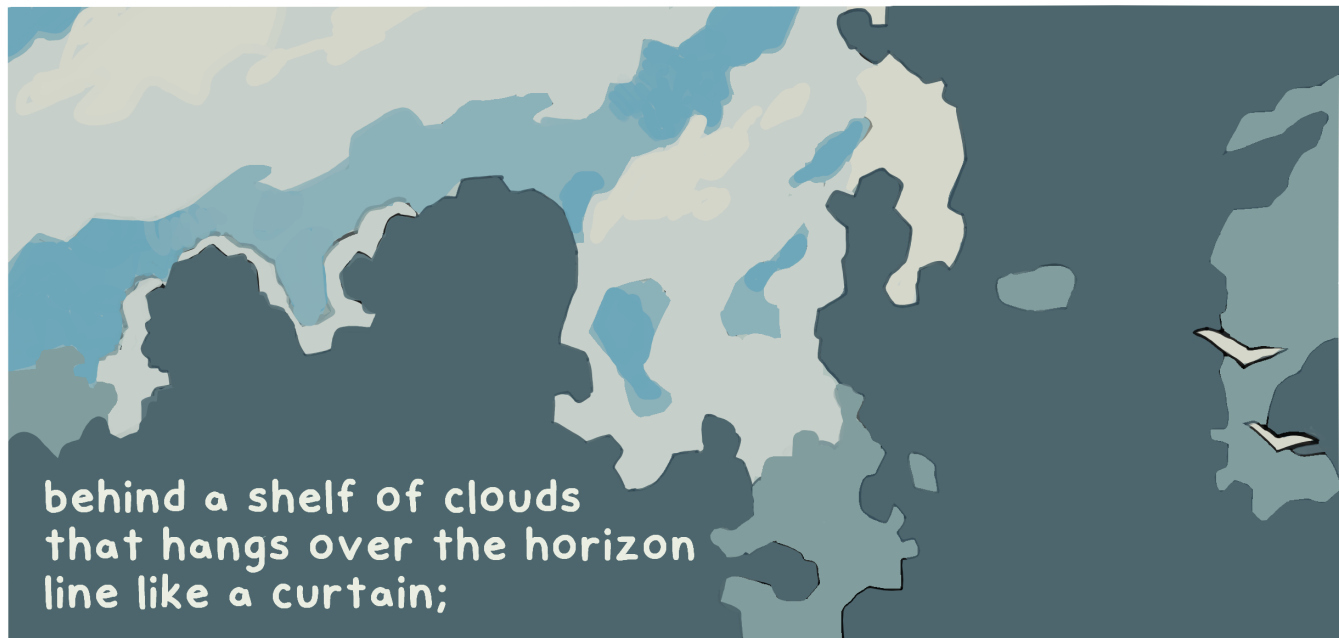


and the breeze,
having painted the island
a windswept white,

dies with the sun



behind a shelf of clouds
that hangs over the horizon
line like a curtain;

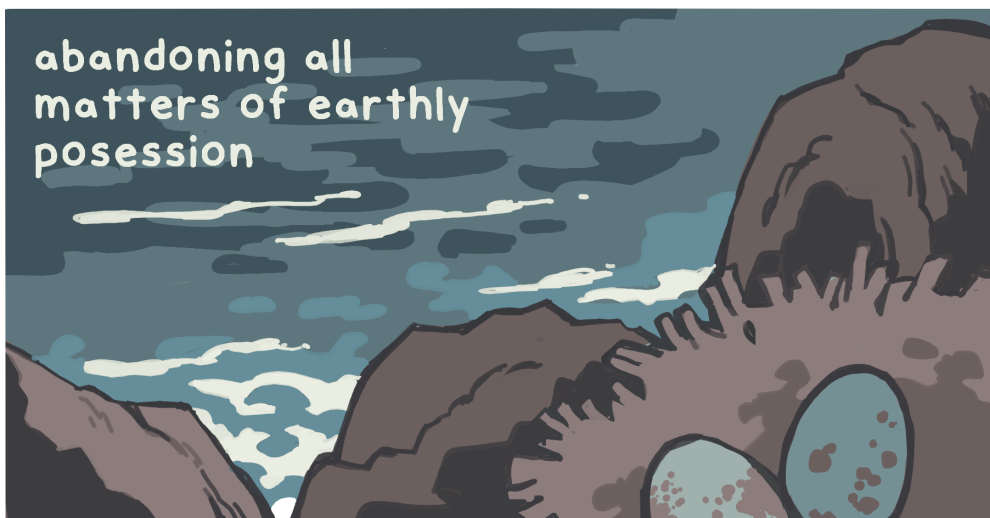


the enroaching
heavenly precipice
accompanied by



a taking
to the sky
in mutual
horror

abandoning all
matters of earthly
possession



in order
to meet
the threat
face on.

