

## Ataraxia "June"

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june was tender  
you can still see her  
swinging in the moon-scythe  
like spirits or ghosts  
that nobody sees  
that nobody believes in  
june was tender  
you can still see her

if the red-skin had been of flesh  
he wouldn't have spent so many years  
listening to june in the waves  
if the red-skin had been of flesh  
he wouldn't have spent so many years  
listening to the voice that there wasn't  
june would like to be  
under the earth  
like a beautiful stone-hand  
white open  
with the stretched palm  
on wich falling asleep  
or at least  
intimately thinking

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