

Sherwood

"I'll See That You Aren't Woken Up"

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(just sleep, the beauty of this place will seep into your very blood; i'll see that you aren't woken up) how can i find my way out? i dug this hole all by myself with "no more poems on napkins" and "i left the notebook on its shelf"; and it's slowed to just a trickle now but i wish that it was pouring out because there's so much here to write about. and all the leaves are turning brown; they're falling from their branches and landing at my feet, but i can hardly make a sound, a word of adoration, for what's surrounding me. (make it up from here, but i can't make it up from here, so i won't wake you up, my dear) and i just want to write with everything inside.

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