

## THE GOATHERD WITH THE GOITER

The trees run with the train  
the forest spreads its green arms gives wide cries  
and as you say the lakes fall in a white procession from  
the mountains.

But in the still eye of the  
moron regarding through a crack in the foliage

'twas all one vast sore: the fleas went droning and  
whistling about, the scavengers sucked the green  
scum and the scavengers died as in lava, indeed the  
whole glaucous sea  
fixed that exalted eye and through the leaves  
those caved brows.