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Clear of oak...

Killarney Clary

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Clear of oak groves, sunrise stretched a thin reach deep into the chamber, tripping the setting of fires on hilltops: signals relayed to the quarters. A day to plant or hunt, enter women or agreements.

Night skies were laid on fields in perfect orientation before the plates opened, wandered, collided; they continue and will. There is so much to take into account. It may be impossible to choose for myself; all pleasures might hand me loneliness.

I'll find the dark room, tip the white table to catch a shaft bent by a mirror, shot through a pin hole, and I'll watch the ocean upside down. Foam churns at the edge of a vision. It is time to do something in particular.