## The Lakes

## James Vincent McMorrow

Stow it away for words for dream. Took the nerve for unseen, fe eling it go untrue. For a say what is true of chaos in too.

Then in the quiet it calls again. In our world in our time, giv e it all miles away lives alone at the wildest day and then wer e taken home. Settled words were gone again were called upon.

And down to the lake where the last we go. I was not laid those down below. Oh they been wait, the fall and the row with the t rap show failing from. Presence from upon. Harrow winds and fal ls upon the highs and low.

For the side, down to the window. For the side, down to the way on. (x2)