

take it away... where has it gone. give it back... where has it come from.
if it is here it is here.

if it is there it is there and any other

sounds are sounds living in an echo.

i see the spiritual scarecrows dancing with the moon that

is old and coughing in the cathedral rafters of no place

like three dimensional prayer fans

that cannot discriminate... thinking belief

is more important than life.

living in an echo.

wf.h.

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