

O dreary Northern wind, why blow again
A dash of liveliness, I feel, is running low!
Christ, pain in the fibres from joint to joint
Now I in my bed again
Beneath the bones, I am told, it must flow!

The waves, must I collect to recover?
Inhale, when her palm channels the vibrant energy
The corpuscles, must I shake to changeover?
Exhale, when the balm infiltrates the surgery

But, the hand becomes warm in delivery
When it reads and gives, it heals
Then, have a hand in the artery
When it reaches and gauges, it seals

The hand is I am the lizard is the breath
Acting natural, hands-down
Palpation and ambulation in highland
Let me breathe in your arms

And I see, on the one hand, a pure move
I hear, on the other hand, splashing love
The care is alive indeed
Remember that I did believe

Ah! the holointraphysicalchiswingtentiality!
Yet still, a symtransintentionaldedormapathy

Miratus, where am I now?
In the Terr, mine a sea, github, A chure anew, up jack
TV tea?
Indeterminacy, gift of nature, a new object-ivity!