Spring Song, March 18th 1972

Spring came ~~came~~ haunting my garden today -
A song of cold flowers was on the grass.
Tho' I could not see it
I knew the air was coloured
And new songs were in the old black bird's throat.
The ground trembled at the thought of what was to come!
It was not my garden today, it belonged to <u>itself</u>.
At the dawn smell of it my children left the house
And went living in that primitive dimension
that only they and gardens understand.
My dog too lost his mind
And ran in circle after canine circle
Trying to catch himself -
And do you know what? - He <u>did</u>!
It was <u>that</u> kind of a day.

Written in China to avoid income tax

The Future.

The young boy stood looking up the road
to the future. In the distance both sides
appeared to converge together. 'That
is due to perspective, when you reach
there the road is as wide as it is here'.
said an old wise man. The young boy set off on the road, but,
as he went on, both sides of the
road converged until he could
go no further. He returned to ask
the old man what to do, but
the old man was dead.

Dublin, Jan. 1972.