

La luce terra cotta olive green
Fig tree quiet Tuscan morning birdsong
Church bell toll butterfly zig-zag
(cars on the road zoom by and then return to silence)
paving stones, dappled shadows

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Sleep fitful wake grumpy go down stairs cold in dark still morning fill kettle
tin can
cold water
make tea light fire kindling examine
the early morning light, put on the radio (it is quarter to seven
you are listening to the farming report)

blèssed sleep I know not what you wear or who you are

I imagine you in something extraordinary

slept last night again a baby what do *I* know?
(what is my plot?) all curled up like that
(on a blanket)