

# From Dirt

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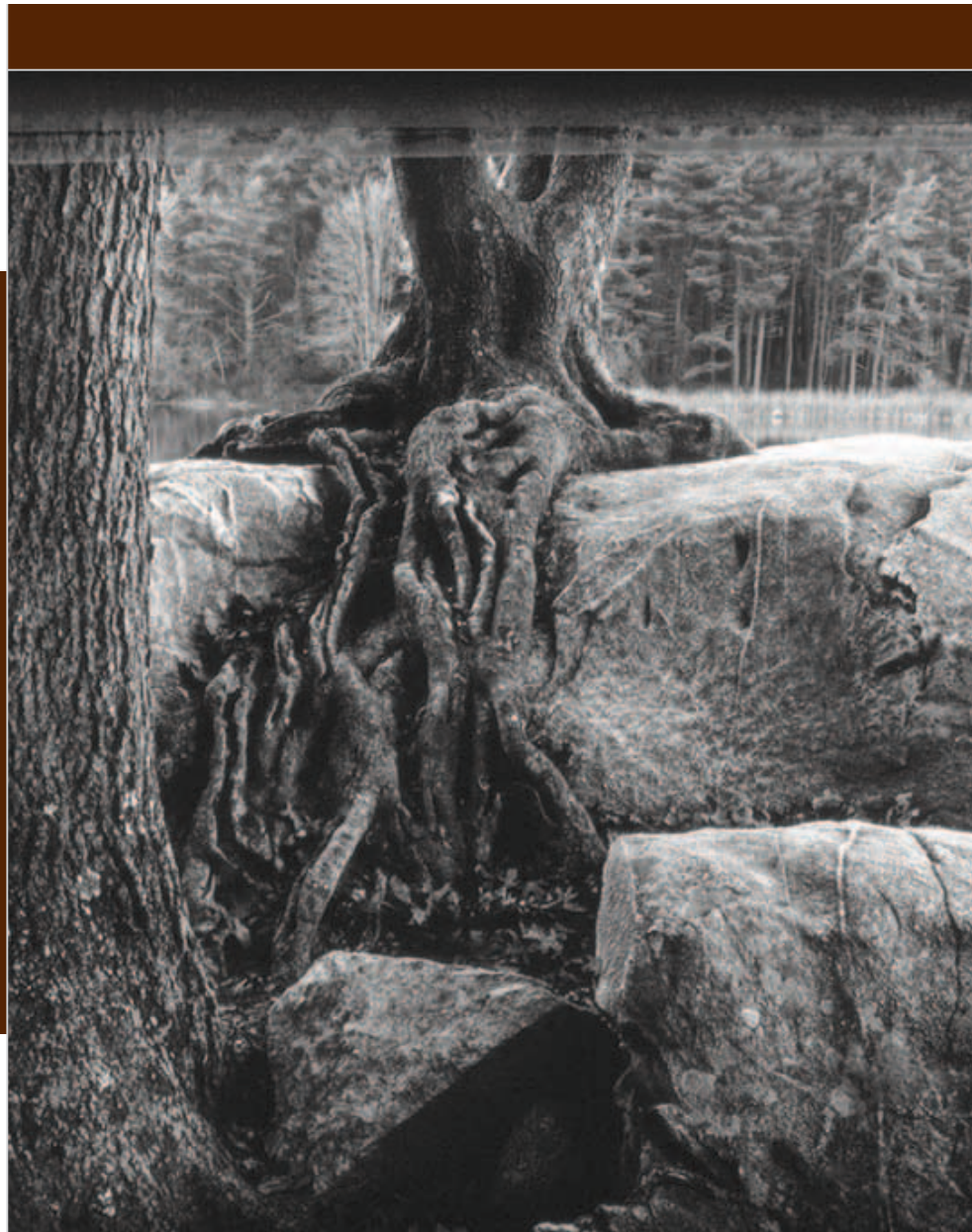


## From dirt, a stir

From dirt, a stir put forth its mix,  
smell of weed and green-held bud,  
deep cups sweet and sharp.  
Warmer started day and sun  
lay wider where us walked.

And ay had seeing out to hers—  
long cloth tied with hemp,  
of smaller head than ay, and that head bent  
to sounds from brae, hers hair a gleam-fall over him,  
the weaker, full of noise for her and lifting up.

And ay would turn to watch the smoke  
go high in thin and thinner twist  
the way the sun must bring its burning home.



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